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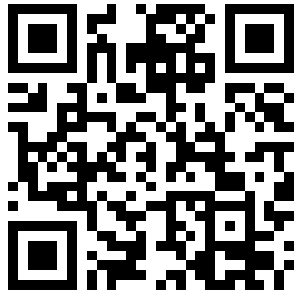

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THE DRAGON

EASTKENT CHRONICLE

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 46. JANUARY 31st, 1891. Price 2 Annas.

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Domestic Occurrences.

DEATHS.

HILLMAN.—At Fort William on 4th Instant of Abscess of liver. No. 1143, Private R. Hillman.

MATHESON.—At 120 Queen's Gate, London. on 4th December 1890. Captain J. H. Matheson, 3rd Battalion, The Buffs.

Notes.

ONCE more the 1st Battalion, The Buffs is quartered in Fort William and perhaps it may be of interest to remind our readers that "The Dragon" a paper for the men of the Buffs first came into existence as the Regimental paper when the Battalion was last quartered in Fort William in 1874. The Battalion was then commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Talbot Cox and Lieutenant Colville, Adjutant, and it was under their able and energetic management that our paper first saw the light. It has since then been carried on with as few interruptions as possible. When the Battalion returned to England in 1879 it was discontinued but after a few years it was again started, when the Battalion was in Singapore, under the management of Colonel Blakesley who then commanded. Although ours is but a small paper, it is often hard to produce matter to amuse our readers and we hope that those who can write will help us through our difficulty. We also wish to ask that our paper may be a little better supported; it cannot be printed and published for nothing, and there has been a large falling off in the number of copies sold during the past year. It was mentioned in a previous number that "The Dragon" if sent to our homes would keep our relations in touch with ourselves and the Regiment, and as perhaps the trouble entailed by having to fasten up the paper and stamp it may prevent many from sending "The Dragon" to England the following system will be introduced; men can send in the names and addresses of their friends and relatives they wish the paper sent to and it will be sent direct from the office, the charge for one copy being 3 annas 6 pie, 2 annas for paper, 1 anna 6 pie for postage.

WE complete two years' service in Lower Bengal in February and one year in Fort William will complete our three years. Where are we going to at the end of the year is naturally a general topic of conversation. There will be

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several good stations vacant, amongst them being, we believe, Jubbulpore with detachment at Saugor, Jullunder, Cawnpore, and several others, we hope that when the reliefs are published about March or April we may find we are down for a good station and one that will suit the majority, as everybody knows it is quite impossible for all to be satisfied.

The following cutting has been taken from "Spare Moments," dated 27th December 1890, by Sergeant-Major Cumber, who saw the cheque for £1 received by Private Hehir.

£1 CHRISTMAS PRIZE.—No. 12.

Best Article made by a Gentleman.

Awarded to

1617 Private J. E. Hehir, "C" Company, the Buffs, Depôt, Canterbury.

Our gallant reader forwarded a pin-cushion, which is a wonderful production. It consists (apparently) of portions of a soldier's uniform, in various colours, beautifully blended in the shape of a star, fringed with violet silk. The top is splendidly worked with pins, placed through spangles, and beads. In the centre is placed several hair-pins, on which beads have been fixed, completely covering the pins, but forming picturesque ornaments. It is indeed a work of art, and we have to heartily congratulate Private Hehir on the taste displayed in selecting his article for competition, and the patience which he must have had to complete it.

Major R. G. Kekewich has been selected and promoted to a majority in the Inniskillings and posted to the 1st Battalion, the old 27th Foot. Major Kekewich has since then been appointed Military Secretary to Sir James Dormer, K. C. B. the new Commander-in-Chief in Madras. All Major Kekewich's old friends are keenly alive to the loss the Regiment has sustained by his leaving it, but congratulate him on his promotion and appointment. Madras is not far from Calcutta and he hope the time is not far distant when he will pay us a visit.

The names of the Officers, N. C. Officers, and Men of the Battalion who were serving in the Battalion when quartered in Fort William in 1874 and 1875 are published below.

		Rank in 1875.
Major Reeves	...	... Captain.
„ Ommanney	...	... Lieutenant.
„ Hind	...	... „
Qr. Mr. Coombes	...	... Qr. Mr. Sergt.
Sergt. Major Cook	...	... Color Sergeant.
Band Sergt. Roach	...	... Band Boy.
Pte. Lipscombe	...	... Pte.
„ Beckatt	...	... „
„ Hickey	...	... „

At the end of the long tramp to Tollygunge on the 9th Inst. and when the much needed refreshments were being disposed of, the Officer Commanding 'D' Company noticed the large number of men in his company who were not drinking their 'Pint of Beer' and in consequence offered a prize of Rs. 10 to be competed for on their return to Barracks that night, in a Tug of War between Abstainers and Non-abstainers. This event took place immediately after reaching Barracks and was won by the abstainers after a long and exciting pull, much to the delight of their "Flag."

We note with pleasure that at the last examination for 1st Class Certificates, four from the regiment were successful, while three others obtained the qualifying aggregate of marks but failed to obtain sufficient in one subject, which necessitates their re-examination in that one subject only. The manuscript copying was largely responsible for several failures, and it certainly was harder than any we have seen before. Our advice to the non-successful candidates is "Try again," for you never know when a *1st Class Cert.* may be of use to you.

A RAMROD—THE SHEPHERD'S CROOK.

Apropos of night attacks, &c., one should feel rather glad that he is not a member of the German Army. Not long since, the Emperor William, who was no doubt unable to compose himself to sleep, suddenly arose about midnight, sent for an aide-de-camp, and ordered the whole garrison of Berlin to turn out *"Ek Dum;"* and although a keen east wind was blowing, and the snow lay a foot thick on the ground—*rendezvous* several miles away from the city.

Other garrisons received messages by wire to the same effect. Fritz's prayers on that night were such, no doubt as would have made Tommy pale and grow thin.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any "nom-de plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The depôt has broken out into Association football lately.

The first match was played against the depôt of the 11th Hussars whom the Buffs beat by 3 goals to 1. Our pluck having gone up a great many degrees our energetic Captain (Lance Sergeant Graham) challenged all the depôts of the Cavalry and also sent one to the regimental team of the Cavalry depôt. The latter is I think rather a steep order, however, we played the 7th Hussars but with fatal results as our team lost by 2 goals. I must admit that we had very hard lines the ball being shot by some of our players several times against their opponents goal posts.

The match against the Cavalry depôt regimental team was to have come off last Saturday but a snow storm prevented it and it had to be postponed.

Our Sergeants' Mess has been the scene of various festivities this month, a nice little dance was held in the mess on the 11th instant and was quite a success (Tatters was M. C.). On the 18th they had a billiard match with the Foresters' Club, which was followed by a smoking concert. Our representatives at billiards were Sergeant-Major Cumber, Sergeant I. M. Hemsworth, Color-Sergeants Stock and S. S. Duncan (M.S.C.) and after some very close games the Buffs won by 34 points.

During the month a billiard handicap has also been played off for a very nice cue kindly presented by Captain and Adjutant Porter, no less than fourteen couples entered and the final heat was played on Tuesday last (23rd December) when Sergeant I. M. Hemsworth beat S. S. Duncan by 24 points.

I hear Major Kekewich is about to be appointed Military Secretary to General Dormer the newly appointed Commander-in-Chief of Madras.

At the last Examination held for 1st class certificates there were only two successful candidates in this district one a Buff, Corporal Williams, and the other a Lance Corporal of the Highlanders.

Sergeant Instructor Sweet has been transferred on probation to the Barrack Section of the Army Service Corps in London and Color Sergeant Kesby of the 3rd Buffs is to fill the vacancy.

Your next draft leaves England in the *Crocodile* on the 4th February 1891, and will consist of 1 Sergeant, 2 Corporals, and 100 Privates. The Sergeant's name is Henniker and he is coming out to take over Pioneer Sergeant.

The following old Buffs have died lately.

No. 956. Sergeant Richard Powell on 28th October 1890 at Kinsale aged 76. He served in the Buffs from 1834 to 1856 and has drawn a pension of 2s. a day for 34 years which amounts to nearly £1,020.

No. 4067. Private Charles McMahon died at Ballyvaughan, County-Clare 2nd August 1890, served 21¾ years in the Buffs and received a pension of 10d. since 12th May 1858.

Sergeant Steele arrived home in the *Serapis* on 3rd November 1890, posted to 2nd Battalion and was transferred to School of Music Kneller Hall.

The undermentioned have arrived home.

1768. Private D. McGee 19-11-90, posted to reserve 22-11-90.

Sergeant I. Buckley, Privates Jones, Matson Dunk, Wilson, Wright, Hufton, Hobbs, Moore, Elvey, Gairey, Mepham, Money, Setterfield, Staples, Tailor, Weller, Williams, Bull, Clist, and Cottenden arrived per H. M. S. Malabar on the 1st instant and proceeded to Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley.

Yours faithfully
"OLD BUFF."

PROCLAMATION PARADE.

THE troops of the garrison with the Calcutta Naval Volunteers, Cossipore Artillery Volunteers and Administrative Battalion Presidency Volunteers paraded in "Review Order" on the Brigade Parade Ground on Thursday 1st January 1891, to celebrate the Anniversary of the assumption of the title of Empress of India by Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and were drawn up in line at open order 6 paces interval by 7-45 A.M., in the following order. 1, 31st Field Battery R. A., in action on the right. 2, Royal Navy. 3, Calcutta Naval Volunteers. 4, 21st S. D. R. A. 5, Cossipore Artillery Volunteers. 6, 1st Battalion the Buffs.

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7, 1st Battalion East Surrey Regiment. 8, Administrative Battalion Presidency Volunteers. 9, 3rd Bengal Infantry. 10, 17th Bengal Infantry. 11, Detachment 3rd Bengal Cavalry. 12, Calcutta Light Horse. On His Excellency the Viceroy arriving on the ground a "Royal Salute" was given, after which on a signal by the General Officer Commanding eleven guns were fired by the 31st Field Battery, the first round of the *Feu-de-Joie* was then fired by the Infantry, then ten guns, second round of *Feu-de-Joie*, ten guns, then third round of *Feu-de-Joie* followed by the whole of the National Anthem by the massed bands. Three cheers were then given for Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen Empress of India. H. E. The Viceroy then rode down the line, after this the Brigade marched past Cavalry by Squadrons, Artillery by Batteries, Infantry in Column. After "Marching past" the Brigade formed on their original alignment, in line of quarter Columns at 6 paces interval and advanced in "Review Order." The order was then given to march to barracks.

The following appeared in Garrison Orders of the 2nd January.

The Major General Commanding is pleased to notify that His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General expressed himself as being very pleased with the smart appearance of the Royal Navy, the troops in Garrison and Volunteers, on the parade and the steadiness in the ranks during the march past.

CALCUTTA ASSAULT AT ARMS.

This assault occupied two days and took place on the Race Course, opposite the New Stand on the 8th and 10th instant. As far as the Buffs are concerned we have every reason to be satisfied as a large share of the prizes came to men of the Regiment. Below are the events in which officers and men of the Buffs competed.

Sword V. Sword (dismounted.) Sergeant Eaton (Gymnasium Instructor the Buffs) and Leading Seamen Abrahams H. M. S. *Boadicea* were the final competitors, and the prize was won splendidly by Sergeant Eaton, his last cut, a very clever one winning great applause.

Stretcher Race. The "idea" was to bind up the wounded limb of a man and carry him back to a certain point. To prevent too much haste a can of water was carried on the wounded man's breast. In this event attention was paid to the manner in which the bandaging was performed as well as to the amount of water remaining.

The Stretcher Section under Corporal Gouge, the Buffs, took first prize, a team from the East Surrey Regiment coming second. A section of the Buffs who came in first of all was disqualified through the side of the stretcher breaking.

Bayonet V. Bayonet. Sergeant Eaton the Buffs was again successful in the final tie proving himself altogether too good for his opponent, Gunnery Instructor Thompson of H. M. S. *Boadicea.*

Tug of War (First Day) the Buffs *Versus* Marines, (H. M. S. *Boadicea.*) After a good pull the Buffs' team was the victor and was thus left in the Final tie with the 31st S. D. R. A.

This event came off on Saturday 10th instant, when the Buffs were again successful and were awarded the Prize; during the week the Buffs' team competed three times being victorious, of course, each time.

Lance (mounted) V. Bayonet. Sergeant Walker of the Calcutta Light Horse and Lance Sergeant Stirke (The Buffs) were pitted against each other; Lance Sergeant Stirke seemed to have it all his own way especially in the second encounter when he fairly lifted Sergeant Walker off his horse.

Sabre V. Bayonet. Sergeant Walker and Lance Sergeant Stirke were again the competitors, but in this event Walker proved too good for his opponent, winning with both sabre and bayonet.

Fencing for Officers. Mr. Lloyd of the Buffs won this event.

Musical Clubs. Two teams entered for this 'Display'—East Surrey Regiment, and 'The Buffs.'

The East Surrey team certainly worked splendidly keeping good time with their striped clubs while the display by the Buffs with their heavier clubs was equally good.

Balaclava Melee. Buffs and East Surreys *Versus* The Navy and Artillery. The competitors were mounted for this event with different coloured cockades and the "idea" was to beat off the cockades of their opponents with their sticks. The Artillery and Navy were the winners.

There were other events in which the regiment were unable to take part such as the driv-

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ing competition by the Field Artillery from Barrackpore, which was remarkably good on both days, the winning Sub-divisions clearing the whole of the posts &c. twice.

The competition between the Calcutta Naval Volunteers and seamen from H. M. S. *Boadicea* with field guns, mounting and dismounting them, bringing them into action and disabling them, was very creditable to the Volunteers, for although beaten by the Seamen, yet they ran them so close as to make the competition very exciting and to show how well the volunteers are trained.

During the afternoon of the 10th. the band of The Buffs, and the Viceroy's Band alternately enlivened the proceedings with music, while the Officers of the Regiment carefully looked after the occupants of the Grand Stand in their tent, which was tastefully laid out and in which tea and other light refreshments were discussed.

At the close of the second day Lady Lansdowne presented the prizes to the successful competitors.

ANNUAL FIELD FIRING.

On Monday the 19th we proceeded to Dum-Dum to concentrate there for the Annual Field firing of the Garrison.

We paraded at 6 A.M. and a few minutes afterwards were marching through Calcutta by the well remembered route *via* Government Place, Dalhousie Square, Bow Bazaar Street and last but by no means least Cornwallis Street. Of all streets that we have met I think this is the most unpleasant and dreary to have to march through. The long continuous line of native shops and houses and the usual Calcutta road of slippery stones, that makes one think that for every pace he takes forward he goes two back—but like all things mortal, it at last came to an end, and soon after passing the two bridges we found ourselves at the halting place or as we term it the "halfway house." Here we received the usual biscuit and pint of coffee and as usual the coffee was scalding which gives one an opinion that our Refreshment Bar Sergeant must have served his apprenticeship in one of the Restaurants on the North Western Railway in England.

After refreshing the inner man and removing a little of Sham Bazaar perfume from our nostrils by a cigar or pipe, we again fell in and marched on to Dum-Dum, being not a little amused at the eccentricities of some of the bullocks that we passed, for a few of them preferred a bath in the water on the road side to encountering the gallant Buffs on the War Path.

At 9 A. M. we passed the Small Arms Ammunition Factory and the open Maidan lay before us, where floated proudly, the fiery dragon. What! over a snow white camp of tents? No but over waste land and dusky natives; but this did not affect us much for we were well pleased to find ourselves there, and after a haphazard breakfast we pitched our camp and settled down for the day. Roll call being over in the afternoon we were at liberty to spend the remainder of the day as we wished.

Some repaired to the Canteen, which had certainly been placed at a respectful distance from the remainder of the camp, others visiting old scenes and friends in Dum-Dum. Next day two companies paraded for inspection in Preliminary Drill, the remainder doing the attack on the range.

Wednesday, the great day, at last arrived and the whole Brigade formed up at 9 A. M. to attack the supposed enemy at the Salt Lakes. We marched to the position with all the necessary precautions of actual warfare; the cavalry scouts discovering the enemy rode back and the Brigade formed for attack, the East Surrey Regiment supported by a native regiment made the real attack, while the Buffs supported by a native regiment made an attack on the enemy's right flank, and I suppose we came off victorious for the lusty cheering at the final charge certainly indicated that we had not suffered much.

After this we formed up and marched to the place of rendezvous for dinner, our cooks having this ready for us, close to the Calcutta road. Here "A" Company and the men attached left the Regiment to march back to Dum-Dum, but they appeared loath to leave their comrades, or something else that was there, and did not much care to say good-bye to a good day's work so soon, although I heard one of our last draft remark. "This beats the Long Valley, hollow." After dinner we paraded and marched back to Calcutta, and although thoroughly enjoying our outing were not sorry to find ourselves within the walls of Dalhousie once more.

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CHRISTMAS SCHOOL TREAT.

THE Christmas School treat took place at Dum Dum on the 19th December, and under the able and energetic management of our Schoolmaster, Mr. Steele, was a decided success, and the little ones seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves and appreciate the handsome prizes and good things given to them. The treat commenced at 4-30 with tea in the Regimental Institute, after that games and races of different sorts both for boys and girls took place followed by a skipping rope competition in which Emily Hammond, Maud Baker, Violet Horniman, proved great adepts, the former after an exciting contest keeping up the longest, therefore winning first prize; an impromptu "Tug of War" between boys and girls in which the girls held their own for some time brought the games to an end. An adjournment was then made to the Theatre where a performance was given by natives with marionets which from the roars of laughter was evidently a popular entertainment. Sergeant Eaton then appeared on the stage and in a short farce gave the greatest amusement to the small folk, his boxing bout with a Sweep, Sergeant Tomlin, being particularly amusing. The School treat came to an end by the distribution of prizes by Mrs. Coombes who gave a few kindly words of encouragement to each of the prize winners. After a further supply of sweets, oranges &c., the children went off homewards having, we are certain, thoroughly enjoyed themselves. A list of the prize winners will be seen further on.

Regimental News.

Schoolmistress Miss M. E. Taylor was taken on the strength of the Battalion from the 1st instant.

THE Secretary of State for War has been pleased to approve of the undermentioned man being discharged, in consequence of his own request, after 18 years' service, with a view to pension under Art. 1141 Royal Warrant for Pay etc. 1890, No. 1987 Private G. Lipscombe.

THE posting to the Battalion of Armourer Sergeant J. F. Davis has been cancelled.

Corps of Armourers No. 689 Armourer Sergeant W Donald having been posted to the Battalion for duty he was taken on the strength of the Battalion from the 10th December 1890.

THE new system of accounts was adopted in the Battalion from the 1st Instant. The Paymaster will in future be known as the Regimental Accounts Officer and the office as the Regimental Accounts office.

THE undermentioned men were appointed pioneers on 10th January 1891.

No. 1827 Private T. Davis 'B' Company.
„ 2427 Private G Brown 'H' „

No. 90 Lance Corporal W. Baker has been permitted to change his religion from Church of England to Wesleyan.

THE undermentioned man was appointed Master Tailor on probation and attached to Letter "H" Company on the 10th instant. During the time he is on probation he will hold the rank of Sergeant: No. 37576 Gunner J. George R. A.

THE undermentioned were awarded 2nd class certificates of education at an examination held at Fort William on the 17th Instant:—

No. 1390 Corporal J. Montgomery.
No. 783, Lance Corporal W. Wittering.
No. 2618, Private Pickard

and the following were awarded 3rd class certificates on the same date.

No. 1824, Lance Corporal H. Bradford.
„ 1199 „ „ C. Newport.
Private S. Smith.

THE undermentioned man was awarded a certificate of proficiency in Telegraphy on the 31st December 1890. No. 1546 Private R. Hillman.

THE undermentioned were awarded First class certificates of education at an examination held 24th September 1890.

Sergeant Major J. W. Cook.
No. 2 Q. M. Sergeant W. H. Nicholas.
„ 1762 Color Sergeant H. E. Featherstone.
„ 1101 Lance Corporal W. E. Davis.

and the following obtained the qualifying num-

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ber of marks for 1st class certificates but must be re-examined in one subject as mentioned below.—

No. 1492 Lce. Corpl. A. Hewer (Copying manuscript.)
„ 1342, „ „ H. Hammond (Copying manuscript.)
No. 1365, Private J. Starkie (Arithmetic.)

THE undermentioned man having arrived in India, by H. M. S. *Crocodile*, on 22nd December 1890, he is taken on the strength of the Battalion from that date and posted to Letter 'A' Company.

No. 2552 PTE. F. ROSE.

No. 680 Color-Sergeant W. N. Patterson passed in Geography and History at the 1st class certificate examination held on 24th September 1890 and will add these subjects to the certificate already in his possession.

THE Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments.

TO BE LANCE CORPORALS.

No.	2060	Pte.	A. Ashelford.
„	2314	„	W. Paramour.
„	1956	„	J. Eaton.
„	2454	„	A. Grainger.
„	3075	„	J. Brennan.
„	1052	„	J. Cafferty.
„	1549	„	F. Nichols.
„	1996	„	W. Harryman.
„	1481	„	G. Lehane.
„	2149	„	H. V. Hoare.
„	2062	„	F. Scott.
„	715	„	G. Milgate.

THE following prizes were distributed at the Xmas School Treat to the Regimental Children.

1st. Prize	... Watch and Chain	...	ThomasHammond.
3rd. „	... Album	...	Mary Leary.
7th. „	... Album	...	Margaret West.
8th. „	... Fitted Work Basket		Mary A'herne.
10th. „	... Large Doll and Book	...	Annie Leary.
12th. „	... Blotting Book and Cowper's Poems	...	Jane Pollard.
13th. „	... Doll and Book	...	Alice Hammond.
15th. „	... Tea Service	...	Annie Featherstone.
17th. „	... Doll	...	Winnie Walters.
18th. „	... Handbag with Handkerchiefs	...	Emily Hammond.

All the younger children of the regiment received prizes suitable to their ages.

The intermediate numbers which are not published refer to children of the Ordnance Department.

THE undermentioned men were granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates specified opposite their names.

No.	1539	Pte. J. Colvin	2d.
„	1536	„ G. Debley	2d.
„	1550	„ C. Marsh	2d.
„	1537	„ W. Williams	2d.
„	2802	„ W. Howell	1d.
„	1356	„ W. Fidler	2d.
„	2754	„ G. Hutchings	1d.
„	2731	„ W. Kemp	1d.
„	1541	„ J. Lambert	2d.
„	2745	„ W. Wraight	1d.
„	2684	„ F. Farrier	1d.
„	2686	„ J. Lawrence	1d.
„	1527	„ G. Piper	2d.
„	1505	„ F. Rankin	2d.
„	2678	„ C. Williams	1d.
„	1463	„ A. Newing	2d.
„	1555	„ W. Percival	2d.
„	1282	„ J. Wise	2d.
„	1546	„ A. Pelling	2d.
„	1551	„ G. Cook	2d.
„	2668	„ T. Davidson	1d.
„	1531	„ G. Millham	2d.
„	2689	„ W. Stevens	1d.
„	1533	„ T. King	2d.
„	2659	„ G. Franklin	1d.
„	2726	„ A. Jones	1d.
„	1125	„ G. Matthews	2d.
„	1535	„ W. Benge	2d.
„	1298	„ G. Fletcher	2d.
„	2774	„ S. Pettit	1d.
„	2539	„ G Warren	1d.
„	2782	„ W. White	1d.
„	2784	„ S. William	1d.
„	1518	„ C. Coley	2d.
„	2345	„ A. Beadle	1d.
„	2403	„ A. Bailey	2d.
„	260	„ J. Frost	2d. (Restored)

THE undermentioned girl was appointed Monitress in the Infants' School, with effect from the 26th instant:—Mary Alice Wilson, daughter of Garrison Quartermaster-Sergeant Wilson, Fort William.

THE following is the drawing of the ties for the Regimental Cricket Shield:—

FIRST TIES.			SECOND TIES.		
C	*versus*	G	B or E	*versus*	F or H
F	„	H			
B	„	E	D or A	„	C or G
D	„	A			

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THE Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointment to date from the 23rd instant:—

To be Lance-Corporal No. 1151 Drummer P. Breen.

THE undermentioned transfers have been assigned territorial numbers as stated opposite their names:—

Pte. J. Loftus, East Kent	...	3,361
„ M. Long, „ ...	...	3,362

Musketry.

THE following money prizes for the Musketry Season 1890-91 having received the sanction of the Major-General Commanding the District were awarded to the N. C. Officers and men as follows:—

LETTER "B" COMPANY.

No. 733, Pte. C. Yeo, best shot of Company £1-10-0.

No. 1007	Pte.	J. Saunders	10 per cent. best shots, each 10s.
„ 1471	„	J. Chapman	
„ 1623	„	G. Childs	
„ 1507	„	H. Hollingdale	
„ 234	Lce. Sergt.	A. Baker	
„ 2032	„	Fisher.	

No. 680, Color-Sergt. W. N. Patterson, best shot of Sergts. £1-0-0.

No. 322, Sergt. W. Levason, Section Commander best Section in "E" and "F" field practices 10s.

No. 234	Lce. Sergt.	A. Baker.	Best Section in "E" and "F" field practices, each 3s.
„ 1516	Pte.	G. Briggs	
„ 2383	„	M. Buckley	
„ 787	„	J Chadwick	
„ 1414	„	G. Fisher	
„ 1059	„	C. Granville	
„ 1017	„	E. Russell	
„ 650	„	A Bramble	
„ 1677	„	W. Barter	
„ 1472	„	J. Chapman	
„ 1048	„	G. Cox	
„ 1083	„	C. Gibson	
„ 1013	„	A Hall	

LETTER "F" COMPANY.

No. 1,535, Pte. W. Benge, best shot of Company, £1-10-0.

No. 2512	Pte.	J. Sayer	10 per cent. best shots each 10s.
„ 1543	„	W. Wenham	
„ 1493	„	H. Mewett	
„ 1198	„	C. Spinner	
„ 1128	„	W. Mitchell	

No. 522, Sergt. C. Gray, best shot of Sergts. £1-0-0.

No. 1,323, Lce. Corpl. J. Watson, Section Commander best Section in "E" and "F" field practices 10s.

No. 1535	Pte.	W. Benge	Best Section in "E. and F." Field Practice Each 3s.
„ 1058	„	A. Sadler	
„ 2339	„	R Greenaway	
„ 1136	„	A. Sale	
„ 1925	„	E. Wenman	
„ 1607	„	G. Murray	
„ 1543	„	W. Wenman	
„ 2987	„	G. Green	
„ 2047	„	W. Clutton	
„ 1024	„	A. Leary	
„ 1198	„	C. Spinner	
„ 1901	„	G. Wraight	
„ 1493	„	H. Mewitt	
„ 2617	„	J. Tester	

LETTER "G" COMPANY.

No. 1,994, Pte. J. Golder, best shot of Company, £1-10-0.

No. 1832	Pte.	T. Willmott	10 per cent. best shots, each 10s.
„ 83	„	A. Hussey	
„ 1917	„	F. Nash	
„ 1167	„	W. Bing	
„ 1389	„	J. Christie	
„ 1584	„	W. Rigden	

No. 497, Col. Sergt. W. Watts, best shot of Sergts. £1-0-0.

No. 497, Col. Sergt. W. Watts, Section Commander best Section "E" and "F" field practices 10s.

No. 1363	Lce. Corpl.	F. Hilderband	Best Section in "E." and "F." Field Practices, each 3s.
„ 1691	„ „	T. Lynch	
„ 1385	Pte.	H. Anderson	
„ 1717	„	J. Cassidy	
„ 1313	„	P. Donnelly	
„ 2405	„	T. Haydon	
„ 1917	„	F. Nash	
„ 1260	„	W. Billing	
„ 1500	„	C. Costin	
„ 1116	„	J. Gates	
„ 83	„	A. Hussey	
„ 2477	„	H Sales	

LETTER "H" COMPANY.

No. 1,573, Pte. T. Roach, best shot of Company, £1-10-0.

No. 1920	Lce. Corpl.	Crumby.	10 per cent. best shots, each 10s.
„ 229	Pte	J. Leabourne.	
„ 2526	„	G. Gregory.	
„ 524	Dr.	J. Pickett.	
„ 2629	Pte.	J. Dove, (B.)	
„ 1587	Corp.	J. Wynn, (D.)	
„ 1219	Pte.	G. Mears.	
„ 2987	„	H. Holbrook.	
„ 2296	„	E Street.	
„ 1916	„	H. Knight.	
„ 1253	„	D. Barnett, (G.)	

No. 1,770, Col. Sergt. T. Hoar, best shot of Sergts. £1-0-0.

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No. 2,291, Corpl. T. Cogger, Section Commander best Section in "E" and "F" field practices 10*s*.

No. 1583	Pte.	H. Atkins.	Best Section in "E." and "F." Field Practices, each 3*s*.
„ 2494	„	C. Fidge.	
„ 1905	„	W. Harvey.	
„ 2498	„	F. King.	
„ 1346	„	H. Nugent.	
„ 1097	„	A. Trollope.	
„ 1522	„	M. Cronin.	
„ 2526	„	G. Gregory.	
„ 1104	„	T. Jones.	
„ 2304	„	T. Meopham.	
„ 1573	„	T. Roche.	
„ 1016	„	W. Wright.	

RECRUITS.

No. 3,101, Pte. F. Cozens, (G.) best shot of recruits 5*s*.

No. 3,102, Pte. J. Shircore, (A.) 2nd best shot of recruits 4*s*.

THE Buffs have been quite distinguishing themselves at Fillis's Circus lately in feats of horsemanship, and have been able to more than hold their own against all comers, including the Field Artillery, who were of course on their own ground, as will be seen below :—

Private Oudnie of "F" Company, The Buffs, won a valuable gold watch in a competition for bare back riding.

Private Veal, also of "F" Company, The Buffs, on another night, won a silver watch in a similar event.

Private Golder of "G" Company, The Buffs, won a prize of Rs. 10 for riding what is supposed to be an unridable mule. The mule had no saddle of any kind, and was a wonderful 'buck jumper'; and also seemed to thoroughly understand his trade—teaching riders to dismount quickly. Notwithstanding this, Golder stuck to him valiantly, and won the prize amid great applause.

Private Clements, "E" Company, The Buffs, on another evening, won Rs. 10, on the same mule.

Mrs. H. Hayes, wife of Captain Hayes, late 'The Buffs,' was awarded a 'Silver Cup' as first prize in a Jumping Competition on horseback.

WHERE THE ARMY MUSICIAN IS REARED.

"THE Girl I left behind me" is not such an unknown quantity to the mind of Tommy Atkins, as he is being drifted to, or drafted from the railway station, on some errand of active service, as might be supposed.

The band of the regiment plays this popular melody in the ordinary course of army discipline; but the tune may safely be taken as suggestive of the sentiments of some, at least, of the soldiers about to leave their sweethearts and wives—it may be for ever. No freak of fancy sets this melody going, or the many other old tunes, and national melodies, which are taught to the Army bandsmen under training at Kneller Hall, near Hounslow, The Royal Military School of Music for England. Yes, there is an historical ring about the name "Kneller Hall." We go back to the restoration period in English history, when Godfrey Kneller, court painter to a shameless King, in order to be near his master at Hampton Court Palace, occupied a roomy red brick mansion, between Twickenham and Hounslow.

Kneller's time was well occupied by restored royalty—for there were many "beauties" of the Barbara Palmer, Nell Gwynne, and Lucy Walters type to be perpetuated. And the King's plain face needed the friendly touch of borrowed intelligence which scarcely followed upon an occupation divided between his amours, betting at Newmarket, caricaturing ministers, toying with spaniels, and flinging cakes to the waterfowl in the parks. Of his opulence Kneller built his house, which became Kneller Hall, eventually a training school for Government schoolmasters, and finally the War Office authorities took it over as a National Military School of Music.

In 1857 H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge and others decided upon training Army bandmasters, in lieu of the foreigners who mostly instructed our regimental bands, and whenever war broke out were disinclined to accompany the regiments, and had rather peculiar ideas regarding discipline in the British Army.

This scheme proved a success, thanks to the ruling of officers like the late Colonel Thompson and Colonel T. B. Shaw-Hellier, the present Commandant of the School.

Here the bandmasters and musicians for all British and West Indian regiments—cavalry and infantry alike—are now trained; and during class hours to be in the school is to be in a pandemonium. Imagine fifty "Students" and one hundred and fifty "pupils" let loose upon paraphernalia such as bass drums, bom-

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bardons, and piccolos; trombones, bassoons, and trumpets; euphoniums, oboes, and cymbals; and the mind scarcely fringes the reality. Divers times in divers keys, dead marches and jigs; ballads and airs from Italian Opera, Wagner and Verdi; "Bonnie Dundee" and "I'm Ninety-five," two proverbially popular army melodies—these together with the different march-past tunes, and a host of other Military airs make up a sort of harmonious stronghold which the Army Musical Apprentice "goes for" six days out of seven with a vigour and energy which do him infinite credit.

All day long are these students and pupils qualifying for posts as Band Masters and Bandsmen in her Majesty's regiments—an honourable and in some regiments a profitable, pursuit. A "Student" is a future Band Master —a "pupil" a coming Bandsman.

The duties differ somewhat widely and whereas a Bandsman need play one instrument only, a Band Master must have a practical acquaintance with every instrument, or he cannot secure his certificate of having passed a course of "practical instruction," in the clarionet, bassoon oboe, flute, cornet, trumpet, French horn, althorn, euphonium, trombone, and bombardon —essentially military instruments. The Band Master's course of training lasts some two years, and embraces instruction in harmony, counterpoint, military musical instrumentation, scoring and arranging, and general education. The head of the band, too, must be able to compose light music, but greater stress is laid upon the power to "arrange" classical music well rather than to invent original music.

The successors to our Godfreys and Watersons have no very hard life at Kneller Hall.

Inside is a comfortable recreation room, with a billiard table, books, pianoforte, harmonium, and other cheerful surroundings.

Outside, the grounds offer every facility for athletic sports.

In the summer the trees and foliage are very beautiful, and not a few industrious youths seek the shade of the woods for private practice on their instruments. During the summer months the "pupils" take all their meals in the open air.

As little barrack rigour as possible is exercised, and students and pupils alike are permitted to leave on Saturday to return on the following Monday. Often a batch of "fourth form" men—the most proficient students in the school are sent to London to attend the leading concerts, to hear the best music performed, and thus to gain style and enthusiasm.

On Sunday, full choral service is held in the chapel, with orchestral, instead of organ accompaniments; and a fine effect it is to hear Tallis's four-hundred-year-old Responses rendered by Civil and Military worshippers to string and brass accompaniments. During the summer from April to October inclusive—public rehearsals are given every Wednesday by the united band of Kneller Hall, in which the band of nearly every regiment in Her Majesty's Service is represented by either "student" or "pupil."

We may add that it would well repay anyone to make a visit to the place and learn something of the working of this, the military phase, of musical England.

SIGNS AND SIGNBOARDS.

It is recorded of Lord Macaulay, that he gave proof of his wonderful memory, by betting that he would proceed from the Temple to Ludgate Hill, and learn by heart, the names and occupations of the tradesmen on the right side, and the same on the left, and then dictate them to a writer in the Temple, and he won the bet.

This was certainly a marvellous instance of a verbal memory, arranging words in chronological order. We wonder whether the same feat could have been accomplished if the Signboards had exhibited signs as in former days *i.e.*, whether the pictorial memory would have been as strong as the verbal.

Most of our readers will remember that in former days houses were not numbered, and that even private residences were known by signs or armorial bearings. Thus, Milton was born at the Spread Eagle, a fact which has given rise to the popular impression that his father kept a public house, whereas he was a scrivener or attorney.

A tavern in Tottenham Court road has the sign of a goat over a pair of compasses, and is known in the neighbourhood by the familiar appellation of "Goat and Compasses," whereas no goat ever was, or ever could be in such a position. The true solution of this curious problem has nothing to do with a Goat or Compasses but is to be found in the corruption of the well known text "God encompasseth us."

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How few know the origin of the three golden balls, which hang over the pawn-broker's door. The real story runs thus: "The Medici were hereditary physicians to the Emperors of Constantinople, who granted them the appropriate arms of three pills, represented on a shield, and which afterwards formed the arms of all branches of that celebrated family. These armorial bearings were adopted by the followers of the Medici, who dealt in money, in the exchanges of Europe, and were imported by the Lombards, bankers and pawn-brokers, who established themselves in the street of London, still bearing their name."

The Wag's explanation is a much simpler one, *viz.*, that if you pawn your watch, it is two to one if you ever see it again, and we leave to our readers the choice of the two solutions.

FUN ON ROLLER SKATES.

(An Hour at the Columbia Skating Rink.)

If you are in need of "an hour's genuine fun without vulgarity"—which seems to be a general desideratum that is too seldom attained—spend the hour at the Rink when roller skating is underway, and when novices are largely *in evidence*. Our representative looked in one night, and found the innocent but exhilarating pastime in full swing. There was fun from first to last, for the really good skaters were few. It takes time to learn to move about gracefully on rollers, as one boastful youth found to his cost. He had been freely criticising, as he sat on one of the lounges, the convulsive efforts of some of the would-be skaters to maintain their footing, and in a fatal moment he resolved to show them the way. A pair of skates having been duly fastened to his feet by one of the boy-attendants, he started for "a spin round." Hardly had he gained his legs ere they manifested a violent antipathy to each other, and shot hurriedly off in opposite directions. The next thing the young man knew was that he was on the floor. Ruefully picking himself up, amid irreverent laughter, he made another attempt at a dignified carriage, but after a mad rush for a few yards, collided with another skater, and they measured their respective lengths together. After this his rashness cooled down, and he contented himself with hobbling from wall to wall at that end of the room which was allotted by common consent to the non-impulsive learners. Here the skating was of a wholly original character. It consisted mainly of tumbling down, getting up again with a sickly smile, tumbling down once more, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Now and then one of the learners would sadly miss his way and get mixed up in the careering circle of more proficient skaters, with the result that he generally brought grief upon himself and others. The gallantry of some gay Lotharios who were trying to develop the skating accomplishment in timid maidens who had never been on rollers before was worthy of a better cause. The more teaching their supporters gave them, the more timid did these young ladies become, and the less inclined to use their own feet rather than be dragged along. They contented themselves with gasping a little frightened "Oh!" every few seconds, got paler and paler, and finally made excuse to return to their seats and be relieved of their skates; after which they might have been heard ingenuously explaining to their girl friends how jolly the sensation of skating was. Fired to emulation by the sight of accomplished swains who were skimming over the boards to the admiration of their fair charmers, one young fellow, who was accompanied by his lady-love, hurriedly called for a pair of skates and had them fastened on. "Now, George, don't go too fast" said his adored, calling attention to the notice that was posted on the walls, "No fast skating allowed." A look of pain, for which there was no doubt some hidden reason flitted across George's face. He said nothing, but struck out with one foot, and the next moment, as if to show his devotion for his lady-love, he was lying prostrate at her feet. This was his first and only attempt, for, acting apparently under directions, he forthwith divested himself of his skates, and the fond couple were seen no more. While these incidents were going forward the perambulations of the more agile skaters round the hall went on ceaselessly, with only such diversions as were created by the occasional ambition of a promenader's feet to reach the ceiling, with the result that their owner quickly found himself sitting on the floor, or a sudden collision which involved three or four pairs of arms and legs in a wild melée. It was by keeping his eyes fixed on the learners' end of the rink, however, that the spectator got the most for his money. The novices went steadily to and fro—if such an expression can be applied to a series of gymnastics that would have done credit to Eaton & Co. Perspiring but persistent, they plodded along, now gliding

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back when they meant to go forward, now veering to the right and left in their desperate efforts to keep straight ahead, ever falling and ever picking themselves up again—human personifications, in fact, of King Bruce's spider of immortal memory. "And yet people say that British pluck and endurance are dying out!" —*Hampshire Telegraph.*

ROUND THE BARRACK ROOM FIRE.—

Yarns by old Soldiers.

Tramp, tramp through the snow. Ugh! how cold it was. John Daly shivered, and drew his tired limbs one after the other, right wearily, as he struggled up the steep country road that led towards the gates of Sevastopol, grasping his musket, too, with a strong grip of both hands, for fear it should slip through his numbed fingers.

The sky was black and laden with snow, but the moon, as it rose above a neighbouring hill, flooded the scene with its fitful beams, and a hard sigh escaped John as he glanced sharply round him and noted the sad signs of war that were strewn all about his path.

Here a broken helmet or crushed shako; there a knapsack, or a bayonet bent, twisted, and stained with something darker than water; the broken guns lumbering the hillocks—all these bore testimony to the terrible struggle that had taken place but a few days previously on the heights around. It was so dreary that John would have liked to whistle a tune to cheer his heart, but the more silent he was, the better; for John Daly was a scout in advance of a train of military store waggons, bound for the British lines, and his life lay, as it were, in his own hand; those terrible skirmishers, the Cossacks, were ever hovering in the vicinity of the English regiments, like wild birds ready to pounce upon their prey. As John dared, therefore, neither whistle nor sing, he began to think of home instead. But somehow he did not find these thoughts so comforting as he had hoped, and before long something very like a tear had run into his moustache.

No don't laugh! He was no coward, was this stalwart young fellow, but he had a tender English heart hidden away under his great coat; and this being Christmas Eve, a little pang of home-sickness stole through him as he thought of the merry-makings going on in the old Oxfordshire farmhouse, where he was not.

"Ugh!" thought John, with a shivering sigh; "it's very cold, and don't I wish I could see the gleam of the camp fires ahead! I wonder what the 30th are having for supper to-night. Hist! what was that?"

The soldier paused abruptly in his walk, with his trusty rifle ready for the emergency, and listened sharply as he scanned the black patch of ground lying in the shadow of a neighbouring oak tree.

"Cre-ak, cre-ak!" That was the only sound that had startled him, but it could only have been caused by one of three things. Either a footstep on a fallen branch, or the crackling of a twig in a camp fire, or the soughing of the chill wind through the frozen boughs of the tree.

The first of these was possible, but John, though it set him and his rifle on the alert, some-how did not think it probable, and quietly lowered the muzzle of his 'minnie' as he gazed up into the skeleton oak with the thought "Of course it was only the wind, unless I have fallen to dream of the 30th's fires!" And he gave a little shove with his foot to a Russian helmet that lay in the frozen ruts. What a shame of the wind to startle a poor, hungry fellow, that had five miles yet to walk before he could put a morsel of bread into his mouth! "Cre-ak, cre-ak!"

What, again? Ah! a sudden crash and fiery blaze—a sharp pang as if a red hot knife had plunged into his side, and John was lying on the ground, crimsoning the snow with his life's blood. Oh, it was hard to die like that. If death had been ordained as his portion in that grim Crimean war, why could it not have come to him in one of those two actions that had already tried his mettle? Oh, it was hard to be slain by a coward's hand like this, without a comrade near. If that iron bullet had only put him out of his pain at once. But he must lie there—lie there and die. Those behind could not be up with him for full fifteen minutes, and he would be dead then. The poor lad's dismal reflections were suddenly cut short. "Ha, ha,!" A guttural laugh rang in his ear, and the bird of prey that had been watching for him swooped remorselessly down. "Ha, ha! I a good shot—a good shot, eh? You look up de tree, you English dog, and I look down. Which the cleverer, I say, which the cleverer? He, he!"

These terse sentences were uttered in broken English, and instead of full stops or commas

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between each, the wounded man received a savage kick. He opened his eyes and took a look at his enemy.

A furred and booted Cossack stood over him with pistol in hand. John looked up—perhaps a little piteously—into the bear-like face, and read his doom there. The cruel eyes grew crueller.

"Ha, ha! Now I finish you off, eh?" He took up the soldier's musket by the barrel and gave him a rap on the head with the butt end to rouse him up. "Which you choose? Will you have this?" (here he raised the musket and dashed it to the ground so close to the soldier's head that the snow spurred over his face, that meaning "Shall I kill you with a blow on the head?") "Or will you have this?" and dropping on his knees, he pulled a long gleaming blade from his belt and held it—now pointed to his victim's heart, now across his fast-glazing eyes.

"The knife!" gasped poor John feebly. "Only do it quickly."

"Ha, ha!" the Cossack laughed his guttural laugh again. "I wait one little minute. Perhaps you die quick without more help." He rose, and after giving a sharp glance in the direction of the slowly advancing military waggons, stooped over the prostrate soldier once more. "Time yet," he muttered; "I go see what you have." And suiting the action to the words, he tore open his victim's great coat and began to rifle the pockets of their contents. The thirsty snow was meanwhile drinking in the very life of the poor young corporal, and he only had a dim consciousness of the Cossack's proceedings.

The great-coat pockets were light, the only articles they contained being a morsel of precious tobacco, a small clay pipe, and—what was more precious than either—a flask of spirit. "I drink—no to your health, but to the confounderation of you English dogs!" said the Cossack, grimly, as he took a deep draught of the brandy, and threw the flask on the snow beside the fainting soldier.

Then he laid his rough hands on the red tunic, and tore that asunder in quest of more treasures.

The tunic had not much scarlet left about it now: it was tattered and stained with hard wear. John was thinking dreamily of home as he lay there in a semi-conscious state; and when he felt red-beard's hands searching about his tunic, he remembered how proud he had been of himself the first day he had put it on. And how pleased and proud of him they had all been at home too. Was he never to see them all again? That kind old father, whose parting gift had been the silver watch, now greedily eyed by this wild Tartar. Never see the silver-haired mother, who had put her two hands on his head and blessed this, her younger son, before he sailed eastward? The soldier looked up to the freezing sky, and no doubt some one, looking back at him from it, and hearing, answered the silent agony of that human heart.

"Ugh! the heretic book!" John's little Bible, the one given him years before by his Vicar as a Sunday-school prize, was thrown ruthlessly on one side. He stretched out his hand feebly and clutched it with what he thought a death grip; it felt like a bit of home, and he could die easier for it. The Cossack's hands were now on his throat; he held the knife between his teeth, and John said good-bye to everything, for his last moments seemed nigh. "Ha!" An exclamation of intense surprise, of savage rage. The moon had sailed from under a cloud, and now shone full on the soldier's bare neck; the Cossack was eyeing with curious interest a slender gold chain and cross that hung suspended from it.

"Where you get this? I say where you get this?" he asked sharply, rousing his prisoner with a vigorous shake. "You tell quick, or I kill," and the knife gleamed across the soldier's eyes. "Quick—tell!" repeated his questioner hoarsely.

Then, seeing that his victim was all but past speaking, he forced some brandy down his throat, gathered him up in his strong arms, and literally carried him across a hedge and down a steep incline, to a spot which, though within earshot of the road, was so shrouded by a circle of thickets that daylight alone could have betrayed those who sought its shelter. When the soldier came to himself again, he found he was lying on a fur rug, his head supported by a knapsack, and well sheltered from the wind. A horse stood near, poking his nose through the snow in search of a blade of grass; and his master sat crouched, beside his patient's head, now laying a lump of snow on it, now gazing curiously at the little chain and cross he held in his hand, and over which he muttered incessantly in his native Russ.

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"Ah! you wake now!" he said presently, as he scanned the sufferer's face fiercely. "Now you tell where you get this," and he held the little relic before John's eyes.

But poor John's wound was very sore, and he answered sharply, "Where's the use? You've given me my death shot, you savage brute, and you might let me die in peace now." The "savage brute" had staunched John's wound with his own ragged comforter, besides sheltering him carefully from the wind, so that this was not very polite language to use to him.

"You no die!" retorted the Cossack, with a hoarse laugh; "you shall tell!" cried the man, excitedly. "You shall tell where you get this cross. Was it given you, or did you steal it from his neck? Speak, I say, you English dog!"

"It was given me by a Russian cavalry officer," gasped John. "His name was—was—I can't pronounce it; it began with a D. But he called himself Nicolai."

"Boskra we! Was it, then, Nicolai Droiskivitch, my colonel?" panted the Cossack excitedly. "Yes, *he gave* me the cross and chain; I did not take it from his dead neck, as you suppose." "How I know dat?" cried the fellow, peering at John with his keen, restless eyes. "He, my dear lord and colonel; he a good prize for Englishman. How I know you speak truth? If you killed him; I do this!" and the Cossack drew his pistol and held it to John's white lips. The soldier made no reply. "I want know what come to my master," said the Cossack grimly, "and you shall tell."

And John, seeing that for some reason the fellow was burning with anxiety to hear how the Colonel's cross had come into his possession, thought he had better tell him as briefly as possible, as his strength seemed going.

"It was some two weeks ago," began John faintly; "my regiment had been out skirmishing in the rear of a Russian Corps. We were returning to camp in the evening over the same ground, when I caught sight of three Arab Zouaves from the French battalion that had been out with us, about to bayonet a Russian officer lying on the snow. He was wounded, but not dead. My blood boiled within me at the sight, and seeing no one in particular to watch or interrupt my doings, I dashed up to the group and hit right and left at the Zouaves. They were three to one, but my disgust at their cruelty lent me strength, I suppose, for I sent them flying in double quick time. I bound up his wounds and carried him on my back to within a short distance of the Russian lines. There, as luck would have it, we came across a stray horse. Upon this the officer was mounted, and he rode off towards his camp. I know I ought to have delivered him up, but somehow my heart failed me; so I just did as I would be done by."

"And the cross?" questioned the Cossack eagerly. "He took it off his neck and gave it me when he shook hands at parting. He also wrote something in Russian on a slip of paper, and told me to carry it always in my pocket when I went out to fight. "You have that paper now?" asked the Cossack anxiously. "I shall know his writing."

"You will find it in one of my pockets," returned John wearily.

The Cossack searched for the scrap of paper, aud when he found it, eagerly read what was written on its soiled surface:

"This is to certify that the bearer, a corporal of the 30th Regiment, saved my life in a noble manner when in danger of dying a cruel death at the hand of French Zouaves; and not content with this, gave me what rations he possessed, and carried me on his back within sight of the Czar's lines, although under fire at the time. I wish all Russians to show this generous enemy kindness and civility should God place him with his comrades, into our hands.

"Nicolai Droiskivitch,

"Colonel of H. I. M. 70th Regt. of Cossacks."

"The Colonel is my brother-in-arms" (foster brother), concluded the Cossack, "I would lay down my life for him. I have thought him dead this two weeks, and when I saw his baptismal cross and chain round your neck I thought perhaps you knew about his death. But he lives. Soldier, I thank you." And John saw this wild son of the desert stoop down and kiss him on the forehead as if he had been a child. After that John lost all consciousness, and woke to find himself lying on a mattress in a little hut with his ferocious friend beside him.

And for three weeks that man nursed and tended him as gently as any woman. And when his strength had returned, he took him back to the English camp. And when John awoke to the fact, there he was in the hospital hut within the British lines; and nothing to remind him of his nocturnal adventure but the Russian's cross and chain, and the wound which the Cossack had given him.

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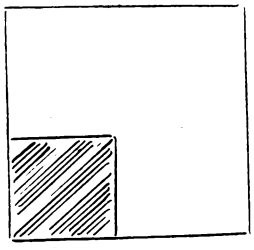
When Sevastopol fell, John Daly, who had seen some sharp service, was invalided home, and you can guess the welcome the gaunt, rough-bearded young soldier received in the old Oxfordshire farmhouse. One summer day, just before rejoining his regiment, then returned to England, the postman put into John's hand a small packet bearing the Russian Imperial eagle on its stamp.

Everybody was eager to know what it contained, and cried "Open it," which he did, and found inside a handsome gold watch and chain, and engraved on it, "From Nicolai Droiskivitch, Colonel. In memory of December 10th, 1855."

On the paper enveloping the present were a few lines written in English by the Colonel himself. He begged the soldier's acceptance of the watch as a little—but very inadequate—token of the deep gratitude he felt to him as the preserver of his life.—*Kind Words.*

Puzzle.



A man has a square piece of land, out of which he reserves one-fourth, as shown in diagram, for himself.

The remainder he wishes to divide among his four sons; so that each may have an equal share of similar shape. How can he divide it?

A SOLDIER, who had a habit of tippling, was recently a candidate for staff employment.

His Color-Sergeant, who was aware of his habits, wrote in the Column of Remarks: "Drinks a lot".

His Captain, who was favourably disposed towards him, wrote underneath: "Can stand a lot;" while his Colonel added: "Has paid for the lot."

The man got the appointment.

Masher: (to Booking Clerk) Must I—aw—take a special ticket for a puppy.

Ticket Clerk: No; you can travel as an ordinary passenger.

Lady: (to bow-legged Shop Walker) I want some calico.

Shop Walker: Walk this way ma'am.

Lady: Oh, I could not walk that way if you would give me the whole shop.

WHAT's that? asked a startled old lady at a garrison town, as a report rang out.

"Sundown," she was told.

"Well gracious me"! she exclaimed, "I never heard the sun go down like that before."

Pa: What would you like to be when you grow up Johnny?

J: I think I'll be a soldier.

Pa: You might get killed.

J: Who by?

Pa: By the enemy of course.

Well then I guess I had better be the enemy.

AN officer giving orders to a sentinel commanded him not to stir a foot, but to walk up and down and see what he could hear.

Captain: "Well, Sergeant Murphy, and how do you like Burmah?"

Sergt. Murphy: "Sure sor, its right enough, barrin' the yelling o' the tigers at night, and thim *Phootarns* (typhoons) blowing the dust about all day, fit to blind ye!"

A FACT.

Officer: (Inspecting Company in Service Marching Order) "That man's coat is nicely folded. How do you fold your coat my man?"

Pte. Smith: "I put it under the coal-box, sir!"

Officer: "Er—Color-Sergeant, can't we get all the men coal boxes?"—*Curtain.*

OVERHEARD IN THE REGIMENTAL SCHOOL.

Master: "Now tell me the denomination into which the coin of this country is coined."

Small Boy: "Please, sir, I don't know."

Master: "Don't you know how the money your father brings home on every pay-day is divided?"

Small Boy: "It ain't divided; mother takes it all!"

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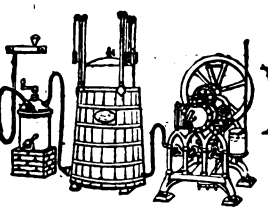
The Buffs'



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„	3	1	0	0	„ „

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 47. FEBRUARY 28th, 1891. Price, 2 Annas.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS. 1898.

Domestic Occurrences.

DEATHS.

At Calcutta, on 2nd instant, Private Jno. West, of dysentery.

No. 1675, Private A. Roberts, at Jubbulpore, on the 22nd instant, of malarial cachexia.

Notes.

We regret to have to announce the death of Brigadier-General Auchinleck, which took place at Umballa on the 14th instant. General Auchinleck was well known and much liked and respected by the regiment during his command of the Presidency District.

We have lost during the past month our second in command, Major Reeves, who has retired as a Lieutenant-Colonel after 28 years' service spent entirely in The Buffs. As a good sportsman and a man whose first thought was always for the good of the regiment, we shall miss him. We wish all happiness to Colonel and Mrs. Reeves.

Last month we had to congratulate Major Kekewich on his promotion into the Inniskilling Fusiliers, and this month we have again to congratulate Captain Lewis on being selected for a majority in the Cheshire Regiment. While regretting that we should lose Captain Lewis, we must still take it as a compliment to the regiment that so many of our officers should be selected for special promotion.

Owing to pressure of time no mention was made in last month's *Dragon* of the two distinguished visitors from Russia—the Influenza and the Czarewitch. The Influenza came the first and stayed the longest. It received a very warm welcome from those who were selected to entertain it—so warm, indeed, that one gentleman's temperature rose to 105° in the process. It stayed with him and others for about a fortnight.

The Czarewitch came later and only stayed three days. Those of us who were not entertaining the Influenza had to go out and line the streets for him. The streets were a wonderful sight, packed as tight as they could hold with a mob of all colours, and the very trees in Dalhousie Square were loaded almost to breaking with amateur Zacchœi. The Adjutant's charger provided entertainment for those who were near Government House and prevented them from wearying of the long wait.

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We take the following from the *Indian Planters' Gazette:* "The Buffs promise us a lively afternoon on Saturday, the 28th instant, and as *Mr. Phillips* is at the wheel, there is little doubt that everything will be in tip-top style." This refers of course to our gymkhana, of which the programme and entries will be found in another column. As we shall have gone to press before it is run, we shall not be able to give the results till next month. By "Mr. Phillips" our contemporary means Captain Philips.

The *Englishman* has the following curious statement about a guard-of-honour furnished by the regiment to receive the Maharaja of Benares:—"A guard-of-honour of a company of The Buffs with band and 2nd colour under a European Officer was drawn up in front of the staircase, and presented arms as the Maharaja alighted."

Cricket has again commenced now the camp of exercise is over, and great interest is taken in the matches which are being played for the Battalion Challenge Shield. The results of the ties already played are given, and are, we must own, rather one-sided; still from this fact we venture to predict that the final ties will be particularly good and exciting, especially as there are three companies at least who have expressed their firm determination of winning the shield this year.

It has been decided to hold a literary competition monthly, open to the Regiment. A familiar subject will be chosen, and for the best account or essay on the subject a prize of Rs. 5 will be given. In the event of there being two essays of exceptional merit in the one month, an extra special prize of Rs. 5 will be given, and also in case of there being in any month no essay meriting publication (which we do not at all anticipate) the prize will be withheld altogether.

The conditions for the above competition are:—"Originality—that is the *bonâ fide* work of the sender." "To be written on one side of the paper only" To reach the Editor on or before the 20th of each month.

The Editor will be glad to receive the essays as early as possible in the month, and requests in every case that a *nom-de-plume* be adopted; so that, when judging for the prize, it may not be known who the writer is. Accompanying the essay the writer should send a sealed envelope enclosing his name and *nom-de-plume*, and this envelope will not be opened until the prize is awarded. A military subject will always be chosen and as far as possible, one on which all can write. The subject for March will be "Soldiering in India."

Through an oversight the undermentioned, names were omitted in last month's *Dragon* of those at present in the Regiment, who were serving with the Battalion in Calcutta in 1874 and 1875.

			Rank in 1875.
Sergt.	Drummer	Lawrence	Drummer.
	Sergt.	Fisher	Lance-Corporal.
	Pte.	Harfield	Private.
	Pte.	Deadman	„

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence. &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom de plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

CRICKET.

Sir,

Do you not think it would be an addition to the Cricket field to have a Telegraph Board in the Regiment? The cost would be trifling if distributed among Companies, and the games could be watched with interest at a distance, and save all that crowding round the scorers as is now the case.

I have acted in the capacity of scorer myself, and know the feeling one has when continually being asked, What's the total? How many wickets down? &c. There were rumours at Dum-Dum that sufficient tin could not be procured to make the figures for a T. B. So I

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presume it fell through, but in a large place like Calcutta, I should think there would be no difficulty.

Trusting that by your kindly inserting this it will have the desired effect,

I remain,
Sir,
Yours truly,
Cricketer.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The X'mas festivities must be the excuse for no letter last month, so to compensate, must give you a long one this time. Of course the weather is a topic one can always fill a column or so on, but as no doubt you have read every thing about it in the papers, I will content myself by simply saying that we have had a very severe winter, but now the weather is comparatively mild and the snow entirely disappeared owing to three days' hard rain. Whilst the frost lasted we had plenty of skating, and as many as fifteen of our Sergeants have been skating at once. Of course a lot could only move in a very cautious manner at first, though after a little practice we started a hockey team and held our own against the best in a very creditable manner, though up to the last, figure of eight, etc., two stars and eleven, skating was great feature with some (Involuntary); and now for a few other topics.

X'mas.—Of course, as was to be expected owing to the concessions made by the Railway Companies, there were very few men in Barracks on X'mas day, conseqently there was a noticeable absence of decorations (but of course there were some), and if there were an absence of things beautiful, there was an abundance of things good.

The Sergeants, or rather what was left of them, had their customary Cinderella dance in the evening and after dancing adjourned to the Mess Room, where music was indulged in until the early hours.

On the 31st December our annual dance came off and was in every way an unqualified success, although the weather at first threatened to spoil the attendance, but about 200 people managed to turn up, including all our officers in Barracks, and thoroughly enjoyed the 22 dances, the music being ably rendered by our band. A novel feature was a Highland Schottise, played by the Pipers of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, who kindly volunteered their services.

The supper was also a great success and great credit is due to Color-Sergeant Coulby, S. I. of M. Johnson, Sergeant Master-Cook Naish and Quarter-Master Sergeant Pearce, who worked hard to make it a success, Sergeant-Major A'herne and Color-Sergeant Dunster ably discharging the duties of M. C's.

The first football match since the frost was played on Friday between the Sergeants and 'B' Company and resulted in a win for the Sergeants after a hard fight, mainly due to the goal keeping of Band Sergeant Mortimer and the forward play of Sergeants Barrow and Kelham.

Musketry.—The last lot of Recruits from the Depôt have been exercised in Musketry, and although the weather has been greatly against them have not figured so well as was expected, but then at present the majority of them are mere boys, so it is hoped they will improve as they got older. Our historical poster hasn't brought in the Men of Kent yet, but instead the infants, accompanied by a few of their fathers.

Bicycling.—There are signs of the approaching season as owners of bicycles are discussing runs, etc., and to judge by conversation, long tours will be the order of the day; at present the roads are too bad to do anything.

And now, Mr. Editor, in case you have a lot of matter to fill your paper, I'll conclude this time by wishing you all a prosperous New Year.

NOBBY.

FORT WILLIAM,
14*th February* 1891.

The Editor "The Dragon."

DEAR SIR,

Just a line to let you know we are doing well with our Branch of the A. T. A. On the 6th and 13th instant we held open meetings in the Society's rooms, Colonel H. D. Harrison and Colonel St. John Michell, A. A. G., favouring us with their presence on the 6th instant. Mr. N. W. Bancroft, Member of the Governing Council of the A. T. A., gave us a very interesting sketch of his life at these meetings, and gave us his experience of both sides of the question, telling us how he spent the first 35 years of his life as a non-abstainer and how he has got through life for the past 36 years as

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a total abstainer. Mr. Bancroft was one of the persons who started the Gelson Gregson Total Abstinence Society and has continued his membership in that Society during its many changes since its origin. We have more comfortable rooms here than we had in Dum-Dum, and we are now fairly settled down to work with a will to increase our numbers. Trusting I am not imposing on your generosity by taking up so much of your valuable space,

I am,
Sir,
Yours respectfully,
"COME AND JOIN US."

FORT WILLIAM,
4th February 1891.

The Editor "The Dragon."

SIR,

Though our Lodge Correspondent may have been sleeping of late, and seems to have forgotten that there is such a thing in existence as the "Mighty Dragon," I take the liberty of penning these few lines in order to dispel any doubts which may have risen in the minds of any of your readers whether the "*Hope and Perseverance*" Lodge I. O. G. T. is still in the land of the living.

Since the Battalion has been quartered in Fort William, many exciting moments have been the lot of this Lodge. At first a difficulty was experienced in getting a proper place to hold our meetings in, but now, with the kind sanction of the Major-General Commanding, we have been permitted to hold our weekly meetings in the Fort Theatre, where we now assemble every Thursday at 7-30 P.M. for the purpose of transacting the necessary business of the Lodge, and to initiate those into our beautiful Order who we may be able to win over to the side of Total Abstinence.

Brother G. Brewin has been elected Chief Templar for the present quarter, and under his able leadership we feel sure that we shall be able to increase our membership, which is at present between 50 and 60, to double that number during his term of office.

Many of our oldest members have left the Lodge for "England" during the Trooping Season, and at the same time that we regret the loss our own Lodge has sustained by their departure, we trust that the Order at home will be benefitted by their transfer.

On the night of the 31st January we had the pleasure of a flying visit from the "*Minden Rose*" Lodge, the Regimental Lodge of the Hampshire Regiment, who were passing through Calcutta on their way to Bareilly, which is to be their future station. A pleasant evening was passed and the visitors did much to contribute to the harmony and amusement of the evening. Light refreshments were provided, to which ample justice was done during a recess from business. We trust that we may have many more such pleasant evenings; and now the Regiment is fairly settled down in the Fort, we shall be able to carry on the good work we have on hand to advantage. Apologizing for trespassing on your valuable space, and trusting, that our Lodge Correspondent will come to the front and let you know more of our doings,

I am,
Sir,
Yours respectfully,
"A QUEER AWK."

A VISIT FROM OLD FRIENDS.

ON the 31st January a half wing of the, Hampshire Regiment encamped on the *maidan* Calcutta, *enroute* from Burmah to Bareilly their future station.

This regiment was with the Buffs in Malta in 1885, and their arrival was consequently looked forward to, in anticipation of meeting some old friends. Directly camp was pitched, the Sergeants, in response to an invitation, came, to the Buffs' Sergeants' Mess where refreshments were provided and, a very pleasant evening was spent.

Although the six years which have passed since leaving Malta has made many changes, there were still a few remaining who were at once recognized, chief among whom was their fine old Bandmaster, Mr. Saloo, whose great boast is his 33 years' service—and he looks well on it too—and quite able to do the other ten, which he declares it is his intention to "put in."

The regiment left for Bareilly on the 1st instant, being played from the camp to Howrah station by the band of The Buffs, and we hope they will enjoy in their new station the good health and comfort they have so well earned in Upper Burmah.

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Regimental News.

His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief has approved of the promotion of Major C. E. Reeves to a Half-pay Lieut.-Colonelcy, and of his subsequent retirement from the service on retired pay.

His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India has been pleased to approve of the undermentioned man being discharged free after 12 years' service, with passage to Adelaide, Australia :—

No. 1758.—Private Chas. Lyons.

No. 1070.—Sergeant H. Locke has been permitted to extend his period of Army Service to complete 12 years with the colours.

No. 1189.—Private Wilson left for the Chin Lushai Expedition on the 17th instant in the capacity of Military Signaller.

No. 2598.—Private H. Ellis has been permitted to change his religion from Church of England to Wesleyan.

Lieutenant C. K. Greene, The Buffs, was granted an extension of leave to the 18th February 1891, pending a decision as to his transfer to the Ord. Store Department.

His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India has been pleased to approve of the undermentioned man being discharged free after 13 years' service.

No. 1730.—Private T. Copeland.

The undermentioned obtained prizes at the Soldiers' Industrial Exhibition at Rawal Pindi :—

Lce.-Corpl. Harryman, 2nd prize, Coach-building.
" " " 3rd " Cabinet-making.
" " " 2nd special prize, Camp furniture.
Pte. T. Hunt, 3rd prize, Printing.

The Commanding Officer hopes that more men will exhibit at the next exhibition, and promises every help to men wishing to compete.

Color-Sergeant M. Talbot obtained a Certificate of Qualification for the appointment of Sergeant-Instructor to a Regiment or Battalion.

His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief has been pleased to approve of the qualifications as Instructors and Assistant Instructors, granted by the Inspector of Army Signalling in India, since the formation of the Kasauli and Poona Central Schools on 1st September 1888, being considered equivalent to those issued from the School of Army Signalling, Aldershot.

THE Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments :—

To be Sergeants.

No.	1233	Lance-Sergeant	A. F. Parsons.
"	405	" "	C. H. Perry.

To be Acting Sergeant.

No.	1447	Lance-Sergeant	J. F. Stirke.

To be Lance-Sergeants.

No.	1640	Corporal	C. Burrows.
"	1419	"	W. Cox.
"	2419	"	J. Alderton.
"	2291	"	T. Cogger.
"	2032	"	J. Fisher.
"	2973	"	J. Stevens.

To be Corporals.

No.	342	Lance-Corporal	R. Golds.
No.	1587	" "	E. A. Wynne.
"	1214	" "	E. Gouge.

To be Acting Corporals.

"	1190	Lance-Corpl.	J. Willis.
"	1543	" "	J. E. Hall.
"	1715	" "	G. Leek.
"	1147	" "	R. Hemsley.
"	2058	" "	D. Revell.
"	1546	" "	A. Pelling.

To be Paid Lance-Corporals.

No.	1177	Lance-Corporal	H. Mobley
"	2486	" "	T. Else.
"	1190	" "	J. Willis.

No. 1479. Pte. G. Watson, was appointed Bandsman.
No. 3305, Boy T. J. Hanney, was appointed Drummer with effect from 6th August 1890.

Major J. W. Hind, The Buffs has been appointed to the temporary command of Jalapahar Depôt, during the absence on Field Service of Major C. J. B. Stewart, Seaforth Highlanders.

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The undermentioned Recruits have been assigned territorial numbers as shewn opposite their respective names:—

	E. Kent.
Stanley Smith ...	... 3403
William Haile ...	... 3404
Charles Canning ...	... 3405

The undermentioned man has been appointed to officiate as Assistant Packing Sergeant in the Army Clothing Department, Alipore: No. 1792, Pte. A. Matthews.

No. 1357, Pte. T. Greenslade, was awarded a certificate of proficiency in Telegraphy on the 20th instant.

The Rate of Exchange for the pay and remittances of British Troops serving in India during the year 1891 and 1892 has been fixed at 1*s.* 6½*d.* the Rupee.

At the Ballygunge Cricket Club Sports held on the 21st instant, two events were open to the Military. In the first event—120 yards Hurdle Race—there were four entries, the race being won by Corporal Baldwin of the East Surrey Regiment. Pte. Nash of The Buffs who came in a good second was rather handicapped through making a false start.

In the second event—Quarter mile Steeplechase—four Buffs entered and it was won after a good race by Pte. Russell, Nash being again second.

The undermentioned men were awarded Certificates of Education as stated opposite their names at the Convalescent Depôt, Darjeeling:—

No. 1609, Pte. A. Ovenden, 2nd class.
No. 1372, „ F. Hammond, 3rd class.

Musketry.

The Figure of Merit and Classification of Letter "A" Company and Casuals are as follows:—

		"A" Company.	Casuals attached.
Figure of Merit.	Range Individual Firing	152-50	147-95
	Independent & Volley Firing	56-69	55-16
	Total	209-19	Total 203-11

Classification.

	"A" Company.	Casuals attached.
Marksmen	26	13
1st Class Shots	21	10
2nd „	24	9
3rd „	4	1
Total completed	75	33

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with para. 215 B.M R., 1887:—
Gold guns as best Marksman of Company.
No. 798, Col.-Sergt. T. Cheal. Score, 228.
Worsted guns as Marksmen in order of merit.

LETTER "A" COMPANY.

No.	1440	Pte. J. Etherington,	score ...	214
„	1992	„ W. Dunham	„ ...	202
„	1052	„ J. Cafferty	„ ...	201
„	1612	„ A. Cronk	„ ...	195
„	1070	Sergt. H. Locke	„ ...	195
„	2641	Pte. P. Burke	„ ...	193
„	1236	„ W. Biers	„ ...	192
„	1197	„ H. Darby	„ ...	188
„	1506	„ W. Hooker	„ ...	186
„	1364	„ R. Ridgway	„ ...	185
„	1356	„ W. Fidler	„ ...	183
„	1887	„ J. Saunders	„ ...	180
„	1715	Corpl G. Leek	„ ...	180
„	1792	Pte. J. Matthews	„ ...	180
„	1667	„ G. Ellis	„ ...	175
„	1999	„ E. Sayer	„ ...	174
„	2981	„ W. Sheppard	„ ...	174
„	2197	„ W. Freeman	„ ...	171
„	2547	„ J. Martin	„ ...	170
„	1642	„ W. Littlemore	„ ...	168
„	1272	„ G. Woodhatch	„ ...	166
„	1306	„ G. Hayes	„ ...	166
„	1854	„ R. McCalla	„ ...	165
„	1251	„ E. Foster	„ ...	165
„	1840	„ W. Castle	„ ...	165

Casuals Attached.

F. Coy.	No.	155	Lce.-Sergt. E. Bing, score ...	199
H. „	„	1113	Pte. G. Latimer „ ...	194
F. „	„	2608	„ J. Clarke „ ...	184
D. „	„	1628	„ A. Dalloway „ ...	183
F. „	„	1576	„ W. Mayton „ ...	182
H. „	„	1423	Lce-Corpl. G. Bryan „ ...	181
G. „	„	1566	Pte. J. Hobbs „ ...	179
D. „	„	1201	„ R. Martin, „ ...	177
F. „	„	1719	„ G. Knight „ ...	177
G. „	„	2186	Lce.-Corpl. T. Else „ ...	171
B. „	„	2524	Pte. E. Lawrence „ ...	168
F. „	„	1139	„ W. Cross „ ...	165
H. „	„	363	Sergt. G. Brewin „ ...	165

SHOOTING MATCH.

"D" Company, The Buffs, *versus* "B" Company, Presidency Volunteer Rifles. This match was fired at Ballygunge on the 29th ultimo, there being 12 N.-C. Officers and men a-side, and

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resulted in favour of the latter by a hundred and odd points. After the match the two teams adjourned for tiffin, which had been kindly provided by the Presidency Volunteer Rifles. Colonel Commandant T. W. Chatterton, Administrative Battalion Presidency Volunteers, presided and there were also present Lieutenant-Colonel J. Lackersteen, Calcutta Volunteer Rifles, Captain A. T. Avetoom, Commanding "B" Company, Presidency Volunteer Rifles and Captain Philips, The Buffs.

Colonel Chatterton, the Chairman, proposed the Loyal Toast of The Queen, which was duly honoured, after which Captain Avetoom proposed the health of Captain Philips and of "D" Company, The Buffs, thanking them for the honour of firing this match with them and also for allowing the Volunteers to win. He expressed a hope that this would not be the last time the Companies would meet, and wished "D" Company better luck next time.

Captain Philips in responding for "D" Company thanked the Volunteers for the hearty manner in which the health of his Company and himself had been drunk, and expressed his pleasure in meeting the Volunteers at any time. He considered it a good thing to have these Shooting Matches between the Regular and Auxiliary forces, and hoped with Captain Avetoom that this would not be the last meeting between the two companies, and that the next would be a little more favourable to "D" Company. In conclusion, he could not help thinking that those mysterious little *boxes of tricks* had a great deal to do with the result that day.

He proposed the health of Captain Avetoom, N.-C. Officers and men of "B" Company, P. V. R., which was heartily drunk with musical honours.

At this stage the Officers left and a very pleasant hour was afterwards spent by the two Companies, Sergeant Peters singing up well for ths honour of "D" Company, and Sergeant-Instructor Sydney for the Volunteers. After a grand *Walk Round*, provided by The Buffs, the party separated about 6 P.M., thus concluding a very pleasant day.

Color-Sergeant Lefranc, P. V. R., deserves great credit for the manner in which the arrangements of the match were carried out, everything going off without a hitch, while Color-Sergeant Featherstone looked well after the interests of "D" Company.

Cricket.

CRICKET SHIELD.

FIRST TIE.

"G" COMPANY *versus* "C" COMPANY.

Played at Calcutta, February 9th, 1891.

"C" COMPANY.

	1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Pte. Ford, b Hilderbrand	...	0	b Lawrence	... 0
,, Cooper, b Hilderbrand	...	0	b Hilderbrand	... 5
Lce.-Corpl. Marshall, c Russell, b Lawson	...	9	b Hilderbrand	... 2
Pte. Joy, b Lawrence	...	6	b Hilderbrand	... 0
,, Truscott, c and b Lawson	...	2	c Russell b Lawrence	0
Lce.-Corpl. Hall, b Hilderbrand	...	12	b Lawrence	... 0
Pte. Howland, c s Hilderbrand	...	9	b Hilderbrand	... 7
,, Featherstone, b Hilderbrand		0	not out	... 9
,, Greaves, b Lawrence	...	0	s Hussey b Lawrence	0
,, Egan, not out	...	0	b Hilderbrand	... 0
,, Shevlin, b Lawson	...	1	b Lawrence	... 2
Extras	...	12	Extras	... 0
Total	...	51	Total	... 25

"G" COMPANY.

Pte. Lawrence, b Joy	... 27
,, Golder, c and b Cooper	... 0
,, Hussey, b Joy	... 23
Corpl. Hilderbrand, b Cooper	... 19
Pte Russell, not out	... 33
,, Lawson, b Cooper	... 7
,, Ward, not out	... 4
Sergt. Tozer, Pte. McKeating, ,, Newing, ,, Williams	Did not bat.
Extras	... 10
Total	... 123

Innings declared closed.

CRICKET MATCH.

A match was played at Fort William on the 7th of February between the Viceroy's Band and Band The Buffs, resulting in a win for the latter by 11 runs.

BUFFS' BAND.

	1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Pte. Hasler, c Cunningham, b Morell		3	b Cunningham	... 3
,, Cooper, l-b w, Morell	...	0	Not out	... 9
,, Bowden, b Cunningham	...	7	b Cunningham	... 3
,, Howe, b Morell	...	2	b Cunningham	... 0
,, Raward, b Vaughan	...	38	b Morell	... 0
Lce.-Sergt. Tozer, b Cunningham		1	c & b Cunningham	1
Pte. Greaves, c & b Morgan	...	18	b Cunningham	... 0
Lce.-Corpl. Wilson, b Vaughan	...	5	b Cunningham	... 3
Pte. Pettett, not out	...	12	Run out	... 2
,, Ward, l-b-w, Cunningham	...	3	b Morell	... 5
,, Knight, b Cunningham	...	9	Run out	... 1
Byes	...	17	Byes	... 3
Total		115	Total	30

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VICEROY'S BAND.

	1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Sergt. Pullen, l-b-w, Howe.	..	10	b Hasler	... 17
,, Smith, run out	...	1	h w Wilson	... 0
,, Morgan, b Howe	...	2	Not out	... 14
,, Cunningham, b Bowden	...	1	c Raward b Wilson	... 7
,, Morell, run out	...	6	c Tozer, b Cooper	9
,, Fisher, c Raward, b Howe		1	b Hasler	... 2
,, Vaughan, c Hasler, b Bowden	...	3	b Greaves	... 13
,, Kearnes, b Bowden	...	4	Raward b Pettett	... 3
,, Cooper, not out	...	9	b Cooper	... 1
,, Dobson, b Howe	...	6	b Howe	... 1
,, Appleton, run out	...	3	b Bowen	... 4
Byes	...	6	Byes	... 11
Total		52	Total	82

The tie between "B" and "E" Companies for the Battalion Cricket Challenge Shield was played on the 12th instant, and resulted in a win for "E" Company by an innings and 51 runs. Scores:—

"E" COMPANY.

Colr-Sergt. Talbot, b Patterson	... 8
Pte. Roberts, c Chapman, b Patterson	... 2
,, Wickens, b Patterson	... 1
,, Kluckner, b Patterson	... 0
,, Bowden, b Patterson	... 7
Cpl. Smee, l-b, w-b Hasler	... 0
Pte. James, run out	... 36
,, Wood, b Chapman	... 3
Dr. Dillon, c Chapman, b Hasler	... 39
Pte. Walker, c Chapman, b Hasler	... 11
,, Clancey, not out	... 0
Wides	... 3
Byes	... 5
Total	... 115

"B" COMPANY.

	1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Pte. Cooper, b Wickens	...	11	st. Bowden	... 1
Pte. Raward, b Wickens	...	3	b Bowden	... 0
Pte. Chapman, b Wickens	...	2	c Wickens, b Wickens	2
Colr.-Sergt Patterson, run out	...	1	b Wickens	... 10
Pte. Hasler, b Bowden	...	2	c Smee, b Bowden	... 5
Dr. Hollingdale, b Bowden	...	0	run out	... 1
Lce- Corpl. Brigg, c Wickens	...	0	b Bowden	... 0
Pte Fisher, not out	...	8	b Wickens	... 1
Lce Sergt. Baker, b Bowden	...	0	not out	... 2
Lce-Corpl. Kendal, c Dillon	...	1	b Bowden	... 0
Co pl. Carter. b Bowden	...	0	run out	... 9
Byes	...	5		
Total	..	33	Total	... 31

The tie between "F" and "H" Companies for the Battalion Cricket Shield was played off on the 19th instant, resulting in a win for "F" Company by 4 runs. In this match Harding of "H" Company placed one ball beyond the Regimental Institute making thereby 10 runs. Scores:—

"F" COMPANY.

	1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Pte. Veal, b Wardle	...	30	run out	.. 19
,, Read c Brien, b Wardle	...	0	b Wardle	... 0
,, Knight, c Carne, b Carne	...	0	b Wardle	... 1
,, Spinner, run out	...	16	b Picket	... 8
,, Wenman, c Stevens, b Coley	...	11	b Coley	... 0
Sergt. Carnel, c Brien b Wardle	...	5	not out	... 36
Pte Clutton, b Wardle	...	0	b Coley	... 13
,, Bourne, b Wardle	...	3	c Evans, b Coley	... 0
,, Rutland, b Coley	...	3	c Coley, b Wardle	... 3
,, Richards, c Carne, b Coley	...	0	l-b-W	... 3
,, Jubb, not out	...	2	b Wardle	... 6
			Byes	... 8
Byes	...	9	Leg byes	... 4
			Wide balls	... 2
Total	...	79	Total	103

"H" COMPANY.

Pte. Wardle b Veal	...	12	c Veal b Read	... 19
Lce-Corpl. Brien, b Veal	...	7	b Read	... 0
Pte. Harding, b Veal	...	0	b Read	... 24
Lce Corpl. Picket, c Knight, b Read		3	c Knight, b Read	... 0
Pte. Coley, run out	...	11	b Veal	... 3
,, Carne, b Veal	...	6	b Veal	... 9
,, Evans, run out	...	4	b Veal	... 8
,, Cronin, c Knight, b Read	...	3	b Read	... 5
,, Stevens, c Bourne, b Read	...	9	b Veal	... 3
Corpl. Cogger, not out	...	2	not out	... 3
Pte. Bailey, b Veal	...	2	b Read	... 4
Byes	...	1	Byes	... 2
			No balls	... 1
Total	...	60	Total	81

INVICTA BICYCLE CLUB.

A MOST successful run was carried out on Wednesday evening, the 18th instant. An invite had been sent to the Dalhousie Cycle Club to join in a combined run by moonlight to Dum-Dum. The "Meet" took place outside Government House when 21 machines appeared on the scene, with a most striking effect. As the run had not been published in the local papers, it was rather a surprise to some of the inhabitants to see so many meet at one spot.

We started punctually at 8-45 P.M. down the Esplanade through Dhurrumtollah and Circular Road when we struck off to the left leaving Sealdah Station on our right. We shortly after reached Sham Bazar, and most remarkable, considering the traffic, &c., there were no spills. At this point we had to tackle the bridges over the canal and railway, and many exclamations were heard, such as "Lean on your chin strap," "Kinch! punkah-wallah!" &c., &c. However, the bridges were passed all in good time, and we proceeded down the Barrackpore Road, and going along at a spanking pace passed the Junction Station at 9-28, 7 minutes later arriving at the Sergeants, Mess of the East Surrey Regiment.

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Having refreshed the inner man and rested ourselves a little, we started on our homeward journey at 10-40 P.M., taking the same route as that by which we came. We reached the Esplanade at 11-30 P.M., where we wished our friends of the Dalhousie good-night. We then returned to the Fort, having thoroughly enjoyed our "moonlight run"

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THE BUFFS' GYMKHANA.

At the time of going to press there seemed to be every chance of a successful Gymkhana on Saturday, the 28th instant.

The following were the entries :—

FIRST RACE.—*Hurdle Race.* About ¾ mile over five flights of hurdles.

Mr. Dyne's	...	John Bull.
„ C. D. Stewart's	...	Spinster.
„ Keegan's	...	Free Lance.
„ Webber's	...	Kingsland.
„ „	...	Romeo.

SECOND RACE.—*The Buffs' Regimental Challenge Cup.*—About 5 furlongs. For ponies 13-3 and under the property of Officers, the Buffs, to be ridden by Officers of the Army.

Mr. Annesley's	...	Moonstone.
Capt. Blackburn's	...	Daroga.
Mr. Cobbe's	...	Full-Moon.
„ Eales'	...	Black Diamond.
„ Hasler's	...	Wood Pigeon.
Capt. Philip's	...	Pat.

THIRD RACE.—About 2 furlongs. For ponies 13-3 and under the property of Officers, the Buffs, which have been bought by their present owners for not more than Rs. 400, including winning contingencies, if any.

Mr. Booths'	...	Touchstone.
„ D'Aeth's	...	Blue Blood.
„ Eales'	...	Treasure Trove.
„ Hasler's	...	Shimmer.
Capt. Philip's	...	Chance.
Mr. Tarte's	...	Crown.

FOURTH RACE.—About ½ mile. For C. B's. 14 hands, others 13-3 and under, that have never won a hurdle race, steeplechase, or flat race value of Rs. 50 or more.

Mr. Alwyn's	...	Confidence.
„ Arbuthnot's	...	Peter.
Major Beaver's	...	Parnell.
Mr. Bennett's	...	Simpkin.
„ Cowie's	...	Maudie.
„ Keegan's	...	Brookheath.
„ Maple's	...	Crumbs.
Capt. Philip's	...	Madge.
Mr. C. D. Stewart's	...	Spinster.
„ „	...	Spindle.
„ D. Stewart's	...	Ardgowan.
„ Vincent's	...	Mynah.
„ Webber's	...	Kingsland.
„ Well's	...	Holdfast (late Musjid.)

FIFTH RACE.—About 2 furlongs. For all *bonâ fide* Polo ponies, the property of members of the Calcutta, Fort, Dum-Dum, or Barrackpore Polo Clubs, 13-3 and under, to be nominated by ladies.

Lord William Beresford's Aerolyte.

Mr. Tougall's	...	Sparks.
„ Webber's	...	Romeo.
„ Keegan's	...	Clover.
„ Rawlinson's	...	Kailana.
„ Eale's	...	Black Diamond.
„ Hasler's	...	Wood Pigeon.
Capt. Philip's	...	Pat.

HOW RIFLES ARE MADE.

THE SMALL ARMS FACTORY AT ENFIELD.

To those of our readers who were in Dum-Dum, and took the opportunity while there of visiting the S. A. A. Factory, the following (culled from a Journal of Cassell's) will no doubt prove interesting : —

"A thousand rifles a-day ? What do they do with them ?"

"That I can't tell you," replied the official ; "they are sent to the Government Stores at Weedon."

"But, surely, you don't turn out a thousand every day throughout the year ?"

"No, only when we are busy. In slack times, perhaps, we do not make more than fifteen hundred a week."

This brief conversation occurred during a recent visit to the Enfield Small Arms Factory. The works are so extensive that a visitor might well be excused for exhibiting no surprise, even though he should be informed that they were capable of producing ten times as many rifles and bayonets to match. The factory is divided into numerous departments, which are devoted to the various processes that a rifle, sword, or bayonet, must undergo before completion.

The machinery in all these departments but one, is worked by two enormous engines, each of which has a wheel of eighteen feet diameter. The one exception is the grinding room, where

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the grindstones are worked by a gigantic water wheel. In the chamber where the various fittings for the weapons are manufactured, there is a perfect network of revolving wheels, straps and other adjuncts. There is a continuous din and clatter of machinery, and in the midst of it all a crowd of workmen are systematically engaged in turning and boring; some being occupied with barrels, some with stocks, and some with triggers; but each attending exclusively to one portion of the weapon. It is interesting to watch the process of boring the barrels.

The bars of steel, already forged to the requisite length and circumference, are placed upon a machine, and a long borer, made of hard steel, is applied at each end of the future barrel. The machinery is set in motion, and the two borers slowly, but surely, work their way through the barrel, till at last they meet in the middle.

After this, the interior of the barrel has to be smoothed by another machine. It is then rifled, a process that is soon accomplished by a revolving instrument, having at the end a hard steel tooth, which quickly cuts out a serpentine groove around the interior of the barrel.

But there is still much more to be done to the barrel before it can receive its fittings.

Its exterior is polished, and that being done, it is subjected to a kind of steam bath.

The object of this operation is to cause it to readily receive the colouring matter that has now to be put upon it. The barrels are colored brown, with the twofold object of preventing rust, and obviating the dazzling effect that bright steel would have upon the eyes of marksmen in the sunshine. The wooden fittings of the rifle are made of walnut, which, both on account of its toughness and lightness, is peculiarly adaptable to the purpose. The stocks are cut out on a lathe, which works automatically, the machinery being guided by a steel model of the stock, the shape of which it is perforce obliged to reproduce in the wood.

After being polished, the stock is ready to be fixed on the barrel, but before these two life-long companions are joined together for good or evil, the latter has to undergo a severe test. The lock is affixed; the trigger and all the firing mechanism are complete. The barrel looks fresh as a young bridegroom, and seems only to be pining for its shining walnut bride, when there comes a man, who places in the unsuspecting barrel a charge of powder, and a bullet double as heavy as is required in the ordinary affairs of life. He takes the barrel into a small dimly lighted room, and fixes it down so that it cannot move. His fell purpose then becomes manifest. He attaches a string to the trigger, and having closed the door, he pulls the string from the outside. There is a loud crash. The door is opened, and if the barrel remains uninjured, its union with the stock is no longer delayed; but if, as unhappily often occurs, the lock is blown off, or the barrel shows a fracture, it is again relegated to the forge, where it has to endure the twenty-ton blows of a sledge hammer.

The Martini-Henry rifle is gradually being superseded, although some improvements have been recently made in the weapon, by the addition of a longer lever, and a longer extractor.

The latter was rendered necessary by the experiences of the Soudan, where the cartridges often became jammed and soldiers found it necessary to use their cleaning rods to get them out of the barrels. The new Magazine rifle, which is now being constructed, is in every respect an improvement on the Martini-Henry.

It is a modification of, and an improvement upon, the Lee rifle, a weapon that has been adopted by several foreign powers. Its peculiar advantages may be briefly summarized.

In the first place, a magazine or case containing eight cartridges can be fixed to the breech, and these can be discharged in very quick succession, as rapidly, if necessary, as one every second. When the magazine is exhausted, but a few seconds are needed to affix a fresh one.

This rifle will carry 2,800 yards, whereas the Martini-Henry is only sighted up to 1,800 yards.

It has a smaller bore than the Martini-Henry, but is exactly of the same weight, and it has the further recommendation of having made the best "target" on record. It is also claimed for the new rifle, that its recoil is only equal to a third of that of the Martini-Henry.

The forging department at Enfield presents a very animated spectacle. There are numerous furnaces, anvils, and steam-hammers, and the sons of Vulcan are knocking pieces of red-hot metal into various shapes, their faces suffused with a lurid glare as the thousands of sparks fly out in response to their mighty blows.

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Great masses of glowing metal are being pounded by the steam-hammers, and other machines are engaged in stamping and rolling the hot steel.

Lumps of rough-looking metal are gradually developed into laths and bars, which will afterwards become sword blades and bayonets. The sword blade is rolled out by one machine after another until it assumes the requisite shape, and it is then taken to the grindstone to be finished off. The stone revolves at a great speed, and the workman in charge has to rely upon his own judgment for the completion of the sabre. He lays the blade across the stone, over which water is continually flowing, and ever and anon examines it to see that the proper effect has been produced and to find any irregularities that may have to be removed. It is needless to say that a considerable amount of skill is required for this kind of work.

When the sword leaves the grindstone, it has to be polished, tempered, and annealed; and it is afterwards tested. For this purpose it is fixed by the handle in a machine which, being set in motion, causes the blade to strike a block of wood with a force far greater than would be necessary to bisect a man. This operation is repeated four times, the blade being tried both edgeways and sideways. It is next placed in a perpendicular position, and a pressure is applied that bends it nearly double. The blade must after this spring back to a perfectly straight position, for if it is in the slightest degree out of the straight line it is rejected. Till recently, the pressure applied was greater than it is now, but it is thought that a test of great severity does the sword more harm than good; as it is, a large proportion of the blades are rejected through not passing the ordeal successfully. The sabre is next fitted with its handle and scabbard, and is then ready for service. The manufacture of bayonets is similar to that of swords.

Sword-bayonets are now considered preferable to the old-fashioned, triangular weapons, and those produced at Enfield are, therefore, of the former pattern. Such is the care with which they are manufactured and tested, that it may be safely asserted that the bayonets that "crumpled up" in Egypt were not among the productions of the Small Arms Factory. The work of that institution is undoubtedly performed in a conscientious manner.

The officials spare no efforts to supply our troops with efficient weapons. This cannot be said of some of the contractors, who, judging by the Soudan Campaign, were willing to sacrifice whole regiments to their mercenary greed.

The testing of machine guns purchased by the Government from private firms, is an important branch of the duties performed at Enfield.

Quick-firing guns, like the "Maxim," "Nordenfeldt," "Hotchkiss," and "Gardner" are of very complicated construction, and before they can be accepted for service, they are taken to pieces, and every part is subjected to a separate examination. The Enfield Small Arms Factory employs from two to three thousand men, who work from seven o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, with an interval at midday for dinner. The buildings include a great dining hall where the men can take their meals together, and adjoining the factory are schools where their children may receive education.

The river Lea runs close by, and a basin has been constructed in the very centre of the works. So that coal can easily be supplied by water.

The rifle now being constructed at Enfield will undoubtedly be a very effective weapon in our next great war. If the shooting capacity of our soldiers has only improved in the some degree as their firearms, we may contemplate that event with some confidence. No one who has visited the Small Arms Factory, or Woolwich Arsenal, can doubt that the next European war will be attended with enormous devastation.

There is some consolation, however, in the fact that, with the scientific development of instruments of destruction, the inclination, even of the most bellicose nations, to face them must diminish.

ROUND THE BARRACK ROOM FIRE.

How Denis McCarthy kept his Word.

Many years ago, when I was a subaltern of a few years' standing, it was my fate to be sent on special duty with a small detachment of the regiment to the out-of-the-way little town of B—, in Ireland. It was the old story—riots and evictions and free fights—till at last we were sent to keep order to the best of our ability. We were a small detachment, about thirty men in all withtwo officers, Captain Armstrong and myself, and fearfully dull we found it, with not a soul to speak to outside ourselves. The

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town was horribly isolated, no decent people lived in or near it, and although we had the (doubtful) excitement of an almost daily fight with the inhabitants, we got awfully hipped, and were very near quarrelling among ourselves for a little diversion. In such a small detachment, and under the above circumstances, officers and men naturally got to know each other well, and some rattling good fellows we had among us.

I have always taken a deep interest in my men, their welfare, occupations, and amusements, and at this time, having nothing better to do, I threw myself heart and soul into the task of making their lives as pleasant as was possible under the circumstances.

We had several Irishmen in the detachment, and one of them, Private Denis McCarthy, interested me particularly. He was a most amusing fellow, had heaps to say for himself, and in every respect was a typical Paddy, rollicking, mischievous, witty, always in hot water, always being punished, and yet cheerful and sunny-tempered throughout. I took a great fancy to him in spite of his many faults, and the tiresome fellow was devoted to me, and often went out of his way to do little acts of service for me, which, when I found him out, I reproved him for. "Sure, yer honour, ye wouldn't dephrive a poor bhoy of the pleasure of doing a thrifle for ye now and thin," he would say, with his irresistible smile and his eyes twinkling with fun.

For some reason or other Armstrong was particularly "down" on poor McCarthy. Nothing the lad did was ever right in his eyes, and our Sergeant-Major, a worthy, painstaking man in his way, shared our Captain's opinion, so Denis would have come off badly if it hadn't been for my constant intervention. In consequence of the disturbed state of the town, we had to be extremely careful in the matter of letting the men out by themselves. Armstrong allowed a few of the best characters out for a few hours now and then, and on one occasion, after ceaseless importunities, he gave McCarthy leave for a couple of hours. Of course the stupid fellow exceeded his leave, got into a quarrel with some of the roughs of the town, and was brought in by the picquet. After this Armstrong said that none of the Irishmen were to be allowed out of barracks, so my *protégé* brought disgrace upon himself and his countrymen by his escapade.

"Sure, sir, it's meself that's a bad bhoy entoirely," he said when I remonstrated with him on his conduct. "There's somethin' that gets in me at toimes, the old devil himself, I belaive, and he dhrives me where he loikes. I can't sthop him at all, at all; bad luck to him."

Well, one day, about six weeks after McCarthy's escapade, Armstrong got a telegram summoning him to the death-bed of his father. So he went off in hot haste, leaving me in charge of the detachment, after giving me strict orders to allow no men out of barracks. His absence was rather a relief to me, for he was a silent, disagreeable sort of fellow, though a good soldier; but the very next day my troubles began. I believe I had the reputation among the men of being a good-natured, easy-going officer, a slack disciplinarian, and easily humbugged. Not a very enviable character, you perceive. So they made a regular attack upon me for permission to go the town. I always hated being disagreeable and refusing the men simple indulgences, but my orders were positive, so I shut myself up in my quarters, and told the Sergeant-Major to tell all the men that it was no use their applying for leave, as they wouldn't get it. Two days after Armstrong's departure, I was sitting over the fire, trying to amuse myself with a very trashy novel, when there came a smart knock at the door. In answer to my shout of "Come in," Private McCarthy presented himself, and after closing the door behind him, stood stock still, twisting his cap nervously about in his hands, and keeping his eyes bent on the floor, a very different demeanour to his usual one.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, rather impatiently, as he didn't speak.

"If you plase, sur, if ye would let me go out," he began stammeringly.

"Now, look here, McCarthy, I'll have none of this," I said sternly. "You have heard Captain Armstrong's order that no men are to leave barracks during his absence, so why do you apply to me? I suppose you think that you are going to get over me," I concluded, witheringly, frowning sternly at the delinquent, "but I can tell you that you will not. That will do."

"Shure, sur, it's not that at all, at all," he broke out, raising his fearless blue eyes to mine. "I'd have asked the Captain if he had been here, just the same as I'm asking yer honour, for I'm in throuble, me heart is just breakin', sur, an' if I can't go out I'll go mad entoirely."

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"Why, what is the matter?" I asked, banteringly, a little curious to know what had wrought such a change in his usually impudent countenance.

"It's the colleen, sur, the little colleen, that was waitin' for me all this long time, till I could marry her," he burst out, dashing his hand across his eyes. "She's dyin', yer honour; they sent a gossoon over to tell me, and the crathur keeps callin' for me, and won't be aisy till I come to her. Will ye let me go, yer honour? It's just a moile or so away, and I won't be long. Indade, sur, I swear it's the truth I'm tellin' ye."

"I'm very sorry, McCarthy, very sorry, indeed," I said, feeling a nasty lump in my throat—I was young in those days, remember, and the poor fellow was terribly in earnest—"but my orders are positive. I can't give you leave."

"Supposin' yer honour had a little colleen over there in England, that ye loved betther than anythin' in the wurrld, and they wouldn't let ye go to her if she was dyin'" he went on, unheeding my words. I felt an uncomfortable thrill, remembering a certain little blue-eyed lady I had left behind me in Portsmouth.

"Misther Daubeny, sur, I'll be back before tin o'clock, an' ye'll never regret lettin' me go." And so he went on, pleading with such pathetic earnestness that I at last gave way.

"Mind, McCarthy, this is a very special case, and if you are not in by tattoo to-night you will get me into very serious trouble," I said, inwardly cursing myself for a weak fool.

"God bless yer honour," said the poor fellow, huskily. "Misther Daubeny, sur, I promise I'll come back. Nothin' on airth shall keep me, an' ye'll see that Denis McCarthy knows how to kape his wurrd."

Well, he went, and I spent a particularly uncomfortable evening. I read silent reproach and disapproval in the Sergeant-Major's eye, and I keenly felt that my leniency towards McCarthy was most unfair to the other men, and would be a fruitful source of grumbling and discontent. Moreover, I knew, even if McCarthy kept his word, and came back in time, which I much doubted, that I should bring upon myself a very sharp reprimand from my commanding officer. It was with a sensation of relief, not unmixed with dread, that I heard the bugles sounding the "last post," and shortly afterwards I buckled on my sword, and descended from my quarters to go the rounds. When first we came to B—, Armstrong had given an order that all the men of the detachment were to parade at tattoo, so that he might assure himself of the number being correct, and this order was faithfully carried out every night. The men were drawn up by the guardroom as usual, and as I approached, the Sergeant-Major advanced and reported.

"Detachment present sir."

He then proceeded, according to order, to call out the names, each man answering as his name was called. When he came to private Denis McCarthy, there was no answer, and my heart sank within me. "What a fool I was to let the fellow go," I thought savagely. "I might have known what his protestations were worth!"

The Sergeant-Major repeated the name in a louder key, but still there was no answer. He then proceeded with the remainder on the list, and when each man had answerd, he turned to me, and, saluting, said:

"No. 3,952, Private Denis McCarthy, absent, sir."

There was a triumphant light in the man's eyes, and a sort of "I told you so" ring in his voice, as he made his report, which was exasperating in the highest degree. The men also were glancing at each other and at me in a way which made me long to clap them in the guardroom then and there. Controlling my feelings, however, I said, with a great assumption of carelessness:

"Absent! Put him in the report, then!" As I said the words, my eyes fell on a figure standing a little apart from the men in the attitude of attention, motionless as a statue. It was Denis McCarthy.

"Why there he is," I exclaimed involuntarily, in my sudden relief at finding he had not deceived me after all.

"Now, how on earth did he get in?" muttered the Sergeant-Major to himself. "I locked the gates ten minutes ago. Why didn't you answer when your name was called, Private McCarthy?" he added aloud.

Still there was no response, and, genuinely annoyed, I exclaimed sharply.

"Private McCarthy, step forward."

The men were now beginning to look about them and chuckle among themselves. As there was no response to my order, one of the non-commissioned officers stepped to the front, and saluting, said:

"Beg pardon, sir, but Private McCarthy is not here."

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"He *is* here," I answered, angrily, pointing to where McCarthy stood. "Who is that but McCarthy."

The corporal stared hard at the place I indicated, and then shook his head.

"There ain't no one there at all, sir," he said doggedly.

I felt just in the humour for an explosion of rage, but still controlling myself by an effort, I said—

"Sergeant-Major, is that Private McCarthy or not?"

"It looks like him, sir," replied that worthy, dubiously, gazing at McCarthy's motionless figure.

"Very well, then, go and bring him to me; he must be drunk, or asleep, or something," I said, impatiently.

"Why, sir, he's gone; he isn't there now," exclaimed the Sergeant-Major, recoiling abruptly.

By this time the men were excited beyond bounds.

"He ain't been there at all" called out a chorus of voices; "nobody's been there."

I gazed at the Sergeant-Major aghast.

"Do you mean to tell me that Private McCarthy is not there," I asked, as calmly as I could.

"He was there, sir, a moment agone, but he isn't there now," was the reply.

Irritated beyond measure, I strode forward towards the motionless figure, and put out my hand to grasp him by the arm, exclaiming as I did so:

"McCarthy, what is the matter with you, what is the meaning of this behaviour?" To my utter amazement, my hand closed on thin air, and the figure of McCarthy had disappeared. Utterly dumbfounded, I stepped, backward, and stood gazing at the spot where McCarthy had stood. A thrill of horror ran through me, and for the moment I was rooted to the spot, having completely lost my nerve.

Collecting my senses with an effort, I turned to the Sergeant-Major, saying briefly, "Dismiss the men."

He obeyed promptly, and in a few seconds the men had dispersed to their different rooms, but I noticed that they one and all stole looks of curiosity at me, as though they doubted the soundness of my intellect. Indeed, I was beginning to doubt it myself, and strode off to my quarters in a very unenviable state of mind.

I was, and always had prided myself on being, singularly free from superstitions of any kind, yet I could not altogether argue myself into believing that McCarthy's appearance was all a delusion. I had seen him so plainly, and the Sergeant-Major saw him also, or said he did.

On arriving in my quarters I carefully closed the door, and having unbuckled my sword-belt, threw myself into an easy chair by the fire, to think over the matter with the aid of a friendly pipe. I finally came to the conclusion that I had so intensely longed to see McCarthy in his place at tattoo, that my over-heated brain had conjured up his form, and that the Sergeant-Major, carried away by my evident earnestness, had persuaded himself also that McCarthy was there. This idea was comforting in the main, yet I blamed myself severely in having allowed the man to leave barracks. "He is sure to have got himself into some row or other," I muttered, half-aloud, knocking the ashes out of my third pipe, and resolving to go to bed and sleep over it. I rose from my chair with a portentous yawn, and turned to light my candle. As I did so, I fancied I heard a sound like a low tap at the door.

"Come in," I sang out, thinking it was my servant.

There was no response, and I called out again in a louder key. Still there was no answer, and believing I had been mistaken, I went towards a small table near the door, on which my candlestick was standing. To my utter amazement, I distinctly saw the shadowy figure of a man standing against the door. With a smothered ejaculation, I went hastily towards it, and then recoiled abruptly. It was Denis McCarthy! His hands were raised as if in supplication, and his eyes seemed starting out of his head, so staring and glazed were they! I stood for a moment gazing in speechless terror, and then at last I found my tongue.

"McCarthy, is that you? Speak to me," I cried sharply.

There was no reply, nothing but the echo of my own voice in the quiet room. In sudden desperation, I darted forward to lay my hands on the motionless figure, but, as before, my trembling fingers closed on thin air, and McCarthy had vanished. This was too much for my over-wrought feelings—I staggered back against the table, and then I remember no more.

I suppose I must have fainted, for when I awoke I was lying on the ground, with my head in very unpleasant proximity to the fender.

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The fire was almost out, and the candles were spluttering in their sockets. How long I had lain there I know not. I rose from the ground, feeling stiff and sore, and exceedingly shaken. Too upset to go to bed, I built up the fire, lit some more candles, and spent the rest of the night uneasily dozing in my arm-chair. My servant stared at me in stupid amazement when he came in the morning to call me. I explained briefly that I had gone to sleep in my chair, and on awaking thought it not worth while to go to bed.

"Very good, sir," he answered, relapsing into his usual stolidity, adding, as he got my bath ready, "The Sergeant-Major would like to see you as soon as convenient, sir."

That worthy made his appearance as I seated myself at the breakfast table.

"If you please, sir, Private McCarthy is dead," he announced with soldier-like brevity. I stared at him in speechless horror, as he went on, "He was running back in time for tattoo, sir, when some roughs sprang out at him; there was a bit of a fight, and Private McCarthy gets knocked on the head."

"Killed outright?" I asked faintly.

"I don't exactly know, sir," the Sergeant-Major said cautiously. "The priest comes here early and asks for the Commanding Officer, and when I said you were not up he reported Private McCarthy's death to me, and said he would call upon you again at nine o'clock. And, beg pardon, sir," he adds mysteriously, speaking in a half-whisper, "I think we must have seen Private McCarthy's ghost last night."

After delivering himself of this remark, he beat a hasty retreat, leaving me to digest it as best I might. The priest came punctually at nine, a fresh-coloured, good-humoured-looking man, who plunged into his subject without delay.

"I came to give you the particulars of poor Denis McCarthy's death," he began. "I was with him when he died. Oh! this is a sad time for poor Ireland. No, thank you, nothing for me," as I pressed him to take some breakfast.

"The poor lad was picked up in an insensible state, and brought to my house, as I'm a bit of a doctor in my way. Shortly after ten o'clock he regained consciousness, and raved excitedly about getting back to barracks. Nothing would calm him, and finally he sprang to his feet, and stood at attention, saying, 'I've kept me wurrd, yer honour, I'm in time.' I saw he was very badly hurt, but I had no one I could send all the way to the barracks. He sank back exhausted, but still raved wildly about being in time. Evidently he was terribly in earnest about this." The good man paused, and looked inquiringly at me.

"It was a special case," I replied briefly. "In consequence of the disturbed state of the town, the men were not allowed out, but I allowed McCarthy to go and see his dying sweetheart, on his promising most faithfully to be in at tattoo, ten o'clock.

"Just so, just so," said the priest, nodding his head gravely. "Poor, faithful lad, he meant to keep his promise, and it was the ruling idea even in death."

"At what hour did he die?" I asked, trying to speak calmly.

"At a quarter after twelve. He started up, held out his hands beseechingly, and fell back into my arms, dead."

An indescribable horror took possession of me, and without pausing to think, I incoherently blurted out my story into the good priest's ear. Of course, he interpreted it after his own fashion.

"My son, it was the poor lad's spirit you saw," he said gravely. He kept his word to you even in death, and his spirit was allowed to assume bodily form, and present itself to your eyes to show you that Denis McCarthy knew how to keep his word."

That is as it may be. I have never been able to satisfactorily solve the problem for myself. That I actually saw Denis McCarthy twice that night, I have not the slightest doubt. But whether it was indeed his spirit, or whether it was a delusion of my own brain, I cannot say. I have only told it as it happened.

When Armstrong came back, I went on leave and obtained an exchange. I don't think anything on earth would have induced me to return to B— again. The strange experiences of that night have had the effect of converting me from the most sceptical of mortals in matters ghostly, to the most credulous and easily convinced. "Seeing is believing," as the saying goes, and in my inmost heart I am firmly persuaded that on the night in question I clearly saw the disembodied spirit of Private Denis McCarthy.

Odds-and-Ends.

Colonel W. K. Stuart tells of a Scotch Subaltern who was one day on guard with another officer at Gibraltar, when the latter unfortunately fell down a precipice 400 feet

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and was killed. Now in the guard report there is the small addendum, "Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting," the meaning of which, of course, is in case anything in particular should occur the officer of the guard is bound to mention it. The Scotch Lieutenant however said nothing about the accident that had occurred to his brother officer, and some hours after the Brigade-Major came to his quarters with the report in his hand to demand an explanation. The Brigade-Major addressing him said, "You say Sir, in your report, 'N.B.—Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting,' when your brother officer on duty with you has fallen down a precipice 400 feet and been killed." "Well Sir," replied the Lieutenant, "I dinna think there is anything extraordinary in it at a' if he'd fawn doon a precipice four hundred feet and no' been killed, I should ha'e thought it very extraordinary indeed and wad ha'e put it doon in my report."

ANSWER TO PUZZLE.
No. 46.

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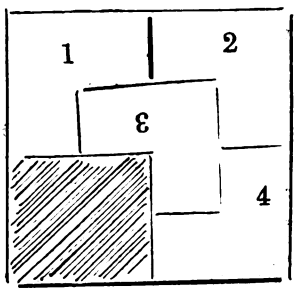

PUZZLE.

ReVURR.URII. CVR ; U CriTT II, and—on | II, cut II, cu (PCC) rt style 1, 1 cru (labRR) el fashion.

Military Staff Clerk (to a friend): "I'm in a frightful hole. I went to see two doctors yesterday, and got a medical certificate from each. One was a certificate of health for a life insurance company and the other was a certificate of illness to send to the chief with my petition for a week's leave of absence."

Friend: "I've done that myself. What's the matter?"

Military Staff Clerk: "Matter? Great Scott! I mixed the certificates in mailing them. The insurance company has my certificate of ill-health and the chief has my certificate of good health.

THE DRAGON.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 48 **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, MARCH 31st, 1891.** Price 2 As.

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1898

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTHS.

LEARY At Calcutta on 28th February, 1891 Mrs D. Leary, wife of the late Sergt. Leary, of a son. Dennis Albert Victor.

BIRKHEAD At Calcutta on the 19th Inst. Mrs Birkhead, wife of Mr Birkhead, Bandmaster, The Buffs, of a Daughter.

MARRIAGES

MUDD—McCARTNEY At Dum-Dum on the 9th Inst. H. Mudd late bandsman, The Buffs, to Miss E McCartney, late School-mistress, The Buffs.

DEATHS

EMERY At Jalapahar on the 20th Inst. No 1489 Pte G. Emery "C" Company, of abscess of liver.

COOMBES At Uxbridge on the 23rd inst., Lieut. and Quarter-Master J. W. Coombes.

NOTES.

OUR surmise that we should go up country next winter was not correct. We certainly expected, after a tour of three years in Lower Bengal, to be relieved, and a rumour that got abroad, that the East Lancashire Regiment, now quartered at Seetapore and Benares, were coming to Calcutta, made us almost certain of it. The reliefs however are now published, & we see that the East Lancashire Regiment go to Cawnpore, while we shall in all probability remain in Fort William until January 1893.

Although all seemed anxious for a move up country, we must console ourselves with the fact that Calcutta is really a first rate place to be quartered in, the duties are perhaps a trifle hard on the men, but there is much to counterbalance that in the way of amusements in the town.

There are many Clubs that play cricket and football, and company teams can have plenty of matches.

The 3rd Bengal Infantry now quartered in the Fort, are in the reliefs for Lucknow, and the 17th Bengal Infantry at Alipore, for Agra, both good Stations. We may perhaps follow the latter to Agra, as the Leinsters went there from Calcutta last year.

Information has been received from the Adjt. General in India, that His Royal Highness the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has approved of Major G. E. Harley being posted to the Battalion as second in command.

H. R. H. has also approved of Major Harley remaining at Hythe, as Secretary to the

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Musketry Committee for the present.

Major Harley went on the Staff of the School of Musketry, Hythe, some twelve years ago, shortly after the Battalion went home from India, He has since been D. A. A. G. for Musketry at York, and was from there transferred in the same appointment to the school of Musketry, Hythe.

In his younger days he was Musketry Instructor to the 2nd Battn., when it was commanded by Colonel Pearson, and he was afterwards appointed as one of the Lieutenant Instructors at Hythe.

Major Harley was posted to the 1st Battalion on promotion as Captain in 1876, and served with it until 1882. He is well known as being an excellent rifle and revolver shot, and will be a great addition to our Regimental and Officers' teams.

The following are the dates of his commissions Ensign, 4th October 1864, Lieutenant 7th December 1867, (Musketry Instructor 15th May 1867 to 6th May 1875,) Captain. 7th May 1875, Major, 23rd December 1881.

Our first batch of convalescents left for Jalapahar on the 2nd Inst., which was rather earlier than usual. While we could not help noticing that our Football and Tug-of-War Teams were represented among the *convalscents*, we hope that a few months in the hills will put them in good trim to do battle for the honour of the Battalion next cold season, if not before.

What great swells The Buffs are in their new helmets! was a remark overheard lately, and there is not the least doubt they (the new helmets) are a great improvement in every way. Besides being a better shield for the back of the head and neck, the parts particularly requiring protection from the sun, they are lighter, another great recommendation, and last but not least, are much smarter than the old style.

Altogether, we feel sure, no one will regret the little extra expense entailed in procuring these helmets for the regiment.

We have great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of Rs 28, which Sergeant Turner has forwarded to us for Mrs. Leary, wife of the late Sergeant Leary, from The Buffs of the winter section, Jalapahar, and also to inform them how much their thoughtfulness and kindness is appreciated.

We can promise the Draft, which embarked at Portsmouth on the 25th of February, a warm welcome in more ways than one, on their arrival in Calcutta, especially as " Nobby" has informed us, they are a very promising lot.

A letter has been received from the Acting Sergeant-Major of the Wing Hampshire Regt., which encamped on the Maidan, Calcutta, *en route* to Bareilly, on the 21st ultimo, thanking the Sergeants of The Buffs for their hospitality in entertaining them, on reaching Calcutta, and stating, that it was the only pleasing feature in an otherwise long and uninteresting journey.

The Editor's ' Tomtit ' informs him that His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief is greatly pleased with the playing of The Buffs' Band, and that at the *Garden Party*, on the Tuesday before H. E. left Calcutta, he wished the men of the band to be informed of this fact. When Sir Frederick Roberts states he cannot wish to hear a military band play better than ours, ' Tomtit ' is justified in being a little proud.

We had not time to breathe after Generals' Inspection, when it was annonnced that the Commander-in-Chief would inspect the barracks, so we all stood to our cots in serge clothing and waited for him. His Excellency however confined himself to inspecting the institutions and workshops.

The question of the soldiers' pay is attracting a good deal of attention at home, both in parliament, and in the United Service Institution. We would not recommend our readers however to indulge in dreams of wealth, as the British taxpayer is the final authority in these matters, and he has a deep-rooted objection to having his burdens increased.

The gymkhana held on the 28th ult., was a success. Indeed one of our contemporaries goes the length of calling it the best gymkhana ever held in Calcutta. A full report of the days racing will be found in another column.

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OBITUARY.

Since the issue of our last number intelligence has been received, by telegram, of the death of Lieut. and Quarter-Master J W Coombes, which took place at Uxbridge, Middlesex, on the 23rd inst. It is only a short time ago that he left us, being ordered home on sick leave, and we all hoped that at the end of his years' leave, he would have been well enough to rejoin, but it was not to be. As all our readers should, or probably do, know Lieut. Coombes has served with the 1st Battalion, The Buffs throughout his service, having joined it on the 30th December, 1862, By his death the Battalion has sustained a great loss as he had endeared himself to all. We feel sure that his death is deeply regretted by all ranks of the Battalion. and his kindness and assistance to many will not be easily forgotten. Our deep sympathies are with Mrs. and Miss Coombes in their bereavement,

His services are as follows.—

Enlisted 30-12-62

Service at Home

30-12-62 to 23-7-66
10-12-79 to 28-1-85

Service Abroad

24-7-66 to 9-12-79 (India)
29-1-85 to 11-9-85 (Malta)
12-9-85 to 11-3-87 (Straits Settlements).
12-3-87 to 15-1-91 (India)

His Commission as Quarter-Master is dated 22-2-82

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor.

Football is still in full swing here. We have played several matches under Association Rules and generally with good result, but the team they do not seem to be able to manage is the 7th Hussars.

Some of the members of the Sergeants Mess gave another very successful dance in the Gymnasium on the 5th inst. About 250 attended and everybody enjoyed themselves thoroughly, several of the officers and ladies of the Depot attending. I hear it is intended to give another one on St. Patrick's night.

The recruits of the 3rd Battalion assemble here on the 20th April next and proceed to Shorncliffe for 14 days musketry. The trained men of the same Battalion assemble here on the 4th May next, and proceed to Shorncliffe for training and will be dismissed to their homes on the 30th of the same month. It may interest some of your readers to know that the orderly room clerks appointed under army orders 278 and 294 of 1890 are exempted from the annual course of Musketry.

Lce.-Sergts. Donnelly and Reynolds have joined the home battalion on transfer under the 8 years rule. Good conduct medals were presented by Colonel Hobson to Col.-Sergts. Vile and Friend on a full dress parade last Monday week.

A draft of 39 recruits left here on the 14th inst. and joined the 2nd Battalion at Aldershot, the Battalion expect to move to Chatham in June next. Sergt. Quinn is about to be transferred to the Permanent Staff of the 3rd Battn. vice Stanley discharged at own request. Sergt, Martin, Pte. Newing, Lindsay, Partridge, Hardes, Cheeseman. Parker, Horsecroft, Pennells Wood, Sullivan and Hames arrived home in the Serapis on the 22nd January, and were transferred to the Army Reserve on the 25th idem. Pensions have been awarded as follows:—

No, 1965 J Garvey 6d a day for 15 month final,
„ 2392 W Weller 6d „ for 9 months final,
„ 1534 T Cottenden 7d a day for 12 months Conditional
„ 2034 H Moore 6d a day for 12 months final
„ 2222 T Wright 6d a day for 12 months Conditional
„ 1455 J Dunk 9d a day for 12 months Conditional
„ 1991 J Bull 14d a day for life.

Sergt Stanley Permanent Staff, 3rd Battalion claimed his discharge under the modified pension clause and has been awarded 16 pence per day for life.

No 2430 Pte Money has been found fit for duty

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and posted to home battalion for duty,

Corpl. E. Kent, your late Master Bootmaker has been appointed to the same post at the Depot.

A few good old Buffs have passed over to the majority, some of your readers will probably remember them,

No. 3554 Joseph Flynn died in London on the 19th October, 1890, aged 55 years, in possession of Crimean, Turkish and China Medals.

No. 3659 Matthew Wells died in Bath on the 3rd February, 1891, aged 54 years, China Medal 1860.

William Hayes died at Skibbereen on the 5th February, 1891, aged 85 years 7 mths. Served in The Buffs and St. Helena Corps from 1824 to 1845. No Medals.

George Tillerson discharged, I think from Seetapore, and was at the time of his death landlord of the public house "Princess Louise" in Northgate Street.

Yours faithfully,
"Old Buff."

HOME NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor.

Every thing here is now quiet, or to be correct has been, the only thing to denote the coming of future events, being a time march by the whole of the Division in complete marching order, which took place to-day, each Brigade having a separate destination. Our Brigade had to go to Bagshot and back, and I believe, was in every way successful, as the number that had to retire to the ambulance waggon, was only eight, and and out of these The Buffs were represented by *one* only, so I think the regiment is to be congratulated, considering the distance covered was about 17 miles, and the roads have only just been re-carpeted.

We all admire the shooting of the 1st Battn. as the figure of merit is decidedly good, a long way above ours, but of course the conditions in India are, I suppose, much more favorable to big scores being made; at any rate, our position in Aldershot is good, as there is only one Regiment in the Division who has beaten us, and only by a little over a point, and our recruits and casuals are the best.

We have had several football matches & the results have been fairly satisfactory especially with the Sergeants, the only time we have been beaten being by the S.L,I, who won by three to two, but as several of the proper eleven were unavoidably absent it was only to be expected.

We played a drawn game with the Army College, also the Argyle Highlanders, in other cases we have won.

'D' Company has followed the example of the remainder of the companies and now appear in a very nice rig, being distinguished by a large letter 'D' on the breast pocket of their shirts,

So regulation Greys are a thing of the past.

On the 14th we had another batch of recruits from the Depot and they appear better than the previous draft.

Yesterday the 25th inst. a draft proceeded hence to join you consisting of one Sergeant, 2 Corpls. and 100 Ptes, I think they are a very promising lot.

Sergt Donnelly and Corpl. Reynolds arrived here and are now on furlough,

Next Monday the left half Battalion commences Military Training which will complete the Battalion for 1891, and on the 18th April the whole of the Division fire on the New Wimbledon System, but more of this in my next,

I have lately become acquainted with an old pensioned Col.-Sergt, of the 32nd or 62nd Regiment, and in the course of convervation he informed me of the origin of 'Steady The Buffs,' which is as follows.—

Major Van Straubanzee, who was then senior Major, in drilling the men or dressing the points, always as a preliminary, waved his sword, and shouted "Steady The Buffs" and then went on with the drill &c., this my informant told me became such a catch phrase in the island, (I'm speaking of Malta,) that all other corps and even natives, used to say it. Major Van Straubanzee, he describes as a good athlete and especially good at cricket.—A model of a soldier and a popular man. In fact he (my informant) is full of anecdotes in connection with the two Regts, whom he describes as "being like brothers,"

"NOBBY,"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received matter from several correspondents for which we could not possibly find room, although we have increased the size to 20 pages this month. Never mind continue writing and we'll do all we can to oblige you next month. Correct solution of January's puzzle received from "the Oldest Bun" in either Battalion, Aldershot.

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GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT,

IN AID OF

THE CHILDREN'S WARD,

DUFFERIN HOSPITAL.

As the Dragon is a paper essentially for men of The Buffs so it will only be necessary to give details of the above in so far as our people were concerned.—No stone had been left unturned to render the affair, the gigantic success it undoubtedly was, and the way the Calcutta community, both great and small, merchant princes, and tradesmen of all grades, planked down their shekels, and offerings of other kinds both great and small (mostly great) and gave their services, speaks volumes for the popularity of the undertaking, and their loyalty towards those who graced the head of the management and we hear that the fund benefitted to the extent of something considerably over Rs 6,000. after paying all expenses. As usual the Committee showed itself wise in its generation in getting ladies to sell the tickets for them, and in consequence many a poor man found himself saddled with sufficient tickets to have passed in the whole brigade, through not being able to resist these fair (or unfair) extortioners and their emissaries, it was in vain to plead "close season" the excuse was not accepted. 'Oh will you take two dozen tickets from Mrs. So and so" I cant. I have already taken four dozen from Mrs. So and so, six dozen from Mrs. So and so, and twelve dozen from various other people Oh that don't matter, take these it will be alright; result— several lakhs of Rupees in the pool, before the doors opened and everyone happy, especially the fair extortioners.

The Columbia rink, kindly given over gratis by the directorate, together with Rs 500 towards expenses was admirably adapted for the purpose and presented an extremely lively appearnace.

Heavy showers of rain at about 9 o'clock did its best to wash everything away, and 'made hay' in the supper room, but it soon cleared off, and things went all the more briskly afterwards, for the temporary check.

There was something here for everyone and the man who could keep his shekels in his pocket must have possessed a head hard enough to break stones with. The flower stalls were particularly pretty, and were presided over by Lady Frankfort, ably assisted by Miss De Montmorency and a bevy of other young ladies, all bent on making money and screwing the utmost farthing out of any unwary sightseer who happened to be injudicious enough to pause for a second in their vicinity. Refreshment tables also, where, if one was lucky, one could secure whiskey & sodas at the hands of other divinities at Rs 3 12 each, or a bottle of 'Simkin Shrub' for a lakh. Indian Jugglers—a theatre screened off at one end, entrance Rs 1 8 annas—Our old familiar friend 'Th*m*s D*dd' who came in for very marked attention & netted something like Rs1200 to his own cheek. Fortune telling, a lottery with 1200 prizes where at the modest outlay of Rs 1, one might secure almost anything from a box of lucifers to a complete suite of drawing-room furniture. A museum and art gallery, with Colonel Chatterton as showman, and a bugler and drummer in attendance as an advertising medium. Here one paid Rs 1 and gazed placidly at such representations as '3 achers (gigantic molars which had evidently been dragged from the jaws of some antediluvian monster, long before dentistry was invented), and a miniature cow.' The Phonograph giving forth every imaginable kind of sweet sounds from a cornet solo played by the first cornet of the Coldstream Guards at the Albert Hall. to the latest speech of the viceroy—and last but not least *supper* in a huge tent with something like a couple of, acres' spread of canvas—a perfect masterpiece of good taste and management, and teeming with delicacies of all sorts. This department was in the hands of Mrs. Henderson, and the look of supreme content and satisfied smiles, to put it mildly, left very little doubt in that lady's mind as to the way her efforts were appreciated.

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In the Theatre, which was literally crammed, and punctually with the entry of the Viceroy and Lady Lansdowne, the curtain rose on the *Koi Hai* Minstrels, who, after some well rendered choruses, the usual quips, and a very amusing laughing song, cleared the stage for our Regimental banjo quartette, Lieuts. Lloyd and Dyne and Privates Ward and Harvey, under the guidance of our versatile bandmaster Mr. Birkhead, here the amount of rain that had fallen at the beginning of the evening told its tale and was evidently a very severe handicap—however they acquitted themselves exceedingly well and were loudly applauded. Corpl. Montgomery and Pte. Greenwood followed next in a clog dance, which was also much appreciated and they in turn made room for Corpl Else The Buffs (bones), and Pte. Carroll East Surrey Regiment (tambourine) in a bones and tambourine duet, both are past masters in their own lines and carried the house with them. Carroll also giving a very neat step-dance. At this point the audience apparently imagined that they had come to the end of all their joys, and were clearing out rapidly as Lieut. Lloyd as Maria and Sergt. Eaton as Obadiah appeared on the stage for the final song and dance, however they very soon came back and to judge by the roars of laughter were evidently well pleased, especially at the dance, and an unrehearsed effect by Lieut Lloyd who attempted to go through the stage without the aid of a trap-door.

The next item was the soldiers' chorus from *Faust*, by 100 voices from the Regiment, likewise under the guidance of Mr. Birkhead, a highly creditable performance, considering the very slight amount of preparation the men had gone through. The grand Military Tattoo by the massed bands, brought music to an end, and launched the community in to supper.

Altogether we were well represented, especially in Mr. Birkhead, who worked like a team of horses, and was to be met with at all points of the compass.

TUESDAY'S AT HOME.

The Tuesday "At Home" of the Fort started at first with some misgivings, as to whether too many cooks were spoiling the broth. Buffs, R.A., Staff, and Native Infantry, all doing hosts, have resulted we are glad to say in being a complete success. Tennis, tea and tattle, usually the order of the day on these occasions, at once gave way to more energetic amusements, and our band, at first somewhat out in the cold, being placed across the road on the Royal Artillery parade ground, soon become, and has since continued to be, the centre of all the fun of the fair, in as much as, in the beginning, energetic Lieut. Lloyd, followed by a host of young ladies, invaded the field, and started cricket, remarkable chiefly for the enthusiasm, displayed by the fair, and the bad fielding exhibited by the sterner sex. Towards the end of the game our energetic Colonel (Lieut. Lloyd has not got all the Regimental energy) was seen 'beating up' people to a certain chair, and on arrival there we found Boy Brown (late of Draft renown but now of the band) reciting 'A Private of The Buffs, a piece always received with much applause. Cricket and rounders have become quite an institution, lately hockey has been introduced, but these are not the only amusements. A Gymnastic display by Sergts. Eaton and Stirke. Corpl. Atkin, Ptes. Knight, & McKeating (with Sergt. Eaton as clown) astonished our visitors considerably by the excellent way in which the feats, many of them quite out of the common, were performed; in another corner of the field, Aunt Sally with Sergts. Eaton and Tomlin as clowns in tubs, gave great amusement to several ladies, who did their best to maim these two N.-C. Officers for life by the force with which they threw the sticks; in another corner Capt. Tylden-Pattenson could be seen playing badminton (a sport in which he is inimitable) with extraordinary pluck and endurance. The hockey was very amusing to watch, for to see respectable judges of the land, rapping and getting rapped over the legs, in their endeavours to hit the ball, to see our S.S.O. forgetful, for once of all official notes & queries, throw himself into the game, to see the Commander-in-Chief's A. D. C. in 'trimmings,' keeping goal, sword in one hand, and stick in the other, to see the ladies hitting and running were sights really good for the eyes. Mr. Birkhead and the band are never heard to better advantage than at these after-

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noon parties. and as long as Lieut. Lloyd, and Sergt. Eaton are all there, we can rest assured that there will be always something amusing to watch in our Fort Garden Parties.

NOTES ON CALCUTTA.

Under this heading a short account will be given monthly of places of interest in Calcutta, but in this issue we will only mention important general facts concerning Calcutta itself.

Calcutta is situated on the Hooghly at a distance of some eighty miles from its mouth. It is this river which gives to Calcutta its immense commercial value as ships of nearly all sizes are able to come right up to the city, and discharge or take on board their cargoes. The name Calcutta is derived from Kali-ghat the Ghat or landing place of the Goddess Kali. It is also named the City of Palaces on account of the number of fine mansions and European Establishments seen from the river, this name has however been altered by a 'Wag' to City of Pale-faces,

It is over two hundred years ago since the English Merchants, who were established at Hooghly some distance up the river, moved down to what is known as Calcutta, and formed a Factory or Trading Station here. To protect themselves from bands of thieves or Dacoits who ravaged the country on the opposite side of the river the old Fort William was built, which proved an effectual check on the marauding Marathas, as they were called.

As I shall particularly speak about Fort William next month, I will simply add that the old Fort was built on the site now occupied by the General Post Office.

The Calcutta of to-day is far different to what it was then. The Maidan at this time was a swampy jungle, infested with wild beasts and reptiles, and teeming with malaria so that one can not altogether be surprised at the terrible deadliness of the climate of those days, it being calculated that quite 25 per cent, or a quarter of the European population died yearly, so that people who came to Calcutta at that time could expect in the ordinary course of events to last about 4 years. Now, what was formerly the terror of this city, has been made into a splendid common, where a cool breeze can always be felt, and on which account the Maidan has received the appropriate name of 'The Lungs of Calcutta.' Although the native quarters of the city are far from being perfect, from a sanitary point of view, yet with the care that is bestowed on it, and the splendid drinking water supplied, it has become the healthiest of Eastern Cities.

In 1756, the great event in the history of Calcutta took place. The town was attacked by Suraj-a-Dowlah, at the head of a large army, with the settled purpose of driving the Europeans out of the country.

The majority of the British inhabitants fled down the river, (there were no troops in Calcutta in those days) and the few who remained, surrendered, after a brief but gallant resistance.

Then took place the tragic event of the 'Black Hole,' when the prisoners, to the number of 146 men and one woman were driven into a room about 20 feet square, which had only one small window. This was the middle of June, and their sufferings were terrible. They raved for water, but it was refused with jeers and taunts from the guard, and in the morning, when the terrible struggle had ceased, twenty-three emaciated beings came out alive, all the others having perished. Clive, who arrived at Calcutta some time after, avenged their deaths at the battle of Plassey, when Suraj-a-Dowlah and his army were beaten, and he himself was shortly after assassinated by one of his own ministers. A tablet is to be seen in front of the Post Office to commemorate this terrible event.

Calcutta was fortunate enough to escape the terrible effects of the Indian Mutiny, notwithstanding it first broke out at Barrackpore where the native regiments were promptly disarmed.

Still the terror was great among the European and Eurasian inhabitants in 1857, and arrangements were made by which, in case of a calamity, they were to fly to the Fort for protection.

We hear some of the most timid closed their establishments in the city and petitioned the Officer Commanding the Garrison for quarters inside the Fort till all danger was past, but this of course could not be done.

Since those days Calcutta has had a quiet and uneventful existence, & nothing has occurred to interfere with its prosperity, as one can well imagine by a glance at the Hooghly, crowded with its shipping, or the *course* of an evening when *Calcutta* drives out.

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LITERARY COMPETITION.

The following has gained the prize of Rs 5, which has been paid to "Janius."

The subject for next month's competition is "Voyage in a Troopship," and the Editor would like to see a few more competing.

SOLDIERING IN INDIA.

This is a subject that many a young fellow on enlisting would like to hear much about, for India is the supposed El Dorado of all young soldiers. "We are going to India," has a far more imposing sound in it than, "We are going to Bermuda, or Hong Kong," and as the young soldier mentions to his friends that he is under orders for that distant country, they think of it with feelings of awe and wonder; India to them is a country of hot scorching sun, and overrun with fierce wild animals, full of treacherous natives, etc., but also a country of palaces and gold, and where fabulous fortunes are, or were, made in a very short time, and that their Thomas if he is fortunate enough to return, he must come back a rich man, is a certainty.

But what is India to us, who have served in its hills and on its plains? How soon those visions of early days are dashed aside, as we march slowly up a river bed to some hill station, or tramp day after day on a long monotonous march on the plains. Its *pros* and *cons* are many, its drawbacks and attractions are great, and put them side by side, I think there is more against than for soldiering in India, but still there are its advantages.

The climate is at many stations a great enemy to fight against, but still with the experience of years to teach them, and with plenty of hard work, our Medical Staff has done much to lessen the effects of this arch enemy, and we youngsters have much to congratulate ourselves upon, and to thank our fortunes that we were not soldiering in India, fifty years ago. The climate is the greatest drawback that we have to contend against, and that is half mitigated by the convalescent depots in the hills, and although many may and must fall victims to it, still there are thousands, that through a summer in the hills, regain health and strength.

Absence from England and friends may be termed another drawback, but what with short service, what is five or seven years of a man's life, what is a few years, and in which he will gain more experience, and know more of this great world and its doings, than three times the amount spent in the wood huts of the Curragh or on the Long Valley of Aldershot.

It is in this country, where the steady soldier's saving bank-book swells, and enables him to add a few more pounds to his deferred pay. It is the experience of this country that makes him more careful when he enters civil life again, and knows that he has to look to himself for a living and a foot hold in the great battle of life.

None can but say that it is far more profitable to soldier in India than in England, for the temptations to spend are a great deal less, and all look forward to have a little by them for the time that the ship arrives, to take them back, a far better man in most respects, to what they were when they started.

And as regards recreation, the chances of sport are far better, and far more exciting than any that can fall to the lot of private soldiers in any other country, and what is more conducive to steady conduct in the field, than a few day's shooting at wild pig, etc., in the jungles of the Terai or Sunderbuns; the enemy is not so dangerous certainly, but it often requires a steady nerve, and coolness to bring down your mark.

Also on the frontiers, there is nearly always one of our little wars waging, and if not brilliant for display of tactics, they give the young soldier a good idea of what would be expected of him in a great campaign, and allows him to wear that coveted honour, a war medal.

Take it all in all, India is the great school of the British Army, and on her plains, and under her scorching sun, the British Soldier is brought as near perfection as it is possible to be, and who can talk of soldiering if he cannot speak of Lucknow, Calcutta, Delhi, etc.

What are other stations abroad, compared to the scope that the soldier can get in India, mere playgrounds, where you might almost as well not be in existence, considering the part you take in the drama of life.

And although we may and do complain of having to roast for a few years on the plains of India. I for one, with my short experience, if I were to enlist again, would prefer serving in India, at least five out of my seven years to any other part of Her Majesty's vast dominions, Bermuda not excepted.

"JANIUS.

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A NIGHT ON GUARD AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Bank Guard is probably coeval with the Bank of England itself. Instituted at a period when the Foot Guards performed many of the functions of the modern police, the party continues, as of yore, to 'mount' every evening, and to 'dismount' on the following morning. At an earlier time, perhaps, the soldiers had a twenty-four hours round of duty, as in the instance of the ordinary guards which fall to their lot. As will be seen in the course of this article, the Bank holds what may be termed a unique position in comparison to other guard duty; and as the guard is invariably furnished by the Foot Guards, and by them only, a sketch of the doings 'on Bank' may not be destitute of interest even to Military readers.

One officer commands 'the Bank.' His party comprises two sergeants, two corporals, twenty-nine men, and a drummer. According to the rules of certain regiments, men are credited with a 'guard' on the duty roster when detailed for the Bank of England. In other corps, they only get a 'picquet,' in which case the detachment is denominated the 'Bank Picquet.' This, to an outsider, may appear a trivial distinction, but to those whom it concerns, it is a matter of some moment, as it affects their number of 'nights in bed.' As is well known, the Queen's Regulations insist on two 'nights in bed.'

Where the party is considered as a picquet, however, a soldier may be sent to the Bank, on the evening of the day he dismounted guard though he cannot mount guard 'coming off' bank.

About five nights out of six the bank guard is furnished from the barracks in the West End, and on the sixth evening from the Tower. In Chelsea or Wellington Barracks, it parades at half-past five or six o'clock respectively, and marches by way of the Horse Guards and Embankment.

The men are equipped in marching order, and carry ball ammunition; but they do not take water-bottles or havresacks. When the streets are muddy, the 'Bank' marches in file, on the pavements—the front rank on one side the street the rear rank on the other; and this mode of procession attracts some attention from the passers by. A corporal leads the front rank, a drummer boy the rear. The drummer boy though often of diminutive stature, contrives to keep abreast of the long-legged corporal on the opposite side-walk, and these boys are exceedingly proud of a post of the sort in question.

Before the guard reaches the Bank, the men have resumed the formation of fours, but when close to the entrance, they form 'two deep.'

A bell is rung by the corporal, and an iron gate and heavy door are opened with goaler-like hesitation by an official wearing uniform, of which large metal buttons are a striking feature.

When the party has passed in, the gate and door are promptly closed. A court-yard and paved foot-way are traversed, the buildings around echoing to the measured tramp of the guardsmen. Then some stairs are descended, this causes the step to be slightly disorganised, and at this point the officer may be heard vociferating to the leading files to 'step short.'

In a moment however, the guard regains cohesion, and marches down a sloping path which terminates in another stair at the guard-room door. Before this stair is reached, the men are halted, and the officer, with one of the sergeants, takes a cursory view of the guard-room; when these potentates return to the open air, the commander of the 'bank' instructs the sergeant to 'tell the men off'—that is, to number them for sentry duty; he then proceeds to his room. This room is situated at the top of the sloping path above mentioned, and its entrance is hard by the stairs which often destroys the precision of the marching of the guard on its arrival. Sleeping accomodation, in addition to this sitting room, is provided for the officer of the guard. Dinner, with an allowance of wine is prepared for him soon after 'mounting,' and he is permitted to invite one or two friends to share the repast, and enliven the monotony of his vigil.

The large guard-room is a dark, some-what dungeon-like series of apartments.

One apartment is reserved for the non-commissioned officers; it contains, among other things, the 'library,'—a collection of volumes for the use of the guard. The largest of the other rooms is fitted up much in the style of ordinary guard-rooms, and has in one corner a capacious press. Opening from this room are two smaller rooms. The more remote of these is occasionally (when the sergeants are reposing) employed for a card party; and is furnished with a table made of a slab of polished slate, which is

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admirably adapted for this pastime.

When the 'first relief' has been marched off, and the men not for immediate sentry duty have settled down in the guard-room, the senior sergeant reads the 'orders' for the guard.

These are of a general nature; by the time the orders have been run over, an official, wearing a coat with the distinctive massive buttons, enters the sergeant's room, carrying a bag, which emits a jingling, but not unpleasant sound. The bag contains the 'pay,' which the bank authorities bestow upon the guardians of their El Dorado. Before long, the official issues from his conference with the sergeant, and taking an ominous-looking bunch of keys from his tail-pocket, approaches the press alrcady noted. This he unlocks, and the corporal calls to the men to come for their blankets and great-coats. A corporal takes possession of the necessary number of blankets for the non-commissioned officers, and the men spread theirs on the guard-bed. After this there is generally a rush to the place occupied by the canteen department, which drives a pretty good trade, as every private soldier has received a shilling as 'pay;' the non-commissioned officers being remunerated at a higher rate. Meantime, a corporal issues from the sergeant's room, he brings with him a long strip of paper covered with figures, arranged in such a manner as would prove unintelligible to the uninitiated. These numerals, however, simply relate to the sentry duty; and the corporal pastes the paper above the fire-place, where it is soon studied by little groups of men, who ascertain what they are 'for.'

As the soldiers 'on the bank' have only one hour's sentry duty at a time, the members of the second relief soon begin to prepare for duty. The sentries are not numerous, and few men are required for duty, more than once during the night. There is of course, a sentry at the guard-room door, a second man paces up and down in the court-yard, which the guard passed through on its arrival, a third is posted inside a large apartment, where there is also an official acting as watchman, then there is a sentry in another courtyard, which is reached by a long stair.

At 11 o'clock, the officer proceeds on his 'visiting rounds,' when he visits all the sentries. The challenging is always done by means of two stamps with the foot.

When the 'rounds' return to the guard-room, the officer retires for the night to his room, and most of the men lie down on the guard-bed.

About six in the morning, the official with his bunch of keys, makes his appearance, and at once proceeds to 'take in' the great-coats and blankets. Before long, the officer walks down the sloping way, when the guard is 'turned out' and formed up in proper array. When the iron gate of the bank has been promptly closed behind the last file of the guard, the men get into 'fours' and set off at a brisk pace for 'home.'

ROUND THE BARRACK-ROOM FIRE.

THE GENERAL'S ILLUSION.

I remember says the author of "With the Colours" a most amusing circumstance occurring in a regiment with regard to marching past in slow time.

The General commanding the station in which this regiment was quartered was a very nice old gentleman, except when anyone fell foul of any of his crotchets, and then he was extremely irascible and fussy. Of all the evolutions of troops, that particular one in which his martial soul took especial delight was the march past in slow time. He was never tired of its stately pageantry; and, when inspecting a regiment on parade, he paid more attention to it than the rest of the drill put together. If there was an officer, in his opinion, destitute of all soldierlike spirit, it was that one who commenced his salute on the right instead of the left foot. There was only one creature more degraded, and that contemptible being was the officer who did not point his toes when going through the same graceful movements.

One day he inspected the regiment on parade. Up to a certain point, everythiug had gone off smoothly; not a fault had been found with a single manœuvre; but the great test, the march-past in slow time, which had been reserved to the last, had yet to come. Even, that, however, promised to go off without a hitch, when, just as the General was beating time rapturously with one hand and murmuring "Capital!—beautiful!—well done!" his eyes suddenly dilated with horror, and a shiver ran through his frame, as he gasped out "Pumps!"

"Sir," said the aide-de-camp anxiously, "I did not quite catch your observation. sir."

"Pumps," again gasped out the General turning a glazed eye on his attentive subordinate.

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"Pumps, sir! What pumps, ? sir Stomach pumps, sir?" said the aide-de-camp, as a horrible thought struck him that his chief had swallowed poison, for he had turned very pale.

"No, sir, dancing pumps. By the living Jingo, dancing pumps, as I'm a Christian!" roared the General excitedly.

"Dancing pump, sir! Where, sir?" said his aide-de-camp, looking down at his own feet, then at the General's and then up into the sky, as if he had half expected to find a pair of those articles mysteriously suspended over his head, like the sword of Damocles. "I can't see dancing pumps anywhere, sir."

"May I take the liberty of enquiring what dancing pumps you allude to, Sir?" asked the Assistant-Adjutant General with the most soothing suavity of manner, for the General was evidently not in the frame of mind to be trifled with.

"To think that I should have lived to see an officer of a British regiment perform the martial, the imposing, the grand evolution of marching past in slow time, as if he were going to dance a minuet!" exclaimed the General. "Halt that regiment, Sir! halt your regiment!" he shouted to the Colonel, "and come here, sir."

The regiment was at once halted, and the Colonel rode forward.

"There's an officer in your regiment marching past in slow time in dancing pumps, sir."

"Hardly possible, sir, I should imagine," said the Colonel,

"So I should have thought, sir. So anyone would have thought. But I saw him, sir. I tell you I saw him and his abominable dancing pumps with my own eyes. Call your officers to the front sir, and parade them before me at once, and I'll make an example of the culprit. Dancing pumps! I'm not sure that I shant make him dance a rigadoon in his confounded pumps before the whole regiment."

The order was promptly obeyed, and the officers, one and all, stood drawn up in line under the infuriated eye of the General.

"Where's the officer who marched past me in dancing pumps?" inquired the General in awful tones. The officers looked at one another in surprise, and no one answered.

On this, the General got off his horse, and subjected the boots of the officers to a searching scrutiny, but every pair was strictly regulation. "I tell you, Colonel," said the General, "I saw an officer of your regiment march past me in dancing pumps!"

Here the General roared out these last two words until the surrounding blocks of barracks echoed back the sound of 'pumps' as if in mockery.

"Where is he, Colonel? Where is that officer, I say, sir? He is not here, produce him."

"Every officer who marched past you, sir, is here," said the Colonel; "and every one of them sir, as you can see for yourself, is booted strictly in accordance with the dress regulations on that subject."

"I don't care sir; seeing is believing. I saw with my own eyes an officer of your regiment marching past me in a pair of dancing pumps, and nothing will ever convince me to the contrary. March your regiment to their private parade, and dismiss them sir. My inspection is over, and a more unsatisfactory one I never conducted."

Here the General rode off, accompanied by his staff, who in vain endeavoured to soothe him.

That evening the following General Order was promulgated to the garrison:—

"The Major-General Commanding feels he cannot pass over in silence a painful circumstance which occurred at his inspection of the ——th Regiment this morning. The beauty and harmony of the march-past in slow time was completely marred by the scandalous conduct of an officer, who marched past the Major-General in a pair of dancing pumps. All efforts to identify the officer having proved fruitless, the Major-General, while holding such conduct up to the obloquy it deserves, leaves the culprit to that remorse which sooner or later will fall upon him as a punishment for his gross outrage on military decorum."

The next morning the Colonel received the following letter from an officer of the regiment:

SIR.—Unable any longer to bear that remorse which the Major-General Commanding has stated in General Orders would sooner or later seize the officer on whom the imputation of marching past in a pair of dancing pumps now rests, I hasten to make the following communication to you. On parade, yesterday, I happened to wear a pair of white socks, which from frequent washing had lost that adhesive quality which causes socks in general to cling round the ankles of the wearer. When march-

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ing past, I discovered that these socks owing to the above alluded to deficiency of adhesiveness, had, during the previous evolutions, worked down over the boots in such a way as to obscure all but the toes, and to impart to them a dancing pump-like appearance. Directly the regiment was halted, I at once seized the opportunity of re-adjusting my socks. I beg to add that it was not until my return to quarters, and after mature consideration, that it occurred to me that I was the culprit who had incurred the displeasure of the inspecting officer.

I have the honour to be, Sir.
Your most obedient Servant,
JOSEPH BURLY.
Captain —th Regiment.
The Officer Commanding—th Regiment.

Armed with this letter, the Colonel, inwardly chuckling, at once repaired to the General, and that evening the following significant paragraph appeared in General Orders:—

"The Major-General commanding being about to proceed on a week's leave ot absence for the benefit of his health, the command of the garrison devolves on Colonel Jones."

DOT YOUR I.

Dr. Todhunter, the great mathematician, was very chary of his praise, and any student at Cambridge University who succeeded in gaining a word of commendation from Dr. Todhunter must have richly deserved it. On one occasion the worthy doctor propounded a formidable problem to the class for solution. The question was an abstruse one, and all the members of the class, with the exception of one, gave it up in despair. This man, whom we will call Taylor, stuck to the question manfully, and at length succeeded in obtaining the correct solution. Taylor duly handed in his work to the doctor, amid the interest of his classmates, who felt certain that he would receive some meed of praise for his unexpected solution.

Dr. Todhunter went carefully through it, giving vent to an occasional "H 'm! yes." On reaching the end he turned to Taylor and said,

"Don't you think you had better dot that i?'

A roar of laughter burst from the class, and "Dot your i" was a standing joke for a long time afterwards.

WITH THE CONVALESCENTS TO JALAPAHAR.

"Parade at seven o'clock to-morrow morning in serge, for doctor's inspection," was the order given out by the orderly sergeant, and we knew it was for picking out men for the hills.

Whether the *four nights a bed*, besides other duties had made me look pale, or the girl I had left behind in Dum-Dum was worrying me, I cannot say, but quite unexpectedly the doctor's question came to me next morning, on parade, "Would you like to go to the hills, corporal?" and I, without further thought, answered "Yes Sir," and so my name was put down, with fever and debility against it, and I, a stranger to sickness, became a *convalescent*.

For the next fortnight I had to put up with an immense amount of chaff, owing to my new character. If I so much as lifted a form some one would say 'Take care Corporal, you're a convalescent mind.' Then again, after having thoroughly enjoyed my dinner (I have a splendid appetite), the remark would be made 'Not bad for a convalescent,' and so on until I was heartily glad when the day came for us to leave for Darjeeling.

Mrs. Morgan, I was informed, would supply us with Gharries for conveyance to Sealdah and I was just congratulating myself on being a convalescent, when, I was warned for baggage guard, which meant, I, *an invalid*, must walk to the Station.

When once there we had to take the boxes &c. from the *hackeries* to the train, and some of them *were* heavy Sir, especially for sick men to carry, and then just as we thought we'd finished, the Sergeant shouted out 'Now lads give a hand to the Captain's baggage.'

After we had got that aboard, my chum remarked 'If a single captain requires that lot, how much would a married one want'? but as I am not good at arithmetic, I was unable to answer that question correctly.

We were now ordered to get in the carriages, the bell rang, and off we started on our journey about 4.30 p.m., and pretty warm we found it too, packed as we were, but we consoled ourselves with the thonght it will be cooler to-morrow.

Nothing of event happened till about 9.30

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that night when we were roused up, and had to get into our straps, which were *lightened* by 40 Rounds of Ball, and embark on the Steamer for crossing the Ganges. Here refreshments were provided, at least so it said in orders, but I am under the impression some one as hungry as I, eat his own share and mine too, for I never so much as smelt food. The way the baggage is got aboard the steamer and packed seemed to me to be tempting the natives to steal, but as I got my bag alright I wont grumble.

We were on the Steamer about half an hour and then we got into another train for the night, being told we would reach Silliguri in the morning. This is a narrow gauge railway so the carriages are exceedingly small, and as we were pretty tightly packed, our rest was *somewhat broken* that night, as we heard a lady tell the apothecary, but she emphasised it by saying 'She was sure that railway was *built* to prevent people sleeping, for the rocking was something awful and made her feel quite sea-sick.'

Soon after nine the next morning, Silliguri was reached, and I with the remainder, got something to eat, after which comforting operation we went to look at the Darjeeling Railway.

Well Sir, I simply laughed when I saw the little toy carriages and engine, and my chum says to me, Bill, I used to play with a train bigger than that, and I could almost believe him too, for the carriages can hardly be more than six or seven feet in height and four broad; while the wheels I should say were about a foot or fourteen inches in diameter. Everything, comfort included, seems to be sacrificed for the sake of lightness and strength. On looking at the *toy* engine, I was thunder-struck to see it was capable of working up to 200 horse power.

After putting on our serge clothing, we got into the train and wondering how we were going up 7000 and odd feet in it, off we started at a rattling pace along the road-side, by some fields which are regularly laid out with tiny shrubs, which we were informed were tea-plants, through the Terai district, a belt of forest and jungle land, until at about eight or nine miles from Silliguri, we reached the foot of the Himalayahs.

Here our train broke up into two parts, as it was too heavy for one engine to drag up the hill sides. The mail train going first, and ours, the troop train, following immediately after, up first of all gradual slopes thickly wooded, and then round curves which made one think the train was toppling over, then another slope a trifle steeper, and our brave little engine, No. 17, gave some vigorous puffs, and not only took us up, but also filled our ears and eyes with coal dust and cinders.

I'm not much of a poet Sir, but I could not help thinking of that fellow "Excelsior," and telling my chum what a pity that chap did'nt have a train like ours, to take him up the Alps, as I am sure it is much pleasanter travelling this way, for it was really wonderful and exciting the manner we kept twisting and turning about like a snake, but always ascending.

Presently we looked up and saw another train right overhead, coming back, as we thought, and as it is a single line, some of us got ready to jump out, when our intelligent sergeant said "Why that's the mail, lads, just on ahead of us," and so we discovered, for a few minutes later we turned half a circle round an immense boulder, and our engine puffed away going up the same mountain side in the other direction.

After having lost sight of the mail for some time we saw her again a tremendous height above us and wondered however we were going to get up there, but we soon found out, for we had come to the *sidings*. Our train ran up a steep slope a little distance and was then shunted on another line, and we go up the next slope backwards, at the end of this a shunter put us another line, and we go up the next incline with the engine in front again, and so on till the required height is reached and we start off on a more even course.

Having arrived at a hill-side station and seeing refreshments marked up, we thought we'd have a drink, being pretty well choked with dust and cinders in our open carriage, but horrors, they were asking 8 annas for a pint bottle of ale, and so we appealed to the Captain, but he was unable to help us, consequently my chum and I had one bottle between us.

At last off we went again and soon reached a board marking 3000 feet elevation, and one of our fellows remarked I dont feel a bit cold, and I haven't got out of my *khaki* yet and dont intend to either,—but his punishment was to come. After another siding and some more windings about, for, I dont really think there is twenty yards of straight rail from the bottom of the hills to Ghoom, we came to another wonderful piece of engineering. The train first of all runs under a bridge and a moment after goes over

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the same bridge, having performed a circle some thirty yards or so in circumference. This same thing occurs again soon after, one moment we are passing the rear of a bungalow and the next the front, the house being the centre of the circle.

All the way up nearly we are continually passing through beautiful tea plantations, the sides of the hills looking remarkably pretty as the tree shrubs are laid out so regularly. After passing the signboard 5000 feet elevation we arrived at Kurseong, a very pretty station noted for its Government School, and here we had some more provisions (Commissariat) while the *elite* from the mail, which we had over taken, had tiffin in the hotel. While waiting here we overheard a passenger, one of our American Cousins, dilating on the beauties of the Darjeeling Railway, and he although a Yankee, candidly owned they had nothing like it in the 'States'.

The bell having rung and the mail started, we got in and were off again up the hills and through Bazaars, and while our comrade in *khaki* says its getting a little cool, we get out our overcoats, but he out of bravado laughs and lends his to a chum, but his punishment is to come, for we soon passed 6000 feet elevation, and the cold blasts began to make us shiver, and when 7000 feet was reached we would gladly have got out and walked we were so cold, while our friend in *khaki* smiled faintly and said its a little cooler, he would like his big-coat now, I think, but is ashamed to ask for it.

Some more cold blasts and we forgot all about the beauties and wonders of the Railway, for our blood which was recently overheated in Calcutta seemed frozen in our veins now, while the fellow in *Khaki* was unable to conceal any longer, how cold he felt, and looked as if he had ague badly, still he did'nt want his coat.

At last we caught sight of some red tunics and a shout of 'Here we are' brought us into Ghoom Station, and it was not till we had tramped the two miles up hill to Jalapahar, that we felt warm again.

Our *Khaki* friend went to Hospital next day with Influenza and serve him right too says.

M.O.

LADIES' CRICKET

LADY CRICKETERS are in great form in Melbourne, but a sad discovery is likely to unsettle the public faith in feminine honesty concerning the popular pastime.

Recently a team of lady cricketers carried all before them, owing chiefly to the skill of their captain, who played with the deftness of a masculine professional.

One day this talented lady was playing in a high wind, and as she ran, a sudden squall, carried off, not only the cap, but the feminine wig beneath. Alas an unmistakeable boy's head was revealed, and the secret of the feminine proficiency was out. The supposed damsel was a disguised medical student.

REGIMENTAL NEWS.

His Royal Highness, the Commander-in-Chief has approved of Major G. E. Harley being posted to the Battalion as second in command. His Royal Highness has approved of this officer remaining at Hythe for the present, as Secretary to the Musketry Committee.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments. (subject to passing the professional examination within three months.)

TO BE SERGEANTS.

No. 46 Lance-Sergeant T. Ward,
„ 632 „ „ J. Smith,

TO BE PAID LANCE-SERGEANTS.

No, 3073 Lance-Sergeant W. Tozer.
„ 1304 „ „ J. Tomlin.

TO BE LANCE SERGEANTS.

No. 155 Corpl. E. Bing,
„ 2884 „ G. Sale.

TO BE CORPORALS.

No. 1920 Lce.-Corpl. C. Crumby.
„ 1363 „ „ G. Hilderbrand.

TO BE PAID LANCE CORPORALS.

No. 1543 Lce.-Corpl. J E Hall
„ 1 „ „ G Holmes,

The undermentioned man has been discharged by purchase.

No. 3403 Private Stanley Smith.

No. 1099 Pte. G. Cooper has been appointed Bandsman, vice Hindmarsh to England.

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The undermentioned men were granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates specified below.

2679	Pte. C. Freeman,	Granted	1d
1300	„ T. Spiller	„	2d
2628	„ E. Wallar	„	1d
1564	„ R. Worthington	„	2d
2177	„ J. Bishop	„	2d
2178	Dr. R. Gray	„	2d
2654	Pte. J. Hammond	„	1d
1467	Lc-Corpl W. Blackborow	„	2d
1543	„ J. E, Hall	„	2d
1487	Pte. C. Hardwick	„	2d
1563	„ F. Santer	„	2d
2653	„ W. Wain		1d
484	„ A. Goodings	„	1d
1317	„ T. Bryan	Restored	1d
1549	„ F. Nichols	Granted	2d
2235	„ C. A. Mills	„	1d
1944	„ S. Coveney	Restored	1d
211	„ A. Hallett	Granted	2d
2783	„ W. Snowden	„	1d
1542	„ W. Wenman	„	2d
1575	„ F. Chambers	„	2d
2624	„ W. Sturgis	„	1d
1503	Dr. W. Papworth	„	2d
2801	Pte. J. Gear	„	1d
1562	„ W. A. Farrell	„	2d
1566	„ J. Hobbs	„	2d
1378	„ R. Bennett	„	2d
2701	„ P. Dowling	„	1d
1283	„ H, Atkins	Restored	1d

The undermentioned N.-C. O's. and men have been awarded the Indian Medal for Burmah, 1887-9.

2982	Sergt. G. Boulter,	2983	Corpl. H. Nossiter,
3016	Pte. T. Witham,	3015	Pte. C. Stone,
2987	„ J. Green,	2986	„ G. Clarke,
3307	„ W. Morris,	2988	„ S. Sutton,
3014	„ H. Reid.	3013	„ E. Hamshar,
2985	„ J. Carrington,	3306	„ G. Hornsby,
2989	„ F. Dedman, (Clasp only.)		

No. 1774 Pte. H. Melia has been appointed Asst. Armourer Sergeant to the Convalescent Depot, Darjeeling.

The undermentioned men were awarded prizes as best cooks of Companies.

A Company:—No. 1133 Pte. E. Sewell, Rs. 10, No. 1999 Pte. E. Sayers Rs 5.

B Company:—No. 250 Pte. J. Rogers, Rs 10, No. 3076 Pte. J. Stacey, Rs 5.

C Company:—No. 2121 Pte. A. Comley, Rs 10, No. 2009 Pte. A. Sherwood, Rs. 5.

D Company.—No. 3075 Pte. J. Wells. Rs. 10s. No. 971 Pte. R. Walker, Rs. 5.

E Company:—No, 1117 Pte. H. E. Lovesay. Rs. 10, No. 1875 Pte. W. Dawson, Rs. 5.

F Company:—No. 1145 Pte. B. Sayers, Rs. 10, No 2512 Pte. R. Sayers, Rs. 5.

G Company.—No. 1584 Pte. W. Rigden, Rs. 10. No. 2316 Pte. A. Gilbert, Rs. 5.

H Company.—No 715 Pte G. Milgate, Rs. 10. No. 1522 Pte. M. Crenin, Rs. 5.

MUSKETRY.

The following is the result of the competition to determine the best shot of the Battalion, fired at Dum-Dum on the 9th March, 1891.

Ten rounds were fired in each practice, the competitors being the two best shots of each Company.

FIRST SEVEN BEST SCORES.

	Coy.	Range Pr. 300 & 600 yds.	Field Pr. 150 yds.	Total
Col.-Sergt. Cheal,	A	31	35	6	72
Sergt. Boulter,	E	30	30	8	68
Lc.-Cpl. Seager,	E	30	29	7	66
„ Hartley,	C	32	27	6	65
Pte. Roche,	H	25	31	7	63
Col.-Sergt. Watts,	G	28	33	1	62
Pte. Chapman,	B	24	31	6	61

Color-Sergeant T. Cheal thus being the winner by 4 points, and will be awarded the prize as best shot of the Battalion.

FIGURE OF MERIT AND CLASSIFICATION OF LETTER E COMPANY.

Figure of merit	Range Individual Firing	141.28
	Independent & Volley	62.94
	Tota	204.22

Classification:—

Marksmen	22
First Class Shots	13
Second do	25
Third do	12
Total completed	72

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with para 215, British Musketry Regulations,

Gold guns as best marksman of Company.—

No. 2982 Sergeant G. Boulter, score, 223.

Worsted Guns as Marksmen in order of merit

1249	Lce.-Corpl. Seager	219
1356	Pte. Smith	212
1519	Lc.-Corpl Nichols	207
1555	Pte Percival	203
1531	„ Millham	193
2060	„ Ashelford	192
1588	„ Pollard	192
1520	„ Shirville	190
1552	„ Roberts	189
1345	„ Mitchell	189
2152	Lc.-Corpl E Dangey	181
290	Pte Arthur	178
1931	„ Brown	177
1358	„ James	177
2505	„ Gray	177
2153	„ Bowler	175
1276	Lce.-Sergt Rogers	174
1502	Pte. Waters	174
1309	„ Stevens	168
8	„ Smee	168
1551	„ Cook	166

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FIGURE OF MERIT AND CLASSIFICATION OF CASUALS.

Figure of Merit	Range individual firing	135.04
	Independent & Volley	63.50
	Total	193.54

Classification:—

Marksmen	9
First Class Shots.	8
Second	5
Third	10
Total Completed	32

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with para. 215 British Musketry Regulations, 1887.—

Worsted Guns as Marksmen in order of merit.

H	Coy.	1381 Pte. Greenslade	192
H	„	2472 „ Brown	192
B	„	1181 „ Hurd	191
H	„	1518 „ Coley	186
G	„	1084 „ Lce.-Sergt Harlow	183
C	„	1107 „ Richards	178
F	„	1984 „ Reeves	176
A	„	1390 Corpl. Montgomery	175
C	„	1543 Lc.-Corpl Hall	167

SERGEANT'S DANCE.

THE Sergeants gave their first Quadrille Party in the Fort, on Friday, the 20th inst., and it was a decided success, the whole thing going off without a single hitch.

A very select party was present, including the officers of the Battalion, the warrant officers and staff sergeants of the garrison, and a fair number of our civilian friends.

Dancing commenced about 9-30 p.m. and was kept up till 2 a.m., at which hour the party broke up, every one expressing their delight with the pleasant hours they had spent at what, we were informed, was the jolliest dance that has been held in the Fort for some time.

Our sporting president, Q-M. Sergt. (P-M. Sergt.) Tomsett and his committee, deserve great credit for the manner in which they had provided for the comfort of our guests; the rooms were tastefully decorated, the floor was good, the music was simply perfect, the band performance being the general subject of comment, and as for the "Ice creams," they were grand.

Color-Sergt. Featherstone, performed the duties of M.C., and under his careful management, *Wall Flowers* were conspicuous by their absence.

We hope the sergeants will see their way clear to give these parties at least once a month.

THE BUFFS GYMKHANA.

STEWARDS.

Lieut.-Col, H. D. Harrison,
Major A. E. Ommanney,
Captain H. Blackburn,
Captain R. E. Philips, (Hon. Sec.)
Lieut. L. G. N. Eales.
Lieut. E. C. M. Parry.

So many and flattering accounts have been published of the above gymkhana, that one hardly knows what to say fresh about it, especially as all the papers have been so unanimous in their praise. This year, there was no race for the ponies belonging to the N.-C. Officers, partly owing no doubt to the cost of living having gone up, and partly to the fact that the Pay Master Sergeant's smart little pony 'Wild Rose' is still in the field. The bookmakers did a very good business, considering that one of their number (a late comer too) made over fifteen hundred rupees. The first time that Colonel Beaver judged for us, was at Malta, when his pony 'Kangaroo,' won the cup presented by the officers, at their race meeting, held in 1885.

The last time, was last year at Dum-Dum, and now again this year at Ballygunge. His brother, Major Beaver, R. A., was judge at the first meeting at Dum-Dum, and better men for the post, it would be impossible to find.

The first race, a match, was just won by 'Kitty,' the stakes must have been large, as we see that the loser, 'Daroga,' is for sale. The result of the hurdle race, was in every way satisfactory, in as much as 'John Bull' was the only representative of the Regiment. In the third race 'Blue Blood' won easily, this pony is also for sale, his owner intending probably to buy a real flyer in his place.

The Regimental Challenge Cup, would have caused even more interest than it did, if 'Pat' and 'Black Diamond' had not spoilt their chance

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at the corner, as both the ponies had a good look in; as it was, there was a grand finish between "Moonstone" and "Fullmoon" Mr. Cobbe, last year's winner, having to give way to Mr. Annesley, whom we congratulate on his first "cup." We were sorry not to see Major Beaver's colours to the front, in the deciding run off, of the dead heat, in the open ½ mile, as given better riding his pony would certainly have won the final heat. The scent bottle, prize of the ladies' nomination race, "*objet-d'art*," as it was called by the Hon.-Secretary, was carried of by Lord William Beresford, for the Marchioness of Lansdown, and a race for the men of the Body-Guard (whose parade ground had been kindly lent for the meeting) brought a most pleasant day to a close, and Capt. Philips and the Stewards are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts.

SPORTING.

A most interesting series of matches was played off at Dum-Dum on the 23rd and 24th inst., between the Sergts. of The Buffs, (firing in the Regimental team) and the Sergeants of the East Surrey Regiment. The events were respectively, Billiards, Shooting, Whist, and Quoits, of these, the first three were won by The Buffs, the fourth event not having yet been played.

Sergeants Laing and Boulter won the billiards by 105 in 300 up, whilst Andrews and Baker wiped out their opponents at whist. The shooting match came off on the afternoon of the 25th, The Buffs winning by nine points only. As the match was fired off on a very wet and windy afternoon, the scores were not so large as they might have been. Color-Sergeant Cheal. Sergts. Lawrence, Baker, and Gray composed the shooting team.

We have to thank our friends of the Surreys for their Hospitality and hope we have the same luck in the return matches when played off at Fort William next month.

SHOOTING MATCHES.

The following is the result of the firing for His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief's prize.

1st Prize a silver cup

2nd Prize a purse of Rs 100 to be divided amongst the winning team.

The competition took place at Dum-Dum on Thursday 26th March, unfortunately the scores made at 200 yards were with one or two exceptions bad, the weak points amongst our crack-shots being the standing position, however the firing at 500 and 800 yards was very fair but not, we think, good enongh to make up for the indifferent firing at 200 yards to enable us to win the much coveted cup. The names of teams, with their scores, are as follows, and as will be seen some excellent scores were made.
At 500 yds, Sergt. Boulter and Baker each making 34 points, and at 800 yards Sergt Baker, Sergeant Drummer Lawrence and Sergt, Gray, each making 29 points. Sergt. Boulter made the highest aggregate score, viz, 85 points.

The total points obtained by team were 773, Average 73.30.

	1st Practice		2nd Practice	
	200	500	800	Total
Sergt. Boulter	25	34	26	85
Col.-Sergt. Andrews	24	28	22	74
Col.-Sergt. Cheal	19	29	28	76
Sergt.-Dr. Lawrence	23	29	29	81
Sergt Gray	18	29	29	76
Sergt. Baker	16	34	29	79
Corpl, Crumby	24	23	14	61
Lce.-Corpl, Marsball	25	28	23	76
Pte, Dunham	19	31	24	74
,, McKeating	16	17	18	51
	209	282	242	733

JALAPAHAR NOTES.

The monotonous winter season having now passed sport, of all description takes place daily on the General Parade Ground. The Buffs already make the best show, and being the strongest Detachment seem to claim the right of the sporting ground all day. The season opened with a cricket match between the Depot and No. 6 M.B.R.A. which resulted in a draw.

Lieut. Dyne has taken over the Theatre. Capt. R. E. Philips command and payment of No. 1 Section, Sergt. Turner Pay Sergt. No. I Section consisting of The Buffs and R.A. of the Presidency, Lce.-Corpl. Farrell Gymnastic Instructor, and Pte. Veal in charge of the Sporting ground.

Our convalescents have almost recovered and notwithstanding the numerous fatigues that T.A. strongly objects to, already enjoys the

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pleasures of Himalayan life.

The Buffs are having a smoking concert in their mess-room on Monday next.

As I am writing we are about to perform the last honors to No. 1489 Pte. G. Emery, who expired yesterday at 5 p.m C.C.C

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE.

Reviewers you are to severe,
You criticise and dash on,
To cut to pieces in curt style,
Ones labours in cruel fashion,

CRICKET.

CRICKET SHIELD FINAL TIE.

"A" COMPANY *Versus* "E" COMPANY.

Played at Calcutta 12th March 1891

"A" Company. 1st Innings.		Second Innings	
Corpl. Leek, b Wickens	5	c Walker b Wickens	12
Pte. Speller, b Wickens	13	b Wickens	14
,, Dyer, c Mitchell b Ambrose	7	b Mitchell.....	34
,, McCalla, b Smee.....	16	c Smee b Mitchell	20
,, Howe, b Wickens	3	not out	37
,, Reed, c Talbot b Smee ...	6	b Cocklyn.....	9
Lc.-Cpl. Brown b Wickens.....	3	c Smee b Wickens	19
Pte. Dunham c Smee b Dillon...	19	b Wickens.....	1
,, Mewitt not out.....	3	} did not bat.	
,, Colvin b Wickens.....	3		
,, Darby c Dillon b Wickens...	4		
Extras		Extras	9
Total	82	Total	155

E Company 1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Cl-Sergt. Talbot b Dyer.....	1	b McCalla.....	14
Pte. Mitchell c Dunham b McCalla	6	b McCalla.....	0
James L.B.W.....	2	b Dyer.....	8
Ambrose hit wicket b Dyer...	2	b Spiller.....	11
Wickens b McCalla.....	5	c Howe b Dyer...	3
Kluckner not out.....	6	b Dyer.....	1
Cpl. Smee b Dyer.....	0	c Reed b Howe ...	17
Lc-Cpl Dillon c Spiller b Dyer...	0	b Dyer.....	0
Pte. Walker c Colvin b Dyer.....	3	not out.....	0
Woods c and b Dyer	0	c Dunham b Spiller	2
Cocklyn c Reed b Dyer	9	b Spiller	2
Extras.....	5	Extras.....	3
Total.	39	Total.	61

SERGEANTS VERSUS CORPORALS.

This match was played on Thursday the 19th inst. and resulted in an easy win for the Corporals by 5 wickets and 2 runs, but there is no doubt the result would have been different, were it not that such crack batsmen as the Sergt..Major, Schoolmaster and a few others were absent, thereby greatly detracting from the strength of the Sergeant's Team. The following are the combined scores of the two teams.

Sergeants		Corporals.	
1st innings	77	1st innings	97
2nd ,,	77	2nd ,,	59 and 5 men to bat,
Total	154	total	156

Owing to the weather being very hot the match was divided into two parts. Play commencing at 6. 45 a.m until 9 a.m and from 4 p.m to 6 p,m

The Corporals very kindly provided light refreshments for the two teams, and we hope that in the return match the Sergeants will show up (as regards their strength) in better form.

DRUMMERS, THE BUFFS *Versus* 21 S.D.R.A

Played at Fort William on the 17th February 1891, and resulted in a victory for the Drummers by 6 wickets and three runs.

SCORES.

Drummers The Buffs

1st innings	2nd innings.
Totals 109	25 for 4 wickets

21 S.D.R.A.

1st innings	2nd innings
Totals 44	87

21 S.D.R.A. *Versus* DRUMMERS THE BUFFS.

Return match played at Fort William on the 28th inst and won by the 21st S.D.R.A. by 14 runs

SCORE.

21 S.D.R.A.

1st innings	2nd innings
Total 84	93

DRUMMERS THE BUFFS.

1st innings	2nd innings
Total 81	82

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ODDS AND ENDS.

A Contemporary informs us that "the Russian line soldier's pay equals a farthing a day in time of peace, and half as much again in time of war."

What a terrible "bust up" he must have on pay-day.

A wag, sauntering quietly along a street in Chicago the other day was accosted by a man who stammered, "Can you t-t-tell me where I may g-g-get some g-g-g-g-good t-t-tin t-t-t-t-tacks?" "Certainly," replied the wag. "You turn down this street on your left two blocks, then turn again two blocks to your left, and again two blocks to your left, and that will bring you to the best hardware shop in the town, where you'll be sure to find them." The stammerer continued his way and the wag, walking down the street two blocks, entered the aforesaid hardware shop, and proceeded as follows: "Have you any g-g-good t-t-t-tin t-t-t-t-tacks?" "Yes Sir," said the obliging shopman' producing his best after some rummaging. "Are You sure th-th-th-th-these are g-g-g-good ones?" "Yes, Sir, the best that are made." "Are the heads g-g-g-good and st-st-st-strong?" "Yes, Sir," "Have they g-g-g-got s-s-s-s-s-sharp p-p-p-p-p-points?" "Yes Sir." "Well, p-p-please s-s-s-sit on them t-t-till I come back, will you?" he said making a bolt for the door.

Presently, the unlucky stammerer, having described a square of two blocks, arrived at the hardware shop, and entering, asked innocently. "Have you any g-g-g-good t-t-t-t-tin t-t-t-tacks——"

When he recovered, he asked in a somewhat dazed fashion whether the house had fallen on him, or if it was simply an explosion.

KENT (A SHORT TAIL).

Kent is one of the many "Gardens of England" and is blazoned 'Longtails and Liberty.' The latter part of the phrase alludes no doubt to the 'Invicta' on the country banner, and the former to the nickname of Kentish Long-tails' the *raison d'être* of the tails being, that certain impious Kentish folks, pelted St Austin with fish tails when he was preaching to them, and had these appendages joined to them by the angry saint. Another legend has it that certain Kentish people cut off the tails of St Thomas of Canterbury's horses and were punished in a similar way. We shall be glad to learn whether any of our readers have seen any of the above impious, naughty folk about.

THE NEW HELMET.

S—How do you like the new Helmet H.

H—Not at all I think that I have got a touch of the sun through it.

S—Why, How was that?

H—Why I took it off so often while I was in the sun to have a look at it. (Fact).

A HIGHLAND Sergeant was in the habit of walking to the nearest town some six miles off to visit some Sergeant friends in another regiment (not Scotch). Having on one occasion taken some matches from the Mess to 'light up' on the return journey, he found to his disgust they were useless, and had to tramp home minus his usual comfort, a smoke by the way. On his next visit he took them back and complained in no polite manner to the caterer that they would not light. The latter taking one drew it in the American style across his nether garment and the match immediately caught fire. But this demonstration instead of satisfying the Highland Sergeant only upset him the more.

'And Wha,' he cried, 'is going to travel twelve miles to light the matches on your breeks.'

When being Medically examined one of our latest recruits, a big, burly country-man was asked the usual question by the Surgeon whether he was subjects to fits.

'Yes' he replied firmly.

'Come my lad, said the doctor,' *you* are not subject to fits.'

Yes I am' the recruit stoutly asserted.

'Well what kinds of fits are your's enquired the Doctor.

'Fits of hunger' was the answer.

"Each care drives a nail in
Our coffin no doubt,
But each merry laugh again
Drives it right out."

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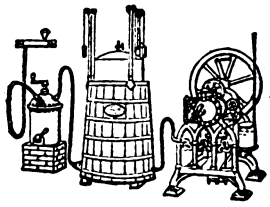
The  Buffs'

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W. DUKE & SONS' Duke of Durham Long Cut in ¼lb tins, per lb.	3	8	0
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Rs 2 per 100

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

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DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

MARRIAGES.

CLIFTON—MICHIE. At St. Peter's, Fort William, on the 28th March, 1891. Sergt. Clifton 1st Battn. The Buffs to Miss E. J, Michie

DEATHS

STEVENS. At Calcutta on 2nd Inst. of Measles W. Stevens son of Lce.-Sergt. J, Stevens.

BOULTER. At Calcutta on 10th Inst. of Teething and Convulsions, Edith Boulter daughter of Sergt. G. W. Boulter.

STEVENS, At Calcutta on the 19th Inst. of Measles, Henry Stevens son of Lce.-Sergt. J. Stevens.

NOTES.

The news of the Munipur outbreak came too late to be noticed in our last issue; besides nobody knew exactly what had happened. Even now it doesn't appear clear what led to the defeat of 450 Gurkhas, who have mostly turned up with ammunition in their pouches. All that is clear is that the Gurkhas were defeated with considerable loss, and that the Chief Commissioner and those with him were murdered under a flag of truce.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. In these days when we are all bound hand and foot with red tape and telegraph wire, it is refreshing to note what the British Subaltern can still do when he manages to slip the fetters. Mr. Grant, of the 2nd Burmah Regiment, with eighty men marching from Tammu, managed to evade the orders for his recall, to get to Thobal near Munipur, to capture a fort, and with nothing to eat but gram, to hold it for several days, and to repulse an attack by a strong force of Munipuris.

Mr. Eales, our energetic polo secretary, gave us an excellent afternoon's sport on the 2nd inst. in the shape of a Polo Club Gymnkhana.

The entries were good, and the Sergeant's brandy and soda race in particular produced a most exciting finish. The plain soda provided for the Canteen Sergeant, got wolfed by the Superintendent by mistake, much to the disgust of both parties.

Mr. Eales has proceeded to Munipur as signaller to the Kohinea column. We hope he may return with loads of medals and decorations, not forgetting a fair share to Sergt. Carnell and the rest.

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We feel sure all we be glad to hear that His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief has recommended that the Royal Humane Society, be moved to award their medal to Capt. G. H. Owen, 1st Border Regt., for his gallant attempt to rescue the *late* Sergt. J. H. Dray of the Battalion, from drowning in the Hooghly, on the 4th October last. Although, as we all know, Capt. Ovens was unsuccessful, yet he nearly lost his own life in his brave desire to save our *illfated comrade*.

After hibernating for many months, our old friend, the moonlight concert, has revived. May they continue and flourish! But why, do they have these long intervals between the pieces? Our friends Tommy Atkins and A. Seymour entertained us, in one of the intervals, with a lively discussion on the number of nights in bed. Give us more concerts, Mr. Lloyd, but put off the waits till Christmas.

These civil magistrates have no sympathy with Military ambition. A recruit of the 8th B.I. deserted the other day after 24 hours service. When brought up before the Presidency Magistrate he said he had deserted *because he had received no promotion.* Yet the hard hearted beak handed him over to the Military Authorities.

Now that the warm weather has really set in, and cricket is over for another season, football, chiefly association, is greatly indulged in. Every night company or similar, matches are being played, but at present the games are looked upon, as being so much practice for the more serious work, which will take place when the monsoons start.

We are glad to see the Sergeants have such a respectable team even if they do not win *always* Although their Captain is by no means a 'light weight,' he generally manages to give a good account of himself.

We must congratulate Col.-Sergt. Cheal on having obtained the proud position of best shot of the Battalion. His company too, "A," has distinguished themselves by winning the Regimental Cricket Challenge Shield this season.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To The Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

Once more the call is raised for volunteers, (not for Munipur,) but to spread the temperance cause. A grand amalgamated meeting of the members of Havelock, and Hope & Perseverance Lodges, has been held, to which they invited the members of the Church of England Temperance Society, to a Tea and entertainment,

Our grand chief Templar, Bro. Kearsey, was the speaker of the evening, and those temperance man, who did not hear him, lost a very interesting, and instructive lesson, which is worthy of every temperance advocate to follow.

He explained the benefits to be obtained by Total abstinence, and the greater benefits to be derived by becoming members of our most noble order. He explained that we were not only organised to build up our own order, but to help other Societies in the great cause, and try to put down the country's curse "strong drink." We are initiating four or five members every week, and it shows that we are doing good although very slowly, but success is sure, when we see the number of Brothers, who leave our order in India, year after year to go home to the dear old country,

When we get our drafts from England, and hear of those who go home, becoming great workers for the cause in England, how can we but say success is sure, and how can we but take courage to go on working for the cause?

There's a grand axiom that, example is better than precept, and this greatly applies to Good Templars, as example in our order, is better than gold. As we have the name of the advance guard of the temperance cause, may we continue so, and may our battle cry, be always 'Onward to victory'!

I could not help but notice the difference in which the draft was received in the early part of the month, and when I joined the Regiment in Richmond Barracks. We were told to go to "Freddy" meaning the Color-Sergt. and he would give us all a "bob" until pay day, and I assure you, when we got the "Bob," we were soon shown the canteen, and how to spend it by plenty of thirsty old Soldiers who were old at the game. But now the draft is invited to a

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Free Tea and entertainment, and asked to sign the pledge, Free, which is a grand thing; and I am sure if more interest were taken, the temperance cause would be far more rapidly spread, and we should have less crime in the army.

I hope in some future day I shall hear of some of those, who joined the temperance society the first day in the regiment, and began the plan of temperance very early, becoming great workers in the temperance cause,

And now I would again ask all temperance men to put on the armour and get a good supply of 'bricks' and go forth, and if we all unite we are sure of success.

Yours obediently,

F. G. G.

THE BARRACKPORE POLO SPORTS

(From a Correspondent.)

Following closely on ours—at one weeks interval—came the Polo Sports at Barrackpore, and though the return Polo match, Buffs v R.A. which was to have come off the day previous, had to be knocked on the head, some six or seven of us answered merrily the gunners invitation, to come over, dine, sleep, and make ourselves generally comfortable, & not forgetting that delightful swimming bath, in the Mess Compound, we journeyed out with a pony-a-piece to take part in the five events that were provided on the card. John Bull was again our only winner, but we had a right good time and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, as we always do when we meet the Gunners—for to quote a well-known expression of a distinguished old warrior, late of the Battalion "*us and the Gunners always was pals.*" But we must allow our special correspondent at Barrackpore to tell his own yarn.

There were five events to be contested, the principal being the point to point race for ponies, catch weights over 10st. 7lbs.

The course which was about a mile and three quarters in length, comprised both natural and artificial obstacles, besides a good deal of rough ground, and was well calculated to test both the staying and galloping propensities of the competitors, nine of which faced the starter.

The winner was found in Mr. Dyne's (Buffs) John Bull, admirably ridden by Mr. Parry. Mr. Bertie Clay was three lengths behind, on Daroga, and Sir William Stewart finished third on his chestnut country-bred. Mr. Annesley's Moonstone, ridden by Mr. Tarte, could not get nearer than fourth—were, however, this race to be run again, it is more than probable that this pony would be a dangerous rival to the winner, as owing to a want of knowledge of the ground, across the grass farm, on the part of his rider, he was not allowed to use his great turn of speed to advantage. The remaining competitors were Mr. Smalland's Tom Tit, (Capt. Cockburn), Mr. Longley's David, (owner), Mr. Rushton's Mike, (Mr. Percival,) Capt. Williams' Van Donop, (Major Woodrow,) & Mr. Sheers' Queen Bess.

The result of the other events were as follows:—

Polo Ball race—Capt. Cockburn,
Potato picking—Sir William Stewart.
Lloyd-Lindsay competition—Mr. Longley, Mr. Wilson and Sir W Stewart.
Serpentine Race—Major Woodrow.

JALAPAHAR NOTES.

To The Editor of The Dragon,

Sir,

The Buffs have now formed a Dance and Game Club. On the 4th inst. about 1 p.m., great excitement prevailed throughout the Depot as the Chinese Amban, alighted from his mule and was received by the nobility of Jalapahar. Champagne seemed to flow freely, but not for T. A. whose only share was pitching and striking a B. P. T.

Our Instructive Military training is at an end, and we are deeply interested, on early morning parades, by our youthful Non.-Commissioned Officers preparing for the professional examination.

Every Saturday Lieut. Dyne has given us plenty for our money, by introducing Depot Smoking concerts, which are much appreciated.

CRICKET.

Officers of Depot *versus* Men, result, draw in favour of Officers.

The Depot *versus* St. Paul's School, result win for the Depot.

The Buffs *versus* East Surrey result win for The Buffs.

NO RAIN UP TO DATE.

C. C. C

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OUR DEPOT.

Another dance has been given by the members of our Sergeant's Mess, and a very successful one it was. It was held in the Gymnasium here on St. Patrick's day, and there were at least 250 people present. A most able president was found in Sergt-Major Foley, and Col.-Sergts. Bovenzer and Barton made very energetic M.C., The Volunteers, from London, are here in great force this year, about 1500 of them having arrived and are located in the usual places, viz., Schools, Gymnasium and Riding Schools.

The Brigade here consists of the 2nd, 3rd and 17th Middlesex Regiments, and will take part in the Manœuvres near Dover on Saturday and Monday next.

Pte. M Tierney and Lce.-Corpl. Hanaford have been discharged from the service, Lce.-Sergts. Donnelly and Reynolds have been posted to the home Battalion. Sergt. Swaine has been discharged. Time-expired. Pte. C F Meopham is transferred to home Battalion for duty. Sergt. Alexander, Corpls. Price, Marchant, Moon, and Palmer, Ptes. Wooding, Bush, Larkins, Sageman, Page, Stenning, Gates, Owens, Pearce, Ramsay, Haley, Castleman, James, Terry, Wakon, Heath, Blackwell, Gamble, Beeden, Ware, Collins, Hicks, Wilson, Humphries, E Wilson, North, Richard, Jordan, Adams, Beck, Levey, Byford, Vicker, Knight, Lee, Sawyer, Blackwell, Brown, Staples and Page arrived home on the 11th ult. and transferred to the Army Reserve on the 19th February, 1891. Corpl. Davis, Pte. Fitzgerald and G Spencer have also arrived.

Sergt. John Quinn has joined the permanent Staff, 3rd Battalion, vice Stanley discharged.

Sergt. Friend, 3rd Battalion, has been promoted Armourer Sergt. vice Resby, transferred to the Volunteers.

Sergt. A Barton has been promoted Col.-Sergt. vice Cornelius transferred to the Volunteers.

Corpls. Gardner Foreman and Barnes have joined the Depot for duty from the 2nd Battalion.

No. 1686 Pte. C. Elvey has been found fit for further Service and posted to the home Battalion.

No. 1992 Pte Thomas Smith has been permitted to continue to serve beyond 21 years.

Ptes. Setterfield and A Taylor have been discharged from the service and awarded pensions of 6d. per day for 12 months (final).

The eldest son of Major Maclear has been gazetted 2nd Lieutenant in a Line Regiment (Scottish Rifles).

Pte. Hodge who came home with Lieut. Swetenham has been discharged from the Service.

Two more Old Buffs have passed over to the Majority. They are Quarter-Master Sergeant W Arthur aged 78, discharged to pension on the 28th December, 1852, died at Dartford on the 23rd February, 1891, Pension 2s. 3d. a day. He enlisted in 1826.

Pte. George Underwood died on 26th February, 1891, at Aldershot, age 56. Pension 8d. a day. Medals Crimean and Turkish. Discharged April, 1876.

The 2nd Battn. The Buffs, (East Kent Regt.) will move to Chatham in June next.

Yours Faithfully
Old Buff.

NOTES ON CALCUTTA.

FORT WILLIAM.

AS we mentioned last month the original Fort William occupied a different site from that on which stands the modern Citadel of Calcutta,

The old Fort was erected in the year 1696 when Calcutta became the head quarters of the Old John Company on the Hooghli, and was named after the reigning English King, William III. It was built to the west of what is now Dalhousie Square, on the site at present occupied by the General Post Office, but there is nothing now to mark its position, save a marble tablet in the wall of the Post Office, bearing the following inscription "The stone pavement close to this, marks the position and size of the prison cell in old Fort William, known in history as the Black Hole of Calcutta. We would advise all to visit this spot during their stay in Calcutta, recalling as it does one of the most thrilling events of our history,

After Clive had avenged the massacre of our countrymen at Plassey, he returned to Calcutta with the fixed determination of building a fortress, which should be far more formidable than that captured by Suraj-a-Dowlah. He fixed on a site a little lower down the Hooghly

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but close to that river. Building operations commenced in 1757, and the Fort was completed in 1773 at a total cost of £2,000,000. It was built in the form of an octagon, with three sides facing the river, and five looking landward.

The moat which surrounds the Fort, and which is usually quite dry, is by no means only an ornament, as it can be filled with water should it be thought necessary. This moat is crossed by six drawbridges, leading to the six gates, which are respectively named the Chowringhee, Plassey, Calcutta, St. George's, and Treasury Gates. Between the Water and St. George's Gates, there is also a Sallyport leading direct on the river. Over the Treasury Gate are the Calcutta quarters of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, and over the Chowringhee Gate, is the residence of the General Officer Commanding, Presidency District The other gate quarters are occupied by the chief officers of the Garrison.

The Treasury Gate is not an exit proper, for the drawbridge leads to the outlying portion of the fortification occupied by the sappers and miners;; this bridge, no stranger is allowed to cross, for here are preserved the secrets of mining, sub-marine and torpedo-defence, and in a small erection in the moat are kept the supplies of gun cotton, dynamite, and other powerful explosives, which are for the purpose of giving a hearty reception to any foes who might endeavour to force their way to Calcutta, up the Hooghly.

One of the first things that strike us on entering the Fort is the tremendious number of guns of all descriptions, sizes, and calibres, which are to be seen in every direction. They are nearly all obsolete, and several are trophies taken on hard fought fields, but now they seem so plentiful that the authorities are glad to be able to utilise them for kind of railings to mark off parade grounds, lawns, etc., But we must not imagine this is the only armament possessed, for at all vital points are placed modern guns of large calibre. By the side of the Outram Institute, which there is no necessity fo me to describe, is the Shot Park where thousands and thousands of shots, of all sizes, are stacked in beautiful symmetrical pyramids. It may be news to most of us, and almost incredible too, that these shots are taken down once a year, one by one, for the purpose of being oiled, and then restacked.

There is no need for me to speak o the Dalhousie Barracks capable of containing a whole Regt. and the other large Barracks in the Fort as they are well known to us all, but a few words concerning the Armoury and Arsenal may be of great interest. In the Armoury are 80,000 stands of modern small arms, while scattered all over the squares and passages are numbers of obsolete bronze cannon, some of which have a wonderful history. The halls are also hung with flags whose tattered appearance, in many instances, tells its own tale of whizzing shot and hand-to-hand conflict.

The pattern depot partakes of the nature of a Military museum. On a stand, side by side, are exhibited specimens of the projectiles of today and of a hundred years ago, and most striking is the contrast thus vividly brought before the eye. Then again in a rack the visitor will see rifles and carbines of every form, used by the British during their stay in India.

Over the entrance to the Armoury is the following inscription "Anno Domini 1777. These arms were arranged by order and under the auspices of the Hon. Warren Hastings Esq, Governor General."

Before concluding this article it would be well to mention that the Garrison of Fort William at full strength is 10,000 men, although there are only usually stationed within the Fort, one Battery R.A., one British Infantry Regiment one Regiment of Native Infantry, besides detachments of Sappers and Miners etc. The Native Regt. at Alipore is considered a part of the Garrison.

CURIOSITIES OF ARITHMETIC.

Can any of our readers explain the principle involved in the following curious arithmetical puzzle ?

Take any sum not exceeding £11-19-10 provided the number of pence be less than that of the pounds. Deduct from it the same figures reversed and add the figures of the result reversed. The sum thus obtained will always be the same, viz £12-18-11. Examples.

£	s	d	£	s	d	£	s	d
11	15	6	3	17	2	7	7	4
6	15	11	2	17	3	4	7	7
4	19	7	0	19	11	2	19	9
7	19	4	11	19	0	9	19	2
£12	18	11	£12	18	11	£12	18	11

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POLO CLUB GYMKHANA.

Our small weekly, early morning Gymkhanas at the 3rd B. C. Lines, during the cold months, were extremely popular while they lasted, to judge from the number of visitors, principally ladies, who attended, to try their hands at the different events provided. Tent-pegging, tilting at the ring, wand racing, (sometimes called serpentine racing), jumping, and last, but not least, tea and muffins, were usually the order of the morning; and the fact that invitations were confined to a very small circle of immediate friends, and the consequent absence of a gallery, inspired confidence to do or die, where it would otherwise have been lacking.

Our friends of the 3rd B. C.—conspicuous among whom being the stalwart Havildar, Sopal Singh—were most unremitting in their attentions, providing most of the gear, and helping generally with as much enthusiasm, as if the shows were altogether their own.

Tilting at the ring,—two rings above the shoulder, & two below, taken alternately—found most favour with our lady friends, as many as thirteen competing one morning for an *objet d'art*, presented by Capt. Philips

With the return of the cold weather we hope to continue these little shows; meanwhile it remains for us to chronicle what was a most fitting wind-up to those of the past season, viz.: the Regimental Polo Sports, which took place on the polo ground on the 2nd inst.

The arrangements were in the hands of Messrs Eales and Parry, and left nothing to be desired, (original phrase) and we must heartily congratulate these two on the success which attended their efforts. Somehow our teams did not seem to be as much "on the spot" as they usually are, and were only able to record one win, "John Bull,' in the jumping competition, about which more anon; but tho' beaten, we were not althogether disgraced.

Mr. Tarte was easily first past the post in the polo ball race, but missed the goal by a foot, the ball going off among the spectators. Mr. Hasler got off badly, his pony treading on the ball at the start, but pulled up on the others, and also went wide of the post, opening a clear field for Mr. Von Hugel, R. E., who was very cautious, and won the event.

The jumping competition called forth nine starters, conspicuous being "John Bull," "Tom-tit," "Daroga," "Blue Blood," and a grey country-bred, without a name, and though this last named (or rather unnamed) looked rather dangerous at one time, that grand old aeronaut. 'John Bull," well handled by Mr. Parry, would not be denied, and negotiated both jumps in a way that eventually left the issue in very little doubt, and called forth shouts of applause; this was undoubtedly the most popular win of the afternoon. Somehow it is impossible to help feeling enthusiastic over "John Bull," quite one of the best plucked ponies in these parts; he requires handling though to do himself justice.

In the tent-pegging we were obliged to cry under to two teams, the Calcutta Light Horse, who rode their parade horses, and scored 29 points, and the R. A. 28, our second team only securing third place with 26, and our first team fourth with 25, but we can console ourselves with the fact that we got over the ground quicker than any of our adversaries, and had our polo ponies been less excitable the result might have been different.

The N.C.O's. Brandy and Soda race must have been a sore sight for any of our A. T. A. friends who happened to be on the ground : even the ample countenance of the gallant top-of-the roll of "H" Company, whose fairy figure found him many admirers, as regards, the first table, exhibited considerable anxiety for a while, while the energetic dispenser of swipes, from the drug store under Dalhousie block, absolutely refused to start till a glass of pure soda water had been laid out for him ; circumstances over which he had no control however, or was it "Auld La(i)ng Syne" compelled him to alter his mind on arrival at the table. The course was about 200 yards on the 'flat' (opinions however seemed to differ on this point)-dismount at the 1st table, drink a long brandy and soda,-mount and on to another table, dismount, light a cheroot, mount and home, and the event was won by Sergt.

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Clifton, who started a hot favourite, and won anyhow. Sergt. Grey 2nd. Sergt. Hoare 3rd.

An amendment was brought forward at this point, proposed by the member for D Co., seconded by H Coy's top weight, that in future races of this class, the Brandy and Soda should come in at the end of the race instead of in the middle—left sitting. The band as usual kept everyone in a good humour, but were unfortunately rather badly situated. Lady Frankfort very kindly wound up proceedings by giving away the prizes.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

The undermentioned men have been granted Good Conduct pay at the rates specified opposite their names.

1547	Pte.	C. Burton	@ 2d
1567	„	G. Cowlard	„ 2d
1612	„	A. Cronk	„ 2d
1642	„	W. Littlemore	„ 2d
634	„	J. Whale	„ 2d
1623	„	G. Childs	„ 2d
1565	„	G. Hatcher	„ 2d
1492	„	A. Hewer	„ 2d
2243	„	J. McGinnell	„ 1d
1649	„	G. Ward	„ 2d
462	„	R. Blaber	„ 2d
1971	„	F Brain	„ 2d
1676	„	T. Holbrook	„ 1d
1604	„	C. Mitchell	„ 2d
1598	Lc.-Corpl.	H. Marshall	„ 2d
851	Pte.	T. Scott	„ 2d
1557	„	W. Bull	„ 2d
1628	„	A. Dallaway	„ 2d
1592	„	J. Evans	„ 2d
2823	„	C. Goodhew	„ 1d
2766	„	H. Hurst	„ 1d
1621	Dr.	T. Manville	„ 2d
1636	Pte.	F. Penfold	„ 2d
1577	„	J. Stratton	„ 2d
1817	„	W. Welsh	„ 1d
2061	„	V. Cocklyn	„ 1d
2840	„	W. H. French	„ 1d
1790	„	J. J. Brazier	„ 1d
1610	„	R. Miller	„ 2d
2835	„	G. Toms	„ 1d
1584	„	W. Rigden	„ 2d
1609	„	A. Ovenden	„ 2d
1559	„	J. Impett	„ 2d
1651	„	J. Child	„ 2d
1580	„	A. Goodwin	„ 2d
2725	„	W. Epps	„ 1d
1657	„	R. Keightley	„ 1d
1415	„	A. Wardle	„ 1d

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officers and men were awarded 3rd Class Certificates of Education at an examination held at Fort William on the 17th inst.

No. 1516	Lce.-Corpl.	G. Briggs
„ 1956	„	J. Eaton
„ 1228	„	C. Hobbs
„ 3134	Boy	F. Bartlett
„ 1580	Pte.	A. Goodwin
„ 2397	„	G. Cork
„ 3405	„	C. Canning
„ 2482	„	H. Tomset
„ 2701	„	H. Dowling
„ 2109	„	F. Wilkens

The C. O. has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments (Subject to passing the professional examination within three months from Date of promotion.)

To be Corporals

No. 951	Lce.-Corpl.	H. Borland
„ 1390	„	J. Montgomery
„ 2054	„	O. Kendal
„ 2084	„	J, G. Smith

To be Paid Lce.-Corpls.

No. 2104	Lce.-Corpl.	F. Kent
„ 1715	„	G. Leek
„ 197	„	W. Reese
„ 502	„	G. T. Sheed
„ 1391	„	T. Lynch

No. 821 Sergt, B. Gates is appointed to act in the Commissariat Dept from the 3rd Inst.

No. 1683 Pte. A. Greenstreet and 1213 Pte. G, Pither have been appointed Pioneers.

PROMOTIONS

To be Provisional Acting Corporals.

No. 1177	Lce.-Corpl.	H. Mobley
„ 2586	„	T. Else
„ 1	„	G. Holmes
„ 197	„	W. Reese
„ 1461	„	C. Hartley

To be Lce.-Corpls.

No. 787	Pte.	J. Chadwick
„ 1449	„	A. Hutchings
„ 1492	„	J. W. Foster
„ 1769	„	W. G. Fyles
„ 1893	„	G. Munday
„ 1919	„	I. Finch
„ 2282	„	J. Page
„ 2341	„	J. Smith
„ 2502	„	W. Joy
„ 3536	„	W. Howland
„ 2609	„	W. Wall
„ 2617	„	J. Tester

The C. O. has been pleased to make the following Appointments.

To be Pioneer Sergt.

No. 2115 Sergt. C. Henniker.

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Consequent on arrival of the Draft, the following absorptions have taken place.

No. 2989 Corp. H. Veitch absorbed vice Moon.
„ 2764 „ F. Wells „ „ Alexander.
No 1942 Pte. G. Nicholson has been appointed Bandsman
„ 3132 Boy C. Brown has been appointed Drummer.

No. 2211 Pte. W. Hartfield was presented with a Silver Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct, on parade at Calcutta on the 8th inst.

Owing to there being no sports last cold season, the Regimental Sports will be held during the monsoons.

ROUND THE BARRACK-ROOM FIRE.

A *TAIL* OF A CAP.

Corporal Grizzleface of the Blankshire Buffs, was a smart and trustworthy N.-C.O., at least, so the official correspondence ran, which appointed him Sgt Instructor of the Market St. Company of Volunteers at Simplepore. Yes, he was smart, everyone admitted it, from the Colonel to the last joined recruit, and handsome, which everyone did not admit, the last mentioned recommendation existing in his own imagination only. His promotion to Sergt. Instructor, and permission to wear three golden stripes, carry a malacca cane with a silver knob, and wear civilian boots, made him smarter still, until he appeared to be the very acme of smartness, and in his own estimation, it so greatly enhanced his beauty, that it was rumoured he had contracted a natural leaning to the right, by continually gazing at his three brand new pointed stripes.

Now the great ambition of his life was to complete his smartness, by patrolling in Paradise Gardens, listening to the strains of his Regiment's Band, with a lady clinging to his arm. He thought of how he would bask in the envy of his comrades, and become the most popular man in the regiment; but alas for human hopes, all his attempts to fascinate any of the daughters of Eve were met by a signal failure. Half his pay had been spent in pomades and scents, and the hundred and one other toilet requisities; his auburn bristling moustache had been twisted to that extent that it had been in danger of being screwed out by the roots, his hair had been brushed till it shone like the side of a well groomed horse, but all his efforts had been in vain. Every evening he would adjourn to Paradise Gardens, and take up a position under a large electric lamp near the band stand, thinking that probably some of the opposite sex would be attracted by his smart appearance, but it was fruitless, none of the angelic creatures even looked in his direction or rewarded him with a smile.

Now a private of the Market-Street Company one day invited him to tea, our hero at the same time gaining the information that he possessed two young unmarried sisters. Of course the invitation was accepted with great alacrity, and about two hours were spent in dressing &c., and, on such a consequential occasion, he wore a special cap. Now this headgear was a magnificent affair; it had a band of satin about 2 inches in depth, splendid silk tassel, and ribbons so long, that, when he was walking, they reminded one of a ship's pennant in a gale of wind. After donning the above fascinating headdress our hero sallied forth *to conquer*. Of course on arriving he was immediately introduced to all the family and soon became quite at home. One of the girls, who rejoiced in the name of Nora, exceeded his wildest expectation, she was to him a perfect Venus, and our hero resolved to mash her or die in the attempt. How he succeeded may be imagined, when it is known that he had extracted a promise from her to meet 'her dear Grizzleface' at Paradise Gardens the next night.

Yes, he was to meet her the next evening, and he hardly knew knew whether he was on his head or his heels as he went back to Barracks. Very little sleep came to him that night, for at last he had nearly reached the summit of his ambition. He pictured how proud he would be, and how his comrades would envy him, as he was saluting the National Anthem with Nora clinging to him in Paradise Gardens. The next day this love struck son of Mars sallied forth the smartest of the smart. He had hardly left his bungalow, when to his consternation, he was told he must wear a regulation busby, if he wished to go out. He, Sergt. Instructor Grizzleface walk out in a regulation cap, it was a terrible shock to his feelings, but there was no help for it, he must get one, or no Nora. Poor fellow! he heaved

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many a sigh as he passed the gate in his regulation. It was about an inch too big, and had slipped nearly over his ears, and the red tassel was so prominently exposed, that it resembled a bell tent with a red flag at the top.

Wending his way with a sinking heart to Paradise Gardens to find Nora, he saw the object of his search coming to meet him, and instead of the blissful reunion, which had been the object of his dreams, she froze him, with a look, and said Mr. Grizzleface I could never walk with a man who wore a cap like that! "Good Evening!' He attempted apologies, it was no use, she would not hear them, but stepped into a Gharry and drove off, leaving our hero standing in the road, 'a sadder and wiser man. F. H. K.

LITERARY COMPETITION.

The following essays have been adjudged the best, and prizes of Rs 5 have been awarded to *Boggley Wallah* and *J.-come-L.*

The subject for next month's competition is "On the march."

A VOYAGE IN A TROOPSHIP.

Of the host of more or less inspired bards, who in breezy numbers, have warbled of a 'Life on the ocean wave,' and 'Over the Sea so gay and free,'; how many have practically sampled the vicissitudes of a soldier on an outward bound troopship, packed away on the sardine principle with a thousand or more comrades, seeking those essentially marine advantages, gaiety and freedom, in an area limited to six places of decimals?

The ocean poet is a fraud of the deepest dye; a jaunt with Tommy, in an Indian trooper, would do much towards diluting his clotted gush of azure mains, bounding billows and dancing wavelets.

Ah me! it seems but yesterday, though t'was early in '87-ancient history, my masters—when I was drafted out to India on that grand old ark, the Serapis, in company with sixteen hundred soldiers of all branches of the service.

On the whole, the journey proved an enjoyable one, want of space being the only serious drawback.

For the benefit of the curious, here is sketchy description of a soldier's life on board a trooper

The shores of England have not faded from sight, nay, the anchor has scarcely been weighed, ere that much dreaded Frankenstein, sea sickness, puts in an unwelcome appearance, the early victims probably hastening their illness through intense nervousness, anticipating the prospective horrors of Mal-de-mer.

As the day advances, Tommy after Tommy, waxing pale, squirms and succumbs, and although duties are assigned to all on board, law and order are for a few days suspended, while heaving Hussars, dilapidated Dragoons, incapable Infantry, and stricken Artillery, lay about the decks in maunds, dead to all things of earth, save their own misery.

Luckily, the chief terrors of sea sickness pass away rapidly, leaving no ill effects behind. The troops soon 'buck up,' take to their food and perform with alacrity, the duties allotted to them.

There is no Trafalgar Square on board a trooper, for the unemployed to assemble in, every man is provided with something to do throughout the voyage.

There are 'reelers,' whose business it is to assist in heaving the log, 'Swabbers' responsible for the cleanliness of the decks. These latter functionaries have no sinecure, the mop, hose, or scrubber leaves their hands but seldom in the course of the day, an almost immaculate standard of purity being insisted upon by the ship's authorities.

Watches or guards, (not watch guards) are furnished by the Military both by day and night, and although no active part in the navigation of the vessel is taken by the soldiers, the men are however liable to be called upon occasionally to lend a hand on a rope.

It is quite an exhilarating sight to see a score of muscular Tommies hawling away, with might and main, at a gigantic cable to a lusty accompaniment of yoho, heave, hos.

Anent rations, the soldier has little reason to grumble either at the quantity or quality of the food supplied to him on board.

Bread is of course comparatively scarce, but the biscuits are excellent of their kind, salt pork is vastly appreciated by the majority of the troops, and as for the preserved potatoes, if one forbears sniffing them, they go down capitally.

After little rock bound Gib has been passed, all look forward eagerly to Malta, where a halt is

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made for coaling.

As the trooper steams into Valetta Harbour, scores of fruit laden, primitive looking boats flock around, and many a reprobate Tommy, in exchange for a few luscious oranges, or a box of villainous cigars, throws his sea kit cap, or that impracticable weapon, the sea-kit knife, to a swarthy Maltee.

But after all, who can carp at these little transactions, the temptation is too strong, Adam succumbed to an apple, why not Tommy to an orange ?

And oh, what a filthy business is coaling! the black dust everywhere abounds; burying itself in one's hair, nostrils, and eyes, it is a matter of extreme difficulty to wash away with salt water and marine soap, the dusty pencillings of black, traced among one's eye lashes and moustache.

Can anything unhackneyed be said about Port Said and Suez?

No doubt, Tommy is fully impressed with the magnitude of the Engineering genius which evolved the great canal.

Bowling merrily along for eight and twenty days, the sun tipped domes and spires of imposing Bombay are sighted in due course.

With eagerness all agog, to set foot upon eastern shores, irrepressible Tommy forgets the joys and sorrows of his brief ocean life, disembarks, speeds up country to the Station where his Regiment is located, and perhaps, half a dozen years later, makes a homeward bound voyage on a troopship, when the experience gleaned in his previous jaunt stand him in good stead, on his return journey.

Boggley Wallah.

VOYAGE IN A TROOPER.

My Dear Mr. Ed., I now take up my pen,
To write these few lines to you, hoping that when
They reach you, they'll find you enjoying good
[health,
Prosp'ring, and literally rolling in wealth.

And to ask you to glance over this my effusion,
To pardon the pangs suffered during perusion;
The effort I hopefully trust you'll survive,
And award me the coveted prize, ~~Rs~~ Five.

" A Voyage in a Trooper', your subject prolific,
Abounding in incidents, some even scientific;
For I from experience. can stoutly aver
That *I sigh*, *Hence* get thee, *mauvais mal-de-mer!*

Had I only the space, I could tell you more fully
'Bout fat pork, salt junk, and beef they style
[*bouilli*'
And biscuits,"Dear. dear, shall I ever forget' em?'
Steam hammers will crack them, but first you
[must wet, 'em.*

The only good things Tommy got in my time.
Were a pint of ship's porter, and some juice of the
[lime,
And when he'd had those, t'was considered
[enough,
Excepting on Sundays, when the troops got
[plum duff."

By way of digression, I now beg to mention,
(And crave for this subject your special attention,)
That I think, when poor Tommy is crossing the
[water,
The *powers that be*, might continue his porter.

To resume. Tommy sleeps in the place where he
[messes,
There also he reads, writes, plays cards, and
[undresses,
And slings up his hammock, or rolls down his bed,
And seldom repines, he swears hard instead.

By day of diversion, he sleeps when he can,
If he isn't a " swabber, " or "orderlyman;"
But if either of these jobs he's called to fulfil,
He gets no time to sleep, for he's worked like a
[mill.

His monotonous voyage at length reaches its close,
He steps boldly ashore to confront England's foes;
His first letter home, tells the wonders he's seen,
In his 'voyage in a Trooper,' for country & Queen

If you can't compliment me, pray do not abuse
[me,
If I've trespassed, I trust that you'll kindly
[excuse me,
For I'm just out from home, in a ship tall and
[stately,
And remain yours obediently
Johnnie-come-lately.

* Not the steam hammers, but the biscuits. J-come-l.

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MOONLIGHT CONCERT.

Regarded in the light of an experiment, the Smoking Concert of Thursday the 23rd, may be fairly termed a success. Mooted as late as the previous Monday, it was well into Thursday before the wheels within wheels, which constitute the machinery of this mighty fortress, had been successfully canvassed, and anything like arrangements could be made. As usual the brunt of the battle fell on Mr. Birkhead's shoulders, and many is the tin of kerosine oil, marked, 'for midnight use only' which must have found its way up from the coffee shop to the top of Queen's Barracks, during the writing up of the 20 odd songs, required by the programme, into band form.

The stage was fixed in one of the ball alleys, and reflected the greatest credit on the engineering skill of Sergts. Clifton and Elderton, for it could not have been better.

As regards the programme, the waits were perhaps a little long in the 2nd part, and called forth such good humoured comments as, "Plum up," 'Only three nights in bed' &c., &c., but to anyone who considers that the band had been playing continuously throughout the whole evening, overtures, choruses, accompaniments, and everything, without a single break, the reason for these waits will be at once apparent. Col. Chatterton scored the biggest hit of the evening, with Rudyard Kipling's 'Tommy this and Tommy that,' a song which suited his audience 'down to the ground,' after which the the dance in 'Obadiah & Maria' seemed to catch on best: but the printer has told us he can only allow us about ½ column for our remarks, and as everyone was so good, and we have not space enough for them all, we cannot particularize, so dismiss them wholesale with the remark that they could not have been better.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1		Gipsies' Chorus, (from Preciosa)	Band.
2	Song	McGilligan's Wedding,	Lt. LLoyd,
3	"	Every little doggy has his day.	Sergt. Eaton,
4	"	Donegal,	" Avis,
5	"	The Silver Rhine,	" Sale,
6	"	Jack,	Col.-Sergt. Andrews,
7	"	Hush!! The Broker's Man.	Sergt. Eaton.

Part II.

1	Song	The Lassis in tights	Sergt. Eaton
2	"	Salaam! the Dhobie Man	Lieut. LLoyd,
3	"	Steering Home,	Col.-Sergt. Andrews,
4	"	Mrs. Phelim's Child,	Sergt. Avis,
5	"	The Lads in Red,	Col. Chatterton,
	Encore	"Tommy this and Tommy that,"	" "
6	Duett	Obadiah and Maria,	Lieut. LLoyd. & Sergt. Eaton.

BARS FROM THE BARRACK-ROOM

No. 1.

"STARVING BUT BANKING.'

Whilst the case of the soldier, his wants and his woes,
Engage the ear of the nation,
Whilst papers indignant complain of the way,
Poor Tommy is swindled, despoiled of his pay,
And kept in a state of starvation;
Wiley Atkins, the famished, the lean, and the lank,
Is lobbing the shekels, by twenties, in bank!

'John Bull, hoary Skimp'! is the popular cry,
'Your warriors,' observe, their condition,
Do you think that such rations can nourish the frame
Of a true British Tommy, base miser, for shame!
That such tricks you change, we petition.
Ghostly Atkins, a skeleton counting his ribs,
In Form No. 2 still deposits his 'dibs.'

And a shilling per diem, how much of the bob.
Finds its way to the fighting man's pocket?
In the words of a popular ditty, 'not much,'
For in groceries, cooking, and washing, and such,
The twelvepence of quite four they dock it.
Temperate Atkins, on eightpence, fell famine combats,
Yet his bank book exhibits a clear case of 'rats.'

Good, good, Sapient redcoat, your tactics pursue,
Yes, banking's the right regulation,
Continue the monthly fifteen dibs to save,
Nor forget of your wrongs to persistently rave,
To a deeply compassionate nation.
Thus, thus, honest Atkins, wax rich by degrees,
And India quit with a thousand rupees.

'Boggley Wallah.'

PHENOMENAL HAND AT WHIST.

The Phenomenon of thirteen trumps in a hand at whist occurred in the United Service Club, at Calcutta, on January 9th, 1888. A judge and three doctors, were the players and they and the witnesses made due record of it. The pack was perfectly shuffled, and the dealer held the hand, turning up the knave of clubs. It has been calculated that the chance of this event occurring is one in 158,750,000,000.

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FOOTBALL.

SERGTS. THE BUFFS *v* St. Xavier's College.

Played on the ground of the latter, and won by the former, by 2 goals to Nil.

The Editor will be glad to receive the results of matches from the different Regimental Football Clubs, and will publish them if received early in the month. [ED.

POLO.

The BUFFS *vs.* ROYAL ARTILLERY.

THE BUFFS.	ROYAL ARTILLERY.
Lieut Fa'es (back)	Capt. Cockburn (back.
,, Cobbe 3.	Major Weir 3.
,, Tarte 2.	Major Woodrow. 2.
,, Parry 1.	Capt. Connoley 1.

The above match was played on the ground, in front of the new race stand on Wednesday 1st inst. resulting in a procession for the Regt., by five goals to one. The play on both sides was very good, though it was palpable early in the contest that the Regt. were the superior team in every respect. The Gunners made several well supported attacks, but were unfortunate on many occasions in going a little wide of the enemy's flags.

The ball was started by Tarte and Weir, when Parry getting hold of it, carried it along with him and scored the first goal, in less than half a minute from the time play was started. On the ball being re-started, Tarte followed Parry's example, and scored the second goal for the Regt. Play was then confined to the centre of the ground, till the bell rang.

In the second quarter, the ball was carried up and down the ground, and no further advantage was gained on either side.

The ball was then started near the Buffs' goal and was carried away by Cobbe in fine style, another goal being secured for the Buffs. After some desultory play, Parry added another goal to his score, and Tartealso hit between the posts but the goal was disallowed as the ball was broken, after which no further advantage was gained. The score standing, Buffs four goals to Artillery nil, when the third period closed.

The Artillery opened the final quarter by playing up very well, Captain Connoley getting hold of the ball, scored the only goal for the Artillery. This was followed by some very pretty play in which Woodrow and Weir took a prominent part. Tarte scored a goal just as time was called. This was at first disallowed as being after time, but was after some discussion eventually given to the Buffs The game thus stood, the Buffs five goals to their opponents one.

MUSKETRY.

The following is the result of the Annual Course of Musketry for 1890-91.

BATTALION FIGURE OF MERIT.

Range Individual Firing	156.12
Field Practices (excepting "N")	40.95
Total	197.07
"N" Practice, Company Field Firing	9.16

Figure of Merit of Companies in order of precedence.

D Coy.	163-79	F. Coy.	162-56
	44-12		43-10
Total	207-91	Total	205-66
B Coy	159-41	G Coy	157-74
	42-23		43-14
Total	201-64	Total	200-88
H Coy.	159-02	C Coy.	153-11
	39-73		39-63
Total	198-75	Total	192-74
A Coy.	146-69	E Coy	141-97
	38-59		39-42
Total	185-28	Total	184-39

The result of Range Individual Practice is 6.12 over the standard of very good, and that of the Field Practices, although only moderate, very nearly approaches good.

PRIZES.

The following honorary prizes are awarded in accordance with Para 215, British Musketry Regulations, 1887.

The Sergeants of Letter D Company, which has been selected as the best shooting Company, a badge of crossed rifles and crown in gold to be worn on the right fore-arm.

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In addition to the above the Commanding Officer has been pleased to approve of the following Regimental distinctions.

To wear crossed rifles and crown in gold as best shot of the Battalion.

No. 798 Col.-Sergt. T Cheal.

The Commanding Officer desires to express his entire satisfaction with the result of the Annual Course of Musketry ot the Battalion, and the interest which is taken in shooting by all ranks, and hopes that the course for the coming season will show a still further standard of efficiency in the shooting of the Battalion.

The following Money Prizes for the Musketry Season 1890-91 having received the sanction ot the Major General Commanding the District, are awarded to Non.-Com. Officers and men as follows:—

No. 1440 Pte. J Etherington £1 10. Best Shot of "A" Company.

10 per cent. Best shots of "A Company including attached men each 10s.

1992 Ptes. W Dunham, 1052 J Cafferty, 1612 A Cronk, 2641 P Burke, 1236 W Biers, 1197 H Darby, 1506 W Hooker, 1364 R Ridgway, 'A', 155 Lce.-Sergt. E Bing, 'F', 1113 Pte. G. Latimer, H.

No. 798 Col.-Sergt. T. Cheal, 'A,' £1 Best shot of Sergeants of A Company.

No. 1191 Sergt. C Carnell, 'F' Section commander best section E & F Field Practices 10s.

Best Sections E and F Field Practices combined. Each 3s.

Pte. 2237 R. Clegg, 'B,' 1514 H Drury, 'B.' 2524 E Lawrence, 'B,' 2066 A Wilkins, 'B.' 155 Lce.-Sergt. E. Bing, 'F,' 1576 Ptes, W Maytom, F, 1719 G. Knight, F, 211 S Hallett, F, 1139 W Cross, F, 2445 A Noakes, F, 1575 F Chambers, F. 2608 J Clarke, F, 2474 T Wilson.

1239 Lce.-Corpl. J. E. Seagar, £1 10. best shot of E Company.

10 per cent best shots of E Coy., including attached men, each 10s.

1356 Pte. A Smith, 1549 Lce.-Corpl. F Nichols, 1555 Ptes. W Percival, 1531 G Millham, 2060 A Ashleford, 1588 T Pollard, 1351 F Greenslade, H 2472 G A Brown, H, 1181 A Hurd, B, 2982 Sergt. G Boulter, best shots of Sergt. £1.

1390 Corpl, J Montgomery, Section commander, best section in E & F Field Practices 10s.

Best Section E & F Field practices combined, each 3s. 1367 Pte. A Greenwood, A, 1190 Lce.-Corpl. A Willis, B, Lce.-Corpl. O Kendal, B, 1956 Pte. G Eaton, B, 2443 G Reed, B, 1181 A Hurd, B, 2234 A Avery, C, 1264 A Henderson, C, 1107 E Richards, C, 1315 C Horrocks, C, 1543 Lc.-Corpl. J. E. Hall, C, 1351 Ptes F Greenslade, H, 2472 G A Brown, H, 1354 W Freed, H, 1518 G Coley,

No. 1084 Lce.-Sergt. J Harlow Section Commander, best Section of Battalion in Rapid Volleys. 10s.

Best Section of Battalion in Rapid Volleys, each 5s.

1107 Ptes. E Richards, C, 806 R Bowden, E, 2297 W Plumpton, E 2559 W Gray, E, 1706 T Smith, E, 1351 F Greenslade, H, 1956 G Eaton, B.

No 1640 Lce-Sergt. C Burrows Section Commander, Best Section of Battn. in Field Practice H. Skirmishing 10s.

Best Section of Battalion in Field Practiee H, Skirmishing, each 5s.

905 Ptes. R Collins, 1163 R Gallagher, 1441 J Gray, 1735 C Hickmott, 920 E Gordon, 1819 J Moth, 1933 W Parker, 1505 F. Rankin 1407 J Simmons, 971 W Walker, 1384 W Westley, 1503 W Papworth, G, 1607 B, Hargreaves, D, 860 Lce.-Corpl. J A Price.

G, 799 Sergt. R. Martin, 875 J Patten, Half Section Commanders, best Section of Battalion in Field Practice (k) Attack, 10s each

Best Section of Battalion in Field Practice (k) Attack 5s. each.

847 Lce.-Corpl. Carter, 1677 Ptes. W Barton, 1669 W Blackborrow, 2383 M Buckley 1472 J Chapman, 1048 G Cox, 1083 C Gibson, 1565 G Hatcher, 739 W King, 789 H Lindsay, 1231 W Needham, 846 J Ramsay, 1007 J Saunders, 3076 J Stacey, 829 A Larkins, 830 J Stenning.

10 Per Cent best shots of Casuals 10/ each.

A, 2884 Lce-Sergt. G H T Sale, 1977 Pte. T Mansell, D, 197 W Reese.

Section Commander best section of Battalion (volleys) 10s.

G, 497 Col.-Sergt. H Watts.

Best Sections of Battalion in Field Practice *F* Volleys, each 5s.

1363 Lce.Corpl T Hilderbrand, C, 1385 Ptes. H Anderson, G, 1290 W Billing, 1717, J Cassidy, 1500 C Costin, 1313 P Donnelly, 1116

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J Gates, 2405 T Haydon, 83 A Hussey, 1691 Lce.-Corpl. T Lynch, 1917 Pte F Nash, 2477 H Sales.

1389 J Christie, 'G', 1925 E Wenman, best shot of Company in Field Practices *C* Moving Target, each 10s

1314 Pte F Nailor, G, 1199 Lce-Corpl. C Newport Best shots of Company in Field Practice *d* Vanishing Targets, each 10s.

The following schemes for the Annual Course of Target Practice for the Musketry Season, 1891-92, have been sanctioned by the Major General Commanding the district.

EXPENDITURE OF BALL AMMUNITION.

Range Individual Firing and Field Practices, in accordance with Table "B" British Musketry Regulations 1887.	Rounds 126
Company Field Firing in accordance with British Musketry Regulations.	Rounds 20
Battalion Field Firing and Repetition of worst shots.	Rounds 20
Field Practice '*h*' Skirmishing	14
Field Practice '*c*' Moving Target	10
	190
Previous Practice Ammunition	10
Total Rounds	200

Range Individual Firing, Field Practice as per Table 'B' British Musketry Regulations and Field Practice *h* & *c* as above, by Companies in succession.

Field Practice '*n*' Company Field Firing by detaching half Battalions, and firing the four Companies in succession on the same day.

Canvas Targets will be used throughout the course.

SHOOTING MATCH.

Howrah Rifle Club *v.* Sergeants The Buffs.

This match came off on the East Indian Railway Volunteer's Rifle Range, Lillooah, (a secluded spot about three miles from Howrah Railway Station) on Good Friday, 1891, and resulted in a victory for our team by 59 points.

After the match, the teams adjourned to a tent, where a most sumptuous tiffin was provided, and a most enjoyable outing was concluded by songs and speeches on both sides.

Major Burbidge, Commanding the Volunteers, made a few suitable remarks, in which he said that this time they were beaten, but honourably beaten, and next time the teams met, he was certain we would not have it all our own way, but that the positions would be reversed.

Healths, and the usual jolly good fellow business then followed.

Sergeant-Major Cook responded in a similar strain, more healths and jolly good fellows, then songs from both sides, after which, as darkness came o'er the scene, amid deafening cheers, the teams separated.

Volunteer Alexander's 97 was really a grand shoot.

The conditions were seven rounds at each distance, standing, kneeling, or sitting at 200 yards, Bisley targets and marking. Appended are the individual scores.

Howrah Rifle Club.

	200	500	600	Total.
Vol. Alexander,	30	34	33	97
,, Jones,	28	23	31	82
Bugle-Major Fisher,	26	31	24	81
Lieut. Fairweather,	25	29	26	80
Sergeant Grant,	27	25	25	77
,, Daffon,	21	28	27	76
Vol. Connolly,	25	27	24	76
Lce.-Corpl. Hill,	28	25	21	74
Vol. Ristell,	25	18	28	71
Sergeant Goodfellow,	27	16	22	65
Total	262	256	261	779
			Average,	77.90

Sergeants The Buffs.

	200	500	600	Total
Sergeant Baker,	31	31	27	89
Sergt.-Drummer Lawrence,	28	28	32	88
Sergeant Gray,	28	32	26	86
Sergt.-Major Cook,	30	30	26	86
Color-Sergt. Andrews,	27	33	25	85
Sergeant Boulter,	27	31	26	84
Color-Sergt. Watts,	30	29	25	84
,, Cheal,	30	29	22	81
Band-Sergt. Roach,	28	27	25	80
Sergeant Laing,	28	24	23	75
Total	287	294	257	838
			Average	83.80.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

Tommy—Did you do much fighting during the war, Pa?
Pa—I did my share of it, Tommy,
Tommy—Did you make the enemy run?
Pa—You're right, I did, Tommy,
Tommy—Did they catch you, Pa?

A young person gave as a reason for requiring high wages, that "living near Windsor was so expensive on account of paying a soldier to walk out with you on Sunday, and it was impossible to be seen without one." Who says the Army has not got its advantages?

During the progress of a cricket match, a stout Scotch policeman was standing inside the ropes and obscuring the view of some young men behind him. Said one of them addressing him ,'I'm saying policeman, can ye play at draughts," 'Middlin,' returned the policeman good humouredly; 'but why do you ask?' 'Because I think its about time ye were making a shift,' was the reply. 'Ah weel,' returned the guardian of the peace, 'if I make a shift, it'll be to take a man.'

ON GUARD; WHAT TO DO, AND HOW TO DO IT.

The following amusing rules, extracted from a contemporary, are published for the guidance of all concerned. [Ed.]

1. Wen yer gose on gard, ave yer kip reddy 2 git on 2. Smoak an' reed the pleese noose. Sleep if yer kan.

2. Doan't let on as yer 'as enny machis or terbakker. A man wot lends machis on gard is wuss nor a beest in the feeld. Mi oth;

3. Skware the korplar of the gard, sai to im "wot O korplar! an' e'll sai wot O! an' yer get sum of 'is duff at dinner. This 'ere is pollissy.

4. Doant never taik no sooperflush kit on gard, nives an' forcks is rediklus, but never kum ort without a varyity of small geer, wot yer've found permiskus like. With jugment, a desent kit mai be akoomilated in a shawt time.

5. Sentry go is a noosunce at enny time of the da. Wotever yer doos, doant work to much guviment is slak enuff with butes has it is, if yer treets 'em ruff, they turn hout like Parnell, a bloomin' frod. Stan' at heese, exsept wen the Kernul is kummin, likewyse the Majers: then yer must go hup an' down yer beat like a flyne-focks. Giv 'em the kantup in stile. Liftennints doant siggerfy no ow, thay is genully thinkin ov gurls so thay dussent see yew. an yew, ov korse dussent taik no notiss of thav. Kumpinny orfcers is hexsepshuns to this rool, olwaes sloot' im or maibe e'll give yer wot 4 neckst time yer sese'im. On such okashuns miner fencis runs three dais sertin.

6. Ollwais, wen yer gits releeved 4 dinner, kepe the bloak wot releeves yer, watin 3 quarters of a hour. This menes so much les sentry go, which is diplomussy.

7. Wen the awdly orfcer kums to taik the gard, doant kepe' im waitin, get out ennyow, slongs yew'r thair. Elmits aint no kount at such times, but yew must 'ave on butes, and it's best to 'ave yer rifui ollso.

8. Wen yer challengis a norficer, sing hout lowd sose'll 'ear yer. If 'e sais "shurrup" or tells yer to 'ax a pleeceman', doant 'ave no truk wi " im: 'e's probably fitable; but if'e wants to 'ear the horders wen in an ilarus kondishun, resyte 3 blynd myse: 'e'll shift.

9. It yer feels seepy on centry-go yer'd best go fur a walk round rhe married pach. This toor is sumtimes amol sin, sumtimes perrylus, an', it kepes yer awaik.o

10. If a nigger kums round yer poast arfter dark, doant challinge 'im 'it 'im severely in the stummick with the but of yor e rifui. 'E'll 'go 'ome thinkin'.

11. Smokin' on gard is essenshul. Hif yer poast is a maggysene wun, yer can smoak in pease No pusson kan akoose yer, if enny hacksidents appens, yew will be helswhare.

12. In kase of fyr breakin, hout, studdy th, sitooashum. Audly rumes an' quorter marsters, stores yew kan lit burn with impoonity. Hif it is the kanteen, 'owever, yer deserves sicks months if yer dussent rows up the gard.

13. DONT DOO GARDS.

"Is there any portion of the fowl you prefer, major?" asked the sutler's wife, blandly.

"The left wing, if you please."

"The left wing?"

"Yes," retorted the major, gazing dubiously at the platter, "I believe it is always good military tactics to bring the left wing of a veteran corps into action,

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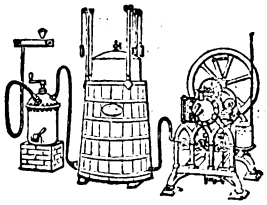
The  Buffs'

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

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1895.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 50 **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, MAY 31st, 1891.** Price 2 As.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTHS.

HOBSON—At Canterbury on the 30th March, 1891, wife of Sergt. Hobson, permanent Staff 3rd Battn. of a son.

DEATHS.

WEST—At Calcutta on 3rd inst. of Scrofula, William, son of the *late* Pte. West.

WILSON—At Calcutta on the 25th April 1891, of Enteric Fever, No. 1192 Pte. G. Wilson.

BROOKS—At Canterbury on 23rd April, 1891, No 3664 Pte. A. Brook, 3rd Battn., of Pneumonia.

WHEELAN—At Aldershot on the 25th April 1891 Corpl. Wheelan 'B' Company, 2nd Battn The Buffs, of Pneumonia.

NOTES.

We have much pleasure in congratulating Mr. Cumber on his appointment as Quarter-Master, and we feel that the Battalion is equally to be congratulated. We are sure that our readers, all of whom must have known him either as Quarter-Master Sergeant of the Battalion or as Sergt.-Major of the Depot, will agree with us that no better successor to the late Mr. Coombes could possibly have been found. His connection with the Dragon is a close one, as for some time he was Sub-editor of the paper, and has been for years a regular contributor.

* * * *

Although most of our Manipur warriors have returned, covered with glory (we believe that is the correct phrase,) they are not yet hung round with medals in the way their services deserve.

Sergt. Eaton, however, has received a bronze medal as the best man at arms at the Military Tournament of 1890, so the services of the Regiment are not quite unrecognised:

* * * *

The account given further on, and taken from the '*Englishman*' of the engagement near Palel, in Munipur, will, no doubt, be of more interest to some of our readers when they learn that Capt. F. M. Drury, mentioned therein, is an 'Old Buff.' Captain Drury, joined this Battalion when it was quartered in Fort William in 1874, was appointed to the Bengal Staff Corps in 1878, and served in Egypt, where he was severely wounded with a sword cut in the head, when

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rallying his men. He was afterwards appointed to the 2nd Battalion 4th Goorkhas, his present Regiment. From what we remember of Capt. Drury, as a subaltern, he must have made it hot work for the five Manipuris, who attacked him, and we are glad to learn that he is progressing satisfactorily.

* * * *

The Moonlight concert of this month was even a greater success than the last one. The weather looked threatening, at one time, and shortly before the beginning of the show, the stage was wrecked by a thunderstorm. However it cleared up, and the concert proceeded cheerily, and without any outward or visible hitch.

* * * *

We have been asked to put in a note about that inexhaustible subject, the weather. We can only say that Calcutta May weather would require a large volume to treat of it adequately.

* * *

There is many a slip twixt the cup and the lip, and so Lance-Corporal Beilby, late of The Buffs, who left Dum-Dum in November last, *en-route* to England, has extended his service to complete 12 years with the Colors, and has been appointed O.R. Sergeant of the Deolali Depot. He is transferred to the 2nd King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry and placed on the Unattached List.

* * *

We have received a Lincoln Paper containing an account of the bravery of Mr. John Timmins, formerly of The Buffs, and who, perhaps, some of those at present serving will remember. During the past twelve months he has saved three boys from drowning in the river Witham. On the second occasion, November last, the sudden chill was the cause of a severe illness, from which he was still suffering, when he took his third plunge into the icy water, in January last, and saved another lad. This, as might well be expected, brought on an attack of bronchitis, which has incapacitated him from all work for a time, but we are glad to hear his case has been taken up by the inhabitants of Lincoln, and his gallant conduct has been brought to the notice of the Royal Humane Society.

* * *

It may be of interest to our readers to hear that the 2nd Battalion have sent out for a large number of Regimental Almanacs. There are still some three hundred on hand, and it is hoped that men, who have not already a copy, will obtain one from their Color-Sergeants, who keep them. The Almanac was got up at a great deal of trouble and expense, and printed in the Regimental Press. In it is found a short history of the regiment, and information of all kinds, and on almost every conceivable subject.

* * *

We have had two large drafts from the 2nd Battalion this last trooping season, and many of these young soldiers may not know the history of their Regiment, The Buffs. At the small cost of four annas, they can make themselves acquainted with many stirring episodes, that have happened, and gallant deeds performed, since the raising of the Regiment, more than three hundred years ago, and from which many lessons can be obtained.

Who knows but that the time may be near when they may have the opportunity of imitating the example of those brave men, who have raised the name of The Buffs to the position it now holds in the annals of the British Army.

Veteri Frondescit Honore

* * *

We have not had the fortune to go on the Miranzai, Black Mountain, Munipur, or any of the other Expeditions, but at 1.45 p.m. on the 16th, the services of the Buffs were asked for to quell a riot in the Sham-Bazaar, Calcutta. In a short time, two companies were despatched by tram cars, but before they arrived at the scene of the riot, the police reported that it was all over, so we detramed and marched back to the fort, and a hot march it was.

* * * *

The following Incident took place en-route " As The Buffs were returning, some of the men were accosted by a Babu of pacific aspect, who anxiously enquired if the fighting was over.

He was instantly assured that peace was restored, and that several Babus had been killed; 'No ! No' ! was the answer," Babu always avoid struggle.' The innocent air, with which it was uttered, was really too amusing.

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Correspondence.

———:o:———

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

OUR HOME BATTALION.

Aldershot, April 1891

Dear Mr. Editor,

There is not very much to write about as during the last two months everything has been very quiet. We have had a draft from the Depot, and to judge by appearance, the men seem to be a better sample of Kentish men. We have just finished firing a party of Recruits and once again we have proved best. This year the system is entirely changed, and we are back to the old bulls-eye, and marking is the same as Wimbledon, or rather Bisley. The Standard of classification is very much higher, and consequently the per centage of 1st class shots smaller and 3rd higher, but I believe it is contemplated to lower the Standard.

VISITORS:—We have lately had a visit from General Pearson, and we are daily expecting his full dress portrait, which he has promised the Sergeants Mess. He looked very well in health and fit for a dozen more Campaigns. Sergt.-Major Cumber came on a visit with the draft, and he also looked well.

CYCLING:—On Saturday last the first club run of the season took place, about 2 dozen members taking part in it, and to-morrow, 26th, another run takes place, the destination being Windsor.

CHANGES:—Rumours are still afloat about our change of Station, but nothing seems certain as to whether we go before or after the drill season, but, on the 27th, about 200 of the Durham Light Infantry arrive here, and as this is the Regiment to relieve us, it is possible we may go in June.

On the 1st May the Battalion commences its Annual Course of Musketry, so, at present, the conversation is about nothing but bulls-eyes etc.

DEATH:—Corpl. Wheelan of 'B' Company died this morning, at 6 a.m., of Pneumonia. He only went into hospital yesterday, and everybody is extremely sorry, as he was a good Non.-Com. Officer, and well liked. NOBBY.

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor.

The Volunteers were here at Easter, for 4 days, in great force. We had the South London Brigade, which was composed of the 2nd, 3rd and 17th Middlesex Regiments, the whole under the command of Colonel Brown of the 17th Middlesex. The weather was not quite what was desired, as it was bitterly cold, however the Volunteers seemed to enjoy it very much, so everybody else should be satisfied. Our Sergeants entertained the Sergeants of the 3rd and 17th Regiments, during their stay here, and on Monday night, or rather Tuesday morning, wound up the manœuvres with a smoke pipe Concert.

Not until the 6th of April did we hear of the death of Mr. Coombes, and every one that knew him expressed their sorrow and sympathy with his widow. It is a pity the news did not reach here before he was buried, as I am sure several, of the officers, and some of the old Non.-Com. Officers would have attended his funeral.

The recruits of the 3rd Battalion assembled here on the 20th inst., and proceeded to Shorncliffe under command of Capt. Collier, for the purpose of going through their recruit's course of Musketry.

Corpl. Davis has been transferred to the Army Reserve.

Pte. G. Stupple has been discharged medically unfit.

A draft of 50 recruits, under command of Major Backhouse, left here on the 2nd inst. for the 2nd Battalion at Aldershot, who by the bye, are expected to move to Chatham on the 17th June next.

The undermentioned have arrived at Netley from India—Sergt. Keeler (since found fit for duty and posted to home Battalion), Lce.-Corpls. Sexton & Hindmarsh, Pte. Bainbridge, Bax, Beills, Bloomfield, Buckwell, Carey, Cull, Fletcher, George, Howden, Jago, Little, Maynard, Mepham, McKay, Pembroke, Quarterman, Shears, Snell, Stone and Williams.

The undermentioned have arrived and have

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been passed to the reserve. Sergt. Godfrey, Corpl. Thorne, Lce.-Corpl. Marlow, Ptes. Gower, Walker, Keefe, Alderson, Simmonds, Tanner, Orton, Straw, Warren, Simpson, Franks, Free, Varney, Corner, Davis, McElligott Saunders, Kenny, Stanton, Wright, Davis, Collins, Hearne, Leary, Palmer, Richards, Champion, Tizzard, Hall, Reed, Richardson, Redman, Hills, Askew, Mansfield, Smith, Mitchell, Burt, Munday, Want, Apps, Froggett, Sadler, McMahon, Harding, Granville, Morris, Rowe, Tussler, Gibson, Cherry, Murphy, Holland, and E S Russell.

Sergt. Freeman has joined the Depot for duty, and Sergt. Hobson is about to be transferred to the permanent Staff of the 3rd Battalion.

I notice you have missed one of my letters and hope you will publish the two (January and April) in your current number.

Several Old Buffs have gone to their last resting place since I last wrote. No. 2451 Michael Cronin died at Ballinasloe, Galway, 1st April 1891, aged 73 years Invalided from The Buffs 1857, Crimean and Turkish medals, 9d. a day pension. No. 525 Andrew Eagan, died at Rochdale, Lancashire, 7th April 1891, aged 83 years. Invalided from The Buffs in 1842 in receipt of 8d. a day pension (no Medals).

No. 606 E. R. Randall died in London 23-1-91, aged 52, discharged 10-9-78, pension 11½d. a day (no medals). Yours faithfully

OLD BUFF.

JALAPAHAR NOTES.

On the 19th May a tea and entertainment was held in the Depôt Theatre, by members of the A.T.A. The Rev. Broadhead gave grace, and about 300 sat down to a capital tea. Only a very few of the Depôt families partook of tea with the men, but thanks to the ladies from Darjeeling, who came in full force, and played their part with such devotion (waiting at table) the tea passed without a murmur.

At 7 p.m. the chair was taken by Major J. W. Hind (Depôt Commandant), and the following programme gone through. The Rev. Broadhead then proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman, whose response was loudly applauded and 20 men without a moment's hesitation signed the pledge. A vote of thanks was also given to the ladies (who richly deserved it.)

PROGRAMME.

Lce.-Corpl Bottomley	Song.	True till Death
Audience	Hymn.	Hold the Fort,
Miss Gaskin,	Recitation—A Hospital Nurse (fact) London [Hospital	
Lc.-Corpl. Quillinan	Song.	Peek-a-Bo,
Bombr. Kennard	Recitation.	Wreck of the Hesperus,
Pte. Sardy	Song.	
Do.	Encore.	White Wings.
Mrs Figgis	Hymn.	Room for Jesus
Rev. Knowles	Address.	Signing the Pledge,
Mrs. Figgis } Miss Gaskin }	Solo and Chorus.	Christ died for me,
Rev. Haldon	Address	Temperance in General.
Mrs. Figgis } Miss Gaskin }	Solo and Chorus.	My Saviour
Sketch	Sketch.	The Clock.

Cricket and Football still raging, rain plentiful.

C. C. C.

Wesleyan Parsonage,
Calcutta.
6-5-91.

The Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

I note that your last issue contains a very interesting sketch of Fort William, I have no doubt that, in the main, it is a correct one, but in one particular a greater exactness is possible.

The article states that the Old Fort was built on the site at present occupied by the General Post Office.

This is not quite correct, it places the building too much to the South. No doubt the Post Office does occupy a small portion of ground, which was once covered by the Southern part of the Fort, but the building ran thence to the North, and the main gate was opposite to what is now the road leading down to the Lall Bazaar.

During the famous siege a defensive battery was planted well in front of that gate, just about where the Scotch Kirk now stands.

The Black Hole was at the extreme south-east angle of the fort enclosure, and the site of it now falls within the Post Office property, beyond this, on to what is now the road, the south east bastion jutted out, and that was the end of the fortification.

The real site of the old building is now

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chiefly occupied by the Custom house premises, but just as the Southern limit is now covered by the Post Office Ground, so the Northern curtain wall had its foundation on the site of the present East India Railway Company's Offices, reaching nearly to Fairlie Place.

These reckonings are well attested by careful measurements from Ormes' figures, which are good authorities, and by important and conclusive discoveries on the ground, by Mr. Roskell Bayne C. E. in 1883, as set forth in a paper read by him before the Asiatic Society. By his excavations, old work was brought to light, which exactly confirmed the statement of Orme, and left the matter of location beyond a doubt.

I am, Sir
Yours truly,
W. H. Hart

22-5-91

The Editor of the Dragon.

Sir,

Can you, or any of your numerous readers, kindly inform me of the origin of the holiday (Thursday) that is given, as an indulgence to Her Majesty's Troops in India. It is a question frequently asked, especially by civilians in India.

I should think it would be recorded in one of the Head Offices.

I am. Sir,
Yours Obediently
Reader.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TOMMY.—Your story is very acceptable. Will publish it next month,

OLD BUFF.—We regret to say your letter, for publication in February's Dragon, never reached us.

SNOWBALL.—Thanks for the sketch, but we have no room for it this month.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

Capt. P. F. Brine has been granted 12 months leave of absence to proceed to England.

The undermentioned N. C. Officers and Men were granted Second Class Certificates of Education, at an examination held at Fort William on the 17th April 1891.

No.	2454	Lce.-Corpl.	A. Grainger,
,,	2314	,,	W. Paramor,
,,	2096	,,	H. Hamilton,
,,	1199	,,	C. Newport,
,,	1423	,,	G. Bryan,
,,	2008	,,	J. Pearson,
,,	2282	,,	J. Page,
,,	3132	Drummer	C. Brown,
,,	2124	Private	G. Rainer,
,,	1932	,,	J. Burgess,
,,	2656	,,	A. Foord,
,,	2573	Boy	J. Dobson,

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments.

To be Corporal.

No. 1177 Lce.-Corpl. H. Mobley,

To be Acting Corporal.

No. 2104 Lce.-Corpl. F. R. Kent.

To be paid Lance Corporals.

No. 1461 Lce.-Corpl. E. Hartley,
,. 2058 Lce.-Corpl. D. Revell,

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officer is appointed Acting Armourer Sergeant to the Battalion *(pending the appointment of a permanent Armourer Sergeant)* vice Armourer Sergeant W Donald, permanently transferred to Pachmari, from the 30th April, 1891, inclusive.

No. 443 Sergeant J. Greig.

Boy R Beezley, was appointed drummer from the 1st inst.

Lance Corporal Carter is granted the local rank of Sergt. while employed as Third Class Drill Instructor to the Northern Bengal Mounted Rifles.

Sergt.-Master-Tailor George was transferred to the Battalion from No. 2 Battery, Western Division. R. A., on the 1st ult.

No. 2383 Pte. M Buckley and No. 1783 Pte. J Conway were permitted to re-engage, for such further period, as will make up a total continuous service of 21 years.

Schoolmistress M Taylor having been transferred for duty to the Darjeeling Depot School, for the ensuing hot season, Mrs Boulter has been appointed Acting Schoolmistress to the Battalion.

Cerpl. J Montgomery has been appointed Signalling Instructor to the Administrative Battalion, Presidency Volunteers.

No. 3076 Pte J Stacey has been awarded the Indian Medal with clasp for Burmah.

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FOOTBALL.

The following matches have been played for the Regimental Association Football Cup.

"G" *versus* "E," resulting in a draw. Each side scoring one goal.

"H" *versus* "F," resulting in a win for "H" Company by 2 goals to 1.

"D" *versus* "B" resulting in a draw nothing being scored on either side.

Band, The Buffs *versus* St. Xavier's College, played on the 2nd May 1891, on the ground of the latter, and won by the former by 4 goals to 1.

Dalhousie *versus* Sergeants The Buffs.
Played on Saturday, 16th May 1891.

In windy, but otherwise favourable weather, this important fixture was played off last Saturday week.

A fair sprinkling of spectators, both civil and military, assembled to witness the match, which resulted in a creditable win for the Sergeants, by one goal to nil.

Making every allowance for numerous 'hard lines,' incurred by the civilians, the soldiers may congratulate themselves on a well earned victory over a team, which if not representative, included, at least, five or six well known players.

Sergt. Cork, on the right wing, secured the only goal scored, by a really brilliant piece of play.

SMOKING CONCERT.

That our Moonlight Smoking Concert, held in Fort William, on the 19th inst, proved a success goes without saying, yet there were undoubtedly, great difficulties to contend with. In the first place, until within one hour of the time fixed, the rain and wind made it very uncertain whether the affair could possibly come off; then when the clouds did clear, and the moon came out, the *engineers* under the superintendence of Sergt. Clifton, had to rearrange their stage, which had been wrecked by the storm; and to finish up with, one or two of those who *were* to sing did not turn up, owing no doubt to the weather.

After the overture, the band set the ball rolling merrily with their chorus 'Comrades-in-Arms,' which was splendidly rendered.

Then came Mr. LLoyd, who figured for three events in the programme, and was wonderfully successful in the song "Who's that a callin," and the topical hits introduced were well appreciated. Again in the 'Longshoreman' he was anything, if not original, in his dance.

Our old favourite, Mr. Greene, has undoubtedly improved during his absence, his rich baritone voice being a treat to listen to. After his song "Philadelphia," Tommie would not be denied, and was again delighted with the "Foine old Irish Gintleman" in the second half of the programme. He gave as an encore to the last 'Father-O-Flynn.'

Col. Chatterton, brought down the house in his song 'Barrels', which if not *all*, was a good deal, original, and very complimentary to The Buffs, containing a taking allusion to Saturday's expedition, to Sham Bazaar.

Sergt. Eaton, was as usual 'all there,' while Garrison Quarter-Master Sergt. Wilson, and Quarter-Master Sergt. Anderson, R. A., with their songs, and Corpl. Montgomery in a step-dance, all helped to give a genuine two hour's amusement.

A word of explanation is due to Mr. Hobbs, who so kindly acted as accompanist to several songs.

The songs and singers were nearly all new to him, and of course, under the circumstances, he could not possibly do himself justice. Could not a rehearsal be arranged for our next, "*Smoking Concert.*"?

COOLNESS IN THE FIELD.

The Duke of Wellington, just before the attack on St. Sebastian, in Spain, found that the breaching batteries, would not be ready to open the attack for two hours.

"The best thing we can do," he said, "is to sleep," and, slipping off his horse into a trench he was asleep in an instant.

Napoleon, at the very crisis of the important battle of Wagram, ordered up his reserve, which he never did except in great emergencies. Confident that the movement would be carried out, and would ensure the victory, he ordered his bearskin to be spread on the ground, and in a moment he was in deep sleep. He slept for twenty minutes, and his staff began to be alarmed, but waking, he issued further orders without asking any questions, as if he had not slept.

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BARS FROM THE BARRACK-ROOM.

No. 2

THE MODEL BRITISH NON.-COM.

If you're anxious for to shine,
In a Regiment of the line,
As a Non.-Com, smart and bold;
You must mug up vol's of dri
And your cerebellum fill,
With more than brains can hold.
You must tackle mathematics,
Till your overburdened attics,
With tons of various lore,
Are threatening Congestion,
And the doctors raise the question,
Of dread Bhowanipore.

And everyone will say, as you pick your noble way
If all striped boys like him, are loaded to the brim,
With knowledge, Well, S'elp me!
Why, what a highly educated British Non.-Com.
The British Non.-Com. must be.

You must keep yourself '*au fait*'
With the movements of the day,
For drill soon grows effete;
And ne'er express surprise,
When novelties arise,
But '*old tack*' fast delete.
And if you mean promotion,
Oh then, drink no stronger lotion,
Than tea, or lemonade,
Heady beer and fiery whisky,
Make *Beer-itish* Non.-Coms. frisky,
As to fame they escalade.

And Old John Bull will say,
As you glide your sober way,
If every striped young *feller*,
Is content with Sars-parilla,
And from Alcohol lives free;
Why what a steady, well conducted, clean Non.-Com,
My British Non.-Com. must be.

Boggley Wallah.

A BAR FROM A BANKING TOMMY.

Now, suppose *Boggley-Wallah*, you let us alone,
If we do bank our 'Chips' please admit they're our own!
And not easily saved, nor without self-denial,
Which is not a bad trait, e'en amongst 'Rank and file'
And if a benevolent Gov'nment it suits,
To give us more pay 'cause it can't get recruits,'
Why not keep the thing dark, and say nothing about it?
You'll be glad of a rise, or I very much doubt it.

J-come-L.

A REMINISCENCE.

When first I met him,—t'was in seventy-four;
He every inch a man, a Sergeant's chevrons wore,
Beloved by all, large-hearted, liberal, kind,
Many were the friends he left behind.

I saw him last in London,—Eighty-three,
Shoeless, degraded, aye, hungry was he,
Tho', sad to tell, he on starvation brink,
Had nought to ask of me, but "*Shtand-a-Drink*"

J-come-L.

THE NEW RIP VAN WINKLE.

A rising from a bed of sickness, after a four months bout of Enteric fever, Corporal Winkle left the Station Hospital, betaking himself unto his Company's Bungalow.

The barrack punkahs were in full swing, but there were no coolies propelling them.

A complicated looking machine, with numerous arms, like a mechanical octopus, was kinching the punkhas, polishing boots, filling filters, and making out Guard Reports.

Bewildered Winkle felt his head, murmuring "rats," but the worst was not yet.

Next morning, on the drill square, doubling out to the front as "left marker," to give a point, poor Rip discovered that all movements were now made in rear of the Battalion.

Again he felt his head, again he murmured "rats," but the worst was not yet.

Monthly musketry took place, the day after.

As Corpl. Winkle glibly raced through the 'Firing Exercise, Standing,' explanations, in front of his squad the adjutant galloped up to him.

'Now then Sir,' dont you know the new drill? you just said 'well to the front of the right shoulder, so as to form a bed for the butt,' be good enough in future, to alter it for 'in order to improvise a charpoy for the butt.'

After parade, the punkah machine in a series of snorts, sounded the breakfast call.

Winkle bucked up, essaying a feeble jokelet 'There goes the cookhouse door, the call I enlisted for'; but was swooped down upon in -stanter, by a nippy Lce-Sergt. and informed that there was no such thing as the 'cook-house' call, but simply a 'Tiffin Suggesting Tintinabbulation.'

Surfeited with changes, poor Rip put on his new helmet and sought seclusion for the day.

As the shades of evening lengthened, the tinkling of the chapel bells seemed to invite to peace and consolation.

Wending his way chapelwards, 'Here, here,' thought Winkle is true repose. Within these hallowed precincts, the ruthless hand of the novelty-monger, must surely pause.

Alas, in the words of the immortal Mrs. Partington, he was completely *mistook*. For that gem of sacred melodies, Lead Kindly Light had been metamorphosed into 'Conduct Beneficent Illumination with the third verse omitted and a red ink addition appended in lieu. Boggley Wallah.

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REGIMENTAL PETS.

During the Egyptian war of 1882, an Egyptian dog attached itself to the Royal Marine Artillery, who formed part of Lord Wolsey's Army. It soon become a great favourite with the men and followed them throughout the campaign. On the return of the Marine Battalion to Portsmouth, and when honours were being bestowed on the Eyptian Warriors, Nell, the name given to the dog, and who had been brought home as a trophy, was not forgotten. The whole of the Regiment subscribed towards a silver collar to which Nell's Egyptian Medal was attached, and which, on high days and holidays, she was allowed to wear. Although the dog felt the rigour of the English winters extremely, with the care bestowed on her she lived for some years, and when at last she died, had left a family behind her, one of whom (the eldest son of course) succeeded to the family honour, while a handsome tablet was erected to the memory of "Nell."

When the "Spankers" were in the Crimea, they were Light Dragoons in those days, and not Hussars, as at present, a large dog attached himself to that particular corps. Wherever the regiment marched, he always accompanied the troopers. Several times he went into action and was once seriously wounded by a lance, but, with care and dressing the wound by one of the farriers, he soon got well again. Where the dog came from nobody knew. He would never follow an individual soldier beyond the barrack-gate, but when the men went out in a body, mounted or on foot, Luffin insisted on taking up his proper position. One thing was very remarkable. He had sufficient discernment to enable him to distinguish a "Church parade" from any other. He never showed any desire to attend public worship.

At the beginning of his military career he had to pick up his living as best he could; he would go from hut to hut, or amongst the tents—in some he met with good treatment and food, but from others he was not unfrequently ejected. However, Luffin, in course of time, was allowed regular rations at the regimental expense, towards which all the corps, from the colonel to the drummers, contributed a share. The noble animal must have been aware of his promotion, for it was observed that he never went "a-begging" after.

It was said, and believed, that Luffin was in the habit of visiting the sentries during the night to see if the men were at their posts and on the alert. Troops much fatigued will occasionally fall asleep as they stand—an act, however, which is looked upon as one of the gravest offences. If Luffin found a man asleep, he sat before him in silence, but the slightest sound of approaching footsteps was sufficient to make him apprise the sleeper of the danger to which he was exposed. He would then trot off to the next post, but he scarcely halted if he found that all was well. I am glad to be able to record the fact that his faithful services obtained for Luffin the respect of every member of the corps. It would have been a high misdemeanour to offer him any indignity.

Another Crimean hero, called Jerry, belonged to the King's Royal Irish Hussars, whose services were estimated so highly that a medal was bestowed upon him, and invested with which he ordinarily appeared in front of the regiment. When that gallant corps, on its return to Ireland, was publicly entertained by the citizens of Dublin, some doubt was expressed as to whether Jerry was eligible to become a guest, upon which the men declared that, unless their canine comrade made one of the party, they themselves would not put in an appearance. So in the end he shared the honour of a public banquet. Subsequently this faithful animal went out to India, and accompained the regiment through all the dangers of the great Mutiny, but during one of their marches the poor fellow strayed into a jungle, and was never heard of afterwards.

Elephants have a decided liking for military life. Various regiments, whilst serving in the East, have had such an animal. The King's Rangers at one time were in possession of a fine male of enormous size, which for many years was never once absent from parade. As soon as the bugles sounded, he would walk majestically to the place of muster, and take up his position on the right of the column. If the mahout or driver came, the elephant would lift him on to his shoulders with his trunk; but if left to his unaided intelligence, he obeyed the ordinary word of command without ever making a mistake, such as "Right Face," "March," "Mark time," "Halt." He insisted at all times on giving help to the men. whenever they were

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engaged in loading or unloading baggage, and was evidently pleased to be allowed to make himself generally useful. When the wagons were impeded on the march, as often happened, Jock was duly sensible of his own importance, for, by his enormous strength, he would push a heavy load up a steep declivity, which six or eight oxen failed to do without his assistance.

It happened that the Rangers were ordered to embark for China, and there was no accommodation for taking Jock on shipboard. To the great disappointment of the men, it was decided to leave him in India. He was however permitted to accompany the regiment as far as the quay to watch the troops as they went on board.

"Good-bye, old man," "Poor old Jock," were repeated with many variations, both by officers and men. Meanwhile the animal watched the proceedings with great apparent interest, as if wondering when his own turn would come to go on board, But, when the vessel steamed off, and left him on shore, he became frantic with rage and disappointment. It was proposed he should be transferred to another corps, but he persistently refused to have anything to do with it. So savage did he become, that it was deemed expedient to place him in confinement. Even the mahout himself was several times placed in danger of his life.

In less than two years the Rangers came back to their old quarters, and were informed of the melancholy change which had come over their old comrade.

"No go near—no touch sahib; he strike hard," said the mahout; "he kill."

"Why, Jock, my boy," said a young officer, formerly one of his special friends; "why, what's the matter?" The animal pricked up his ears, and instantly recognised the voice, which was proved by the signs and sounds of joy he made. It was quite affecting to see, when once more he he was permitted freely to repair to the parade-ground, with what kindly recognition he embraced many of his companions, placing his trunk tenderly on their neck and shoulders. I need hardly say he was reinstated in his old regimental post, the duties of which he discharged as if no interruption had taken place.

Princess Charlotte of Wales's Regiment had once a poodle whose hind quarters were shaved once a week, and his whole body pipe-clayed, which gave the animal a clean and smart appearance. It seems, however, that the dog's particular attachment was to the band, with which it always marched, and was always on terms of amity with the white coats, especially the drummers, who were privileged to take all sorts of liberties with him; at the same time, he would countenance no liberty whatever on the part of the red jackets, whether officers or men.

Tottie, a handsome fox terrior, belongs to the 57th Regiment, and besides being a great favourite is quite an old campaigner. She was born at Kandy, Ceylon, in February 1879, and accompanying the 'Old Die Hards' to Natal, served throughout the Zulu War. At the battle on Ginghilova she received two severe wounds, a bullet ripping her back, and an assegai penetrating her right hind leg. After the action she was reported missing and was not seen again until eight days afterwards, when she found her way to the bivouac, about five miles from the scene of battle, although, during the interval, the regiment had marched to Ekowe and back.

Lost once more at the review held before the evacuation of Ulundi, she attached herself to the 80th Regiment, and went with it to the Transvaal. Her sagacity for finding her way about an unknown country is shown by the following extract from a letter, from the Colonel of the 80th Regiment. He says "At Utrecht I handed Tottie over to the Artillery, who promised to take her down country for you. To our astonishment when we were two days from Utrecht she turned up again, and is now with the Regiment." The 80th returned home to Dublin in May 1880, when Tottie none the worse for her campaign, except her scars, rejoined her own regiment which was stationed at Cork.

And now last, but not least, is a case which happened in a Regiment stationed at Bellary, Madras, some ten or twelve years ago. One morning a native woman, of the Ayah description, come round the Barrack-rooms begging with a European baby in her arms. The child was wonderfully fair, and of course made its way at once to the hearts of *Tommie*, and in one company the indignation was so great to see an English child carried about in this way, that it was taken by force from the Ayah by the men. After the woman had been hunted away, however the men were in rather a fix to know what to do with the baby, which was not twelve months

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old, and a council of war was held on the subject, in consequence of which one of the men, who was of a paternal disposition, was told off as nurse, funds were raised to purchase milk and other necessaries, and we are informed on good authority, that the baby lacked nothing—certainly not nurses. The native woman in the meanwhile made her way to the Magistrate, and as there was no proof forthcoming that the woman was not the mother of the child, as she affirmed, an order was issued for it to be returned at once, and it had to be given up after two day's stay in the Barrack-room, much to the disappointment of the men. The baby would, undoubtedly, had the company been only allowed to keep it, been taken the greatest care of, and in the course of a few years would have become a real 'Daughter of the Regiment.'

ROUND THE BARRACK-ROOM FIRE.

THE SERGEANT'S STORY OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

LORD CARDIGAN'S eye glanced over us; then spurring his horse forward a few paces, he said: "My men, we have received orders to silence that battery."

"My G—d," my brother ejaculated, then grasping my hand, he said "Fred my dear fellow, good bye; we dont know what may happen, God bless you; keep close to me." What more he might have said was lost in Lord Cardigan's ringing shout of "CHARGE."

"INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH,"

We went in at a trot; the trot changed to a canter, and the canter into a gallop. Through the lines I could see Lord Cardigan, several horse-lengths ahead, riding as steadily as if he were on parade. Now to tell the plain truth, when we had ridden a short distance, say one hundred paces, I felt terribly afraid. The truth flashed upon me in a moment, that we were riding into a position, that would expose us to a fire on both flanks, as well as the fire from the battery, which we had been instructed to silence. I said to myself, "This is a ride to death," but I said it loud enough for my brother to hear, and he answered and said: "There goes the first."

The first was Lord Lucan's Aide-de-camp, Captain Nolan, who, after making a slight detour, was crossing our left to join us in the charge. A cannon ball cut him in two as my brother spoke.

My heart leaped into my mouth, and I almost shrieked with fear, but I restrained myself, and setting my teeth hard, I rode on. A moment later the rifle bullets from the sharp-shooters on the hill-side began to whistle about our ears. Saddles were emptied at every step. Then came the whistling shot and the shrieking shell, and tore through our squadrons, mangling men and horses, ploughing bloody furrows through and through our ranks. Then my fear left me. My whole soul became filled with a thirst for revenge, and I believe the same spirit animated every man in the ranks. Their eyes flashed, and they ground their teeth, and pressed closer together. The very horses caught the mad spirit, and plunged forward as if impatient to lead us to our revenge and theirs. At this time there was not much to be seen. A heavy, dense smoke hung over the valley, but the flaming mouths of the guns revealed themselves to our eyes at every moment, as they belched forth their murderous contents of shot and shell.

Now a shot tore through our ranks, cutting a red line from flank to flank, then a shell ploughed an oblique and bloody furrough from our right front to our left rear; anon a ricochetting shot rose over our front ranks, fell into our centre and hewed its way to the rear, making terrible havoc in its passage. Oh! that was a ride! Horses ran riderless, and men bareheaded and splashed with the blood of their comrades pressed closer and closer, and ground their teeth harder, and mentally swore a deadlier revenge as their numbers grew smaller.

'INTO THE GATES OF HELL.'

Alone and in front rode Cardigan, still keeping the same distance ahead. His charge was headed for the centre of the Battery. Silently we followed him. Up to this time neither my brother nor myself had received the slightest scratch, although we were now riding side by side with comrades, who at the start were separated from us by several files. We reached the Battery at last. Up to this time we had ridden in silence, but what a yell burst from us as we plunged in among the Russian gunners. They had done too little and too much. They had set us on fire with passion. Only blood could quench our thirst for revenge. We

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passed through the battery like a whirlwind, sabring the gunners on our passage. I dont believe one of them lives to tell the tale of that ride. Out of the battery and into the brigade—an army it was—of cavalry. Our charge was resistless,

The Russians fell before our sabres as corn falls before the reaper. They seemed to have no power of resistance. And there was no lack of material to work upon. They closed in upon us, and surrounded us on every side, but we hewed our way through them, as men hew through a virgin forest, and only stopped when we reached the banks of the Tchernaya River.

Wheeling here we proceeded to cut our way back again. On the return ride I was assailed by a gigantic Russian trooper, who made a strike at me with his sabre. I partially guarded it, but not wholly, and the next moment I felt a stinging pain in my neck. It passed in a moment however, and I was about to make short work of the trooper, when I heard my brother cry; "Ah, you would, would you,"? and the Russian fell cleft to the chin.

We cut our way through once more and entered the fatal valley. When half way back to our starting point, a cannon shot struck my brother and beheaded him. Tom, ah, thank you!

The Colour-Sergeant drained another glass.

When we formed up, on arriving at our starting point, Lord Cardigan, with the tears streaming from his eyes, said :

'It was not my fault, my men,'

And the men replied with one voice :

'We are ready to go in again, my lord, if you will only lead us.'

Just then I became dizzy. My scalp had been lifted by the stroke of the Russian sabre, the skin of my cheek cleft across to my upper lip, and I fainted from loss of blood.

When my time expired in the Cavalry, I re-enlisted in this regiment. I am always proud to hear myself called one of the six hundred, but—poor Jack! fill that glass again Tom.'

This ended the Sergeant's story of the famous charge.

LITERARY COMPETITION.

The prize of ~~Rs~~ 5 has been awarded to "*Kok Sparrer*," for his essay. The subject for next month's competition is—*On Guard.*

ON THE MARCH.

Although, perhaps, not one of the happiest episodes in the experience of the soldier, yet life on the march is far from being an unpleasant event in the history of the '*bold British Warrior*'. News of a change of station, although it may entail three or four weeks regular morning exercise on "*shanks's pony*," to the tune of from nine to sixteen miles *per indulgence*, is always greeted with a hearty welcome by the ever change-loving Thomas, and no sooner does the Regiment take up its quarters in a new station, than it is rumoured that the next move will be to *Niggerpore*, or some other equally pleasant locality.

"*Early to bed and early to rise etc*," is an old adage, the truthfulness of which Thomas is always ready to vouch for on these occasions, and to a casual observer it would be difficult to tell whether *Reveille* or *Tattoo* was the most appreciated; for to give Thomas his due he always finds more pleasure in getting up, than in going to bed, and, *Reveille* always finds him in good spirits for a days march nearer his destination.

As early as 4 a.m. the shrill blast of *Reveille* awakes all to the fact that it is time to "show a leg," and the last piercing note has scarcely died away, ere the hitherto silent camp is transformed into a perfect modern Babel. Dusky figures are seen darting about in all directions, a light glimmers here and there, and in a moment, the spectre like tents vanish from view, as though suddenly wafted to the regions below. A few minutes more suffice to load the kits and baggage, and, in an astonishing short time, the band strikes up, and the first step is accomplished towards the new camping-ground, where we are again to pitch the tents, and await the coming of the morrow for a repetition of a like performance.

In camp there is little to occupy one's time except the cleaning of arms and accoutrements, for with the exception of a parade for inspection of appointments, there is nothing more to do for those who are not required for Picquet, Guard, etc., and Thomas has plenty of time to fortify himself for the exertions of the morrow.

Camp is provided always with Canteen, Coffee Shop, Library etc, and so the various wants, of the still more various tastes of the troops, are, as far as practicable, provided for, and, though these

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institutions are not so comfortably furnished as when in quarters, still there is no cause to grumble at any of the arrangements of the camp, and everything is made as pleasant and comfortable as circumstances will permit.

Two or three weeks of camp life, however, makes us begin to look forward for the end of our tramp, and the announcement of our last march is received by blessings from all, and when our new station is at last sighted, none seem sorry that our journey is, at length, at an end. The pleasures of the march are dismissed with the herd of transport animals, and soon our troubles of the road are forgotten in the attractions of our new station.

T'will soon be our turn to shift again, and although I can put one foot before the other quite up to time, and have no great prejudice to *the march*, yet I hope that our shift from Fort William to our next station will be '*by rail*,' as, notwithstanding the fact that even this means of transport has many drawbacks, it is much more to the taste of '*Kok Sparrer*.'

NOTES ON CALCUTTA.
THE EDEN GARDENS.

The Eden Gardens, one of the most beautiful features of Calcutta, are situated to the west of the Maidan, of which it really forms a part. It is a beautifully laid out pleasure ground, covering a considerable extent of land, and consisting of cricket and tennis grounds at its eastern end, where the Calcutta Cricket Club has its head quarters in a large pavilion, a splendid riding track, lovely walks, and at its western end, a band stand, in which performances are given nightly.

This is the most frequented and fashionable promenade of Calcutta, for during the hottest months, the fresh green turf, the playing fountains, the refreshing breeze off the river, and the cool electric lights, all aid in making an hour's stroll in these Gardens enjoyable, while for the musical the programmes provided are often of a nature to satisfy the most fastidious.

The Gardens themselves are laid out beautifully and flowers, shrubs, ferns and trees of all varieties, are to be seen here, growing luxuriantly. The gardeners seem to take the greatest pride in their work, and always carry off a large number of prizes at the different Horticultural Shows etc, held in Calcutta and neighbourhood.

There are several interesting trees in these Gardens, one especially which is known as the "Traveller's Friend," and from which, if its bark be pierced during the hottest weather, pure water will flow.

Near the band stand, and on the opposite side of the lake, is a Burmese Pagoda which is perfect in every detail. At its base are some wonderful images carved in stone, anything but beautiful, but immense, These, with the Pagoda itself, were brought from Prome, as a trophy, at the close of the Burmese war in 1854, and erected in these Gardens. The carving on this Pagoda is really wonderful and is well worthy of a visit.

The Eden Gardens were laid out, and presented to the city of Calcutta by the Misses Eden, the sisters of Lord Auckland, Governor General of India. His statue is at the north end of the Gardens, and he is best known to the military on account of the disastrous Retreat from Cabul, which took place during his term of office. Another interesting statue just outside the S. W. gate of the Gardens is that of Sir William Peel, the Commander of H. M. S. Shannon, who was in command of the Naval Brigade, which did such excellent service during the Indian Mutiny.

A CORPORAL'S MESS FOR "B" COMPANY.

Who can deny that the present day British Non.-Com. earns his stripes. ? His so-called spare time is passed in learning and unlearning a mass of miscellaneous hardbake. Every week, some drill novelty springs up, only to be supplanted in the twinkling of an eye, by a still newer idea.

Fully convinced of the necessity of an improved diet to meet the ever increasing strain on the mind, the Corporals of No. 2 Company have invested in white handled knives, spotless table cloths, china egg cups, and a silver mounted cruet stand, and may be seen every day, at meal times, battening on the fat of the land. The catering is in the hands of Babu Chunderdass Budmashadas, the master bawarchi of "B,": up to date no cases of Asiatic cholera have been reported.

And the cruet stand, really a thing of beauty, a fitting subject for a thousand line epic,

It gleams o'er the banquet, a beacon of light,
Of civilization an emblem, rich, rare,
In manners and morals it guides us aright,
No mentor can with this fair object compare,
And the pea laden blade quits the Corporal's hand,
As his guilty eye catches this stern cruet stand.

When the sable cook fails with his meats to allure,
And with vile smelling ghee ev'ry palate offends,
No mad Non Com thunders '*tum mehter, tum sua*,'
But bids him next meal to make ample amends.
Oh the veriest Goth waxes gentle and bland,
Neath the softening sway of this chaste cruet stand.

BOGGLEY WALLAH.

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WITH THE MANIPUR EXPEDITION.

From our own Correspondent.

On the 5th April orders were received at Fort William for the Buffs to furnish six efficient Signallers for the Silchar Column of the Manipur Field Force, and the following were selected : Assistant Instructor Sergt. C. Carnell, Corpl. Montgomery, Pts. Avery, Greenwood, Hurd, and Moth.

The Corps of Signallers was formed at Fort William on the 7th April, and consisted of six of the Buffs, six E. Surrey, six 5th B. I., six of the 6th B. I., and six of the 8th B. I.

We paraded outside the Main Guard at 7.30 p.m. on the same day, and much to the disappointment of the waiting man, were all present. We marched to Sealdah, where the baggage had already been sent, and had a good hours fatigue loading up. Our Instructor (Lt. Eales) was there to see us off; we left Sealdah at 10 p.m. by the night mail and arrived at Goalunda about 6 a.m. the next morning. Here we found the Steamer Soorma waiting for us, and after about an hour, we loaded the baggage and steamed up the Ganges. At Goalunda we overtook the 36th Sikhs, who were going on the Kohima column ; they are a fine body of men and seem fit for anything. We also picked up a Corporal of the C.V.R. and attached him to us. Shortly after leaving Goalunda, the men went into the saloon for their beer, when a gentleman who was sitting there said, that he had been in that part of the country for over ten years and that we were the first British Soldiers he had seen during that time, and in consequence ordered the beer to be put into his bill. About 2 p.m. the engine stopped, owing to some part breaking, and we had to anchor for sixteen hours while it was repaired. We got off again about 8 a.m. the next morning, and as we were passing a small island, some excitement was caused by seeing a large alligator in the grass on the bank, apparently stalking some cows, who were feeding about 200 yards from it; but we were going too fast to be able to see if it captured one. We arrived at Nariangunge at 2 15 p.m. and had to change on to a smaller steamer, the *Mavis*. We left Nariangunge about 3.a.m. on the 10th and steamed up the Megna River, a large tributary of the Ganges. The captain of this steamer (a native), appeared to prefer the overland route, but after running aground three times gave it up, and we got on without further mishap and arrived at Fenchugunge at 2.30 p.m. on the 11th. Here we left the steamer for good and got into country boats, four men in each. We had two coolies to tow each boat but, as our orders were to proceed with all despatch, the soldiers and sepoys also had to pull. On the 13th we arrived at Karingunge and again changed into still smaller boats, here we found the 3rd B. I. in cholera camp, but they were to leave the next day. We left at 7.30 p.m., and shortly after midnight a heavy thunderstorm came on which filled the river and made the current very strong. Sergt. Carnell's boat, which was rear guard of the convoy, having an exceptionally rough time, the tow-rope breaking continually, and the boat on each occasion being washed back a mile or so before it could be got into the bank and stopped. All our clothing and kits were soaked, and we had to let our clothes dry on us, with daylight however we managed to get on a bit better, though at one time we had three soldiers and two coolies towing, and then could make no headway. We arrived at Buddapore about 1 p.m. on the 14th, and left soon afterwards, and got into Silchar at noon on the 15th. Here we left a signal station under charge of Corpl. Montgomery, and sent another to a large hill called Nimota about 20 miles away, under Act. Corpl. Avery. The next morning we fell in at 3 a.m., struck tents, and marched to the Commissariat Godown and drew a months rations for the Corps.

About 8 a.m. we got everything loaded on elephants, bullocks, and coolies, and started on our first march. About three miles out of Silchar we came to a river and had to unload and ferry the baggage over, whilst the animals swam over. This was no light work to perform in the full heat of the sun, and with 70 rounds of ball ammunition in our pouches, and it knocked us all up before the march was well begun ; however we had to go ahead and reached Lukhipur completely worn out about nine p.m. We were too tired to pitch our tents, so unrolled our blankets in the open and slept where we were. We had not had a bit to eat the whole day and only bad water to drink, and had marched the whole day on the plains. We were up again at daybreak the next morning (19th), and marched to Jirighat

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on the Manipur frontier. We arrived there at 3 p.m., but the journey was for the most part in the hills, and not so hot as yesterday. Here we found a detachment of the Surma Valley Light Horse on duty, guarding the road, and opened a Signal Station with two men, E. Surrey Regt. and two Sepoys on a tealah, near a tea planter's Bungalow. On the 18th we crossed the frontier about half a mile from Jirighat, the river Jiri forming the boundary, and marched into Godam Ghat about 11 a.m. Here we halted for an hour and then pushed on to Macrue, where we arrived at 7 p.m., and as we were marching in, what was left of the Pioneer Company C. V. R. were burying the remains of a Sergt, who had just died of cholera. There were only about 15 of them left, the remainder having been invalided back from Silchar. The 1st Battn. 2nd Gurkhas marched out as we came in.

We left Macrue at daybreak the next morning, and marched to Kalanaga, arriving there at 3 p.m. Kalanaga is a Manipuri stockade and village, which was destroyed by the 18th B. I. a week or so ago. It is 2300 ft. above sea level, and we had a steady climb of about six miles to the top. There we posted another Signal Station, (Act.) Corpl. Moth, one man E. Surrey Regt., and four Sepoys, and remained working the Station till midday of the 20th, when we marched down to the Barak river. We forded the river and got into Barak about 7 p.m. and were caught in another thunder storm, and again drenched before we could get our tents up.

(To be continued.)

ENGAGEMENT NEAR PALEL.

A telegram from Palel, via Tammu, tells of a severe engagement on the 25th. General Graham had just arrived at Palel, when Captain Drury, of the Gurkhas, in command of a reconnaissance towards Thobal, sent word that he had hemmed in a thousand of the enemy in an earthwork, five miles north of Palel, and asking permission to attack them. Drury had at the time 50 Gurkhas, 50 men of the 12th Burma Infantry, and 43 Mounted Infantry, and the enemy's position was such that the only line of retreat was closed by Drury. General Graham sent two guns and 200 Gurkhas.

Drury and Carnegy then attacked the earthwork, the guns keeping up a hot fire. The Gurkhas and the 12th Burma Infantry stormed the position, and after a desperate conflict carried it. 128 of the enemy were killed in and around the stockade, and a large number were killed by the Mounted Infantry. The enemy finding the means of escape cut off, fought desperately and hardly a man escaped from the stockade.

Our loss was heavy: the Jemadar Adjutant of the Gurkhas and one sepoy killed, Captain Carnegy, of the Gurkhas, severely wounded in the thigh, Lieutenant Grant of the 12th Burma Infantry, severely wounded in the neck, Lieut. Cox, of the Mounted Infantry severely wounded in the shoulder; Captain Drury had a severe wound on the hand from a clubbed rifle—altogether twelve wounded.

Captain Drury was attacked by five men, and wounded. Captain Carnegy went to his assistance, and was himself wounded, when the old Subadar-Major rushed in and was in his turn disabled. Lieutenant Grant was wounded while leading his 12th Burmahs in the attack.

THE ORDEAL BY TOUCH.

Some years ago, in one of the cavalry barracks a man complained that several articles of his kit had been stolen. The Corporal of the room, finding that the thief could not be discovered, got a large tin mess dish and turned it upside down on the floor with the Barrack-room cat underneath it.

Then he ordered the gas to be turned down and requested each man to touch the dish in turn, saying that the cat would mew when the thief touched it. As a matter of fact the cat did not mew; but the Corporal suddenly cried 'I have him,' and ordered the gas to be turned up. Then he ordered each man to show hands, and all were black except those of one man; for the Corporal had, unknown to the men, blackened the back of the dish before putting it on the ground Needless to say, that the one man, who had not cared to tempt the ordeal by touch, was the thief, and search among his kit revealed the missing articles.

The man begged very hard to be dealt with by a barrack-room court-martial, and was let off with two dozen administered with a baggage strap. The corporal is still in the service, and now holds Her Majesty's Commission.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

SCENE. Orderly Room,

PERSONÆ. Adjutant introducing newly arrived Sergeant—a transfer who has already visited the mess.

Colonel: (examining documents) "I see you are acquainted with Military Topography."

Sergt: 'Yes Sh'r firsht class shertificate for it.'

Colonel: (still intently examining documents) "And you are also good at Fortification,"

Sergt: 'Yes Sh'r firsht class shertificate for it',

Colonel: (suddenly awakening) "But you've been drinking !"

Sergt: "Yes Sh'r firsht class shertificate for it." (*Tableaux.*)

A Frenchman was once boasting to an Englishman of the naval resources of his country.

'We have Brest, said he, a seaport opposite Plymouth; we shall have Cherbourg, another seaport opposite Portsmouth, and we shall also have Dunkirk, a seaport opposite the Downs.'

"Yes Sir," replied the Englishman, "The more ports you have in the English Channel, so much the better, for when we want a man-of-war or two, we shall not have far to fetch them.

The regiment being ordered away, the says to his idol:

'As I am going to-morrow, here is my photograph, keep it as a souvenir of the happy walks we have had together.'

She: "Yes, have you a pencil, so that I can put your dear name on it"?

He: 'Why'?

She: 'Well—so as not to forget it.'

Very humorous was the reply of an old Irish woman to one of the "Great Unpaid." He was a Major of the Galway Militia, and had an enthusiasm for his branch of the service. In his eyes, the Militia was the backbone of British military resources, Galway Militia the cream of the service, and himself the most efficient officer in the corps. His idiosyncrasy was proverbial, even among the lower orders of the district. One Biddy, an old incorrigible, was brought before him at petty sessions, charged with drunkenness and assault. Said the major after hearing evidence:—

'Biddy, you're always coming here, and the Bench are determined to give you a lesson this time. The sentence upon you is six months' imprisonment with hard labour.'

Biddy curtsied. She had recovered her sobriety, 'May I spake a word wid the gintlemen?' she asked humbly.

'You may say what you like, Biddy, but I don't think it will alter our decision.' Biddy cleared her throat.

'Well, gintlemen, I'm dead out o'luck, I am. There's my husband, he's doin' seven year' I've a brother as has got a twelvemonth; and a son run in for six weeks; I've a sister as is an out-and-out bad 'un; but I think the Power that made me, and the Holy Vargin as preserves me, that there was never one o' mine had iver anything to do wid the millishy!' Exit Biddy.

TATTOO: The word *taptoo*, since abbreviated to tattoo, is Dutch, and signifies no more drink to be tapped or sold.

MR. BROWN: "How much are those trout a pound?"

"One and four sir!"

"Thanks! I will take 5lbs, and please throw them to me as I stand here."

"Throw them?"

"Yes throw them. I would'nt tell my wife a lie on any account, so throw them one by one, and I can honestly say I caught them, dont you know.

A MILITARY BAND OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The following is a description of a Military Band contained in an extract of a letter, by the *late* Mr. W. J. Matcham, innkeeper of Faversham, Suffolk, which may interest our bandsmen.

"We have had four companies of the West Middlesex Militia quartered upon us for three days, consisting of three Officers and forty nine men, who had the best band I ever heard; it is worth mentioning to those who are lovers of superior music. It consisted of four clarionettes, two bassoons, one bass drum, two triangles (the latter played by boys about nine years old), two tambourines (the performers mulattoes), and the clash-pans by a real blackamoor, a very active man, who walked between the two mulattoes, which had a very grand appearance indeed."

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 51 **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, JUNE 30th, 1891.** Price 2 As

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1898

NOTES.

The Calcutta Correspondent of the *Pioneer*, writing about Football, makes the following facetious remark:—

"The Buffs are burning to avenge the defeat of last year, when the very buttons of the Regiment, —to say nothing of the Dragon himself—were piled on and lost."

We think our contemporary must be mis-informed—we are not aware of having been piled on and lost, and we think the operation could hardly have been performed without our knowledge. It is true that the buttons were at a premium recently—not at the football time of year—owing to the arrival of two drafts from England.

We need hardly remind our readers that the best team won, as we hope it always will, and that it rests with them to make themselves the best team.

All right minded Buffs (*i. e.* of course all Buffs whatever) will rejoice at Mr. Parry's recent performance at the Pachmari Sky Races. To win three times, run second twice, and third twice, out of eight mounts, is good enough for any man, and doesn't look much like the proverbial "Hinfantry Hadjutant," to whom the sarcastic rough rider is wont to liken the awkward recruit.

We have been much exercised in mind ever since our arrival in Fort William, as to why the left sortie of the St. George's Gate is closed. This if open would be the most useful sortie in the whole Fort, being the straight road to Alipore, Ballygunge, the Race Course, both Polo Grounds, and several Football Grounds. Can any of our readers enlighten us?

We are glad to see that the long promised stables at the back of the Guard-Room are at last being built.

Of course our readers have seen the telegram giving the new titles to Medical Officers. There are some of them rather imposing, but too long to be learnt by heart all at once. By the way, have any of our readers ever met a regiment in which the *Sergeant Drummer* was known by any other title than *Drum Major*?

Why should the Chaplains department be left out in the cold? Military titles cost nothing, and we could suggest some beautiful ones for the Church Militant, beginning with the Right

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Reverend Bishop Major General, and the Venerable Archdeacon Colonel, down to Lay Reader Second Lieutenant.

"Sabretache" (in his very interesting article on Regimental records, in *The Madras Mail*, republished in *The Englishman* of June 17th) says:

The Buffs have within the last few years obtained the privilege of reverting to the old buff facing, but the Regimental colour remains white.

We beg to put "Sabretache" on the right track regarding this matter, as our new Regimental Colour is of a *distinct buff colour.*

He also informs his readers that the old 58th Regiment, 2nd Battn. Northamptonshire, is familiarly known as the "Black Buffs." We are well acquainted with the "Rosshire Buffs," and the "Young Buffs," but the doings of the "Black Buffs" have not yet reached our Editorial Sanctum.—Is the printers' devil responsible, in having rendered "Black Buffs" instead of "Black *Bucks*"?

"One touch of nature, maketh the whole world kin." Sergeant Instructor Sydney, who accompanied the Pioneer Company, Calcutta Volunteers to Munipore, writes a lengthy letter, cordially thanking Corpl. Greenwood and another of The Buffs, (who did not wish his name known.) When the Pioneers, after a long march, arrived at Nungba, a signal station in Munipore, they were in rather a sore strait, owing to bad weather, and worse transport.

Corporal Greenwood and the other, appear to have set to, and in a short time "an excellent stew, and hot tea was the result." Those who enjoyed the hospitality, join in thanking their military friends for their kindness on the occasion.

Our new Quarter-master, Mr H. C. Cumber left England for Bombay in S. S. Oceana on the 12th June so we may expect him in Calcutta about the middle of July. We are sorry he will miss the Regimental Sports, in which he would have taken great interest. We must congratulate ourselves on his appointment, he will be a great addition to our cricket and shooting teams, and will do much to promote athletics of all kinds in the Regiment.

The troops in Garrison including the squadron of 3rd Bengal Cavalry, and Naval Volunteers, paraded in Review Order on Saturday the 30th May, to celebrate Her Majestys' Birthday.

The troops were drawn up in line at open order, with unfixed bayonets, Cavalry and Naval Volunteers on right. On a flag signal being given from the Parade Ground, the 21st S.D.R.A. fired eleven guns from the Kings Bastion, the first round of the *Feu de Joie* was then fired by the Infantry, at the conclusion of the 31 rounds fired by the R. A. and the third round of the *Feu de Joie*, three hearty cheers were given for Her Gracious Majesty, after which the Infantry marched past in Column, and then to barracks.

Our readers will have seen, from the programme of the following Sports, that it is proposed to revive the Champion athletic Company. This was first instituted in December 1874 and competed for in February 1875 here in Fort William. The championship used to carry with it similar privileges to those of the best shooting company. The last holders were "D" Company who won it at Singapore in 1886, since which time it has been allowed to drop.

On this occasion we can do no better than to reprint the words of the Dragon 1874, and hope that the untried talent of the Regiment may take them to heart and act upon them.

"No man knows what he can do until he tries; a gamely contested event is as creditable to the loser as to the winner, the former has at all events shown that his heart is in the right place, which can scarcely be said for a poor creature who will not enter because he is afraid of his opponents. The bird that can sing and wont sing because he thinks another bird can sing a little better is the most useless bird that flies.

It must be borne in mind that every mark gained will count, and if a man cannot gain the first prizes he may yet do yeomans service for his company by winning the second or third."

Some few months ago a paragraph appeared in one of the English papers, referring to the disorderly behaviour of a draft of "The Buffs,

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leaving for India. We certainly did not believe this report, but the following letter shows how uncalled for those remarks were, it is a pity that when papers publish such reports, they cannot be brought to book, and a heavy fine imposed.

Rangoon,
2nd June, 1891.

Dear Sir

I have heard from England, that in some newspaper, there appeared a paragraph, giving particulars of the disgraceful behaviour of a draft of the "Buffs" between Aldershot and Portsmouth. As I was in command of the draft referred to, I only feel it right to assure you that there is *not the slightest* word of truth in the statment, and how it came to be written, I am at a loss to know. In fact I can only say I never had charge of such an orderly draft before, and from the moment of taking them over from the Adjutant of "The Buffs" at Aldershot, to the time I handed them over on board the "Crocodile" at Bombay, I never had the least trouble with them.

Yours truly,
(*Sd.*) R. Baker, Captain.
1st Bn. Norfolk Regt.

Taking into consideration the particularly excessive heat, the play for the Regimental Association Cup, this year, has been on the whole very good. Each tie was (as will be seen from the result,) keenly contested.

'E' and 'G' Companys four drawn games speak for themselves, and another remarkable feature is, that in no game has the victor got away with more than two goals, which goes far to show how very evenly the companies were matched. I think we may congratulate ourselves on the successful issue of this years competition. The final was played on Monday the 22nd inst. and resulted in 'H' Company winning the cup by 1 goal to nil. The play in the final was only a continuation of that in the several ties, every inch of ground being eagerly fought for.

JUNE JOTTINGS.

At length we've reached June, with a tardy monsoon
And to par boiling now feel resigned,
We've got boils, prickly heat, patent punkahs, a treat
For poor Tommy expressly designed.

Bicycling slow, Football still all the go,
And I think 'twould be a good plan,
If all the year round, they'd allot us the ground,
We now occupy on the Maidan.
Fitzsimons' a horse, as a matter of course,
There are plenty of others can lick it,
But the Sergeants took heart, when they heard he would start.
And were quite satisfied with their ticket.
On the day of the race he *did not* take a place,
But started, which went far to please
The fortunate few, the ticket that drew,
Worth a couple of thousand Rupees.
Snowball s turned up again, from his' *Chota*' campaign,
With his small Kutcha Battery all *teek*,
They say he's lost weight, but I'm happy to state,
He'll be fit in the course of a week.
The 'At homes you may guess, were as big a success,
As the weather just then would permit,
And the band mid the throng, played 'Loves old [sweet song,'
Then the rain came, we all had to flit.
A burlesque is the rumour, Mr. LLoyd and a few more,
Are going to do the thing decently,
Now I'll bid you good day, as I've no more to say.
And remain yours

Johnny-come-Recently

Correspondence.

———:o:———

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon

Sir,

In reply to "Reader," the common tradition is that the late Sir Charles Napier, when Commander-in-Chief in India, was much exercised in his mind about officers going out shooting on Sundays. He therefore instituted the Thursday Holiday, so that there should be no excuse for their doing so.

H. B.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

With reference to the subject in last month's *Dragon*, (Why Thursday is observed as an holiday.) It is because in the time of Lord Canning, when England was at war with the

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Indian Empire, and when the war was at an end, rebellion was put down, the noise of arms was no longer heard, when the enemies of the State had persisted in their last struggle, order was re-established, and peaceful pursuits had everywhere been resumed. Then was issued a Proclamation to the effect:—

That the Viceroy and Governor General in Council desires that, (Thursday) be observed as a day of General Thanksgiving for these great blessings, and as a holiday throughout British India, by all faithful subjects of the Queen.

Yours faithfully, "Librarian."

To the Editor of "The Dragon.

Sir,

I delayed this letter, to give an account of the great football match "Jalapahar Depot," *versus* No. 6 Mountain Battery, R. A., which was played off to night at Cuttapahar. The result was a draw, greatly in favour of the Depot, but anything like good play was impossible owing to the dense fog which prevailed, and which not only prevented the players from seeing each other, but made it lively work for the Umpires.

On the 3rd inst. the Sergeants gave a dance in the Theatre which was fairly well attended considering the heavy storm of rain and wind, which lasted the whole night. The "Corporal's Dance," on the 10th was a great success, the Clerk of the Weather having been much more considerate to them, and dancing was kept up with spirit till 2 a.m.

Some excitement was caused on Wednesday last by the rumour that one of the Mountain Battery had run *amuck*. The rumour however proved to be greatly exaggerated, a man having managed to secure 20 rounds of ammunition from the guard, and then started off for a day's sport. Scouts were sent off in all directions to catch him, but he returned of his own accord next evening, with his ammunition intact.

The weather up here has been splendid and has quite suprised all hands, it being so different from that experienced last year. Up to date all kinds of outdoor sports have been possible, but we are beginning to look out for the monsoons, which if not very acceptable to us, will be welcomed by all down in the heat below

Yours obediently,

M. O

Darjeeling May 1891.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Sir,

There being many old men of the Regiment still alive who take in your paper and who doubtless recollect the place in its old days, I've been asked to give you an outline of it, viz.:— Berhampore, Bengal, as it is now. Your Regiment was stationed there in the year 1832 and though doubtless nuinteresting to the men of the present time it may not be to the older ones. The European Barracks said to be the finest in India, since you were there, have all had an upper story added to them with large verandahs 12 feet wide, making then far healthier for the men; but for the last 15 years about, since there have been no European troops stationed there, it has been turned into Government Offices and the married men's quarters which were close by, let out to the residents both European and Native, and the Sergeant's Mess House is now the Club where there is a billiard table &c., Balls are also held there and the Canteen turned into the Library; on the South side of the Barracks there is the Main Guard, also prisoners cells which is now the offices of the public works. The fine Hospital three stories high surrounded by a high wall in a large compound is now the Civil Jail and was the place we all made for when the 19th Native Infantry mutinied in 1857; doubtless you have heard Berhampore was the first place the Mutiny broke out at. The Graveyard is clean, and no jungle about, but many of the tombs are in bad repair, of course the climate effecting brickwork after many years is the reason; it is surrounded by a brick wall and a man placed in charge. The town itself is no larger than it was, perhaps a few more pucca brick houses than formerly.

The Public Gardens are still as they were and during the cold weather people who have no compounds living in the Barrack-square are supplied with vegetables by paying Rs 5 a month in former years when Berhampur was a Military Station, these gardens were much used for moonlight picnics and amusements of an afternoon when the Band played.

Yours very faithfully

G. V: J

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DEPOT ITEMS.

Since last writing to you, great changes have taken place here, our esteemed Sergeant-Major has been promoted Quarter-Master of his old Battalion, *vice* Coombes deceased, and embarks on the 12th proximo for Calcutta, to take up his new duties, or I might say to continue those he carried on for years.

Sergt. Major Cumber has made himself extremely popular whilst at the Depôt, taking a great interest in cricket, shooting and all sports, and leaves, carrying with him the good wishes of all who have come in contact with him.

Information has been received here that H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief has approved of Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Boon, being promoted Qr.-Mr. of the 2nd Battn. *vice* Fairley placed on temporary half pay, and that notification of such would appear in an early Gazette, so we shall lose him in a few days after a long sojourn at the Depot.

Sergt. Winter and 48 recruits proceeded to join the Home Battn, on the 15th inst., Sergt. Hobson has been posted to the Permanent Staff, 3rd Battn. *vice* McConnell discharged to pension

Sergeants Peach and Adley, and 37 men arrived at Gosport from Fort William on 22nd April, and were transferred to Army Reserve on 26th inst.

Pts. Snell and Bainbridge have been found fit for further duty, and sent from Netley to Home Battn.

Sergt. C. Hollands has joined Depot from 2nd Battn. for duty *vice* Winter.

The 3rd Battn. assembled here on 4th inst., and proceeded same day to Shorncliffe for their 27 days annual training.

Pts. Austin, Merrall, Bing, Pack, Brown, and Pickford arrived at Gosport on 14th inst., and were transferred to Army Reserve on 17th inst.

Captain S. W. Marten, 3rd Battn. died at his residence Shalmsford near Canterbury on 1st inst.

No. 994 Pte. W. H James died at the Station Hospital Gosport, on 2nd April "Abscess of Liver," and 1049 Pte. W. Bates at sea on board H. M. S. Malabar 7th April 1891 "Tubercle of Lung."

Pte. Beilby is I hear doing duty in the Orderly Room at Deolali, with a view to his being appointed on the Staff of that Depot.

Altho' the weather is yet very cold and wet, Cricket is in full swing and the Depot team may be seen at practice every evening (Sunday excepted.) They have only played one match as yet, in which they were successful viz:— against Chartham Paper Mill Club.

No. 1989 Pte. T. E. Lipscomb has been granted a pension of 1s. per diem for life.

The following men have been discharged at Netley, and awarded pensions as shown opposite their respective names:—

2232 J. Beills, 6d, 12 months, conditionally.
1462 D. Fletcher, Rejected.
2332 G. Little, 6d, 12 months conditionally.
1041 W. C. Sexton, 7d, 12 months „
1268 A. T. Shears, „ „ „
2440 E. Stone, Rejected.
1433 A. Bloomfield, 7d. 12 months final.

No. 3450 Color Sergt. and acting Sergt.-Major James Swain, 1st Batn. Admitted to pension of 2s 7d. per diem in February 1881, after 22 years 5 months Service, 22 yrs. 2 mths. of which in India. Served in 62nd and 34th Regts. and on Unattached list. Appointed Musketry Instructor to Colonial Police, Straits Settlements. Pension transferred to Singapore 12th May, 1891.

The following are the names of some Old Buffs who have passed over to the majority:—

No. 214 Pte. Michael Walsh, 2nd Battn., died at Dartford Kent, 19th April '91 Aged 51 years Invalided after 21 years service February 1879, Pension 1s. 2d. per diem.

No. 82 Pte. John Marshall, 2nd Battn. died at Dunfermiline 6th May, 1891, Influenza, Aged 55 years. Invalided to pension of 1s. per diem after 18 ys. 6 mths. service, on 15th Feb. 1876.

No. 3340 Daniel McVicker, committed suicide by shooting himself at Ballinaloob, Co. Antrim, on 9th April 1891, Aged 56 years. Invalided to Pension of 1s. per diem August 1875 after 20 years sevices. Crimean, Turkish and China Medal.

No. 584 Sergt. John Sinnott, 1st Batt., died at Confine, Co. Clare, 4th April '91, aged 52 years. Invalided to pension of 1s 11d. per diem May 1879, after 20 years and 3 months Service. Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct with Gratuity of £5.

Major Otway Wemyss, late 3rd Buffs, at 30 Ovington Square; of Danesfort, Kilkenny.

OLD BUFF.

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TO THE HEROINE OF MANIPORE.

Appeared in 'The Indian Planter 27th May, '91

The world affirms, ! a woman's frame,
A lion heart contains, to shame,
The doughtiest deeds of sterner maw ;
Illustrious lady, History's page,
Will blazon forth from age to age,
Your deeds beneath base treachery's ban.

Firmly, midst hissing shot and shell,
Fighting rough soldiers, as they fell,
Bore you, fair girl, your noble part,
And barefoot, led the toilsome way,
Unflinchingly, from day to day,
Angelic being of matchless heart.!

Vain, the foul traitor's coward blow,
While England can such daughters show,
To match her sons with souls of might :
Stay crafty Russ, thy lustful hand,
Not yet, may Sclav, fair Ind command,
E'en woman guard Britannia's right!

BOGGLEY WALLAH.

WOMEN ON THE MARCH.

According to Sir James Turner, temp. 1627, every Regiment on the march should have a baggage master, who should see that every officers' baggage from the highest to the lowest, march according to rank and precedence. Ladies in carriages also to be driven according to their rank. Those on horse back were ordered to ride in no other place than where the baggage of the regiment to whom they belonged, but, he says, they are very often extravagant, gadding here and there, and therefore in some places they are put in companies, and have one or more of themselves to command and over see them. I have seen them ride, keep troop rank and file very well, after that Captain of theirs who led them, and they had a banner which one of them carried. Those who walk on foot must walk beside the baggage to which they belong. He says, as woman was created to be a helper of man, so women are great helpers in armies to their husbands, neither should they be rashly banished out of armies; sent away they may be sometimes for weighty considerations. At the long seige of Buda by Spinola, it was observed that married soldiers fared better, worked more vigorously, and were able to do more duty than bachelors, and the poor women their wives were called their husbands mules, by those who would have been glad to have had such mules for themselves.

Rudyard Kipling in his "Tommy this, and Tommy that," (which we all heard rendered by Colonel Chatterton recently,) re-echoes the sentiment expressed by Robert Burns years ago, as the following lines will show:—

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor.
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour.

The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger ;
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.

BURNS.

GYMKHANA.

We are often asked the meaning of the word Gymkhana, so will state for our readers, according to Colonel Yules and Burnels glossary of Anglo Indian colloquial words and phrases, the word is quite modern and was unknown 25 years ago (speaking 1886) they say the first use of it we can trace is on the authority of Major John Trotter, at Roorki, in 1861, when a gymkhana was instituted there. It is a fictitious word invented we believe in the Bombay Presidency, and probably based upon *gend khana (ball house)* the name usually given in India to a racquet court. It is applied to a place of public resort at a Station where the needful facilites for athletics and games of sorts are provided, including a skating rink, a lawn tennis ground and so forth. The word is also applied to a meeting for such sports.

BIRTH

NICHOLAS.—At Fort William on the 23rd, inst. the wife of Quarter-Master Sergt, W. H. Nicholas of a daughter.

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THE SWINGING PUNKAH.

It is said. the swinging punkah as in use at the present day, was the device of an Eurasian clerk, whose work lay in one of the small roofed rooms of the present Fort William, and who one day being driven frantic by heat and mosquitoes, slung the half of his camp table, at which he was writing, to a beam over head, and attached a rope to it, which he put into the hands of a bewildered coolie, with instructions to '*kincho.*' If this story is true, we soldiers had not punkhas in India in olden times, and we ought to be thankful to this Eurasian clerk for conferring such a benefit on us. Is there no means of finding out his name.? Such a benefactors name ought to be handed down to fame."

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

Lieut. Colonel H. D. Harrison rejoined from leave on the 19th inst., and resumed command of the Battalion.

Major J. W. Hind is expected to rejoin on the 30th inst., on Major C. J. B Stewart, Seaforth Highlanders, resuming command of the Depot, Jalapahar.

Captain R. E. Philips has passed the examination in subjects (*a*) and (*b*) qualifying him for promotion to rank of Major.

Lieut. Eales has returned from Field Service in Manipur, and resumed the appointment of Brigade Signalling Instructor.

Lieut. N. Macpherson proceeded on ten days leave on 12th inst.,

Sergt. Clifton took over the duties of Pay Sergt, of "H" Company *vice* Color Sergt. Hoar, who proceeded on Service to Chakardarpur in aid of Civil power, on the 16th May.

Schoolmaster G. A. Steele proceeded to Jalapahar on leave for one month during the Midsummer Holidays.

Schoolmistress Taylor has proceeded to Jalapahar to take over the duties of Schoolmistress of the Depot there.

Intimation has been received from the Adjt. General in India, that all short service men whose time will expire by the 15th November next, will proceed to England during the ensuing trooping season.

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officers and men became entitled to prizes of ~~Rs~~ 10 each, for efficiency in Army Signalling at the last inspection:—1191 Sergt. C. Carnell, 1171 Sergt. G. Cork, 1390 Corpl J. Montgomery, 1367 Pts. J. Greenwood, 1181 A. E. Hurd, 1819 J. Moth, 1134 M. Clancy, 1114 G. Latimer.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments:—

To be Sergt Master Tailor:—

Pte. J. George *vice* Godfrey to A. R. 5-4-61

To be Sergeants:—

1147 Lc.-Sgt. J. F. Stirke *vice* Keeler 18-4-91,.
2747 ,, E. Goose *vice* Peach, to A.R. 26-4-91
3073 ,, W. Tozer ,, Adley, ,, 26-4-91

To be Acting Sergeant;—

No. 1304 Lance Sergeant J. Tomlin.

To be Lce.-Sergts. with pay:—

1419 Lc.-Sgt. W. Cox *vice* Stirke prmtd 18-4-91
2416 ,, J Alderton ,, Goose ,, 26-4-92
2291 ,, R. Cogger ,, Tozer ,, 26-4-91

To be Lance Sergeants.—

771 Corporal E. P. Edwards, 1276 Corpl. W. Rogers, 1084 J. Harlow.

To be Corporals:—

2983 Cpl. H Nossiter *vice* Thorne to A.R. 5-4-91
2586 Lc.-Cpl. T Else ,, Stirke promoted 18-4-91
1190 ,, J. Willis ,, Mc'Dowel revtd 26-4-91
1543 ,, J. Hall ,, Goose promoted 26-4-91
1 ,, G. Holmes ,, Tozer ,, 26:4-91

To be paid Lance Corporals:—

1547 Lc.-Cpl. A. Pelling *vice* Else protd 18-4-91
521 ,, J. Pickett ,, Willis ,, 21-4-91
294 ,, J. Fuller ,, Hall ,, 26-4-91
407 ,, J. Wilson ,, Holmes ,, 26-4-92

Lce.-Sergeant Edwards was appointed Band Corpl. *vice* Sergt. Tozer promoted 26-4-91.

The undermentioned man was transferred to the 2nd Battn. Kings Own Yorkshire Light Infantry on 17th April 1891, on his taking up the appointment of Orderly Room Sergt. to the Depot, Deolali:—Pte. E. A. Bielby.

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The undermentioned recruit enlisted at Silchar Assam, on the 25th May 1891, and is posted to "H" Company:—Recruit Ernest Albert Keats

The undermentioned men were transferred to the Army Reserve in India to take up employment. respectively, in the Calcutta Police and the Titaghur Mills:—No. 90 Pte. W. H. Baker, 27th May 1891. No 290 Pte. Thomas Arthur, 26th May 1891.

Armourer Sergt. W. Kemp has been appointed to the Battn. and posted to "A" Company.

Lce.-Corpl. S. W. Johnson has been transferred to the Unattached List, and promoted to the rank of Sergeant, P. W. D. from 16th March, 1891.

Sergt. W. Hunt. has been granted a furlough from the 15th June to the 14th August 1891.

The undermentioned man has changed his name to Thomas Manning:—2798 Pte. T. Ward

The undermentioned man having been transferred from 15th Field Battery, Royal Artillery, with effect from the 31st May 1891, he is taken on the strength of the Battalion from the 1st April inclusive and posted to Letter "B', Company.

Pte A. Oliver.

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officers and men are granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and from the dates specified opposite their names.

2887	Pte. F. Goodban,	1d	31-5-91
1251	„ E Foster,	2d	2-6-91
1840	Lc.-Corpl. W. Castle,	2d	15-6-91
1854	Pte. R. McCalla,	2d	17-6-91
1858	„ E. Thresher	2d	22-6-91
1824	Lce.-Corpl H. Bradford	2d	11-6-91
1855	Pte. J. Brown	2d	12-6-91
1827	„ T. Davis	2d	8-6-91
2457	„ A. Homewood	1d	12-6-91
1561	„ T. Constable	2d	23-6-91
1819	„ J. Moth	2d	4-6-91
1809	„ A Chapman	2d	28-5-91
1548	„ T Carlton	2d	2-5-91
1508	„ F. Hunt	2d	1-5-91
1791	„ W Griffin	2d	19-5-91
1442	„ B Barton	1d	13-6-91
1934	„ T Lapitina	2d	20-6-91
1482	„ P Slattery	2d	3-6-91
2671	„ L R Taylor	1d	20-6-91
1652	„ E Pitcher	2d	28-3-91
1825	„ C Ansell	2d	11-6-91
1978	„ J Hickey	5d	17-6-91
1832	„ T Willmott	2d	13-6-91
2460	„ T Huckstepp	1d	9-5-91
1869	„ A Keable	2d	25-6-91
1796	„ A Matthews	2d	22-5-91
2868	„ J Harris	1d	29-4-91
1766	„ A Raward	3d	10-5-91
1770	„ J Dartnell	2d	12-5-91
129	„ J Dove Restored	1d	14-5-91
1227	„ W Garner „	1d	7-3-91
2555	„ A Manning	1d	22-4-91
1783	„ W Salter	2d	19-5-91
907	„ W Sheen Restored	1d	26-6-91
1799	„ G Drury	2d	27-5-91
2856	„ J Johnson	1d	25-4-91
2846	„ A Miller	1d	25-3-91
1731	„ J Cashen	3d	23-4-91
1769	„ W Fyles	2d	15-5-91
2873	„ S Pluck	1d	10-5-91
2327	„ J Galvin	1d	6-4-91
1637	„ F Kingsford	2d	24 3.91
1464	„ E Cross	3d	26-5-91
2883	„ H Ward	1d	23-5-91
2882	„ H Knox	1d	23-5.91
1749	Lce.-Corpl. W Marsh	2d	4-5.91
1753	Pte. S Dean	2d	28-4-91
2871	„ A Williams	1d	6.5.91
1589	„ G Curry	3d	9.4.91
1479	„ A E Redsell Restored	1d	24.5.91
2596	„ W Kemp Granted	1d	20.4.91
2794	„ A Attaway	2d	25.5,91

The following remarks by his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India on the inspection of the Battalion by Major General Viscount Frankfort, at Fort William, Calcutta, on the 13th March 1891, is published for the information of all concerned.

I inspected the 1st Battalion East Kent Regt. (The Buffs) at Calcutta last January and was much pleased with the general appearance and turn out of the men. They are clean, steady under arms, and their smartness in the performance of all their duties show they are carefully drilled.

The conduct of the men is exceptionally good, this being the case in a city like Calcutta, speaks well for the system of discipline.

In Musketry the Battalion is very efficient, it stands sixth on the list with the satisfactory Figure of merit of 159-35, having gained 10.99 points since last year.

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BARS FROM THE BARRACK-ROOM.

No. 3.

THE SONG OF THE MAN OF KENT.

Oh carry me back to those halcyon days,
Those days, long since vanished and spent,
When in boyhood I caro'led, my blythe, careless lays,
In the broad, smiling meadows of Kent.

When I sped to the meads, ere the high soaring lark,
In the skies, trilled its clear throated song,
And returned to the farm, when the night shadows, dark,
Brought an end to another day long.

And the sable plumed thieves of the harvest, that caw,
I watched them, both early and late,
Surprising those birds, with a lusty guffaw,
As I gobbled fat pork, on a gate.

But times since have altered, in three stripes of gold,
And a sash, of a bright crimson hue,
In The Buffs you should see me, a full sergeant bold,
My way through Calcutta, pursue.

No longer a swede, my great efforts commend,
Up the ladder I've worked by degrees;
Guide, Marker, Philosopher, Parent and Friend,
On thirty six monthly rupees!

A plague on this greatness, this swaggering display!
Which brings me, both sorrow and pain,
Roll on 93!, when I hie me away,
To the turnips of Kent, once again.

Hurrah for the joys of a farmer's glad life;,
To the old Kentish. fields let me wend;
On twelve bob a week, with a garden and wife.
I ll live out my days, to the end.

So carry me back to those halcyon days,
Those days, long since vanished and spent.
When in boyhood I carolled my blythe careless lays,
In the broad, smiling meadows of Kent.

"BOGGLEY WALLAH."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRAHMIN CHANCER- Thanks for your story, owing to want of space we cannot publish it this month.

ONE OF D COMPANY—We think that the best remedy for what you complain of, would be, to play ALL company football ties, and as many matches as possible, on the Maidan, which is in every particular a better, and cooler ground than the one in the Fort, adjacent to the Dalhousie Barracks.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regimental Papers.

The Sprig of Shillelagh. The XXX. The 5 and 9. I'm Ninty-five. The Tiger and the Rose.

FOOTBALL.

SERGEANTS THE BUFFS *v.* DALHOUSIE.

This match was played on the Buff's ground in the Fort, on Saturday, the 6th June, and resulted in a win for the visitors, by two goals to nil. The sergeants were in more than one instance rather unfortunate, especially on the occasion, when Sergt. Behrens ran the ball splendidly from one end of the field to the other and gained what was thought to be a goal; it was however disallowed by the umpire, owing to the ball having fouled one of the spectators. On the whole it was a good game, although the home team did not appear to be in their best form.

Sergeants The Buffs *v.* Sohva Bazaar.

This match was played on Wednesday 17th June on the Sohva Bazaar Ground. In consequence of the excessive heat it proved a very hard and trying game. and resulted in a draw.

Corporals The Buffs, *v.* 21st S.D.R.A.

This match was played on Tuesday 9th June and was won by the corporals by 8 goals to nil.

"F" Company The Buffs *v.* Hastings Club. RUGBY.

After a dispute decided in favour of "F" Company by 1 try to nil.

Regimental Association Cup ties.

1st Round.

'E' *v.* 'G' won by 'G' by one goal to nil (after 4 drawn games).

'F' *v* 'H' won by 'H' by 2 goals to 1.

'B' *v* 'D' „ 'B' „ 2 „ 1. (after 1 draw game).

'A' *v.* 'C' won by 'A' by 2 goals to 1.

2nd Round.

'A' *v.* 'H' won by 'H' by 2 goals to nil.

'B' *v.* 'G' „ 'B' „ 2 „ nil.

Final.

'A' *v.* 'H.' won by 'H' by 1 goal to nil.

The Buff's Regimental Association Challenge Cup.

Before a concourse of spectators, chiefly military, the final inter-Company tie for the Association cup; was played off on Monday

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evening last, on the drill square, and resulted after an excellent game, in a thoroughly well deserved win for "H" Company.

The quite unexpected form displayed by "B" on the previous Saturday, when they defeated their redoubtable opponents of "G" Company by two goals to nil, upsetting thereby the calculations of the Regimental wiseacres who considered the cup a "cert" for "G"; imparted additional interest in the final struggle for the much prized trophy.

Punctually at 5.30., the ball was kicked off and immediately was driven in the direction of "B" Company's goal at the Chowringhee Gate end of the ground.

It soon became evident that "B" had all its work cut out to defend itself from the repeated attacks of its stronger adversaries. Some superb goal shots by Pte. Evans of "H" earned appreciative applause.

When half time was called, nothing had been scored, but the superiority of "H" was plainly discernible from the fact that the ball scarcely ever left the neighbourhood of "B" Company's goal.

The second half of the game was almost similar to the first, the weaker side being mainly occupied in repelling the determined onslaughts of "H" Company.

Pte. Harding on the left wing, succeeded in getting the ball through the posts of "B" an appeal of 'offside' being set aside by the referee.

The game ended in a win for "H" by one goal to nil.

Quite the feature of the match was the fine play of Evans of "H" whose brilliant shots at goal and general all round form was a treat to witness.

Football purists might object to the method of play adopted with much success by the Captain of "H," who does not confine himself to his post of centre but, follows the ball all over the field, like an epidemic on the rampage scattering confusion and destruction wherever he may go; but as this high pressure style suits the champion, by all means let him pursue it.

One of those sentimental little incidents which like a touch of nature, makes the whole "Buff world kin," occurred when Colonel H. D. Harrison at the conclusion of the match, presented the cup to the Captain of the winning team and in a neat and manly little speech, touched on the advantages to be derived from the pursuit of out-door sports in a country where idleness and sloth too often lead to a '*mens insana in corpore insano.*'

Later on in the evening, the choicest brands of Commissariat nectar were broached by the two teams in the Liquor bar, where they in friendly converse, fought their battles o'er again.

NAMES OF WINNING TEAM.

Wardle—goal. Manning & Cronin—backs. Corpl. Tennant, Mears and Reynolds—half-backs. Corpl. Golds, Pte. Harding—left-wing. Corpl. Pickett, Hales—right wing. Evans—centre.

"DROP KICK."

N.B.—Captains of teams playing matches are requested to send in the result not later than the 22nd of each month.

WITH THE MUNIPUR EXPEDITION.

(Continued from our last.)

After a days rest at Nungba we marched to the Irang river a distance of about fourteen miles, reaching there about 11.30 a.m. The Irang is crossed by a Manipuri suspension bridge made with wire and bamboo. Cholera was very bad here amongst both Gurkhas and coolies the 18th B.I. however was almost free from it. About seven p.m. we received orders to pack up and march at once as during the seven or eight hours we had been there no less than 58 fresh cases of cholera and ten deaths had occurred, and this out of a garrison of about 100 men. Fortunately it was a fine moonlight night, so the march was not so hard as it otherwise would have been, but still it was more than we cared for at the time, tired as we were with the mornings march, and clearing camp all day. The Europeans got the best of it though, as we found the advance guard, leaving the Sepoys to come on with the baggage. After about four hours march up hill we arrived at the Kanpum Stockade. This is where we expected fighting as the enemy had strongly garrisoned it with 2000 men and two guns, but owing to Lieut. Grant's capture and subsequent defence of Thobal they had withdrawn this force, to reinforce the army attacking him. a few hours before the Gurkhas (who were ordered to carry the stockade) arrived. It is the strongest

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stockade I have ever seen, situated between two peaks of a mountain, and the road runs between; in fact as a British officer said "with my company of Tommies here, I would defy an army." After passing through the stockade and descending for about a mile, we came on to a large plateau about five miles long and three broad; we marched across this to where a temporary godown was being built, and halted fairly done up, luckily there was a detachment of the Frontier Police here so we had to furnish no sentries. The next morning we found that we should have stopped near the stockade, as it was impossible to open a signal station from where we were, so we had to march back again about four miles; building a hut took up the remainder of the day, and on the 26th after about four hours clearing bamboo jungle we opened communication with Nungba. This was the last station we opened, as we had to hand over our transport to the Commissariat Department to try and get some rations forwarded, as no one now had more than four or five days rations with them, and no more within 30 or 40 miles. On the 1st May we went out on reconnaisance duty up the Limeatuk range to fix a position for the next signal station. While there we met a party of the Surma Valley Light Horse, who told us that the column was retiring as the war was over. This was very disappointing, as we had been within three marches of Manipur Imphal, since the 26th. During the day, the whole column with the exception of the 1st-2nd Gurkhas who were left behind on Garrison duty arrived. On the 2nd May we commenced our march back and arrived at Godam Ghat; on the 6th the river being fuller than when we went up we were able to take boats from here and arrived at Silchar, on the 8th, here we took the steamer to Fenchugunge arriving there the next day, so doing in about 24 hours a journey, it took us five days to do last month. At Fenchugunge we changed steamers and left for Goalunda arriving there about 5 p.m., on the 13th. Owing to the stations here being on sand there are no waiting rooms, offices, or even platforms, but instead, a boat is moored near the bank. During the time we were waiting for the rain a heavy thunderstorm came on and broke this boat away from her moorings and washed it about a mile out towards the centre of the river, they managed to anchor her as soon as the storm was over and took the troops on shore in boats just in time to catch the train. We arrived in Fort William on the 14th May, after an absence of five weeks, and though we saw no fighting we had plenty of hard work, but no one was sorry for that, as I think all profited by the experience obtained and are only waiting for another chance.

LITERARY COMPETITION.

The prize of Rs. 5 has been awarded to "*Dismiss*," for his essay. The subject for next months competition is—*How I came to enlist and my early experience as a Soldier.*

ON GUARD.

"Come and do your Picquet Boys, come and do your Guard, 'tis not very easy Boys 'tis not very hard.

So says the Bugle call at 5.45 a.m. and if it is our turn for what the guard-coolie calls *naukree* it would go hard with us if we are not on the spot selected for Guard Mounting Parade to answer our names at the call of the Orderly Sergeant at the last note of the bugle. Oh what a searching inspection the Adjutant makes of clothing and accoutrements, and if a speck of dust or dirt is found on either, down goes your name in the minor report, and the morrow records a tale of woe in the history of your soldiering. Inspection over and all found fit, we are marched to our Guard under charge of the Sergeant who commands the Guard, where we are told off to the various posts where we have to pass eight weary hours 'sentry go.' Three men are told off for each post, and the hours for duty are two on and four off, not such a hard time of it after all, but still it is not an enviable duty to perform in bad weather at night, and I remember a soft looking recruit once saying, "I'd sooner spend fifty nights in bed, than one on Guard," which went far towards proving that he was not so silly as he looked.

There is a long "*Board of Orders*" for every post which the Corporal reads over to the sentries when he posts them, and it is a remarkable feature that "*Case 'o fire 'larm the Guard*" is always the last injunction, and which in fact is generally the only one that seems to be in harmony with the requirements of the locality. Fancy being locked up in a dark empty corridor

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"*To take charge of all government and private property within view of his post.*" Truly a ridiculous position to find yourself in, but one which I have experienced on more than one occasion. There are some posts however which are of great importance. Treasury chests, Government Stores, etc., of course require looking after with the greatest zeal. But we have succeeded by our constant vigilence in preventing the escape of an empty coal yard, the sentry box, and board of orders, and after two hours dreary solitude we are indeed relieved to see the relief marching towards us to relieve us from our present responsibility. We have now four hours leisure at our disposal, but we must not leave the Guard room without obtaining permission from the Sergeant, who by the way is as regimental as a glengarry cap, and invariably looks at the clock and says "make haste back." When off sentry the men pass the time in reading, smoking, eating and sleeping, and my gracious! can't the Corporal' '*get his eye down.*" I often wish I was a corporal to go on guard to post sentries and sleep, for though I don't know much about posting sentries, I think the sleeping bizness would come kind o' natural to me.

I havn't any particular liking for niggers, but when I go on guard I must say I have a good deal of respect for the guard coolie, who on these occasions is the *naukree-Wallha's* right hand man. He carries our bedding to and from the guard-room, brings our meals, and is always willing for the promise of 'baksheesh' to go to the barrack-room and ask the orderly corporal to send any little article we may have forgotten to bring on with us. Perhaps I left my pipe or 'bacca on my cot, or may be I would like to read a book which I have on my shelf, and on all these occasions the guard coolie is always willing to oblige.

The Field Officer of the week, and the Orderly Officer visits the guard once by day and once by night, and woe unto the individual who is slow in turning out with the guard, or the Sentry who does not know his orders like a recitation, for he is sure to have to walk the carpet on the morrow.

Some of the men take socks or shawls on guard with them to knit or crochet, and indeed everyone seems to employ their time as pleasantly as in the Barrack-room. "Everything or anything for a change," is a soldiers motto, and perhaps 24 hours on guard now and then is as good a change as any other, but it is an old saying, "*you can get too much of a good thing*," and so none are sorry when the tour of duty is over, and I for one am always glad when the Sergeant says "*Dismiss.*"

ON GUARD.

(*By the Field Officer of the week.*)

"Hailo Hookumdar? Gairturnoot. Ishtan gran roons adwanst wan and giw ze coontersign. Adwanst gran roons and aahl ishwell."

The above greeting (which is not Dutch, nor Chinese, but just plain English out of the drill book, spelt as our Aryan brother pronounces it,) the above greeting I say, having been spoken, I was advancing towards the Bank of Bengal Guard, when with a blood curdling yell of "Hookemdar"? the sentry in the gateway brought his bayonet to the charge, and but for the jump I gave at this unexpected shout, I should have been spitted like a lark. I was so startled at this, that I forgot all about drill books and Hindustani, and all the rest of my education, and laying hold of his bayonet put it to one side, saying "Shoulder your arms my good man, and don't be an ass," and indeed having since consulted the drill book (latest edition) I don't see that I could have done better. That is the latest experience I have had with Guards.

It is now many years since I last took a sentrys orders, and Mr. Atkins has made such strides in education, that I suppose it is not so amusing as it was in my younger days. A sentry once informed me that his duty was 'to prowl about the banquet, and prevent anyone scraping the parafoot,' and another said he was 'to prevent tobacco or other *forbidden fruit* being passed into the hospital,' these two cases came within my own knowledge. Of course the readers of *The Dragon* have all heard the old stock stories, 'In case of fire to shoot the nearest policeman, and 'not to allow any crows to stray on the parade ground.'

Brigade Majors and Adjutants used to delight in writing the sentries orders in the biggest and hardest words they could use, and there was one

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word in particular which used to be a terrible stumbling block:—'Vicinity,' This used to become, *vignity*, *vincity*, *virginity*, and all sorts of things.

Lastly if you are challenged by a sentry, it is unnecessary to give him your name. A newly joined Officer once got into trouble by this. 'Halt who comes there,' says the sentry,' Brown' says he, 'What rounds?, 'Why, Jack Brown of the ——th you bally fool'! So the sentry ran him into the guard room as a suspicious character.

A DILEMMA.

"Have you ever been in a Dilemma Tommy?" I was asked one day, "Yes" I said, and I thought a serious one too at the time. It happened thus. It is not a long time ago, I was going to Agra, I got into a train at ——— Station, (I'll not mention the name) I had only just taken my seat. when boxes and portmanteaus came one after the other into my carriage, carried by coolies, in fact it was nearly filled with them, and I began to think I had made a mistake, and got into the baggage van; afterwards smaller boxes came, then wonderful flower pots with ferns, and last of all, two bird cages, with noisy parrots. I thought to myself, only a lady could defy the railway authorities, and have the audacity to carry so much personal baggage in a railway carriage. Next came an 'Ayah' (a native female servant) to the carriage door, this I could not stand, and I told her in my best Hindustani to *jao*, as this was a Sahibs compartment, she bolted, muttering something like "Mem Sahibs as well." The train was about to start, when who should come to my carriage, but a lady with the same old ayah, with a baby and bottles and such like paraphernalia, whether they were all for the lady, the ayah, or the baby I don't know as I am not learned in the subjects of babies. I protested to the lady against her coming into my carriage; said it was for men only, but I gave in on being informed by her, all the baggage in the carriage belonged to herself and her baby I told her the railway people had allowed her a great deal of personal baggage, and I did not know where she could sit down, She told me she had a dog and cat to come in yet, and sent the ayah for them. She got into my carriage, and I gave her my seat, (all the rest being taken up with boxes &c.,) which she promptly took, and I made the best of it by sitting on a box. The train was just on the point of starting and she asked me to call the guard, and then jumped up and said, "I cannot go without my dog, will you hold the baby till I go and look for it, it is in the baggage office and that stupid ayah will never bring it." I told her I had never handled a baby before and that I might drop it, and it was much better for her to lose the dog than the baby. 'You must' she said, 'hold the baby, it never cries, and is the sweetest and cleanest little baby in the world', and she gave me a bundle of shawls, and I suppose there was a baby somewhere in them. She had not been gone a minute before there was a tremendous hulla-balloo inside the bundle. I looked out of the window to see if the lady was coming, but could see nothing. The guard came past, and I told him how I had been saddled with a baby, and he said, I am very sorry for you, the train must start, and the train began moving, "Well" I said to myself, "*here's a go.*" I believe the old vixen has saddled the baby on me to get rid of it. Thoughts flashed like lightning through me. What shall I do with it when I get to Agra. I am unknown there, and nobody will believe my story. I had just been reading in a paper, of a young woman sending a baby in a hamper by parcel post, to a fictious address, and I thought this was another dodge to get rid of one in India.

The train as I have said was moving, and I looked out of the door with the intention of jumping out of the carriage with baby and all, when I heard whistling and saw flags signalling from the Station, and finally the train pulled up. Presently I saw with joy, (I cannot tell how much) a lady, an ayah and a dog coming leisurely to my carriage, and the first thing the owner of the baby said to me was, 'I have got my dog, and I hope baby has been good." I can assure you, "boys" my heart jumped into my mouth, when I found I had got out of a dilemma *with peace and honor.*

Tommy.

Note.—This is a true story and happened to the writer not long ago in India.

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ANOTHER ROUTE TO MUNIPUR,
VIA KOHIMA.

From Calcutta, the easiest way to get at Munipur is *via* Kohima, the journey taking at the present time about a fortnight. Starting from Sealdah, the train puts you out at Sareghaut, where having crossed the river comfortably in a steamer, another train is waiting on the other side, a train dignified by the name of the 'Assam Mail,' and in it, one is whirled to Parbatipur, here troubles begin; first one ferry, then a belt of sand, over which a trolly runs, and then another ferry, both crossed in country boats, these have all to be borne with patience, and after the last ferry, a tiny train is found which bustles the weary traveller down to the Brahmapootra, and on the river steamer, one has at length, some time to look round, and to enjoy, what is in truth a most pleasant trip for two days up the river. From Dubri where one embarks, the first place of any note, that the steamer stops at, is Goolpara, lying at the foot of a hill, and close to a narrow bend of the river, where the current runs very strong. Years ago, a Fakir, used to take his stand at the bend of the river, and curse any steamer that dared to pass, without paying his toll. in the shape of a goat, and the story goes, that one steamer, whose skipper refused to pay, spent all day in trying to get past the bend, during which time the air was rent with the Fakir's curses. At night the native crew, fearing a disaster, privately sent over a goat, and in the morning the steamer got safely past. On the hill are several graves of English officers, (over 100 years old), who fell in the old frontier fights. Gowhatty, a showy little station is the landing place for Shillong, and boasts of a club and a Deputy Commissioner, but the show place is Teypur, where half a Battn. Gurkhas is usually quartered, here are some curious old carved stones, lying in great numbers over the whole station, and of a nature that would shock any Mrs. Grundy. These stones are most cleverly carved and must be very old, and no really sound theory has yet been started, as to who the carvers could have been. The river journey ends at Nigriting, a collection of shanties and native huts, and here one sees the last of the Brahmapootra with its shoals and its sand-banks, where crocodiles are generally basking, giving good practice for revolver shooting. From Nigriting, one travels up, as best one can, usually in a bullock cart to Golaghaut, formerly an old Frontier Station, and one of the chief places in Assam. Only so lately as 10 years ago, Golaghaut was besieged by the Naga Hill tribes, who after a good deal of trouble, were finally driven back. From Golaghaut, one enters the Namha Forest, the scenery in parts is hard to beat anywhere for grandeur, and solemn stillness, herds of wild elephants, and game of all sorts abound in these jungles. and more especially in travelling at night in country carts does one realize this, if you hear, as is quite common, your driver shouting and yelling at wild animals of sorts, generally tigers or bears, to get out of the road. Half way through the forest are some curious hot springs, by a freak of nature, surrounded on three sides by a sparkling stream. One finally emerges after about 60 miles, out of the Namha forests and finds oneself at Nichugard, a small station at the foot of the Naga Hills. Here coolie transport begins, the carriers being Nagas, a splendid race of men, not much troubled with clothes, and who will carry a 30lb load 20 miles, and then walk back the 20 miles in a day, and think nothing of it. These Najas are a curious race: to quote an old phrase, morals, they have none, but on the other hand their customs are charming, and hospitality unbounded. Their fields under cultivation, have numbers of small white sticks put up in them, these are to frighten away the rats, who at time have created great havoc; another curious rural sight, are rows of bamboo poles, about 30 yards apart and joined with strips of bark—looking, like so many clothes lines—these are to keep off the crows and other birds, and are in fact, a most efficient scarecrow. From Nichugard a stiff and a long climb of about 35 miles brings one to Kohima—the Frontier Station, on the Naga Hills, with an ordinary garrison of about 500 men. So lately as seven years ago Kohima was beseiged by the Nagas, and, but for the aid of the Munipur Army, would undoubtedly have been captured. Now, (April 19th) it is the starting place for the Kohima Field Force, and filled with Gurkhas, all keen for marching straightway into Munipur and as a Havildar remarked "we shall then charge into the Palace."

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ODDS AND ENDS.

General Drayson (who had a wholesome antipathy to red-tape) in his *Experiences of a Woolwich Professor during Fifteen Years at the Royal Military Acadamy*, relates the following as one of his Indian experiences:—

"In order to draw his pay, it was necessary to forward on the last day of each month a certificate stating that the individual was then alive." During the months of June and July I was travelling in the Himalayas, in wild districts where no Englishman was within miles. On my return to Simla, I forwarded a certificate on the 31st August, stating that I was alive, and requesting that my pay for June, July, and August, should be paid to my bankers. In reply I received a communication saying that my pay for August would be credited to me but, that there was no certificate to prove that I was alive in June or July.

An old Chelsea pensioner seated on the Embankment was lamenting the death of a comrade. "Poor old chap! How shall I get on without him?" "Were you very much attached to him, then? inquired a bystander "Twarnt altogether that, Sir," replied the old soldier; "but you see, he'd lost his left leg, and I've lost my right. We shared a pair of boots between us, and now its ten to one whether there's another in the hospital whose feet are the same size as mine."

With no one was the late Colonel Burnaby more popular than with his own troopers, and numerous are the stories told, of the geniality and goodness of heart, of the well known Guardsman. The regimental rule of the Blues is that the peak of the helmet shall rest over the nose. Burnaby's own 'War-hat' was, however generally worn well to the back, like a caubeen, but 'Don't do as I do, but as I tell you' was the Colonel's principle, and he punished a trooper for disregard of the helmet order. Some time afterwards when the trooper had left the service, Burnaby chanced to meet him one day. "Ah, my lad," he said, "glad to see you! I want you to have something to remember me by. Go and buy a new hat."—handing the extrooper a five-pound note. "Buy a good one, and *wear it how you like.*"

A young Subaltern was watching his Colonel who was engaged in an unequal contest with his war-horse.

"He's going to fall over his tail—no, over his head—no, over his tail! Heads or tails? I bet on tails! Crack—tails! I've won."!

The Colonel who had overheard this monologue picked himself up after his sudden descent, and remarked, "Sir, you will consider yourself under arrest, betting on parade is not allowed.',

---

Corpl. to trooper: "Why is the blade of your sword slightly curved instead of straight?"

Trooper: "It is curved to give more force to the blow."

Corpl: "Humbug! the sword is curved so that it will fit the scabbard. If it were straight how could you get it into the crooked scabbard, blockhead?"

A little boy was reading in his Scottish history an account of the battle of Bannockburn.

He read as follows:—"And when the English Army saw the new army on the hill behind, their spirits became damped."

The teacher asked him what was meant by "damping their spirits," the boy, not comprehending the meaning, simply answered:—

"Pittin water in their whuskey."!

The following paragraph appeared some time ago in a provincial newspaper:—

"An Extraordinary Thing.—There took place yesterday in a stable one of the most astonishing occurrences. A horse took out the bung from a water-barrel with the intention of quenching his thirst." To this another paper answered:—"We do not see that this is an extraordinary case at all.

If the horse had taken the barrel from the bung-hole, and had quenched his thirst with the bung: or if the bung-hole had, taken the barrel out of the bung, and quenched its thirst with the horse; or if the horse had taken out the barrel: or if the bung had taken out the horse from the bung-hole and quenched his thirst with the barrel; or if the bunghole had taken out the thirst from the horse, and quenched the bung with the barrel—then it would be worth while to occupy oneself with the affair, and call it an astonishing occurrence.

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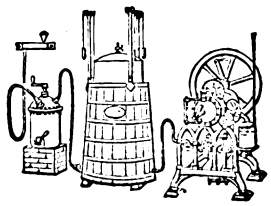
The  Buffs'

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THE DRAGON

EAST KENT CHRONICLE,

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 52. **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, JULY 31st, 1891.** Price 2 As.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTHS.

TACCHI—At Canterbury on the 9th June, 1891, the wife of Sergt. W. Tacchi, O. R. C., Depôt, The Buffs, of a daughter.

TURNER—At Jalapahar on the 12th inst., the wife of Sergt. E. Turner, The Buffs, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

EATON-LEARY—At St Peters, Fort William, on the 15th inst., Sergt. G. Eaton, The Buffs, to Dora Leary, *relict* of the late Sergt. D. Leary.

NOTES.

OUR new Quarter-Master, Mr. H. C. Cumber, arrived on the 15th inst., and to judge by the welcome he received on all hands, a more popular selection could not have been made. His three years Sergeant-Major-ship at the Depôt seems to have agreed well with him, for he is looking if anything, younger than when he left us in Ranikhet.

He was entertained at the Officers' Mess the night he joined from England. Colonel Harrison in proposing his health made a very neat speech, and the health was drunk with great enthusiasm and accompanied by musical honors, the band playing and the Officers singing "For he's a jolly good fellow," finishing up with three hearty cheers. Mr. Cumber replied in a neat speech.

* * *

It is with deep regret that we have just heard of the death of Mrs. Coombes, wife of our late Quarter-Master. No details have been received, but we know that the greatest sympathy will be felt for Miss Coombes in her double bereavement.

* * *

We have enlarged our paper this month, so as to give a full account of our Annual Sports, which took place on the 6th, 7th, and 8th insts. All who witnessed them will agree that they were the most unqualified success, and great credit is due to the Committee for the manner in which they were conducted.

* * *

After the conclusion of the sports on the last day, 8th inst., Lady Elliot very kindly presented the prizes, and had a few kind words for each prize winner. Pte. Else was one of those who

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received several prizes, which elicited the remark "What *else* can I give you."

* * *

The prizes were artistically arranged on a table, and a splendid show they made. The money prizes were enclosed in pretty bags, made by Mrs. Featherstone, and we are sure the winners doubly appreciated their money from such dainty bags.

* * *

Surely the word Magdala is spelt wrong on Lord Napier's statue on the Maidan. We never knew before that it should be Magdalla. Which is correct?

* * *

Perhaps many of our readers may have noticed Babus walking out of Fort William with new shoes, which they have purchased in the Fort Bazaar, and have wondered why they should get them there The reason given by the Babus themselves is, that the Fort shoes are so much better as they are made by *European Soldiers at night time.*

Fancy Tommy working overtime making Babu's shoes! The idea is certainly a rich one, but we suppose it "pays the *mooch*"!

* * *

Can it be true that the advice given by one of the Color Sergeants to the men of the last draft, "Was to lock up one key of their kit boxes in the boxes, while they kept the duplicate key in their pockets, so that in case they lost the latter, there would be no necessity to break the locks."?

* * *

Whatever can have happened to "Nobby," our 2nd Battn. Correspondent? For two months now we have had no news from him, and as there are so many old 2nd Battn. men among us, his letter was always welcome, and full of news.

* * *

We are glad to hear that Mr. Jno. Timlin, *late* of The Buffs whose case we referred to a short time since, has received the Bronze Medal and certificate from the Royal Humane Society, for saving the lives of three boys, on three different occasions, in the River Witham, at Lincoln.

* * *

We must congratulate Mr. G. Boon who has just been promoted Quarter-Master of the 2nd Battalion. As Quarter-Master Sergeant of the Depôt, no doubt he was well known by a large number of our readers.

Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

Mister Dragon.

Surr,

Well ye plase tell me, as I'm dyin' o'grief to know, in what county is

CNOCANNACURRAGHCOOISH,

Near Boherbuoy.

Its not the Boherbuoy in County Limerick I mane, they tells me there is another. Plase tell me Misther "*jeldi*" as I want to write to me Colleen.

I is, me darlint yours,

Macgillicuddy of the Reeks.

[*The following was intended for insertion in last month's Dragon, Ed.*]

To the Editor of The Dragon,

Sir,

It occurred to me, whilst watching the struggle for supremacy, during the competition for the football challenge cup recently finished, that a few expostulations anent the rough play, and apparently utter disregard of some of the rules, with an attempt to elucidate the rules so disregarded, would not be deemed effrontery on my part, and would be only read in the light of well meant intention to forward the game in the Regiment. I hope nothing that follows is invidious.

Throughout the games the discipline was so lax, as to suggest the idea, that the majority of the players were unacquainted with the rules. Some of the games appeared more like Rugby

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scrimmages, than Association, and most of them seemed more engrossed in measuring their power of buttocking against an antagonist than in the progress of the ball. The exclusion of the "break you up, and leave the ball alone" element should be rigorously enforced.

No game is so eminently satisfactory to all concerned, players and spectators alike, as a friendly, well played game of football; whilst the rough and oft-times cowardly play, is obnoxious to all.

The chief rules that were so deliberately set aside, and about which there seems to be so much misunderstanding, are those relating to charging an opponent when facing his own goal, and in the matter of 'offside.' Several cases occurred during the course of the game, in which players deliberately pushed their opponents with their hands, because they happened to be facing their own goal lines.

According to Rule 10, a deliberate foul was committed, and although the aggrieved players claimed a foul once or twice, the referee remained mute seemingly indifferent to so glaring a contravention of the rule, which enacts that to handle a player under any circumstances whatever, is a foul, and the side aggrieved is, *vide* Rule 17, entitled to a free kick, a penalty that should in such cases be always enforced.

The rule relating to handling is Rule 10, which reads as follows. Neither, *tripping*, *jumping*, nor *hacking*, shall be allowed, and no player shall use his hands to hold or push his adversary. No player may charge an opponent from behind unless such opponent be facing his own goal, and in the opinion of the umpires and referee, he, in that position is wilfully impeding his adversary.

The above rule throws a very clear light on the subject, and it will be at once seen, that an opponent facing his own goal, may be charged from behind, in the ordinary way, viz. without the help of the hands to emphasise the charge, An *addenda* at the foot of all football rules, defines the terms, tripping, jumping, and hacking; and reference to them by some of your football playing readers, will shew them that they have often committed offences against the law, during their play. Several copies of the rules might be distributed throughout the Regiment, so that the plea of ignorance could not condone their faults.

We will now turn our attention to the law relating to offside, a rule that is more often violated than observed. From what I have gathered from the remarks on the subject, by different players, the general idea seems to be, that if a player passes the backs of the opposing side safely, any member of his side may kick a goal from a pass by the first player, even though he be also behind the backs. Law No. 6 which relates to "offside" is as follows.

When a player kicks the ball, or throws it in from touch, anyone of the same side, who at such moment of kicking, or throwing, is nearer his opponent's goal-line, is out of play, and may not touch the ball himself, or in any way whatever prevent any other player from doing so until the ball has been played, unless at such moment of kicking or throwing, at least three of his opponents are nearer their own goal-line; but no player is out of play in the case of a corner kick, or when the ball is kicked off from goal, or when it has been last kicked off from goal. It is obvious from the above, that no two players of the same side may pass the ball to one another, unless there is at the time three of the opposing side nearer their own goal-line. Of course, when a ball has been played by an opponent, a player may immediately play it, no matter in what part of the field he is in.

The two rules following have been passed by the English Association, but whether finally adopted or not, I am not sure. If any player shall intentionally trip, or hold, any opposing player or deliberately handle the ball within 12 yards from his own goal-line, the referee shall on appeal award the opposing side a penalty kick, to be taken from any point 12 yards from the goal line, under the following conditions. All players with the exception of the player taking the penalty kick, and the opposing goal keeper, who shall not advance more than 6 yards from the goal line, shall stand six yards behind the ball.

The ball shall be in play when the kick is taken.

A goal may be scored from a penalty kick.

Second Rule:—

It is desirable that the position of umpires be abolished, and that linesmen should be appointed whose duties (subject to the referee) should be to

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decide when the ball is out of play, and which side is to throw in. Before concluding I wish to remark on the selection of referees. Many games have been spoiled through the utter incapacity of the man chosen for that responsible position, and it goes without saying, that no means should be spared to procure one, thoroughly capable and unbiassed, whose decisions should always be received without grumbling.

In conclusion I hope that our gallant representatives, when striving for the honour of the Regiment, to win the Trades Union Cup in the forth-coming competition, will not be hampered by adverse decisions, emanating from the egregious stupidity of an obtuse referee.

Yours obediently,
WAG.

OUR DEPOT.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Still further changes at the Depôt since my last epistle. Quarter-Master-Sergt. Boon has been pomoted Quarter-Master of the 2nd Battalion *vice* Fairley, and has proceeded to take up his new duties. Mr. Boon leaves with the best wishes of all, after a long tour at this station. His successor is to be Colr.-Sergt. Dunster of the 2nd Battalion.

Sergt.-Major Foley has been posted from the Permanent Staff, 3rd Battalion, to Depôt *vice* Cumber, and Colr.-Sergt. J. Bennell is promoted Sergt.-Major of the 3rd Battalion.

It is expected Sergt. Freeman will be promoted Colr.-Sergt. of 'A' Company of Depôt *vice* Bennell.

Sergt.-Major Bennell, Colr.-Sergt. (Skin) Braham, and Drummer Fuller of the Permanent Staff, 3rd Battn., have been permitted to continue to serve beyond 21 years.

The following men have been discharged at Netley, medically unfit for further service.

Pte. Buckwell—awarded a pension of 7d. per diem for 18 months final.

Pte. Murray, pension 1s. per diem for 12 months (conditionally.)

Pte. Howden (insane) rejected.

Pte. Howden has preferred a very modest claim to the war office for 12 months arrears of pay. So having been instructed to apply to his late battalion, he has written to the Depôt suggesting his claim be settled here, as it would save him a lot of bother and time if such could be done, but I fear it won't.

The Adjutant and drill instructors here are using very strong language regarding the present state of the barrack square, the *re-stoning* of which the late Sergt. Major was much interested in. Its present state is almost equal to the beach at Whitstable in spite of the big four horse roller.

The 3rd Battn. returned to Canterbury from Shorncliffe on 30th May, on completion of their 27 days training, and were duly dismissed to their homes. Colonel Hobson being laid up with influenza—from which I am happy to say he has now quite recovered—the inspection of the Militia Battalion was made by Colonel Carleton of the 1st Battalion Lincoln Regiment who expressed himself as exceedingly well pleased with all he had seen.

Sergt. W. Lee Permanent Staff 3rd Battn. has been found medically unfit for further service and will shortly be discharged.

Colonel Hobson inspected the 2nd (Weald of Kent) Volunteer Battalion at Swifts Park, Cranbrook, on the 5th June, Capt. Chippindall acting as his A.D.C.

The 1st Volunteer Battn. under command of Colonel Knocker form a Camp to-morrow, 25th June, on the drill ground, Old Park, Cantebury, so we shall be quite lively here with Volunteers for the next 9 days.

They are to attend a Church Parade at the Cathedral on Sunday. The Mayor of Canterbury has arranged for a Smoking Concert for them on Wednesday next.

The following "Old Buffs" have gone over to the Majority.

No. 1062 Pte. Joseph Baker died at Dover 25th May 1891, aged 46 years. Discharged to pension of 10½ per diem, after 18 years service September '82 (Prematurely for the benefit of the Public Service.) Medal—North West Frontier with Clasp for Perak.

Corpl. Joseph Jarrett 1st Battalion died at Salisbury on 9th June 1891, aged 68. Admitted to pension, (invalided June 1863), 9d. per diem after 16 years service. Yours truly,
Old Buff.

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LITERARY COMPETITION.

The Prize of Rs. 5 has been awarded to *Fakir* for his essay.

The subject for next month's competition is

A DAY'S SHOOTING IN INDIA.

HOW I CAME TO ENLIST,

and my early experience as a soldier.

BORN in the sylvan wilds of Crabble in East Kent, and educated at the village school—kept by a farmer's faded daughter of questionable age, my knowledge of "*sogering*" was small indeed, limited in fact to a blood-curdling yarn from my uncle about the Crimea, or an occasional glimpse of a red-coat at the "Pig and Whistle," the village pub.

Completing my education at the ripe age of ten, I started life by being employed as stable boy at the magnificent salary of six pence a week. Gradually rising by energy and perseverance, at the age of eighteen, I held the honourable position of confidential and only clerk, errand boy, manager, and assistant, combined, in the house of Wheatsheaf and Cornstalk, general dry good and grocery dealers, and keepers of the village post-office. My salary had now risen to the fabulous sum of ten-shillings a week, and my tea on Saturdays.

Our peaceful village life was interrupted one cold December morning by the appearance at the "Pig & Whistle" of a sergeant in the glorious scarlet uniform of "The Buffs." He stayed two hours and left taking Abel Artichoke the third rate under waggoner with him. Abel returned in about two months a full-blown Militia private, bronzed and scarred with the effects of recruits drill and rations, and became the lion of the village. Burning with envy and jealousy, I determined to become a soldier. I gave a week's notice to leave, and sat half that week out on a keg of margarine in the store, picturing myself in a thousand war-like situations, the hero of a thousand adventures, the man of rising fame, the pet of fortune at last, and beheld myself returning to Crabble as a Brigadier-general to the wondering gaze of the inhabitants.

Betaking myself to Canterbury at the end of the week—my fortune consisting of a sovereign and eleven-pence half-penny, tied in the corner of my handkerchief—I went to the Barracks, where a sergeant of the Dan Lambert style promptly waded me through the horrors and formalities of enlisting for the small sum of half-a-crown and two pegs of whiskey. I made acquaintance with a fellow candidate, who was dressed in a seedy looking suit and battered hat, which contrasted strongly with my bran new wide-awake and cord suit with pearl buttons. This suckling Wellington told me confidentially that he was the third son of Lord Knows-who, but circumstances compelled him to enlist. He promptly borrowed two-shillings, and just as promptly forgot to pay it back again.

My first experience of soldering was nothing out of the general line. I was given a collection of clothes and other curios, half of which I was purely ignorant of their names, and when the list was read over, I should have been just as much enlightened if the sergeant had read the Greek alphabet instead. As I was leaving the store laden with kit, my glengary turned inside out on my head to dry the number, some one remarked, "You've a good stretch to do chummie;" I said "I did not know I had to start drill so soon," and it caused a roar of laughter, but I was dense to the joke.

I was taken to a room and soon found friends, who insisted on putting my kit straight and borrowing six-pences, till I was nearly bankrupt—they have, alas, not been refunded as yet. The corporal borrowed a shilling and sent me on excursions, first, to the canteen for some spots, and afterwards to the guard-room for the gas in a potato net. both commissions I failed to accomplish owing to the articles in question being out of stock.

Such was my first days experience; that, and the week that followed are indelibly imprinted on my memory. I even now can hear ringing in my ears, Sergeant Flannelchest's stentorian voice, yelling "left," and piling on me such epitaphs as "you turnip," "you son of a cauliflower," and telling me that after twenty years drill I would not be able to wheel two drakes into line. This was incorrect as a month

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after when I appeared at Crabble, I not only wheeled those two bipeds in line, but lined my chest with one a few hours afterwards.

Returning to the Depôt, I found soldiering less ardous; such slight mistakes as going to church parade with a rifle, reading mustard for muster, and attending parade with a jam pot to draw my rations of that condiment and lending my weeks pay to a private with four badges, thinking he was Quarter-Master Sergeant. I soon rectified, and left the Depôt for my Regiment. Shortly afterwards I was drafted to India, and although I did not find soldiering quite the El-dorado I anticipated, I have never regretted leaving "the broad smiling fields of Kent," and becoming a son of Mars.

FAKIR.

BARS FROM THE BARRACK ROOM.

No 4.

ODE TO THE CITY OF PALACES.

Hail glorious Calcutta, palatial City grand,
Thy churches, towers, mansions in rich profusion, stand,
Where gold garbed, jewelled Rajahs in halls of [splendour feast;
Hail glorious Calcutta, fair mistress of the East!

Oh tainted, vile Calcutta, full redolent of smells,
Thy streets with filth are reeking, where fever ever [dwells,
Where kite, and crow, and pariah, o'er heaps of garbage [rank,
Their noisome banquet mumble, with the stealthy [jackal lank.

Oh joyous, gay Calcutta, when day has turned to night,
A thousand bright lamps glitter, o'er scenes of sweet [delight.
Delirious sailors reeling, from grog shop door to door,
On spirits vile and nasty, their slender gains outpour.

Majestic, stern Calcutta, where looming grimly, grand,
Fort William's frowning ramparts, the peaceful scene com- [mand,
See faithful Atkins guarding, our flag, white, blue and [red,
With bayonet fiercely flashing, and but three nights in bed,

Oh lying, false Calcutta, with frauds and shams replete,
Thy palaces are stucco, thy gold domes bright deceit,
Thy noble, silvery Hooghly, a poisoned loathsome stream,
Bedizened cheap Calcutta, things are *not* what they [seem.

BOGGLEY WALLAH.

INVICTA BICYCLE CLUB SPORTS.

THE sports of the above club were held on the square facing the Queen's Barracks, Fort William, on the 25th inst. and were acknowledged by all to be a great success. Each of the five events were well contested with the exception of the open race, but more of that anon.

The first event for the Club Cup, was a mile handicap. Quarter-Master Sergt Nicholas, Colr.-Sergt. Andrews, and Sergt. Clifton starting 'Scratch,' while the remainder, according to their powers, were handicapped, Color.-Sergt. Hoar getting 130 yards start. Color-Sergt. Andrews came in first with Color.-Sergt. Featherstone a good second and Sergt. Sheppard 3rd, in the excellent time of 3 min. 50 secs.

For the quarter-mile flat Race, open to the Regiment, nine started and Nicholson held the lead until nearly home, when Hills and Else passed him. Time 56¼ secs.

Prizes—Corpl. Hills, 1st Prize Rs. 10, Pte. Else, 2nd prize Rs. 7 and Pte. Nicholson, 3rd prize Rs. 5.

For the Fitz-Simon Cup, named after the horse, (a starter) drawn by the Invicta Confederacy in the recent Calcutta sweepstakes, and presented by the members of that confederacy, 12 Bicyclists started. This was a half mile handicap and Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Nicholas (Scratch) took the lead early in the race. and maintained it until within a few yards of the tape, when he allowed Sergt. Clifton to overtake him. and the latter won by a few inches. Time 1 min. 53¾ secs.

The open Mile Handicap for the Invicta Cup, presented by members of the Club, was rather disappointing, for owing to football matches held outside, only the brothers Watson turned up out of six gentlemen whose names figured on the programme. The race was run however,

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Mr. Watson junior receiving 125 yards start, which he maintained during the whole of the race, and won in 3 min. 57¼ secs.

Besides the Invicta Cup another valuable cup was presented for the 2nd Prize, and thus both competitors were prize winners.

The race of the evening was for the Walter Locke Challenge Shield, a magnificent prize presented by that firm. This was a three mile race and drew 11 starters. After getting well away Sergeant Clifton took the lead, and looked like keeping it for a time, but the superior training of Color Sergt. Andrews presently began to tell, for as the others slackened pace, and one by one, dropped out, he took the lead and kept it, until in the last lap but one, when only himself and Sergt. Sheppard remained, he passed him again and won in splendid style by over a lap 440 yards, in 12 minutes and 48 seconds.

At the close of the races Mrs. Ommanney kindly presented the prizes to the successful competitors. Besides the Colonel and Officers of the Battalion, who were all present, there were a fair sprinkling of our civilian friends. During the afternoon the Band of The Buffs enlivened the proceedings with a selection of music.

Too much credit cannot be given to the Committee, who worked so hard to make this, their first annual sports, the success it was. Major Ommanney, and Lieut. Tart officiated as Judges, while Mr. LLoyd acted as starter.

SERGEANTS' SMOKING.

AS a suitable wind up to the Bicycle Club Sports, the Sergeants held a Smoking Concert later in the evening in their Mess Room. Whoever sent the invites out, had gauged the capabilities of the Mess to a nicety, for there was only just enough room and not an inch to spare, when all were seated. Our guests included the Colonel and Officers of the Battalion, Major Brown, *V.C.*, 24th S. W. Borderers, and a large number of our staff, and civilian friends. The Mess-Room was decorated for the occasion, and in the absence of Sergeant-Major J. W. Cook, through sickness, Quarter-Master Sergeant W. H. Nicholas, President of the Bicycle Club, took the chair.

After the opening chorus "Vive la Compagnie," in which all joined, a capital programme of songs was gone through, but owing to the space at our command being so limited, we will not enter into details, excepting to mention what was the surprise of the evening—The Sergeants' Mess Band—composed of *bona fide* members of the Sergeants' Mess. and which played the march "Au Seconas" splendidly. The band consisted of Mr. Birkhead, (Cornet,) Sergeants Roach, Tozer, and Laing, (Clarionettes,) Color-Sergeant Featherstone and Sergeant Drummer Lawrence, (Flutes,) Sergeant Edwards, (Euphonium) Sergent Stevens, (Violin,) and was accompanied by Mr. H. Hobbs on the Piano.

During the evening, a short toast list was gone through. "The Queen." headed the list, then came the "Sergeant-Major," who as before mentioned, was unavoidably absent through sickness, much to the regret of all. "The Colonel, and Officers," proposed by the Chairman, was responded to in a neat little speech by Colonel Harrison, who humourously, rather *rounded* on the Sergeants, for having previously hidden their lights under the proverbial bushel, while there was so much talent among them, and hoped that in the future he should see them shewing up as well as they hade done that night, at the different Regimental Concerts. Mr. Bradshaw suitably responded to the toast of "Our Civilian Friends," and in a flattering speech, said, "Calcutta had never seen such sports as those held that day," and regretted that they were no better supported in the open race, but promised that on any future occasion this would not be the case.

Before closing this short account, one word of praise must be given to Mr. Hobbs for his kindness, in officiating as pianist also to Mr. Birkhead for the way in which he carried out the duties of musical director, and to Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Nicholas for the dignity with which he maintained the position of Chairman. At 12 p m. "Auld lang syne" concluded, what was acknowledged by all to be a very enjoyable evening.

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TO MANIPUR.
(Continued.)

AT Kohima by the 19th April, were assembled twelve hundred men, consisting of detachments of the 42nd, 43rd and 44th Gurkhas, and 13th Bengal Infantry, with 4 guns of No. 8 Mountain Battery. These formed the Kohima Field Force under General Collett. On the 20th the Forcestarted for Kigwema, 11 miles, and as the men had to march in file, and with the transport being chiefly done by coolies, the force stretched nearly 4 miles in length, looking like a great snake as it wound its way along the sides, and in and out of the mountains. Before arrival at Kigwema the rain came on, and no tents being allowed, one's first experience of roughing it was by no means pleasant. From Kigwema to Khusama, our next halting place, was about ten miles; here we found an outpost of our frontier police, the same men who checked the advance of the Manipuris at Mao Thanna, a village, nothing of which is now left but some charred beams. From here, onward, signs of Manipuri handiwork, became more manifest, telegraph wire cut, posts destroyed, villages deserted, and here and there skulls and bodies of fugitive Gurkhas, killed while escaping from Manipur, a sight not calculated to soothe the Gurkhas of our force. The camping ground at Karong was surrounded by a stream, and our Royal Engineers showed us what sappers can do if they like, by (much to the amazement of our Naga coolies) blowing up the water with dynamite cartridges, and providing us all with a dinner of fish that night.

On starting from Karong, our first and last real excitement began, as our advanced guard exchanged a few shots with a Manipuri outpost, but before the orthodox flanking movement could be made, the enemy had bolted. The camp at Myang Kang was the scene of Mr. Melville's murder, and as the village had been concerned in it, a party of the police were sent to destroy the place, and as the village was a large one, the flames could be seen for miles round, with a result that next day, and after, the headmen of villages for miles round came in to submit, with fowls and eggs as peace offerings. Fowls must be numerous, as half a dozen fowls are the usual price paid for a wife, (unusually beautiful beings sell for a cow,) and the people are mostly married.

Nothing eventful occurred till we at length reached Manipur, passing on the way several absurd little stockades with sharp bamboo points stuck into the ground to bar our advance. Manipur itself is simply a collection of Indian villages, in the centre of which is an enclosure surrounded by a wall and ditch dignified by the name of a Fort, and the palaces of the Rajahs. The Residency was just outside the Fort, and not further at one point than 200 yards distance. The more one looks at the ditch and wall of the Fort, the more one is surprised that 400 Gurkhas failed to storm the place. Just outside the gates of the Palace and close to the two large Dragons lately destroyed, is a small plot of ground, surrounded by a low mud wall. Here were buried the heads of all great men killed by the state, and here it was that the heads of Mr. Grimwood and Col. Skene were found. On arrival of the troops at Manipur, not a Manipuri was to be seen for miles, the houses all deserted, part of the palace still on fire, and the ruins of the Residency all showing that it was indeed a deserted city. After a time some of the villagers returned, with provisions, etc., which were badly required.

The dress of the Manipuris is white, and a white turban. They returned by parties of thirties and forties, and on the first glimpse of a European, down went the whole lot on their faces on the ground salaaming, and it was hard almost impossible to refrain from kicking the fawning wretches. The Manipur Field force proper, about 5,000 strong, only stopped a day or two in Manipur, and paraded as strong as possible on the day of the public funeral, after which the force was broken up, and no one was sorry to get out of Manipur, at that time, from various reasons, want of stores, dirt, etc., an extremely disagreeable station to stop at.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regimental Papers :—

Sprig of Shillelagh, The Nines, The Bengal Tiger, I'm 95, The XXX, The Queen's Own Gazette, Quis Separabit, St. George's Gazette.

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ROUND THE BARRACK-ROOMFIRE.

THE OLD SERGEANT.

IN a sequestered hill parish away up among the brown moors and sullen pine woods of northern Scotland, the scene of my story is laid, and the date of it full forty years ago.

It was a Sunday morning, and as I came in sight of the Parish Kirk, I saw old Robby Strachan, (the bell-man and "kirk officer,") nailing up a notice on the half open door. Robbie was a tall, gaunt old fellow, lean faced and high-featured, straight still as a pine, altho' in his time he had put in forty years of hard soldiering. He had been a Sergeant in the local regiment, the gallant 92nd, and in its ranks had borne the brunt of many a stubborn fray. He had been in the thick of the fierce bayonet struggle in the steep street of Fuentes d'Onoro, had climbed the ridge to the desperate fight of Albuera, and had taken a hand in carrying the bridge of Almarez. He had heard the bullets patter on the rocks of Roucesvalles, had waded the "bloody Bidassoa" under the shadow of the lofty Rhune, and was only hindered from being in at the death in the final desperate struggle on the glacis of Toulouse by having got a bullet in the chest as he waded, up to the knees, behind Picton through the marsh, which Soult vainly imagined protected his front at Orthez.

Robbie was but a corporal when he went down at Orthez, but he was full sergeant on that wet June morning of the following year when "Cameron's pibroch woke the slumbering host" to range itself in "battle's magnificently stern array!" Bullets had an unpleasant habit of finding their billets in him, and he was knocked over again on the forenoon of Waterloo, when hanging on to the stirrup leather of a Scots Grey, in the memorable charge of the "Union Brigade" and shouting "Scotland for ever." The army surgeons were for invaliding him then and there, as unfit for further service; but Robbie stoutly pleaded that he would be as good a man as ever when his wounds were healed, and triumphantly made good his words and put in fifteen years' subsequent soldiering. He was an old man now and he and his wife, who had seen a great deal of the world from the top of a baggage waggon, lived together in a cottage at the back of a wood. When their son grew into a strapping lad, Robbie had marched him into Aberdeen, and enlisted him in his own old corps, the Gorden Highlanders. I remember the young fellow coming home on furlough, and the sensation among the simple folk as he swaggered up to the kirk in his flowing tartans, and with the ostrich feather bonnet on his handsome head. Old Robbie was a proud man that day, for his son had the Corporal's stripes already on his arm, although he had been barely three years a soldier.

To day the old man stepped from under the kirk wall with the bell-rope in his hand, and taking his post at the corner of the stone dyke, began to sway the chafed old rope. I, together with the other lads of the parish, stood silently by. There was something mysterious in the air. No matter where you looked, everyone seemed to be stealing furtive glances at Sergeant Robbie, standing out there by himself, swaying the bell-rope with his long, lean arms. And, furtive as they were, the old man was clearly conscious of those glances. His face grew harder, grimmer, and more set; yet once or twice, gazing up at him in my bewilderment with a boy's curiosity, I thought I noticed a quivering of the muscles about the close-gripped lips.

The "ringing-in" was finished, and the congregation had passed into the kirk as Sergt. Robbie carrying the big pulpit Bible, strode up the aisle in front of the minister, it seemed to me that I had never seen him carrying so high that old white head of his, with the cicatrix of the Waterloo bullet in the gnarled forehead. Every eye was on the old fellow, and he knew it, and bore himself with a quiet courage in which somehow there came to be felt an element of pathos. It was curious again how all eyes centred upon him when the minister besought "consolation for those who where in sore trouble and mourning over the falling away of one near and dear to them." Robbie sat straight and square, his face fixed, only his lean brown throat swelled for a moment as if he were resolutely forcing down a spasm of emotion. Tibbie his wife, sat by his side, and when the old soldier laid his hand on her shoulder, she quelled with a strong effort her rising sobs.

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The simple service ended, the people streamed out through the door, and Robbie according to custom, "cried" to the dispersing congregation all notices placed in his hands for purposes of publicity. This finished, there was a pause; and then the sergeant pulled, from out his breast-pocket, a folded blue document. He braced himself firmly, came to rigid "attention," as if he were in the presence of his commanding officer, and slowly opened out the blue paper.

"Dinna read it, Robbie! Dinna read it sergeant! came from a dozen voices in the sympathising circle around him. "It's no necessar, ye need na, ye mauna read it," cried the senior elder, James Cameron, with a sob in his thin old voice.

It was as if the sergeant heard no words of dissuasion. He had opened out the paper, and was holding it between his hands, standing there braced at "attention," and fighting down the working in his throat that momentarily was staying his voice.

Behind him, as he thus struggled, broke out the piteous wail, "Oh, my laddie, my laddie!" from the very depths of poor Tibbie's heart, followed by a burst of loud sobs.

The sergeant did not turn to his wife. Boy as I was, I remember it struck me that he dared not.

"Belnabreich," he said, to an old farmer standing directly in front of him, "Belnabreich, tak her hame, tak her awa' frae this, in the name of God."

Old Belnabreich moved towards Tibbie, but before he reached her she got the mastery of herself again.

"Thank ye, Belnabreich," she said, "ye've a kind heart, but I'm gaun tae bide here, whaur my man is. We've come thro' muckle thegither, and we'll thole this disgrace thegither, and syne him and me, brainless noo, will tak our sorrow hame thegither."

The water was standing in the sergeant's eyes, but the spasm was out of his throat now, and in a steady, strong voice that carried far, he read out as follows:—

"Whereas No. 1,420, Corporal Peter Strachan, of the 92nd Regiment, age 24 years, height five feet eleven inches, complexion ruddy, hair red, eyes blue, distinguishing marks none, enlisted at Aberdeen on the—day of—1844, born in the parish of Auchtertuff, in the County of Banff, and resident in the said parish before enlistment, deserted from the said regiment at Montreal, Canada, on the—day of—1848, the lieges are hereby warned, under pain of law, against harbouring the said deserter, and are strictly enjoined to give immediate information to the nearest police officer should they become cognisant of his whereabouts, to the end that he may be apprehended and duly punished.

"Alastair McPherson, Colonel Commanding
"Gordon Highlanders."
"God Save the Queen!"

The sergeant uttered the final invocation in a loud, firm tone; and there reigned a dead silence as the old man, turning to his wife, gave her his arm, and conducted her out of the little throng. The pair were allowed to get out of hearing ere the little stir of comment and condolence set in. I remember watching the lonely couple as they wended their way along the path by the side of the wood, the dumpy, huddled figure in the duffle shaw leaning against the tall, spare form in the quaint old blue coat and the threadbare tartan trews, that were a relic of the old regimentals.

From that Sunday old Sergeant Robbie was an altered man. His lean figure began to lose its erectness, and soon you scarcely would have known him for a veteran soldier. He became a man of mono-syllables and grew yet more laconic after he lost Tibbie, who never held her head up from the day she knew of her son's disgrace. The poor old woman faded out within a couple of years, and Robbie had no longer the consolation that comes from having sorrow shared. After her death he gave up his duties as bellman and kirk officer, and scarcely left his cottage except to attend church.

A year or two later old Robbie heard from his son. The deserter had made his way to Chicago, gone into business, and was making money fast. He wrote home begging his parents—he had not heard of his mother's death—to come out to him in America, and enclosed a draft for an ample sum of money to pay the charges of the voyages and journey. The stern old man would hold no terms with the son, who had disgraced his parents and dishonoured his uniform. He told my father curtly that he

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had folded the draft in a blank sheet of paper, and sent it back by return of post. The tough old soldier, weary of life as he was, lasted a few years longer. At length one day the parish was stirred by the news that he had been found lying dead in a ditch some three miles away from his cottage, about half-way between it and the village of Keith. And before that day was done, the parish throughout its length and breadth knew also that Robbie's son, the deserter, had been apprehanded and carried of to goal by Neil Robertson, the head of the county police.

The strange details were gathered piecemeal. A niece, a girl who had come to live with the old man in his latter feebleness, told that late one night a knock had come to the cottage door. The old man had opened it himself, and was confronted by his son. She had overheard their brief colloquy. The son had begged the father to forgive him, and leave home at once with him for America, he had a conveyance close by, and they might start immediately. The stern father had bidden the son begone out of his sight, and told him plainly that if he did not quit the neighbourhood without an hour's delay he would inform against him. With that he had shut the door in the son's face, prayed with tears and groans for two hours, and then lain down in his clothes. Before daylight the son had returned to the cottage, and from outside the window adjured his father to see him, if but for a moment. The old man would speak no word, and as the day dawned the son had gone away, calling out to his father that he would come back again at night. The old man had laid late, groaning and praying in bed; about noon he had got up, read a chapter of the Bible aloud, and taking his stick had gone forth. She had hoped he was gone to look for his son, but he never came back, and the next thing she heard was that he had been found dead.

Neil Robertson furnished the sequel of the sad story. The old sergeant had come to his house in Keith as the short day was waning, and said he had come to do his duty, and formally lodged the information that Peter Strachan, a deserter from the 92nd Regiment, had been to the cottage that morning, and that he believed him to be still in its neighbourhood, Robertson, knowing the relationship, had been reluctant to take the information, but the sergeant had sternly bidden him do his duty, as he was doing his. The old man was quite exhausted and Robertson had begged him to take some rest, and had offered him refreshment, but he had declined both, either to rest or to eat and drink, and had gone straight away. The life had gone out of the old sergeant as he was sadly trudging homeward, having done what he held to be his duty as a true liegeman of the Crown, in whose service he had fought and bled.

(SELECTED) "*Hindoo Koosh.*"

TEA.

TEA may now be said to be the national drink of England, therefore we should all know something about its history, and how it is cultivated and manufactured.

The writer of this article proposes to give this information in as brief a form as possible, and begs to acquaint his readers, that he has recently visited a very large tea plantation belonging to the Darjeeling Company, at Ging, near Darjeeling, and through the kidness of the Superintendent, Mr. C. K. Harcourt, he saw the whole process of the manufacture of tea, by the latest improved machinery, from the gathering of the leaves, to being packed in boxes for exportation to dear old England.

All classes of English people, from our Queen to her poorest subject, drink tea, and all acknowledge what a boon it has been to England since its introduction from China.

The Edinburgh Review says "By her fireside, in her humble cottage, the lonely widow sits, the kettle simmers over the ruddy embers, and in the blackened teapot on the hot bricks prepares her evening drink. Her crust of bread is scanty, yet as she sips her warm beverage, genial thoughts awaken in her mind, her cottage grows less dark and lonely, and comfort seems to enliven the ill-furnished cabin."

When our suffering and wounded soldiers were brought down, frozen and bleeding, from the

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trenches before Sebastopol to the port of Balaklava, the most welcome relief to their sufferings was a pint of hot tea, which was happily provided for them.

Tea is said ot be a good natured drink, we may quarrel over wines, spirits, beer, but seldom over tea. It has also a thawing effect on icy cold individuals, and makes one on good terms with our fellow creatures. The writer, when in China and Japan visiting the natives, invariably had a cup of tea presented to him, as a sort of introduction to kindly feelings.

A great many of us in the Regiment have been to Darjeeling, and I can say for myself, whatever others may, that I was greatly astonished at seeing so many thousands of acres of the tea bush under cultivation in the neighbourhood. In Bengal, Assam is the largest district where tea is grown, and according to Sir J. W. Edgar's report to Government in 1873, it provided over 6,000,000 lbs. of tea, and the Darjeeling district (where it has only been grown about thirty years) 3,000,000 lbs. Darjeeling was then, the third largest tea producing district in Bengal; the out-turn of the latter place is far more now.

The tea leaf of Assam is much larger than the same of Darjeeling.

The tea bush or shrub is a hardy evergreen, and belongs to the Camelia family, its flower is a beautiful buff colour, not unlike a primrose; the leaves are about 2 inches long and $\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide, serrated, that is slightly jagged like a saw, and lance shaped. The shrubs are grown in rows and are about $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft. apart. At Darjeeling they have the appearance of a well trimmed bush from two to three feet high, and are flat at the top; it does not flourish well at a higher elevation than 5,000 feet. A good tea garden will produce 400 lbs. of tea on an acre, and it requires at least two native labourers on an acre, all the year round, to keep it under good cultivation. The labourers for the Darjeeling Hill District come principally from Nepaul, their wages vary, but a good man will get Rs. 8 a month. Women and children are largely employed on the tea plantations for plucking the tea leaves, and they often earn five or six rupees a month; the men, women and children employed on a plantation are a happy and contented lot. It was very noticeable to me on arriving in the neighbourhood of Darjeeling, to see such well clothed and cheerful natives, far more so than in any other Hill Station I have been to, where there is no tea industry. Surely this tea cultivation must be a good thing for India, and ought to have every support.

The season for gathering the tea leaf commences in April, and ends in October, and they are gathered about every ten days in the season, according to a good or bad year for *flushes*. A shrub should not be plucked till it is three years old.

Now I will try to explain the leaf that is plucked for tea. As before stated the Darjeeling tea shrub is flat at the top, and covered with leaves. Old leaves are not gathered, as they will not curl, and are unfitted for making tea. What tea-planters call *flushes*,—that is to say, during the tea season, the shrub throws out a number of young shoots above the flat surface of the bush—are these shoots, which are full of sap; and it is from this young shoot, with its three or four fresh leaves, that the best tea is made. The shoots are nipped off by the fingers of the gatherer, put into a basket, and taken to the Factory to be weighed; this is necessary in order to ascertain their yield, and that the gatherers have done a good day's work. A good gatherer will pluck 16 lbs. of leaves a day, and it takes 4 lbs. of raw leaves to produce one pound of tea.

The process of manufacturing the raw leaves into tea, commences first with withering the leaves. This is done for the purpose of making the leaves more pliable, and to prevent them from breaking when rolled. The leaves are then put into a rolling machine to make them exude their juices, and after fermentation they are again rolled, dried by hot air, sifted and packed in lead, in wooden boxes, to hold 80 lbs. of tea.

The withering, rolling, drying and sifting machines, are all worked by steam power, and are beautiful mechanical contrivances, and they alone are well worth seeing. It would weary my readers to describe these machines, and the further detail of the manufacture of tea, but when one thinks of the way it was formerly manufactured by hand, by the heathen Chinese, one has reason to be thankful that machinery is now used in all Indian plantations. In olden times, and as far as I know in China at the present time, the leaves were rolled by hand, to make them

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exude their juices, and unrolled and pressed by the naked feet for the same purpose, which is not pleasant to think of.

Tea has been an article of consumption in Europe for over two hundred years, but formerly, only as the greatest luxury, for even at the beginning of the present century, a guinea a pound was the usual price for the best tea. All tea for European consumption, till about sixty years ago, came from China, where, perhaps, it had been cultivated for a thousand years.

If we take up an old dictionary and look at the word tea, we shall find it described as a Chinese shrub, but botanists are now agreed that it is not so, and that it is an Indian shrub, and actually grows wild in Upper Assam, and that it was introduced into China from India.

It was first discovered in its wild state in Upper Assam by Mr. Bruce in 1826, who commanded a division of gun forts there, during the progress of hostilities with Upper Burmah in 1826.

A good tea climate must be damp. It is said the atmosphere, in the forest home of the Assam tea plants, is sometimes so moist, as almost to give the idea of solidity. Hidden in its wild state in the jungles, were the rain falls in torrents, and where the dense under-growth prevented the sun from drying up the ground, the tea plant originally lived in an atmosphere which was always damp. Experimental cultivation of tea in India was first undertaken by Government in 1834. Tea makers and artisans from China were introduced in 1837. The Assam Tea Company was formed in 1840.

There are many Chinese legends as to the introduction of the tea plant into China, and the following one is taken from Samuel Baildon's book on tea industry.

"About the year 510 an Indian Prince named Dharma imposed upon himself in his wanderings, the rather inconvenient penance of doing without sleep. The Chinese narrative says, that that Indian Gentleman got on very comfortably for some years, until all at once he gave up, and had forty winks on a mountain side. Upon awakening, Dharma was so grieved to find he could not travel about without going to sleep, that he pulled out his eyelashes, and flung them on the ground. Coming round that way later on, he found the offending eye-lashes had grown into bushes, such as he had never seen before, and his long ignorance of sleep, not having taken all the curiosity out of him, he nibbled the leaves, and found them possessed of an eye opening tendency. He related his discovery to his friends and neighbours, and the tea plant was forthwith taken in hand."

This Prince is supposed to have introduced tea both into China and Japan.

We all know the tea of Assam does not taste like China tea, this is accounted for by the latter having deteriorated from the change of climate &c., but that originally they were the same plant, there is no doubt. Even of late years the Chinese plant has been brought back again to Assam, but the leaves have not the pungency of its parent stock. Whether it will come back to its orginal state after settling in India for years to come, some future botanist or tea planter may know. The taste of tea depends upon where it is grown, Assam, Darjeeling, China, and Japan teas have all their peculiar taste. These teas, except I believe the Indian teas, are often mixed to suit the palate of the English tea drinker, and I am told that certain mixed teas even become fashionable, and are liable to change, almost as much as other fashions, whether I am right or wrong in saying so, I will leave my readers to decide. Depend upon it, it is poor economy to buy cheap tea. Pure Indian tea may be more expensive than China tea, but it will go twice as far, and half the quantity is required for the tea-pot, and remember it does not follow, if the tea when made is black, that it is strong. Good Indian tea can not be manufactured at the price one sees some teas being sold in England.

In conclusion Surgeon Major Leader, whom we all know in the Regiment so well, has this day informed me, that he considers good tea, the most wholesome drink in the world, and one of the greatest gifts of Providence.

"*Cha.*"

A dam is a copper coin the fortieth part of a Rupee. Some people say 25 dam make one pice and we should say the latter value is the most likely, as the old Indian expression 'I dont care a dam' originated from the value of a dam being so small.

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THE BUFF'S ATHLETIC SPORTS,

(319th Anniversary.)

H yes, Todgers can do! it when it likes, and when our gallant and energetic Colonel, together with his brother Officers, takes any thing seriously in hand, no effete, half hearted movement is the result, but a *pukha*, and well sustained *khynch*.

For several weeks previous to the sports, the Regimental atmosphere was charged with athletic numbers, the running, jumping, and leaping men, in anticipation of liberal reward, not to speak of honor, trained daily on the expansive Maidan, and went in for a reduced diet almost Spartan in its severity.

The three days meeting started on Monday the 6th inst., at 6 in the morning. A fair sprinkling of military spectators turned out on the Infantry parade ground to witness the initial proceedings.

The High Jump was secured by Bandsman Hasler with a five foot eleven spring, this being the first of a series of athletic triumphs gained by this excellent all round performer.

The next item in the sporting bill of fare, was the long jump, six competitors entering for this event, which was ultimately won by Pte. Cronin, but not without a good struggle with Nicholson the second man

Owing to the sodden condition of the ground, a rather poor show was made with the poles.

Corporal Leek succeeded in throwing the 24lb shot, 30 feet 10 inches, Comley being next in merit—27 feet.

There were ten competitors for throwing the cricket ball, and a keen contest took place for first honors, which were snatched by Golder.

Proceedings were then suspended until 4-30 in the afternoon.

The Maidan was the scene of a well attended afternoon meeting, in spite of very unfavourable weather.

Letters "B" and "F" Companies opened the ball with the preliminary ties for the tug of war prize; three minutes sufficed to find the winning team in the person of "F"

A very much better show was afforded by "H" and "E," these doughty champions exerted themselves to the utmost, and after a 12 minute struggle, the former Company succumbed "C" defeated "G" in four minutes.

The three legged race proved a very popular and amusing item; fifteen pairs toed the line, getting away to a good start. Beeney and Crowson were the first to breast the rope, but a complaint lodged against them, on account of a handkerchief having fallen off from their legs during the race, the fixture was ordered by the Committee to be run off again, the first three couples of the preceding race competing. The second attempt resulted in a dead heat between Beeney and Crowson, and Smith and Reynolds. It was decided to go on to the next item on the programme, while the dead heaters regained wind for a deciding contest.

The Sergeant's 120 yards was thoroughly well fought out, Tomlin winning on the post in the first class time of 13 seconds, taken by Boggley Wallah's 18 carat, khaki-jewelled, chronometer.

The issue of the three legged race was then finally decided, Beeney and Crowson once again shewing the way home.

This brought the first day's programme to a close.

Tuesday's work started with the heats for the Regimental 100 yards, followed by a race for Natives.

In the hurdles, Hasler and Adams won their respective heats. Hasler shewed up an easy winner of the Band 120 yards.

A Veteran's, a Corporal's race, and the semi finals for the tug of war, the ¼ mile heats, a sack and a Drummer's race, made an interesting second day's programme.

Now for the day of days. Wednesday's first beam found the ubiquitous B. W. meandering across the Maidan in search of the Sergeants and their bicycles. The mile Bicycle Handicap was productive of an excellent contest, Color Sergt. Talbot cutting ou tthe pace, forged ahead merrily for about half a mile, when Color Sergt. Andrews took the lead and maintained it to the finish. Pte. Watts made a gallant bid for first honors and finished, second Color, Sergt. Talbot a good third.

Home again just in time for the Gun dismounting competition between Sub-Divisions of the 21 S. D. R. A. No. 1 Sub-Division vanquished.

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in turn Nos. 2 and 3.

Fairly favourable weather was associated with the afternoon gala meeting on the Maidan, quite a gathering of Calcutta's rank, wealth, and beauty, testifying to the immense popularity of the old Regiment.

Pte. Else reeled off the Regimental 100 yards, (not Regimental yards, please understand), in the fast time of 10½ seconds.

The hurdles fell to Hasler, with Adams a good second.

Else romped in an easy winner of the ¼ mile in 1 minute 2 seconds.

Popular attention was riveted on the struggles of the competitors in the obstacle race. Immense credit must be given to Nash who only left Hospital the previous day, and who easily took first place.

Unusual interest centred around the mile race as the competitors were unknown to fame, and opinions differed as to the respective merits of Scott, Galvin and Sergt. Alderton. At an early stage of the race, Scott assumed the lead and finished first, a yard or so ahead of Galvin who made a most gallant struggle.

The final struggle for the tug of war prize then took place between "C" and "E" Coys.

The expressive features of the gallant Colonel mantled with a hectic flush of conscious pride as he beheld his Kentish gladiators standing to the rope with their gigantic torsos, and muscle-enveloped arms on view.

Quite contrary to expectation, "C" Company proved the winners of the event.

Very amusing was the struggle betwixt officers of the Regiment and Staff and Color Sergeants. The Commissioned were heavily handicapped by neglecting to assume athletic attire, and in their ordinary boots, slipped about fearfully, succumbing to their opponents after some show of fight.

Corpl. Crumby made splendid running in the Consolation race, and won balm for a wounded soul by romping in first.

Aesthetically arranged on a table, glittered the cups, goblets and other trophies, which were kindly presented by Lady Elliot to the stalwart and blushing winners, at the conclusion of the sports.

It would be scant courtesy indeed to bring these notes to a conclusion without rendering a tribute to the untiring energy and interest taken by the Colonel and all the other Officers of the Buffs in the momentous affairs of the three Athletic Days, and no doubt the unqualified success which attended their efforts, has brought them ample reward and satisfaction.

Never before, in the three centuried annals of the Regiment, has such an undertaking been planned, projected, and carried out with such brilliant results.

Hats off please to the Officers of The Buffs!

LIST OF EVENTS.

HIGH JUMP.—1, Hasler. 2, Cronin. 3, Wilson. Prize Rs. 10, 6 and 3. Winner's jump, 5 ft. eleven inches. Five entries.

LONG JUMP.—1, Cronin. 2, Nicholson. 3, McKeating. Prizes Rs. 10, 6 and 3. Winner's jump, 17 ft. 2 inches. Six entries.

POLE JUMP.—1, Freed. 2, Else. 3. Evans. Prizes Rs. 10, 6 and 3. Winner's jump, 9 feet 2, inches. Seven entries.

PUTTING 24LB. Shot.—1, Corpl. Leek. 2, Comley. Prizes Rs. 10 and 6. Winner's put, 30 ft. 10 inches. Five entries

THROWING CRICKET BALL.—1, Golder. 2. Wickens. Prizes Rs. 8 and 5. Winner's throw, 10 yards. Ten entries.

SERGEANT'S 120 YARDS. 1, Tomlin. 2, Smith. 3, Alderton. Prize a silver Match box. Time 13 secs. eight Entries.

THREE-LEGGED RACE.—1, Beeney and Crowson. 15 entries. Prize Rs. 12.

NATIVE RACE, 220 YDS.—1, Prohard Singh. 2, Ram Khabodar. Prize Rs. 10 and 5. 12 entries.

BAND RACE.—1, Hasler. 2, Featherstone. 3, Tozer. Prizes. Re. 1. Cup presented by Hamilton & Co. and Rs. 10, (2) Rs. 5. (3) Rs. 3.

VETERANS RACE.—1, Ball. 2, Hartfield. 3, Hickey. Prizes (1) Rs. 12, (2) Rs. 5. Seven entries.

CORPORAL'S RACE, 220 YDS.—1, Hills. 2, Marshall. 3, Crumby. Prizes (1) Rs. 16, (2) Rs. 9. 8, Competitors.

SACK RACE.—1, Cronin, 2, Cooper. 3, Smith. Prizes (1.) Rs. 5, (2) Rs. 3. 12 entries.

DRUMMERS' RACE,—EXTRA EVENT.—1, Manville. 2, Dillon. 3, Mewitt. Extra Prizes presented by the Colonel.

BICYCLE HANDICAP. 1 MILE.—1, Colr.-Sergt. Andrews. Prize a silver goblet. 7 Competitors.

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DISMOUNTING GUN COMPETITION—Won by No. 1 Sub-Division 21 S,D.R.A. in 35 secs. Prize Rs. 27.

100 YDS. RACE—1, Else. 2, Hasler. 3, Marshall. 1st Prize Tankard given by Master Tailor Mahomed Khan and Rs. 10, (2) Rs. 9, (3) Rs. 4. Time 10½ seconds.

BOY'S 100 YDS, HANDICAP—1, Heifnan. 2, Lee. 3, Brown. Prizes Rs. 8, 5 and 3,

HURDLE RACE 220 YDS—1, Hasler. 2, Adams. 3, Wilson. Prizes Cup and Rs. 10. (2) Rs. 9, (3) Rs. 4.

QUARTER MILE RACE—1, Else. 2, Hills. 3 Mitchell. Prizes Tankard and Rs. 16, (2) Rs. 9. (3) Rs. 4. Six Competitors. Time 1 min. 2 secs.

RACE BRITISH TROOPS AND VOLUNTEERS, (Buffs excluded). 1, Corpl. Baldwin [East Surrey]. 2, Orand. 3, Cattermole. 1st Prize Rs. 20, 2nd Rs. 8. 9 Competitors.

OBSTACLE RACE.—1, Nash. 2, Mears. 3 Cronin. Prizes (1,) Cup and Rs. 10, (2) Rs. 6, (3) Rs. 3. 12 Competitors.

PRIVATES, 220 YDS.—1, Else. 2 Hasler. 3, Scott. Prizes (1) wristlet watch, (2) Rs. 8. Time 25¼ secs.

COMPANY TUG OF WAR.—C Company defeated E Coy—Prize, C Company, Rs 50.

CONSOLATION 220.—1, Corpl. Crumby. 2, Scott. Prizes Rs. 12 and 6.

OFFICERS *v.* COLOR & STAFF SERGEANTS, TUG of WAR—Won by the Non-Commissioned. Prize, Massive Tankard.

Special prize of Goblet to best all round Athlete of Regiment, presented by Mr. C. Lawrie-Johnstone. } Tied for by Bandsman Hasler and Pte. Else.

Additional interest was imparted to the sports by reviving the old honor of best Athletic Company of the Regiment, which was contended for by a system of marks.

G. Company secured the enviable distinction.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

Lieut. Swetenham has joined the 2nd Battn. for duty, at Aldershot, pending his embarkation for India.

No. 1214 Corpl. W. Gouge has been permitted to extend his period of Army service to complete 12 years with the Colours.

Lieut. & Adjutant E. C. M. Parry returned from the School of Musketry, Pachmari, on the 11th inst.

2nd Lieut. R. F. Pearson returned from the School of Musketry, Pachmari, on the 14th inst.

Lieut. and Quarter-Master H. C. Cumber arrived on the 15th inst., and assumed the duties of Quarter-Master on the 16th inst.

Promotions and Appointments.

To be Acting Lance Corporal.

No. 1642 Pte W. Littlemore.

No. 8 7 Lce.-Corpl. Dillon has been appointed Drummer.

The undermentioned man was appointed Acting Lce.-Corpl. whilst he is employed as Instructor in Signalling to the 3rd Bengal Infantry

No. 1367 Pte J. Greenwood.

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officer has been assigned a territorial number as stated below.

No. E. K. 3533 Sergt. Master Tailor J. George.

The undermentioned Boy has been assigned a territorial number as stated below.

No. E. K. 3531 Boy T. Lees.

The undermentioned obtained First Class Certificates of Education at an examination held on the 24th March 189?.

No.	1342	Lce.-Corpl.	F. Hammond.
,,	2394	,,	F. H. Keeler.
,,	1365	Pte.	J. Starkie.

Lce.-Sergt. C. T. Scott has been struck off the strength of the Battalion and transferred to the M. W. Department on promotion to Sergeant in that Department.

The undermentioned men have become entitled to Good Conduct Pay at the rates stated opposite their names.

No.	1876	Pte.	G. Gordon,	2d
,,	1877	,,	G. Tapley,	2d
,,	2897	,,	J. A. York,	1d
,,	547	Lce.-Corpl.	C. James,	2d
,,	1875	Pte.	W. Dawson,	2d
,,	2615	,,	G. Williams,	1d
,,	1830	,,	L. Gunner,	2d
,,	2633	,,	J. Philpott.	1d
,,	2891	,,	F. Baker,	1d
,,	2580	,,	W. Wilkins.	1d
,,	2532	,,	E. Fagg.	1d
,,	949	,,	S. Milgate,	2d
,,	1333	,,	W. Brooks,	2d
,,	2584	,,	F. Taylor,	1d

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BOWLING COMPETITION.

The competition in bowling for prices, kindly presented by the Commanding Officer, took place on Friday the 11th July. There were 26 competitors, and each man bowled six balls at an ordinary wicket. Ten marks were allotted by the Committee for each ball bowled, the scores made by the first six are given :—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	Total.
Pte. Dyer. A Coy.	10	8	9	5	8	7	47.
„ Macalla „	4	6	4	8	10	6	38.
Cpl. Hilderbrand C	2	5	4	6	7	9	33.
Pte. Lawson G Coy	1	5	5	3	6	10	30.
„ Evans H „	3	3	10	5	4	3	28.
„ Else „	9	4	3	0	3	7	26.

It must be remembered that the mere fact of hitting the stumps is not the criterion of a good bowler. When there is no batman in front of them, it is not very hard to hit the stumps, and a man to be a good bowler must be able to pitch his balls well, and on the spot he wishes to.

We are glad to see the first and second prizes taken by the Company that holds the cricket shield.

FOOT BALL.

REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION TEAM, 1891.

Matches played and the results, up to 22nd July 1891.

Matches played	5
„ Won	4
„ Drawn	1
„ Lost	0

GOALS

Club played	For	Against
Sova Bazaar	1	0
Dalhousie F. C.	1	1
East Surrey Regt.	1	0
Calcutta F. C.	3	1
St. Xavier's College	4	0
	10	2

The Goals for the Regiment were scored by

Corpl.	Hutchins	3
Pte.	Evans	2
„	Lawrence	2
Corpl.	Marshall	2
Pte.	Wickens	1

CALCUTTA TRADES CUP.

1st Tie—Seebpore College *v.* The Buffs.

The Seebpore College scratched this match, and thus the Regiment will play off in the second round.

SERGEANTS OF THE BUFFS *V.* UNITED FOOTBALL CLUB, HOWRAH.

Dull and rainy weather was associated with this match which was played at Howrah on the 3rd inst., and resulted in a win for the Military by one goal to nil.

No points were scored during the first half, owing chiefly to the excellent goal keeping of the Howrah men, Swinbull, who succeeded in smothering several well directed shots from the Sergeants.

On crossing over, no material difference was discernible in the play. The Buffs once again demonstrating their superiority.

Ten minutes before the finish, a clever pass by Sergt. Cork enabled Sergt. Sheppard to get the ball through the posts, the game ending as we before remarked, in a win for the Military by one goal to nil.

For the winning team, Sheppard and Talbot on the right wing were exceedingly busy, and Hoare as half-back combined the nimbleness of the antelope, with the impressive avoirdupois of the elephant, forcing several of his lighter opponents to bite their mother earth.

McLellan and Ribbins for the losing side faught an uphill contest with praiseworthy exertion.

RUGBY. UNION.

PRIVATES *V.* CORPORALS.

This match was played on the 13th inst, and the Corporals who put a very strong team in the field had all the best of the play in the 1st half,

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but failed to score. In the second half Adams secured a try for the privates, and as no further points were made the privates, won by a try to nil.

"G" COMPANY *V.* "F" COMPANY.

This match played on the 19th inst. was the opening one of the Company matches. Neither side were very strong, and the game ended in a draw, one try each.

CORPORALS *V.* LA MARTINIERE COLLEGE.

The above match was played under Rugby Rules on the ground of the former in Fort William on the 20th inst. The College Team kicked off, and after a very good game, it ended in a victory for the Corporals by 1 goal and 2 tries to 2 tries. The tries for the Corpls. were obtained by Corpl. Hilderbrand, and those for the College by Murphy and Shaw.

FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

On Friday evening the 10th inst., the Regimental Sports were finished by a football competition in front of the Dalhousie Barracks and consisted of three events for which prizes had been given by Colonel H. D. Harrison.

The 1st event was a competition in Drop Kicking, and the prize winners were :—

1st Pte.	Wenman	(F Coy).	Rs. 12.
2nd ,,	Lawson	(G Coy).	Rs. 8
3rd Cpl.	Hilderbrand	(C Coy).	Rs. 5

The 2nd Event,—Place Kicking, was own by

1st Pte.	Wickens	(E Coy).	Rs. 12.
2nd ,,	Clutton	(F Coy).	Rs. 8
3rd ,,	Gunner	(F Coy).	Rs. 5

Clutton and Gunner kicked 2 goals each 1st time and tied for second place; in the kick off Clutton succeeded in securing 3 successive goals, thus making 5 goals out of 6 tries.

The 3rd Event,—Dribbling with an association ball and shooting for goal was well fought out.

The competitors had to dribble in and out of flags and then shoot for goal.

1st Pte.	Harding	(H Coy).	Rs. 12
2nd ,,	Evans	(H Coy).	Rs. 8
3rd Lce.-Corpl.	Hills	(D Coy).	Rs. 5

RED TAPE.

Prince Bismarck's disavowed, but not, perhaps discredited Boswell, Dr. Busch, has given the world a comical example of Russian red tape in his "Table and Other Talk." It was in the days when Bismarck was serving his country as a diplomat in St. Petersburg. On one occasion he was walking with the Emperor of Russia in the famous Summer Garden. The two came upon a sentinel standing rigid and serious in the middle of a lawn. There was no obvious reason why the man should be on duty in that particular place, and Bismarck was puzzled and curious. He ventured to ask the Emperor why the sentinel was thus on guard over a grass plot. But the Emperor was quite in the dark about it. He inquired of the adjutant, but no information was forthcoming. The sentinel himself did not know why he stood their. He had been ordered to do so, and it was enough. A messenger went off to get reason from the officer of the watch. But he only came back with the same oracular word—"Ordered." The Emperor was now as eager to probe the mystery as was Bismarck, Records were searched, and human memories tested. At last an old family retainer of the Imperial house explained the matter. It was only red tape. He distinctly remembered hearing his father say that a century ago the Empress Catherine II. had found a snowdrop on that bit of the lawn, and had given orders that it should not be plucked. The spot had been protected by a sentinel ever since.

Something very like this happened once in the English Foreign Office. A new chief was taking possession of his rooms, and he came face to face with a soldier pacing a passage. He marvelled because the guard gave the word, "Keep to the left." "Why do you say 'keep to the left?'" enquired the Statesman, "I don't know," was the soldier's answer.

The statesman investigated the singular affair, and, after not a little trouble, a clue found and followed.

Forty years before the passage had been painted, and an orderly had tramped it with orders to bid every one "Keep to the left" and avoid the wet paint.

This order had stood unchanged and practically unquestioned for a term of fifty years.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

——:o:——

A Soldier in a newly raised Irish Corps observed to his comrade, that a corporal was to be dismissed his regiment. "Faith and indeed replied the other, I hope it is the corporal so troublesome in our company. "What's his name ?" enquired the soldier. "Why Corporal Punishment, honey to be sure."

During the late Burmah war, and when the bullets were flying about pretty lively, a soldier was seen taking rather more shelter than is in accordance with regulations. His officer, in remonstrating with him, stated that he was liable to imprisonment, if nothing worse, for cowardice.

"Well sir," said the philosophic Tommie, "I'd rather do five years in jail, then be dead all my life."

After the battle of Custozza, a soldier, supposed to have been killed, was entered on the books of his Company "Died on the 24th June 1866, etc. A few days afterwards it turned out that he was still alive in Hospital and the honest quartermaster made the following entry: "Died by mistake." At length there came a letter from the ministry of war announcing the death of the man at the hospital, when our sergeant recorded the fact as follows: "Re-died by orders of the ministry."

Mr. H. E. Busteed, in his work, "Echoes of Old Calcutta," says, "Nearly opposite Alipore bridge, stood two trees called 'The trees of destruction,' in old times notorious for duels, fought under their shade. Here Warren Hastings and Sir John Francis exchanged shots in the last century." Can any of our readers inform an enquirer, if these trees are still standing, and on which side of the bridge they are?

The following, according to a contemporary, is what may be expected in a few years time:

R. O. by Colonel Askemnicely, 1st Battalion, Pot Wallopers, Paradise Barracks, Utopia, 1st July, 1895.

No 1. The Commanding Officer respectfully invites the decision of the men of the Regiment as to the day and time most suitable in their opinion for the irksome and unnecessary fortnightly parade, ordered by Sec. 1, Q. R. Part. 2. He would be glad to receive their final ultimatum as soon as convenient

No. 2. It is with deep regret that the C. O., in the exercise of his duty, has been compelled to confine Pte. Chinstrap to Barracks for one whole day. He trusts however that whilst discipline has called for such summary treatment, the unhappy event may in no way affect the good feeling which has hitherto existed amongst all ranks.

No. 3. Pte. Greyback has been promoted Color-Sergeant at his own request.

No. 4. The following is an extract from G. O. dated 30th June, 1895.

"Officers Commanding Companies will parade at their company bunglows daily at 1 P.M., and satisfy themselves that every soldier under their command is provided with:—1 napkin, 1 finger-glass, 1 tooth-pick, 1 button-hole, 1 band programme, complete. They will also endeavour to assure their men, that, however plausible the argument that the birth-name of potatoes was originally "spuds," yet there lurks in the expression, though deceptively, it must be confessed a minute breach of the laws of correct etiquette, and its continuance should be therefore mildly discouraged.

No. 5. It is notified for information that Orderly Officers are on no account to disturb men who may be sleeping, when making their morning tour of Barracks; they will therefore provide themselves with carpet slippers to the better furtherance of this order.

No. 6. The scale of fines for drunkenness is revised as follows:—

1st	Drunk.	Excused kit inspection.
2nd	,,	Promoted Lance-Corporal.
10th	,,	Excused morning parade, with double ration of "gunfire"
20th	,,	Warrant rank and "Shifter" medal.

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The Buffs,
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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 53, **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, AUGUST 31st, 1891.** Price 2 As.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS. 1898.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

TOOP.—At Tenterden, on June 24th, the wife of Sergeant Instructor Toop of a daughter,

FEATHERSTONE—At Calcutta, on 3rd inst, the wife of Color Sergeant Featherstone of a daughter.

WATERS—At Calcutta, on 12th inst. the wife of Sergeant Waters of a daughter.

EDWARDS—At Calcutta, on the 14th inst. the wife of Lance Sergeant Edwards of a daughter. *Corinne Mabel.*

Deaths.

LUARD—On July 24th, suddenly at Eastbourne, Lt.-General Richard George (Ambert) Luard, C.B. formerly of The Buffs, 52nd Light Infantry, and 77th Regt, aged 63.

FEATHERSTONE—At Calcutta, on the 11th inst., of Jaundice, Ellie, daughter of Color Sergt. Featherstone, aged 8 days.

HUSSEY—At Calcutta, on 23rd inst., of Meningitis, No. 83 Private A. Hussey.

Notes.

THE competition in the Rugby Football tournament was concluded on the 29th inst.

Our XV, after beating the Armenians, and the East Surrey Regt., played in the final tie last Saturday against the Bombay Gymkhana, to whose superior skill they unfortunately succumbed.

Our team made a splendid fight, and are to be most heartily congratulated for their excellent play throughout, and also for the very high compliment paid them by the Captain of the Bombay XV, Mr. Reed, in his speech at the football dinner on Saturday night. We will give a full account of the match in our next issue.

... ...

The Association Football tournament is still on while we go to press. Our team has played and beaten the Dalhousie team, the match with the E. Lancashire Regiment resulted in a draw, and will be played off again this evening (31st) The winners will play "The Kings" Regimental team for the final tie and Cup.

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The Rice Ordeal for Detecting Theft.

WHEN a theft was committed in a household in India in former days, it was usual to send for some man reported to be wise and religious, who assembled all the servants, and on their denying knowledge of the theft, each was sworn to that effect. Then to discover who had made the false oath, the following procedure was adopted by the religious detective.

Some rice was half soaked, then dried in the sun and given into the hands of each of the assembled servants. At a given signal all were directed to put the rice into their mouths and chew it, and then to spit it out upon a piece of plantain leaf given for that purpose. All were warned that from the mouth of whoever had lied to the holy man, the rice would come forth, not like milk, but dry and unaltered. The theory was, that fear and excitement kept back the salivary flow necessary to mastication.

The Best Soldiers on Earth.

With regard to the bravery of British soldiers, Lord Wolseley, in an article in the *United Service Magazine*, says; "I believe our race to be the bravest on earth, because of that innate love of danger which causes us to climb glaciers, ride steeplechases, and to go on foot to shoot tigers.

I have no doubt in my own mind, that our soldiers have more reckless daring about them than those of any other nation, which I attribute mainly to their love of boxing, wrestling, and of all other manly games. When you take by law the whole of any European population into the army the average of courage cannot be very high. I do not enter into the question as to what effect, in many generations, universal service will have upon the courage of a nation, though I believe, it must raise and strengthen it. But in a very small army like ours, composed exclusively of volunteers, it is but natural that the average courage should be much higher; and such, I believe, is the case in our Army. But still you will soon find, even in the smallest skirmish, of what varied materials your troops and companies are composed. It is then that discipline, love of Queen and country, and the intense pride of regiment—pride of the county that regiment represents—upon which we plume ourselves, play prominent parts. The man who wont do and dare for the honour of his regiment is indeed a poor-hearted animal, unworthy of wearing a red coat, or of being associated with gallant men."

A Bandsman's Story.

THE other day, a bandsman, with a long face, and a plaintive story, went to a new regimental surgeon at the hospital about a sore throat, where he was treated with a consideration which was as marked as it was gratifying.

"Sore throat eh?" said the surgeon pleasantly, "Let me see—oh that's not so bad! a slight irritation—nothing more, you'll be all right in a day or two. I think you had better not run the risk of renewing the trouble it may give you by using your throat though, so I will recommend that you be excused from duty for two weeks." Armed with the surgeon's certificate, the bandsman obtained his two week's relief from duty.

The two weeks had just come to an end, when he met the surgeon on the parade ground. The Bandsman saluted, the surgeon recognized the face and stopped. "How's the throat?" he said, "It's quite well sir!" was the reply. "That's good" said the Surgeon, "you can go back to your duty now without fear. By-the-way what instrument do you play in the band?"

"*The side drum* sir," said the musician.

An actually-fired projectile, shot from a 110-ton gun is being shown at the Naval Exhibition, as having passed in succession through a 20-inch steel plate, eight inches of iron, 20 feet of oak balks, five feet of granite, and eleven feet of concrete, being finally stayed in its path of destruction by a mass of brick masonry, into which it made its way to a depth of three feet.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

A SAILOR with his pockets full of money, finding himself about eight miles from Liverpool, hired a chaise to take him there. On seeing the driver holding the door open for him, he asked, whether he wanted to crowd him in the hold. He swore he would keep the deck, and, mounting to the top of the chaise, ordered the driver to weigh anchor and hoist all the sail he could carry.

On the way they met a sore-footed pedestrian, who asked for a lift. The driver asked if he might be allowed to get on the top, to which Jack replied "No, he shant come on deck; douse him below in the hold." The weary passenger, nothing loth, got into the comfortable chaise, while Jack, on the quarter deck, as he called it, rode triumphantly into Liverpool.

HOW THE ORDERLY OFFICER WAS BESTED.

Orderly Officer going round the Barrack Rooms at the breakfast hour. } "Any complaints."

Thomas Atkins—"Yes Sir, this 'ere drain along the Verandah smells 'orrid."

O Officer—"You had better report the smell to the Officer Commanding your Company."

T. A.—"Beg pardin Sir, a'int got none now Sir, 'e's away gaffing in the 'ills Sir."

O. Officer—'Well you had better report it to your Colour-Sergeant."

T. A.—'Beg pardin Sir, 'e's mostly on guard, and when 'e's not, 'e's bossing the Regimental Football Team."

O. Officer (in despair)—"Well then you must report it to the Non-Com. Officer in charge of your squad."

T. A.—"Beg pardin Sir, 'e a'int no good, 'e's under arrest,"

(*Exit Orderly Officer quite floored.*)

Here's a good story, but not good enough to be tried on at the Dalhousie Block.

Tommie to Waiter at bar—"Can I have a quart in two pints?"

Waiter—Yes! you can be accomodated," and a pint was handed to Tommie which he drank, smacked his lips, remarked it was good, and then said "good morning," saying "I dont think I'll have the other pint to day."

"But I shall want paying for that pint" said the waiter "Nay" replied Tommie "its all right, dont you see, I owe you a pint, and you owe me one, so that makes us straight, Good Bye".

It is said the mutineers in 1857 had a great horror of the telegraph wire, and that one exclaimed when led out to be executed. "It is that accursed string that strangles us," pointing to the telegraph wire.

Firing Exercise two hundred years ago:—Make Ready—Present—Give Fire.

A half caste girl at a Calcutta dance said to a young Sub. "You no propose! You no silver teapot got! then why you pinch my *chumra*," (flesh).

ADVERTISMENTS.

(*Copied from Exchange and Mart*).

B. (1462).

Wanted in exchange for 17 bed straps, and 14 earthenware sun cracked basins, a similar quantity of bed covers and pillow slips. Open to any offers.

Apply to "K" Coy. Batman.
Dalhousie Barracks.

(*Copied from the Calcutta Chronicle*).

X. (1074)

Wanted a highly respectable man to superintend the marking in the Butts during the Annual Musketry Practice 1891-92; must be above all suspicion. None but perfect adepts in the art need apply. Will have to provide himself with all the necessary paraphernalia, discs, brushes, hole punches, etc.

The Adjutant,
Dhurramtolah Highlanders.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee,

Dear Mr. Editor,

It is with extreme regret that I announce the death on 2nd July, at Sandwich, of Mr. James Mooney, late a Color-Sergt. in the 1st Battn. and afterwards at the Depot.

Several Non.-Com. Officers of the Depot and Permanent Staff, 3rd Battn., attended his funeral which took place at Sandwich on 5th idem

41 Recruits proceeded on 1st July, under Lieut. Marriott, to Aldershot to join the Home Battalion.

Sergt. W. H. Lee, Permanent Staff, 3rd Battn. was discharged as an Invalid, on 9th July, and awarded a pension of 2s. 3d. per diem.

Color Sergt. Dunster joined the Depôt from Home Battn. on the 5th inst., and has been promoted Qr.-Mr. Sergt., *vice* Boon.

The following promotions and appointments have been made with effect from 4th June, Sergt. Freeman, Color Sergt. *vice* Bennell, Lce.-Sergt. Foster, Sergt. *vice* Freeman, Corpl. Matthews, paid Lce.-Sergt. *vice* Foster, Lce.-Corpl Adams has joined the Depôt from Home Battn., for employment as an assistant in the Orderly Room in place of D'Albert deserted.

No. 1969 G. Williams, 1450 E. Mepham, and 1810 J. Carey have been found fit for further duty, and sent from Netley to 2nd. Battn.

Pte. Whitby was transferred to the Army Reserve, on 22nd inst.,on completion of his Army Service.

Sergt. E. Keeler has been posted to the Permanent Staff, 3rd Battn., *vice* Lee discharged.

Drummer Fuller, Permanent, Staff, has been awarded a Silver Medal for "Long Service and Good Conduct," with a gratuity of £5.

The Band of the 3rd Battn. are at present sojourning at Herne Bay, having been permitted to accept an engagement to play for 14 weeks in that very pretty little watering place.

No. 2083 Pte. W. Cull was discharged on 8th inst., at Netley, as an Invalid, and granted a pension of 6d per diem for 6 months conditionally

No. 1136 A. Sale, and 744 J. Marchant, recently transferred to the Army Reserve, have been found to be fraudulently serving in the Depôt Middlesex Regt, into which they enlisted at Guildford in May last.

The Depôt Cricket Team have played several matches of late, but unfortunately I have been unable to obtain the results in time to include herein.

On 21st July Major General Lord William Seymour, Commanding South Eastern District, made his annual Inspection of the Depôt, and on the same day H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge was at Canterbury, so he also inspected the Depôt in the afternoon.

Canterbury is all astir just now, preparing for the annual Cricketing Carnival, which commences on Monday next. The city is to be profusely decorated, and a grand display of fireworks given, the meeting this year being a juvenile one.

The children attending the 3rd Regimental District School, proceeded on Wednesday 28th July, from the Barracks in wagons, gaily dressed with flags, to the South Eastern Railway Station, where they took train for Whitstable. A variety of amusements were provided for them on the beach throughout the afternoon, also short boating excursions, after which they partook of a substantial repast of tea and cake, returning to Canterbury about 7 p.m., all having apparently thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Mrs, Hobson, Major Backhouse, Captain and Mrs Colley, and the Rev. W. C. Parr, Chaplain to the Forces, were present, and were indefatigable in their exertions to make everything a success.

Capt. Colley undertook the arrangement of the outing, and was ably assisted by Sergeant-Major Foley.

The following Old Buffs have gone over to the majority:—

No. 1225 Color-Sergt. James Mooney, died at Sandwich on the 2nd July, 1891, aged 46. He was admitted to pension November 1887, 2s. 6d. per diem. North West Frontier Medal, with clasp for Perak. Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct.

Pte. Benjamine Lake, died 13th July 1891 at Ranisbury, aged 85 years. Admitted to pension

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13th July 1847, at 1s. per diem, exactly 44 years.

No. 1251 Pte. Arthur Clyar, died at Belfast, 8th July, 1891, aged 48 years. Admitted to pension, 9½d, per diem May 1883. Medal and Clasp for Perak.

No. 3686 Pte. Timothy Connon, died at Waterford 7th May, 1891, aged 54 years, Admitted to pension of 8d. per diem, November 1877.

Yours truly,
"OLD BUFF."

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Sir

A meeting was held in the Buffs' Theatre on Tuesday July 14th to reorganize the C. E. T. Society in the Regiment.

The room was thrown open at 6.30 p.m for signing the Pledge, where-upon I am happy to say amounted to 16.

The rules and Bye-laws were then read, and Officers elected as follows. President Pte. E. J. Grant, Vice President Pte J. Wilkins, Secretary, Pte W. Burns, Assistant Secretary Pte S. Watts, Treasurer Pte F. Meopham.

The Society being now formed, Pte J. Himpett gave a few words of advice as to the working of the Society, advising all present to press forward and do their utmost to make the Society a success. Pte W. Barter then spoke a few words of encouragement and also of the evil and crime caused through Alcohol. Pte E. J. Grant also spoke a few words, thanking the new members for their assistance in helping in forming the Society and urging all who had become Total Abstainers to go forth and reclaim who have become victims of this great curse(drink).

This Society being now organized it is to be hoped that our comrades will come and join us in this good work, so that we may before long have as flourishing a Society as it was of late.

The meeting will be held weekly in the Buffs' Theatre on Tuesday evening's at 7 p.m., there will also be a Free and Easy at the close of each meeting comprising of Songs, Recitations, Reading, Speeches etc. All are welcome, both members and non-members.

Yours Truly
Pte E. J. Grant,
President.

To the Editor of The Dragon

Dear Sir,

My heart is chafed and sore ;
What ? Why ? Well here's the rub !
My wife she's been, and gone, and joined
The married women's club.

I hav'nt even time to pare my nails,
Or take my morning tub,
I'm forced to mind the children, while
My wife is at her club.

The youngster cries himself to fits,
The wretched little cub,
And I sing "*Did um, Did um, Den.*"
While mamma's at the club.

Fifteen to every dozen,
Their tongues wag rub-a-dub,
They talk of nought but woman's rights,
While at that *bally* club.

Oh, for a friendly billiard room,
Or even a genial pub,
To compensate me for the time
My wife spends at her club.

The tender phrases that, of yore,
She lavished on her "Hub."
She now wastes on the desert air,
Of that infernal club.

I'm going to buy some manacles,
With padlocks made by Chubb,
And so I'll end her gadding, and
Her gossip at the club.

Jacqueson.

KENTISH CHALK AND OXALIC ACID.

A Monthly mule on miscellaneous matters.

HYDROPATHY FOR THE PUNKAH COOLIE.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Sir

The curse of India is not in my humble opinion Cholera, it is not Drink, with an immense capital D, it is not bed bugs, it is that fiend in human form, the punkah wallah who wont kinch.

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And while there are remedies for Cholera, Temperance Associations for the suppression of Drink, and the sublime powder of Keating, nothing has yet been discovered to make the passive Punkah coolie active.

We dare not smite him, and run into the face of the laws of our country; we cannot make out an indent in duplicate, beseeching him, in polished official Vernacular, to oscillate the unkinched punkah rope.

Where is our remedy? With all these new inventions of punkah machines, has not somebody hit upon a new idea of kinching the punkah wallah?

Eureka! water is the cure. I discovered it last week on the Chowringhee Gate Guard.

A deluge of *pani* on a skin, suffering for years from chronic Hydrophobia, rouses any slumbering coolie to a sense of duty, and makes him work like a long winding Waterbury.

The simple presence of a basin of water will encourage any coolie to unheard of exertions; try it!

Yours respectfully
Boggley Wallah.

Regimental Items.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments.

To be Corporal.

Lce.-Corpl. F. R. Kent.

To be Paid Lance-Corporals.

Lce.-Corpl. W. Marsh, Lce.-Corpl. W. Clarke,

To be Lance-Corporals.

Private	W. Barrett,	Private	E. O. Lake,
,,	W. Elvey,	,,	C. Lawson,
,,	J. Hammond,	,,	A. Ovenden,
,,	A. Williams,	,,	W. Littlemore,
,,	G. Debley,	,,	H. A. Ellis,
,,	J. Matthews,	,,	A. Avery,
,,	T. Huckstepp,	,,	G. Stevens,
,,	E. Askew,	,,	C. Bloomfield,
,,	S. Williams,	,,	G. A. Curry.

No. 2310 Boy J. Campbell having attained the age of 18 years, receives the rank and pay of private.

In anticipation of the sanction of H. E. the Commander-in-Chief, Sergeant Master Tailor J. George has been appointed Assistant Master Tailor at the Clothing Agency, Alipore.

Mrs. Smith has been appointed acting School-Mistress in the Regimental Schools.

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officers have been appointed 3rd Class Drill Instructors to the Administrative Battn., Presidency Vols.

Lce.-Corpl.	G. Lehane,	Lce.-Corpl.	J. Cafferty,
,,	W. Castle,	,,	W. Hawkins,
,,	C. Newport,	,,	C. Hobbs,
,,	F. Keeler.		

The undermentioned Officers and Non-Com. Officer underwent a course of instruction at the recent class at the School of Musketry, Pachmari, and have qualified as shown below.

Obtained "Officers' Extra Certificate of Musketry."

Lieut. E. C. M. Parry, 2nd Lieut. R. F. Pearson.

Obtained "Warrant and Non-Commissioned Officers Extra Certificate of Musketry."

Sergt. C. Gray.

The undermentioned Non-Com. Officers passed the professional examination held at Fort William, on the 12th and 14th insts. respectively.

To Sergeant—Lce.-Sergeant C. Burrows.

To Corporal.

Corpl.	F. R. Kent,	Lce.-Corpl.	J. Towers,
Lce.-Corpl.	E. Hartley,	,,	W. Hawkins,
,,	D. Revell,	,,	C. Newport,
,,	J. Pickett,	,,	J. Cafferty.

The undermentioned men are granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates stated opposite their names.

Pte.	H. Bourner,	1d	Pte.	J. Park,	2d
,,	G. Knight,	2d	,,	W. Folwell,	2d
,,	J. Carrington,	2d	,,	J. Gordon,	2d
,,	E. Hamshar,	2d	,,	D. Benton,	2d
,,	T. Amos,	1d	,,	E. Gurney,	1d
,,	J. Jarmen,	1d	,,	M. M'Cann,	3d
,,	A. G. Pullee,	1d	,,	W. Jubb,	1d
,,	F. Gingell,	1d	,,	T. Rutland,	1d
,,	F. Dedman,	2d	,,	A. Thomas,	1d
,,	A. Fryer,	1d	,,	W. McDowell	1d
Boy	W. Culmer.	1d			

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His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief has been pleased to grant leave to the undermentioned officer, from the 10th August to the 10th October 1891, on or about which latter date, he will embark to join his Battalion.

Major G. E. Harley.

No. 1178 Sergt. G. Cork has been permitted to extend his period of Army Service, to complete 12 years with the Colors.

Statement of Savings' Bank Deposits and Withdrawals for the year 1890-91.

Coy.	Deposits. Rs	A.	P.	Withdrawals. Rs	A.	P.
"A"	4000	0	0	3995	12	1½
"B"	2733	0	0	667	4	4½
"C"	1439	0	0	2805	6	10½
"D"	1529	0	0	2552	15	1½
"E"	4827	8	0	3350	10	7
"F"	2507	0	0	3597	15	9
"G"	2476	0	0	1873	12	8
"H"	2966	0	0	1949	11	1½
Rs	22477	8	0	Rs 20793	8	7½

DEPOT SHOOTING COMPETITION.

The annual prize shooting meeting took place on the range at Canterbury on 28th inst., with the following results.

Volley Firing,	1st Prize, "C" Coy.			£1	0	0
	2nd „ "D" „				10	0
Marksmen and First Class Shots	1st, Sgt.-M. Bennell,	Sc.	32,	15	0	
	2nd, Pte. Harrison,	„	32,	10	0	
	3rd, Cpl. Gardner,	„	32,	5	0	
2nd and 3rd Class Shots.	1st Pte. Cox,	„	25,	15	0	
	2nd, Corpl. Barnes,	„	21,	10	0	
	3rd, Q.-M. S. Dunster,	„	20,	5	0	

ALL COMERS.

	£	S.	D.		£	S.	D.
Cr.-Sgt. Stock,	2	0	0	Cpl. Hudson,	1	10	0
„ Ongley,	1	0	0	Sgt. Melvil, R.D.G.	15	0	
Sgt. Jones, R.M.S.I.	10	0		Pte. Hehier,	7	6	
„ Phillips,	7	6		„ Russell,	5	0	
Sgt. I. Carden,	5	0		Sgt. Geogahan,	2	6	
Mr. Milton,	2	6		Br. Beddow,	2	6	

The undermentioned recruit has been assigned a territorial number as stated opposite his name.

No. E.K. 3564 Pte. E. A. Keats.

BARS FROM THE BARRACK-ROOM.

No. 5

THE LOTUS AND THE ROSE.

Oh those dark eyed gazelles of Calcutta
Are wondrous entrancing and fair,
As in Eden's green gardens they strut, or
Along the red road, take the air :
And this heart that so tenderly *kinches*
Beneath the white garb of a Buff,
Is killing me slowly by inches,
I'm awfully *gone* on 'sweet stuff.'

But this bosom though warm, is capricious,
And heaves with each change of the wind,
With sighs for fresh damsels delicious,
On one I cannot fix my mind;
And the girl that I saw, to my sorrow,
Confess I my butterfly love,
Will fade from my soul by to-morrow,
Seconded for some *doosra* dove.

The Idol that first swayed my fancy,
I met her close by the band stand,
Her name (I'm informal) 'twas Nancy,
And I said 'do you like the Buff's band?'
She replied in a voice clear and mellow,
'The band? yes I think it all *teek*,
But you're an impertinent fellow,
I like your extraordinary cheek.'

Unabashed, I proceeded to patter,
In language endearing and warm,
When all her relations got at her,
Around they all flocked in a swarm:
Said her dad "Sir, my name's Mr. Mehta,
No soldiers for us, if you please!"
Said I, 'you consummate old *Mehter*,
Get a broom and sweep up the *sub-cheese*!'

Great Heavens! a piebald Eurasian
At soldiers to turn up his nose,
And attempt to despise a Caucasian,
What next will this strange world disclose?
After all the poor Lotus looks sickly,
Compared to home roses so sweet,
'93 will speed onward right quickly
When we fair Kent maidens shall greet.

OSWALD KENDAL.

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Notes on Calcutta.

AS you leave Fort William by the Water Gate, you will notice on the opposite side of the road near the river, a structure very much like a Mosque, but on closer inspection, you will find it is a monument erected to the memory of the Officers, N.-C.O's. and men, who fell in the actions of Maharajpore, and Punniar, 1843.

On entering the gateway, the first thing that strikes you is, it is very dirty and seems to be the resort of natives, who use it for the purpose of eating fruit, hookah smoking, and discussing the latest "*Khabbar.*" At the top of some stone steps there is an oblong memorial made of brass, or gun metal, and upon it is the following inscription.

"Erected to the memory of the undermentioned Officers, N.-C. Officers, and soldiers of Her Majesty's and the Honorable Company Service, who fell in the victorious actions of Maharajpore, and Punniar, 29th December, 1843."

Then follows the names of each Battery and Corps engaged, with the rank and names of the killed. I append the names of the Buffs as inscribed, and the numbers of each rank of the other Corps.

H. M's. 3rd Regiment of Foot "Buffs."

Captain Donald Stuart, Captain Richard Magrath,
Color Sergt. John Devory, Color Sergt. Eborall,
Color Sergt, Jacob Wheeler, Sergt. Michael Mannion,
Private, Thomas Allen, Private, Thomas Baily,
" Joseph Britton, " Thomas Clarke,
" James Griggs, " Benjamin Lockwood,
" William Petworth, " Francis Quiton,
" Edward Simmonds, " James Thorne,
" Andrew Travers, " Thomas W. Wood.

Head Quarter Staff,	1 General,	1	Lieut.-Colonel.
2nd Troop 2nd Brigade, H, A.		6	Rank and File,
3rd Troop " "		1	"
2nd Troop 3rd Brigade H. A.		4	"
3rd Troop " "		1	"
16th Lancers		3	"
1st Light Cavalry	1 Major	2	"
4th "	1 Major	1	"
8th "		2	"
10th "		2	"
4th Irregular Cavalry		2	"
1st Coy. 1st Bn. of Artillery		2	"
4th Coy. "	1 Lieut.		
1st Coy. Scindia Contingent R.A.		1	"
39th Foot	1 Ensign,	38	"
40th Foot	1 Sergt.	34	"
50th Foot	1 Captain,	10	"
2nd N.I. Grenadiers		9	"
14th N.I. "		2	"
16th N.I. "	1 Lieut.	22	"
39th N.I. "		15	"
43rd N.I. "		6	"
50th N.I. "		6	"
Regt. of Kelat, I Gilzie		1	"

The day I visited the place, I found two natives sound asleep on the brass memorial, and, upon waking them up, found one was the Chowkedar in charge. He does not appear, from the state of the place, to do very much, although he receives 12 rupees a month from the Port Commissioners for looking after the monument. The 12 rupees would be better invested, I should say, by giving it to one of the Fort William Staff, who would probably take more interest in its welfare than a native.

Just above the brass memorial is hanging a bell with the inscription 'Dolphin 1866.' Whether this was recovered from a shipwreck, or not, I cannot say, but perhaps some of our readers can enlighten us on the subject.

The whole structure is very well built, the base, and as high as the first floor, consisting of marble, the dome being made of either brass or gun metal.

It is well worth the while for the men of the battalion to pay a visit to this place, a record of a great fight, where the men of the old Corps greatly distinguished themselves.

The old Maharatta Colour, at present in the Officers' Mess, was captured at the battle of Punniar on 29th December, 1843, and was carried by the Battalion up to 1874, when it was put into a glass case where it now is.

THE PUNNIAR COLOUR.

With reference to the foregoing, we do not think we can do better than reproduce the the account of the Battle of Punniar given in "The Dragon" of October 15th 1874.

"Our Division formed the left wing of the

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army of Gwalior, under the command of Major-General John Grey, C.B. ; but, it is little known upon how small a section of our force the severity of the action and loss fell, namely H.M's 3rd Regiment "Buffs", a company of Sappers and Miners, 5 companies of the 39th N.I., H.M's 50th Regiment, 50th N.I., 58th N.I., and six Artillery guns, in all about 2000 men. On the 29th December we made almost a forced march of 16 miles through the valley of Himmutghur to Punniar, and immediately observed the enemy in a strong position on the heights near the fortified village of Mangore, who commenced firing on our baggage train. Some Cavalry and Horse Artillery were detached, but prevented by ravines from attacking the enemy. Soon after 4 p.m. H.M's 3rd Buffs, a company of sappers and miners and the 39th N.I., were ordered to march and attack the enemy, and these bore the brunt of the battle. The gallant manner in which Col. James Clunie led The Buffs, and the thrilling cheer they gave on charging the enemy, can never be forgotten by those present. The exertions of every officer and soldier, after a fatiguing march, in the first instance, of sixteen miles, and soon after of four miles to the attack, seemed almost to surpass the powers of human nature, and yet under the excitement, our men appeared even fresh. The Buffs and sappers took eleven guns out of the 24 captured. Two of these were taken by Lieut Robert Douglas who commanded No 2 company of The Buffs, and had his Color-Sergt. and 4 men killed and twelve wounded.

He was placed in command ot this company by Capt. Donald Stewart, who, as senior Capt. was posted to the light company, and killed, being shot through the left eye by a six pound ball. His wife was the only lady in camp, and had the distress to see him fall.

The army of the enemy, commanded by an able and most experienced Officer, consisted of about 12000 men of all arms, and fought well generally. His body guard, 500 Rajpots, splendidly mounted and armed at all points, behaved with the greatest bravery and were nearly all killed. Their gallant commander was shot though the lungs, and died the following day.

His standard bearer was shot by Martin Daly, a private of the Buffs, and the standard instantly seized by Lieut. Douglas, and also a beautiful sabre from the chief, The former he carried through the thickest of the fight, and after the battle safely deposited in the fort of Mangore.

The whole conduct of this gallant Regiment was admirable, and worthy of their highest Peninsular reputation, and Punniar will add honor to the names borne on their distinguished colours.

The heavest loss in killed and wounded, fell upon the Buffs and 39 N. I., but nothing could be more admirable than the conduct of our whole force engaged, and our loss is severe.

Indian Mail 4th October, 1844.

Lecture on Musketry Training

BY

Major E. S. Browne, V. C.

ON the evening of the 4th instant, Major E. S. Browne, *V. C.* the officiating D.A.A. General for Musketry, gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on musketry, which, to judge from the large attendance of all ranks, and the perfect order that was observed throughout, was highly appreciated.

Major General Viscount Frankfort introduced the Lecturer to the audience with a few remarks, and there is no doubt that the greatest pains had been taken by the lecturer to render his subject interesting to all.

The lecture, which was too long for us to give in detail, was given in the men's reading room, in the Outram Institute, and commencing at 9.30 p.m., was not concluded until about 11 p.m., so that a few of the leading features of the lecture will suffice in these columns.

The speaker began by remarking that there was no doubt that the shooting of the Army in India had, of late, greatly improved, and that it should be our chief aim to improve, to a still higher standard of proficiency, in this branch of military education every year. Referring to the use of the rifle, he stated that in former times the rifle had been regarded on ordinary drill parades, to a great extent, in the light of a necessary evil, and went on to say that this weapon should be

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more fully recognized as being the weapon of the army, and carried on parade in order that we might become more familiar with its use, and that the Firing Exercise, being the A. B. C. of all musketry training, should be thoroughly known by all Officers and N.C.-Officers, and (good news for the junior Lce.-Corporals) ought to be thoroughly mastered in about ten days.

Roars of laughter were caused by the lecturer relating a story of a Mounted Infantry-man, in Zululand, putting down his rifle and slogging away at a great big Zulu with his fists; also of two companies of Volunteers at a field day putting down their weapons, and actually waging war with sticks and stones; even the two Sergeant Instructors working their hardest to win the day, armed respectively with a tent pole and a shovel.

These instances, he went on to say, were proof of the fighting spirit of the English, but that at the same time, in both cases, it showed a want of confidence in the weapons placed in their hands by the authorities.

At the conclusion of the lecture, the Major General moved a vote of thanks to Major Browne for his kindness in entertaining his audience so thoroughly, at the same time remarking that it was a mistake, on the part of a correspondent to the Pioneer, to say that good shooting was of no avail in action. He assured them that British Soldiers had always been good shots, even in the days of the old bows and arrows, and that he regarded it as the first duty of a soldier to learn to shoot well, as in the field nothing could possibly compensate for bad marksmanship; and the Regiment which was high on the roll of merit in shooting, and were sober and orderly in Barracks, was the Regiment a General would wish to keep near him.

Colonel H. D. Harrison then, in a very appropriate speech, moved a vote of thanks to the Major General for favouring the Regiment with his presence at the lecture, and, with a "That's all", concluded one of the most interesting and instructive evenings which have been spent since the arrival of the Battalion at Fort William.

According to Sir. S. D. Scott, Col. Thomas Morgan, whose veteran troops were the first harquebussiers of our nation, was the first who taught the English to like the musket. He was the first Colonel of The Buffs, 1572.

Regimental Association Football. Season 1891.

Matches played up to 22nd August 1891.

Number of matches played	8
" " Won	6
" " Drawn	2
" " Lost	0

Clubs played.	Goals scored. For the Regt.	Against the Regt.
Sova Bazaar	1	0
Dalhousie F. C.	1	1
East Surrey Regt.	1	0
Calcutta F. C.	3	1
St. Xavier's College	4	0
E. S. Regt. (return)	2	1
Dalhousie F. C. (2nd Round Trades Cup)	2	1
E. Lancashire Regt. (Semi final Trades Cup)	2	2
	16	5

The Goals for the Regt. were scored by:—

Lce-Corpl. Hutchins,	5
Pte Evans,	4
Lce.-Corpl. Marshall,	3
Pte. Lawrence,	2
" Wickens,	1
Lce.-Corpl Hills.	1
	16.

SERGEANTS EAST SURREY REGIMENT VERSUS SERGEANTS THE BUFFS.

This match was played at Dum-Dum on the 19th inst., and resulted in a draw, neither side being able to score anything,

The first half time, the game was very equal, the play being principally among the backs. In the second half, The Buffs had slightly the advantage, but were unable to overcome the determined resistance offered by the backs of the Surrey team. For the latter, Sergt. Drummer Wright, Sergt. Hackney, (in goal) and Sergeant

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Tobin, played a remarkably good game, while Sergeants Behrens, Cork, Talbot and Stirke shone among The Buffs.

After the match the teams were entertained at dinner, followed by a Smoking Concert in the Surrey Mess, The mess was tastefully decorated, and the programme opened with a march by the Mess Band, after which Sergt.-Major Rowe, in a very flattering speech, proposed the health of the visitors, reminding them of the long continued friendship between the Old and Young Buffs, and expressing his firm conviction that it would last for a very much longer period. After Color Sergt. Hoare had suitably responded on behalf of the visitors, came the singing, which was particularly good; in fact our friends of the Surrey's have an array of talent, which it would be very hard to beat. Lieut. Mooline, and Sergt. Kirby were both very good in their songs, and Mr. Castleton as the Yankee Preacher fairly convulsed the audience.

Sergeant Eaton sang "Good old Mother" in his usual style, and at 12 a grand procession concluded one of the most pleasant evenings the Sergeants have spent for some time, and with renewed good wishes the Old and Young Buffs parted, to meet again, we hope, in a similar manner at no very distant date.

Rugby Football.

A match was played under the above rules between the Corporals The Buffs *v.* United Club, Howrah, on the 13th July, and after a very one sided game, ended in a victory for the Corporals by 7 tries to nil.

Corporals The Buffs *v.* Medical College.

A match under the Rugby Rules was played by the above clubs on the Buffs' ground, on the 20th inst., and after a good uphill game by the Medicos, ended in a victory for the Corporals by 2 goals and 5 tries to nothing. The tries for the Corporals were obtained by Hilderbrand three, Hutchins two, Tennant and Crumby one each.

Calcutta *v.* The Buffs.—Played on the Calcutta ground on the 13th inst., won by Calcutta, 1 goal to nil.

Ichabod Crabb.

A gunner of the Bengal Artillery, named Ichabod Crabb, went to see the Hospital Authorities on the subject of a strange affection of the back, which compelled him to walk somewhat in the shape of a capital C. "I ain't in no great pain" he said "cept when I tries to stand hereet, an then my back seems to break clean in two, I could'nt stand up, not if my life depended on it!" As there was heavy gun drill going on at this time, the Doctor formed his own opinion of the case, and determined to let the man work out his own cure.

He ordered Crabb's breakfast to be placed on a high cupboard in the wall, to reach which, the patient would have to stand erect. At dinner time the cook reported Crabb's breakfast to be untouched.

"Put his dinner in the same place," commanded the Doctor, and the treatment was continued throughout the day. The next morning, when the Doctor called to see his patient, he found his prescription had been efficacious. Crabb had taken his supper and breakfast, and declared himself fit for duty. 'Cupboard Crabb' as he was afterwards called, confessed that he had tried to deceive the old doctor, but he had found himself beaten.

NOTICE.

Next month a prize of ~~Rs~~ 5, presented by the Staff of *The Dragon*, will be given for the best composed verse in the "Limerick" measure.

Only one verse will be accepted from any one individual.

Subject to be purely topical. All verses received will be published.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regimental Papers.

Lilywhite Gazette, 2nd Bn. East Lancashire Regt.
The XXX, 1st Battn. East Lancashire Regt.
The Bengal Tiger, 2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.
The Nines, 2nd Battn. Wiltshire Regiment.
Sprig of Shillelagh, 27th Innskillings.
I'm 95, 2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.

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LITERARY COMPETITION.

The prize of ~~Rs~~ 5 has been awarded to *Ex-Nimrod* for his essay. We are sorry to say that this was the only Essay received this month, and unless, in future, at least three are sent in, no prize will be awarded.

A prize of ~~Rs~~ 5 will be given next month for the best account of the FINAL TIE for the Association Cup.

A Day's Shooting in India.

EARS ago, I had often listened to the thrilling tales of sport in Bengal, as recounted by my uncle—an old John Company man, one of the ten thousand, who availed themselves of the permission to go to England after the mutiny—tales of exciting interest, of Bengal with its dense jungles, of the fierce tiger, the crafty cheetah, and the wily panther, of the bold shikarry, and the docile elephant. of trials of nerve and endurance, till I was fired with a determination to get to India and participate in these spirit-stirring adventures by some means or other.

Taking a red coat, I soon sailed for India at the expense of the Government, and joined my Regiment at Pneumoniapur.

At the earliest opportunity I became possessed of a bran new, thirty dib, muzzle loading shot gun,—guaranteed not to kick, and to kill anything at one hundred yards, from an elephant to a mosquito,—and I started one morning with two more companions, who had the old fashioned shot guns belonging to the company, for a day's sport.

Riding by train about a dozen miles from the cantonment we alighted at a miserable little station with no platform, and steered into the thick jungle.

It was a glorious morning, and at every step the wild scenery became more beautiful; to me, who had only just left the Kentish fields, it seemed grand and sublime. The trees covered with creepers, meeting overhead, formed a vast magnificent lattice of green domes, which nearly shut out the noonday sun, yellow stripped squirrels darting about among the branches, gorgeous plumaged birds, flitting to and fro in the mingling shade and

> Soft mossy lawns,
> Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
> Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms
> Minute, yet beautiful.

Strolling on and not watching my feet, my reverie was suddenly interrupted, by coming a cropper over the remains of a defunct calf, and rolling into a ditch with a couple of inches of mud in it. Besides getting plastered like a sewer rat and smelling as exquisite, I broke the main-spring of my five-eight pucca chronometer, and split my khaki trousers.

We decided that this should be the base of operations, so I repaired to a native hut and enquired in my best Urdu, lately imported from Forbe's, for water, but they did not understand, so I helped myself, and it nearly caused another mutiny. I stopped it with a Rupee, for which prompt act I expected the V.C., but the Government didnt *see* it.

My companions had started, taking my gun, so hearing a shot I soon rejoined them and found they had shot a snipe. Taking it for granted they had tried my beautiful weapon, I loaded it without enquiry and we proceeded.

We stalked along for about a hour, when a grunt behind a scrubby thing like a gooseberry bush announced the object we were searching for, a wild pig. We got behind some trees, and I, being the nearest to the grunter, it was my place to fire. Piggy soon made his appearance with a series of jerky grunts, turning up the turfs of grass with his snout, searching for berries. When he was near enough I brought the gun to my shoulder and fired ! ! !. By all the saints in the calender I thought an earthquake had happened,and the whole jungle had descended on my head at once. My skull seemed to be lifted, I saw twice as many stars as there are in the whole firmament, and a terrible blow struck me in the chest knocking the senses out of me. My companions came running up and after pouring sundry helmets full of dirty water over me,I got well enough to stand. My beautiful thirty dib gun was shivered to a thousand pieces, half the barrel lay in a bush, the other half could not be found, a large pointed piece of the stock was sticking in

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my right leg, a similar piece had attached itself to my shoulder, and hundreds of little pieces were sticking all over my dress. I closely resembled a pin-cushion, with tent-pegs for pins.

My companions roared with laughter when they saw I was not seriously hurt, but, I unfortunately could not see the joke, and elected to stop and mind the porker, which had been killed, instead of running into any more danger, consoling myself with killing squirrels and emptying the provision bag. They came back at dusk with a batch of coolies, we slung the porker on a bamboo pole, and with the rest of the bag consisting of snipe and pigeons, made tracks for the Station.

Arriving at the cantonment, my companions triumphantly entered barracks, at the head of the coolies carrying our fat prize.

I followed more leisurely and departed for a corner cot in Hospital the next day, where I stayed a month, and speculated on the number of charges a shot gun would stand without bursting. I never got farther than two.

This is my first and last experience of shooting in India. It happened three years ago, and I cannot even now look on a cheap shot gun without a shudder.

Ex-Nimrod.

The Military custom of saluting, by bringing the hand into a horizontal position over the right eye-brow (old salute) is supposed to date back to the military tournaments of the Middle Ages. When, after the Queen of Beauty was enthroned, the knights who were to take part in the sports of the day, marched past the dais, on which she sat, and as they passed shielded their eyes from the rays of her beauty. The principal parts of the officers salute (old salute), kissing the hilt of the sword, dates also from the middle ages.

Major Grant, V.C., of Manipur, is not the only distinguished person the Madras Army has produced, as the following will show:—

"In the official list of the Indian Army will be found a little history relating how Lieut. Maclagan joined the Madras establishment in 1847, and retired on a pension in 1852. This same Lieut. Maclagan is now Archbishop of York, and adds to his pension a salary of £10,000 a year. An Archbishop who draws a military pension is perhaps unique in the annals of the church militant.

Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows.

As there are many of our readers who know little, or nothing of this admirable institution, we have published the following letter just received by Colonel Harrison:—

7th August 1891.

Sir,

In reply to your letter dated the 13th July, I have to inform you, that there are six rooms in this Asylum which are kept filled by the trustees of the late Sir Nathaniel Thorne, by widows from the Buffs, if there are any wishing to occupy them and if not, then by widows from other regiments.

The six rooms are at present occupied by five widows from the Buffs, and one from the Royal Artillery, because when, a vacancy occurred in 1876, no widow from the Buffs could be found, see page 44 and 45, of the book I have sent you by post.*

The money invested by Sir N. Thorne produced only five shillings a week for each of these widows, and now that Consols are only £2-15 per cent, that amount is reduced. When the payment to the inmates was raised to seven shillings a week, these six widows received the same rise as the others, although, by the trust deed, the Committee were not required to pay them more than the interest the invested money produced, consequently the annual subscriptions from the two Battalions of the Buffs help to pay the difference, the remainder coming out of the general fund.

If I have not told you all you require to know, please to communicate with me again, and put any questions you wish me to answer.

Yours truly
J. A. Steward, Colonel,
Secretary.

---

*The following are the 5 Widows referred to:—

Mary Donnelly, aged 82. Husband. Sergt. Patrick Donnelly, The Buffs.

Sarah Downs, aged 71 Husband, Sergt. Downs, The Buffs.

Mary Ann Fry, aged 79, Husband, Sergt. Fry, The Buffs.

Margaret Hazell, aged 77. Husband, Pte. Thomas Hazell, The Buffs.

Sarah Morey, aged 62. Husband, Color Sergeant Morey, The Buffs.

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At the request of the Commanding Officer, Major Browne, *V. C.* very kindly gave a lecture on Musketry Training, in the Institute, in the presence of a large and distinguished audience. A full account is given in these pages.

The lecturer was most sincere in his subject, and delivered it in a very clear and interesting style, but he must forgive our saying, that in some of his remarks we cannot bring ourselves to agree with him.

We hope, however, that many of his sound suggestions will have the desired effect, of producing greater interest in such a highly important subject as "Fire Tactics."

... ...

The members of the Invicta Bicycle Club, have been photographed with their cycles, and a very excellent picture is the result.

... ...

It is rumoured that the Band are not going up to Darjeeling, after all, this season. This, no doubt, will be a disappointment to some of them, and much more so to the residents of that Station. The Band must console themselves however, with the smart new cross belts and pouches, that the thoughtful band president has provided for them, besides the two fine leopard skins, (kindly presented by Mr, J. W. Price) which are being made up into aprons for the big drummers.

... ...

We can ill afford to let our Band go away to the hills just now. We are reduced as it is to only two bands in the Fort; the 3rd Bengal I. Band are having their Midsummer holidays, and Major Weir's Company Band, very excellent of its kind, are hardly up to taking their turn in the Eden Gardens.

... ...

Thank goodness we've had a respite for nearly two months from theatrical shows, sing-songs, and all kinds of gaffing (spring drill and fire tactics excepted). To what are we indebted for such a glorious interval of peace? Is it to matrimony, card playing, or Platonic love?

... ...

The Corporals gave a dance on the 20th inst. and it proved a decided success. The room was tastefully decorated, liquors good, music good sandwiches ditto; and the dancing, well, that is a matter of opinion, but a little more practice would be useful to all hands.

The Adjutant and Qr.-Master were there and enjoyed themselves thoroughly, getting frightfully mixed up in a set of Quadrilles. It is a pity the M.C's. are so fond of dancing.

... ...

The Buffs' Women's Reading and Writing Room is now an accomplished fact, and with Mrs. Manville in charge, should prove a success.

... ...

The married women of the Regiment are, we hear, to be photographed in a group, and the picture, to adorn the "Club" in the Queen's Barracks.

... ...

We congratulate Corpl. Kendall on having secured first prize for a certain story, published in a local paper. We have'nt seen it, but from what we hear, it would well bear being reproduced in these columns.

... ...

A protest entered by the Dalhousie Football Club, against The Buffs' second goal, was overridden. The grounds on which they based their complaint was very weak, and we are glad our worthy Regimental Secretary (Mr. Tarte) did not let them have their own way.

... ...

We hear that Mr. Hasler is likely to have high times in Simla, as there are theatricals, dances, and concerts coming off, at all of which he will be sure to appear under a good pilot.

... ...

Beating the "attack" on the first pace as the Battalion steps off is the latest novelty. One great advantage is, that it will be an excellent substitute for steam rollers on newly metalled roads, but it is a *trifle* rough on the Orderly-Room floor.

... ...

We congratulate the Garrison Artillery on their newly acquired, but honourable, designation of "Company" as a substitute for that of Battery.

We observe the Officer Commanding the 21st Company bears this new honour very complacently.

... ...

Will any of our readers, having spare copies of the following Numbers of "The Dragon," kindly send them to the Sub-Editor, who will pay full price for them, providing they are clean.?

Nos. 12, 13, 14, 17, 19, 26, & 52.

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How is it the president of the Ærated Water Machine cannot have "Limeade" made ? surely a little bribery would get the recipe.

... ...

Mr. Booth took a party of invalids to Darjeeling during the month, and evidently classed himself amongst them, as he did not turn up in Calcutta for a fortnight afterwards.

... ...

Capt. Blackburn returned off leave, from Java, on the 19th inst.

... ...

Our popular Sergeant-Major has had a short run up to the hills,— and has returned much benefitted by the change.

... ...

We hear that Mr. Annesley is about to enter the holy state of matrimony with his cousin, Miss Annesley, and we congratulate the happy pair accordingly.

... ...

Our Adjutant was unlucky at the Calcutta Monsoon Meeting, on the 15th inst., owing to his inferior mounts, and we wish him better luck next time.

... ...

Mr. Cobbe has, we hear, gone to Cashmere on a two month's shooting excursion.

... ...

Mr. Hulke has gone big game shooting, first to the Sunderbunds, and afterwards to Chittagong.

... ...

Majors Ommanney and Hind left Calcutta during the month for Darjeeling, on leave of absence.

... ...

Mr Annesley returned from Ranikhet on the 18th inst., after going through a Course of Garrison Instruction.

... ...

Mr Greene is "off to Philadelphia in the morning," or rather to England, to take up an appointment in the Ordnance Department, suitable for a "Fine Old Irish Gentleman".

... ...

Our Quarter Master has settled down, and has already shown what his masterly mind is capable of. We believe the improvement in the Lemonade and Ginger Beer is entirely attributable to him.

Lieut. Macpherson proceeded to Manipur, on the 20th inst., to join the 2nd Goorkhas, having been appointed Wing Officer of that Battn.

... ...

The following taken from *The Dragon* of May 1875, should be very interesting, especially to our *footballists*.

"Among the important events of the last month we have to chronicle the birth of The Buffs' Football Club. The child has since its birth been doing well, and promises to become, in every respect, a credit to its parents. This remarkable infant has already twice engaged an opponent of maturer years, and on both occasions, success has crowned its efforts."

The first two matches were played with the La Martiniere School, and we see among the names of the players, that of Sub-Lieut. Hind, (Deputy Captain of the Club), now a Major in the Battalion.

... ...

By an account given in the "West Middlesex Advertiser" of the sports at the Duke of York's School, Chelsea, we see Mr. Cumber, *Junr.* has been distinguishing himself. He was first in both the 120 Yds. and Hurdle Race, and second in the Mile Race for Pupil Teachers.

... ...

Look out in our next number for a real "Munchausen" story of adventure and hairbreadth escapes. H. B. has returned from his voyage to Java, in which he narrowly escaped shipwreck.

Some people were not born to be drowned.

... ...

The 2nd. Battn. move to Chatham from Alder shot on 5th September, 1891.

... ...

Owing to want of space we have been unable to publish several letters received lately from our Temperance friends, but at the earnest entreaty of our Printers we have inserted one this month, which speaks for itself. Our Printers are undoubtedly brave men, but the terrible threats made by a literary T.T. gave them such a fright, we were compelled to come to the rescue, and publish his letter this month, thus allaying, we hope, our Correspondent's wrath at its former non-appearance.

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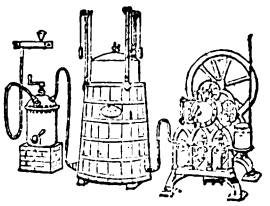
The  Buffs'

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 54, **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, SEPTEMBER 30th 1891.** Price 2 As

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1898

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

WINCKLEY. At St. Cloud, near Paris, on 22nd August 1891, the wife of the Revd. C. R. Thorold Winckley M.A., Garrison Chaplain, Fort William, of a son.

STEELE At Darjeeling on the 8th inst., the wife of Schoolmaster G. A. Steele, 1st Battn. The Buffs, of a son.

Marriage.

CORK—SCOTT At St. Peters, Fort William on the 8th inst, by the Revd. C. R. Thorold Winckley M.A., George Cork, Sergeant 1st Battn. The Buffs to Miss Margaret Scott.

Deaths.

HUGHES At Margate, on the 20th August. Capt. J. Hughes, The Buffs.

MATTHEWS At Darjeeling, on the 29th August, of Hepatitis, No. 1293 Pte. F. Matthews.

LAWRENCE At Calcutta, on the 2nd inst., of Enteric Fever, No. 2686 Pte. H. Lawrence.

CAUSE At Calcutta on the 24th inst., of Enteric Fever, No. 2610 Pte. S. Cause.

BOWDEN At Calcutta on the 25th inst., of Enteric Fever, No, 806, Pte. R. Bowden.

Notes.

FOOTBALL has been the all absorbing topic in the Regiment during the past month. We must ask our readers therefore to excuse us for having devoted such a large portion of this number to that subject.

... ...

Our Rugby Football Team returned from Bombay on the 15th inst., unvanquished, but not altogether victorious, the final match of the tournament, against the Bombay Civilians, resulting in a draw.

... ...

The XV are full of the great hospitality shown them by the people of Bombay, both civil and military, during their ten days' visit.

In the name of the Regt., we here wish to record our sincere thanks to all those who so kindly entertained our team, and to hope that the friendly relationship at football, now commenced, may continue between Bombay and the Buffs as long as the Regiment is in India.

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All ranks in the Battalion desire to express their hearty appreciation of Lieut. Col. Harrison's great liberality in defraying, at his own expense, the entire cost of the men's railway journey to Bombay and back.

... .

Somebody cruelly suggested that the scores of the Calcutta Station team in the Honor and Glory match (as published in the *Englishman*) should change ranks, the Buffs would then be well to the front.

Our marksmen were evidently out of sorts in this match, but we hope for better results at the B. P. R. A. meeting.

... ...

What has become of "Nobby" not the 1st Battn. "Nobby" of C Company, but the 2nd Battn. correspondent; we hope he has'nt deserted. This is for the second time of asking.

... ...

Several people were asking, during the final match tor the Calcutta Rugby Cup, why the Buffs wore crape bands.
It was done in memory of, and respect for, one of the team who had died a few days before.

... ...

Some of the "Kings" Regimental association team have volunteered, and have been accepted, for The Buffs. This is very fortunate as we want some fresh blood introduced into our game.

... ...

The "Invicta" Confederacy were not as successful in the St. Leger sweep as they were in the Derby one, however *Nil desperandum.*

... ...

A stout Color Sergeant is one of the lucky ones, he having drawn the second horse in a sweep for which he also drew over three hundred rupees.

... ...

The Dalhousie amateurs gave a performance of "Blue Beard" on the 10th September, under the patronage of Colonel Harrison and the Officers. The performance, which included several topical songs, was much appreciated.

... .

The Sergeants of the garrison gave a small dance on the 17th inst., The wives of the Sergeants of the Buffs were conspicuous by their absence.

According to rumours, appointments are being freely offered amongst our Officers. Major Ommanney is to be the next Commandant at the Jalapahar Convalescent Depot, when Major Stewart leaves in February. Major Newnham-Davis will probably obtain a permanent appointment on the Head Quarter Indian Staff. Capt. Chippindall is to get the Adjutancy of one of the London Volunteer Corps. And lastly Quarter-Master Cumber has been specially selected as manager of the Regimental Aerated Water Factory.

... ...

The Married Quarters in Queen's Barracks are nearly finished. The old horse boxes, which some of our readers who were stationed here before may remember, are now converted into very smart quarters built up to the ceiling.

Rippingille's oil stoves are on the way out from England, for the use of the married families.

Perhaps this is the reason why there is such a rush now for permission to marry.

Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

The Editor of the Dragon.

Sir,

Let me suggest as a subject for competition in the Dragon, the best translation of a verse of a popular song into a foreign language. We all know how useful a knowledge of foreign languages is to soldiers. To show that there is no serious difficulty, I subjoin a translation into Dutch of the first verse of Rudyard Kipling's 'Tommy this and Tommy that?,

Yours truly
H.B

Ik gaat tot eene wijn huis te bevragen een glas van bier,
Zagt mij de herbergier 'Wij dienen niet den rooi buis hier
De meisjes aan het buffet, bijna sterfelijk gelacht
Ik gaat onmiddeli jk tot de straat en all alleen ik zagt,

Oh het's 'Tommy dit, en Tommy dat' en Tommy gaa uw gang
Maar 'Ik dank uw Meester Atkins toen de trom beginnt te bang.

De trom beginnt te bang mejonge, enz.

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To the Editor of the Dragon.

Dear Sir,

With reference to the information about prizes for Cricket, for the year 1890, which appeared in your issue No. 43 dated October 31st 1890, (extract herewith enclosed.) it appears that up to the present only two men have received prizes, namely Sergt. Godfrey the value of two bats, and Pte. Straw the value of one. I feel quite sure that it is through pressure of business the above has been forgotten, and I think that as the Cricketing Season is rapidly approaching, it might tend to stimulate new blood if the averages &c. for last year were struck, and the prizes awarded.

Yours faithfully

Cricketer.

[It must have been from an oversight that the prizes for cricket averages were not distributed at the end of last season. We have communicated with the President of the Cricket Club about it, and hope to be able to notify in our next number that the matter has been rectified. Ed.]

DEPOT NEWS.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Time rolls on quickly, and nearly another month has passed since I last wrote to you. Things are very quiet now at the Depot, except that recruits are coming in fairly well considering the time of year.

Lieut. W. Rayden is expected here on the 1st September to relieve Lieut. Marriott, who rejoins his battalion on completing his tour of service at the Depot, and just in time to accompany it to the manœuvres in Hampshire, under Lieut.-General Sir E. Wood G.C.M.G., K.C.B., Commanding Aldershot Division.

No. 1230 Corpl. A. J. Hall and 1800 Pte. T. Pembroke, having been found fit for further duty, have been sent from Netley to the Home Battalion.

22 Recruits under command of Major Backhouse were sent to Aldershot on the 15th inst.

The following men have been discharged during the month at Netley as invalids.

No. 1795 Pte W. Googe pens. 6d for 12 mths conditionally
„ 2248 „ J. Bax „ 6d „ 12 „ final.
„ 2027 „ W. Kay „ 6d „ 15 „ „
„ 2651 „ H. Jago „ 6d „ 6 „ „
„ 1825 „ T. Lane } awards of pension not yet
„ 3452 „ T. Long } received.

Corpl. Harlow has joined here from Home Battalion, and Corpl. Barnes, has returned to duty with his Battalion.

Colonel Hobson is taking his long leave, sojourning in North Wales, Major Backhouse, Commanding the Depôt, during his absence.

Color-Sergt. F. Freeman has extended his period of of Army Service to complete 12 years with the colors.

Sergt. Instructor J. Clements, of the permanent Staff, 2nd Vol. Battn. is about to be discharged, on completion of his second period of limited engagement, and will probably be succeeded by a Color-Sergt. from the home Battalion.

The weather here during the cricket week was most unfortunately wet, there being only one fine day, viz on Friday. The City was very gaily decorated with flags &c., the 'Dane John,' and public building, also many of the shops, and private houses, were very prettily illuminated, and the band of the Lincolnshire Regt. played in various parts of the city, each evening and attracted a large number of listeners.

A cycle parade, in aid of the funds of the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, took place on the Wednesday, and on Thursday there was a very grand display of fireworks, on Babs Hill.

The Mayor gave a banquet at which all the *elite* of the city and neighbourhood were present, and there were the usual balls and performances at the theatre by the "Old Stagers."

Colonel Halahan, Majors Harley, Spens, Jackson and Gordon, Captains Dauglish, Stewart-Savile, Lieut. Bell and Mr. Barnard, were on the Cricket ground during the week.

Referring in the first part of this letter as to how quickly time flies, reminds me that the periods of service at the Depôt of Captain G. H. Chippindall and Lieut. A. R. Eustace, are rapidly drawing to a close. They are both fit and well, but I am doubtful whether Bengal will see both of them this trooping season.

Captain G. A. Porter, Adjutant of the 3rd Battn. is on leave, in Lancashire, and is amusing himself golfing.

No. 1966 Pte. J. Bainbridge, recently invalided home, has been sent from Home Battalion to Depôt for duty.

The Depôt cricket team is still flourishing, and continues to play matches with the various clubs in the vicinity of the garrison. Their captain (Chancer) has promised to give me the results of the play, but up to date I have not received them.

Sergt. Quinn, Permanent Staff, 3rd Battn., went down to the Annual Army Athletic Meeting, at Aldershot and succeeded in winning two prizes, one of which was a very pretty goblet.

I have just heard that Captain John. Hughes has recently died

Old Buffs deceased. Sergt. Hugh McGuire. died at Glasgow, 22nd August 1891, aged 70, admitted to

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pension of 1s.9d. per diem on the 7th August 1860, after 21 years' service. Medal for long Service, and Good Conduct.

No. 143 Pte. Alfred Lowry, died in London, 25th May 1891, aged 54. Invalided, after 18 years and 7 months service, June 1876, 1s. per diem pension.

Yours very Faithfully.
"Old Buff."

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Whatever we may be on Parade we cannot hold our own with "efficient Volunteers" *on paper* look here!

(Question by Examining Board.)

A Battalion is advancing in "Column." explain what happens on the command 'Form Square.'

(Answer to question by E.B.)

If it is a Central Company in battalion on the Captain's word, form fours on the centre close, quick march prepare for cavalry (!)

If it is a base company, on the Captain's word, halt, fix swords, prepare for Cavalry.

If it is a right company on the Captain's word Halt, company outwards, on which the right hand man of the right half company and the left hand man of the left *hand* company mark time—when the remainder are square *(patience is a virtue)* the Subalterns, Senior and Junior, halt fix swords (!!!)

(Sd) An efficient Volunteer.

(Another Question taken down from the dictation of the Examining Board.)

How and who does a *centry* take compliments? *(rough on Examining Board.)*

(Answer to another question by E.B.)

On seeing an Officer he comes to the shoulder and draws his left hand across the right shoulder and touches his rifle, after a few place he will again resume his duties as *centry*?

(Sd) Another Efficient Volunteer?

True extract
(Sd.) E.B.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'Wag' Your letter is held over till next issue, owing to want of space.

'Attached' Unable to publish your 'Rules' for reason given above.

LITERARY COMPETITION.

The Subject for next month's competition is 'Mounted Infantry."

GENERAL LEE, who possessed a supreme contempt for anything approaching affectation, once administered what may in reality be termed a "cutting" rebuke for such to one of his command. Finding one day a Dr. Cutting, an army surgeon, who was a handsome and dressy man, arranging his cravat complacently before a glass, "Cutting," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation." "Why, General?" asked the surgeon. "Why?" replied Lee, "because you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on earth."

The General, however, sometimes met with an adversary enjoying a wit as keen and dry as his own, notably in the following instance. When a prisoner at Albany, he dined at at the house of an Irish gentleman. Before commencing the after dinner pastime of wine drinking, the General said to his host, that he hoped he would excuse a fault of his, after drinking, which, he was sorry to say, was a tendency to abuse Ireland and Irishmen. "By all means." replied the other drily; "I will excuse your fault, but I must also beg of you to excuse a parallel defect in myself. Whenever I hear a man abuse my country, I have a trick of cracking his head with my shillelagh." The General drank his wine but never said a word about Ireland that evening.

We have taken the liberty of publishing an Extract from the *Indian Planters' Gazette* being that part of a letter from their Bombay Correspondent relating to the recent Football Tournament.

"I see the *Times of India* writes of the *very rough play of the visitors (The Buffs) which in many instances exhibited wanton savageness towards their opponents.* This may be very grandiloquent penny a lining but, as fact, it is absolute skittles, and it is a thousand pities that the Editor of a paper like the *Times* should allow such old womanish balderdash to be printed. This sort of thing must occur when men, absolutely ignorant of sport, are entrusted with the duty of criticising and reporting on it, and the Editor of the *Times* can hardly I think, be aware of the amusement mingled with annoyance, that many of his sporting reports cause.

I join with many in sympathising with the gallant Buffs in not being able to take more than half of the glory back to Calcutta with them. It was a down right sporting venture coming all this way. We tried to treat them well and make their stay pleasant, and if the watery elements were unfavourable, they must not hold us to blame, but abuse great Jupiter Pluvius."

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BARS FROM THE BARRACK ROOM.

No. 6.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

A little up country station, on the plains of Hindustan;
A hospital ward for soldiers, where lies a dying man;
A man so called, a youngster of eighteen years or less,
A wasted form, where grim death, has laid a cold caress.

Not been long in India, came out five months ago;
A ruddy, healthy *chokra*, ere fever laid him low;
Caught a dose of enteric, has'nt a week been ill,
Hi! Tommy, *bolo* the doctor, he's gone, stone dead, poor Bill!

Off with the corpse to the dead house that is just over the (way,
Tell Choppers about the coffin, that's wanted the following day;
Who'd a thought Bill'ud go under? but you can never tell,
In this vile hole, how long you'll remain alive and well.

Six o'clock in the morning, fifty soldiers or more,
Standing, idly chatting, around the dead house door,
Aha, here comes the coffin, now for a *dekkho* at Brown,
A last look at poor Bill, before they nail him down.

Fall in the funeral party, off to the churchyard near,
Where lie the nameless buried, 'neath grass grown hillocks (drear,
Soldiers long since forgotten, sleep in a foreign land,
Borne to the grave to the strains of the dead march by the band.

On to yon grave fresh open, the parson solemn prays
For our dear departed brother, cut off in early days;
Lower the coffin gently, in its home beneath the trees,
Loudly echo the volleys, borne on the morning breeze.

Home my lads to breakfast, merrily to the blare
Of a jocund march played briskly, begone, begone dull care!
Whatever's the use of fretting, all peg out some day,
While life and health are ours, down with despair I say!

Far away in old England, where waves the golden corn,
That dead lad's widowed mother, lies stricken and forlorn,
Swift through the wires the message, cruel and sharp, has sped,
Telling the aged matron, her soldier boy is dead.

Call not the dead one nameless, but mark this bitter scene:
A mother's tears shall ever keep poor Bill's memory green.
And while yon tombless hillock, unmarked by name or scroll
Lies fallow, long forgotten, still smarts a mother's soul,

Still pants a heart maternal, unsoftened grows with age,
Nor time, nor change, nor season can that fierce grief assuage,
Loud laugh the merry soldier's quaffing away at night,
The sombre rites of morning, all vanished from their sight.

The quart pot circles nimbly, passed on from hand to hand,
With song and jest and laughter, a gay and thoughtless band;
Sing on my jocund privates, your merry wassail keep,
A fig for Burns, be gay lads, 'tis woman's part to weep!

Boggley Wallah.

A *SCENTIMENTAL* DITTY.

Earth hath many a fragrant city,
But Calcutta doth excel.
Nowhere else doth such a bouquet
Gratify the sense of smell.

Kowloon, hath its open sewers,
And Cologne its famous 'eau',
Delhi, Cairo, Copenhagen.
Each its special scent can shew.

In Penang, the scent of durians
Floats upon the languid air;
But no city, east or westward,
With Calcutta can compare.

Here a rich and varied odour
Greets the nostrils every where;
Here are mustard oil, and garlic,
Ghee and *hubble-bubble* there.

Yes, although the spicy breezes
Gently blow o'er Ceylon's isle,
They are not in it with Calcutta.
Where *not* man alone is vile.

H.B.

A Tribute to a Female Soldier.

We are told the following is or was in the Parish Church of Brighton. Perhaps some of us in the Battalion may have seen it, when we furnished a detachment there.

"IN MEMORY OF PHŒBE HESSEL,

Who was born at Stepney in the year 1713. She served for many years as a private in the 5th Regt. of Foot (The Northumberland Fusiliers) in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1745 fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy, *(at which The Buffs were engaged)* where she received a bayonet wound in her arm. Her long life, which commenced in the reign of Queen Anne, extended to the reign of George IV, by whose munificence she received comfort and support in her latter years. She died at Brighton (where she had long resided) December 12th 1821, aged 108 years."

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General Whichcote.

GENERAL George Whichcote, the last surviving English Officer, who took part in the Battle of Waterloo, died on Wednesday 26th August. 1891 at Meridan, near Coventry, in his ninety seventh year. The deceased Officer was educated at Rugby School, where he "fagged" for Macready, the great actor. In 1819 young Whichcote joined the 52nd Regt. as a volunteer, and proceeded at once to the Peninsula, where he soon received his "baptism of fire," taking parts in the actions of Sabugal, Salamanca, Vittoria and many others, up to the final battle of Toulouse. On the escape of Napoleon from Elba, Lieut. Whichcote with his Regt. sailed for Ostend, and soon after took charge of a company in the Battle of Waterloo. He was present at the famous ball given by the Duchess of Richmond.

In 1818 Capt. Whichcote exchanged into The Buffs, and after four years service with this corps purchased a troop in the 4th Dragon Guards. In 1871 he was promoted General, and on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, General Whichcote received a graceful recognition from Her Majesty, who sent him her Jubilee Medal.
General Whichcote possessed the Peninsular Medal with nine clasps, and the Waterloo Medal.

REGIMENTAL NEWS.

Major N. Newnham-Davis has been appointed to officiate as Deputy Assistant Quarter-Master General in the Intelligence Branch of the Quarter-Master General's Department.

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officers have been awarded certificates for having passed in supply duties, for employment in the Commissariat Transport Department.

No. 821 Sergt. B. Gates
„ 1190 Corpl. A. Willis
„ 2071 Lce.-Corpl. J. E. Askew.

No, 1622 Corpl. F. Dann passed an Examination for promotion to the rank of Sergeant, at Jalapahar, on the 29th July 1891.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments.

To be Paid Lce.-Corpl.
No. 1598 Lce.-Corpl. H. Marshall.
To be Unpaid Lce.-Corpls.
No. 2671 Pte. L. Taylor
„ 2804 „ A. Goldfinch
„ 2519 „ A. G. Pullee.

No. 2559 Pte. A. Gray, to be Pioneer.

The undermentioned men have been granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates stated opposite their names.

1887	Pte.	J. Saunders,	@	2d
1912	„	J. Banbury,	„	2d
1509	„	W. Hooker,	„	2d
3015	„	G. Stone,	„	2d
2771	„	J. Collins,	„	1d
2484	„	G. Charman,	„	1d
807	„	T. Bridges,	„	2d
2369	„	W. Ennis,	„	1d
2706	„	J. Green,	„	1d
2461	„	G. Holdway,	„	1d
850	„	J. Clements,	„	2d
2722	„	T. Magee,	„	1d
1885	„	J. Beney,	„	2d
2512	„	J. Sayers,	„	2d
1911	„	S. Carroll,	„	2d
1519	„	C. Carroll,	„	1d
1409	„	E. Hogben,	„	1d
1470	„	W. Crowson,	„	2d
1788	„	W. Beeney,	„	2d
1893	„	G. Munday,	„	2d
2663	„	J. Smith,	„	1d
2979	„	W. McDowell,	„	2d

The following has been extracted from the *Asian*.

"We have to acknowledge with many thanks a 14×8 photograph of the members of the Invicta Bicycle Club, which is composed entirely of Sergeants of the Buffs. A few weeks ago, we published an account of their race meeting in the Fort, and the picture, which contains excellent portraits of Quarter-Master Sergeant Nicholas, the Captain of the Club, burly Color-Sergeant Hoar ("Snowball") and fifteen of

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their comrades, will form a pleasing souvenir of an enjoyable afternoon. The Invicta Club, our readers will remember, is entitled to the credit of having brought off the first cycling meeting in the country, and some of the members are the present holders of the Indian records; no previous attempt has been made to clock the stray bicycle races, occasionally sandwiched into the programmes of the athletic gatherings at Ballygunge and elsewhere. Taking into consideration the great revival in popularity in cycling, that has resulted from the introduction of the "safety" class of machine, it is matter for surprise that more has not been done out here in the way of racing. If our local wheelmen—there must be over a hundred in Calcutta—would combine and arrange to hold a meeting on a large scale later on, it would form a most interesting and novel feature of the cold weather's sport."

Polo Tournament.

The final tie for the Infantry Inter-Regimental Polo Cup was played off at Hurlingham on the 18th July between the 2nd Battn. The Buffs, and the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, when the latter were victorious by nine goals to love.

IN THE PRESS.

"BARS FROM THE BARRACK-ROOM."

A collection of literary turnovers from *Haye's Sporting News*, *Civil and Military Gazette*, *Indian Empire*, *Pioneer*, *Western Wit and Wisdom*, *Indian Planters' Gazette and Ceylon Independent*.

By

Corporal Oswald Kendal,
1st Battalion The Buffs.

One Rupee per Copy.

Copies obtainable on publication from The Author, or Manager Central India Press, 5 Council House Street, Calcutta.

Obituary.

—o—

We deeply regret having to record the death on the *20th August* at *Margate*, after an illness of over three years, of Capt. John Hughes. He was born on the 27th February 1856, and was the son of Mr Thomas Hughes Q. C.

Educated at Haileybury he obtained his first commission in The Buffs on the 28th October 1876. He served with the 2nd Battalion in South Africa throughout the Zulu War 1878 to 1879, and was present at the engagement of Inezane and during the occupation of Etshowe. He obtained his Company on the *18th April 1885*, from which date he served with the 1st Battalion till his retirement, in consequence of ill health, some three years ago.

He was for some few months Editor of "The Dragon." He will long be remembered by those who knew him in his best days as a high principled and intellectual officer, and always game to join in or support anything for the good of his corps. Unfortunately his physical powers were in no way in proportion to his unbounded energy.

In short poor old John Hughes was a thorough good fellow.

We much regret to notice the death of Pte. Bowden of the Band recorded in our obituary column.

He was an excellent musician, a good cricketer, keen in all manly sports, and very popular among his brother Bandsmen.

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Rugby Football.

Calcutta Rugby Union Challenge Cup.

Final Tie: Bombay vs. The Buffs.

The final tie for the Challenge Cup, presented by the Calcutta Club for open competition under the Rugby Union Rules, was played off on the 29th ult., and was won by the Bombay Gymkhana, who therefore carry off the prize this year.

The afternoon turned out fine, and the ground being in splendid condition, everything was in favour of a fast game.

Choice of goals having been won by the Regt. they elected to defend the Chowringee posts, and the game was well started by Bombay. After a few returns the ball went into touch and some well contested scrimmages followed. Bombay then carried the ball into the Buffs' territory where Lieut. Annesley, the military full back, made a splendid run. The Buffs followed up the advantage and kept the ball in Bombay ground, where some sharp scrimmages took place near the Bombay goal line. The Bombay Captain, Reid, however got a short run and passed to Walpole who carried the ball to the 50 yards flag before he was stopped. Much desperate scrimmaging followed in which the Buffs had decidedly the best of it; but at the more open game the visitors were too strong for them and gradually forced the Regiment back. After some further play Bombay obtained a free kick, near the military 25 yards flag, from an 'offside' on the part of one of the Buffs' men, but nothing resulted. The Buffs after this carried the ball into their opponent's ground close to the 25 yards flag where it went into touch. H. H. Tudor shortly after picking up the ball out of a scrimmage made a grand run close to the Buffs' goal line before he was brought down. Reid followed up this essay, and when tackled, passed to Walpole, who was only just stopped in time to prevent a try.

The Buffs managed to work the ball back but only to let it fall into Tudor's hands, and another fine run up to the Buffs' 25 yards flag was the result. The regiment here got a free kick off a foul, Bombay, however, was bent on scoring, and Reid getting the ball out of a scrimmage made a shot at goal, but owing to his sprained ankle the drop-kick fell short, and Lieut. Annesley returned the compliment and drove it into touch. Not to be outdone, Watling picked it up and made a splendid run for it close to the Buffs' goal line, where on being collared he neatly passed to Cleveland, who amidst great applause got behind the regimental goal line and secured the first try of the evening. This Walpole easily converted into a goal. After the halfway kick-off, the Buffs worked the ball down into the Bombay quarter, and some scrimmages took place near the goal line, which afforded an opportunity to the visitors of an excellent display of passing, by means of which the ball was carried out of dangerous ground and down to the Buffs' territory, and eventually, their goal line being attacked, Lieut. Annesley was forced to touch down in self defence. Half-time was then called, the game standing in favour of Bombay by one goal to their opponents nil.

On play being resumed, the Buffs quickly forcing their way through the visitors, carried the ball with a grand dribble to the Bombay goal line, where St. Paul was forced to touch down in self defence. By similar tactics the Buffs repeated the operation, and again the Bombay 'back' had to yield. The visitors tried to stay the rush but the blood of the Buffs was up, and after some hot scrimmaging Bombay for the third time in succession, had to touch down.

Elated with this comparative success, the Buffs began to get a little wild in their play; Bombay promptly taking advantage of this, carried the ball into the enemy's quarter and threatened danger, when Corpl. Hills relieved the position by a fine run and brought the game back into neutral territory. Bombay however again commenced their assault and confined the ball to the Buffs' ground. After some very stoutly contested scrimmaging in which the Buffs' forwards distinguished themselves, the ball was gradually worked towards the Bombay quarter, when Cpl. Hills made a good attempt for a try but was collared. Following him, Lieut. D'Aeth tried to get away and made a splendid run, but was hurled into touch on the verge of the Bombay goal line. Bombay now began to play up in earnest and carried the ball with a rush into the Buffs' territory, but Lieut, Annesley temporarily saved further danger by a splendid run over more than half the field before he was tackled.

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Bombay however increased the pressure, and steadily drove the Buffs back, until H. H. Tudor picking up the ball out of a scrimmage made a capital run in and secured another try for his side. The kick was a long and difficult one and Walpole failed at the goal. Bombay after this continued to confine the game to the Buffs ground, despite the gallant efforts of the regimental backs to remove it to safer territory. In the course of some loose scrimmaging that followed, Walpole (who should have been marked down as a dangerous man, and watched accordingly) leisurely picked up the ball and made a splendid drop kick at goal, which proved successful.

The Buffs played up grandly at this finishing point of the game, and, despite allthe skill of the Bombay team, managed to save any further score. Time was almost immediately afterwards called, leaving Bombay victorious by 2 goals and a try against some minor points conceded to the Buffs. The Cup was to be presented to the victors at the Football Dinner later on in the evening.

Bombay Rugby Union Football Cup.

BOMBAY MILITARY *vs.* THE BUFFS.

Our first tie for the Bombay Challenge Cup wasplayed off against Bombay Military on the 15th inst., and resulted in a win for The Buffs by one try to nil.

The game, which began punctually at 5.10 p.m., was opened by the centre forward of the Buffs kicking off from the Bandstand end, when the leather was quickly secured by one of the Military near the left centre of the field, and after a scrimmage was carried over the boundary near the same spot by one of the visitors. On being thrown in, the ball was scrimmaged to the centre of the field, where the Military obtained a free kick, and after it had been again placed over the boundary, the ball not having been thrown in properly, another scrimmage resulted, from which the leather was eventually taken and passed to Walpole, who carried it up the field. It was then secured by a half back of the Buffs and put out of danger on the sea side of the ground, being then scrimmaged up by the visitors to the Military twenty-five yards flag, where the latter then obtained a free kick, but the leather being secured was again taken by one of the Buffs to the opposite side of the field in close proximity to the goal of the local players. Tudor here managed to make a good run, but being thrown by an opponent, Walpole secured the ball and made a capital run through the centre of the field, ultimately passing the ball back to Tudor, who was collared when about twenty yards from the Buff's goal. A scrimmage accordingly took place on the spot, when Walpole obtaining the leather tried a drop kick for goal at a long range, which proved unsuccessful, the ball going somewhat wide of the mark.

The Buffs again setting the ball in play, it was put over the boundary near the tent, and after several throws in had been disallowed, one of the Calcutta forwards tried a rush for the Military goal, but his being secured, the danger was averted by Walpole putting the leather over the line, the same player again repeating the shot when the Buffs by their superior weight worked the ball up to the local goal by a series of scrimmages. The game then became somewhat exciting in front of the Military goal, when The Buffs obtained a free kick, but the member of the team entrusted with the propulsion of the leather screwed the ball to make it shoot into the centre of the field, where it was handled by Lieut. Home and put out of the way, the game at the call of half time being in close proximity to the Military goal.

Play being resumed by the Military kicking off against the wind, the ball after being placed over the boundary, was passed to Tudor, who slipped, missed his run, but being taken by Walpole in fine style across the field was passed to Ward, who managed to carry it well into the visitors' ground before he was secured. Walpole and Tudor playing well together about this time, made several successful runs and passes for their side, which were applauded by the large concourse of onlookers, who lined the ground, but despite their efforts, the ball was in every case returned by The Buffs in close proxmity to the local goal. Adams, one of The Buffs' players,

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having his shoulder sprained through being badly thrown near the Bandstand goal, the play was necessarily stopped for a few minutes, but the visitor pluckily pulled himself together, and again joined in the play. After this a series of scrimmages, in which neither side seemed to have the advantage, took place in front of the Military goal, but eventually the latter team were awarded a free kick, a similar kick being almost immediately afterwards given to The Buffs, who, however, did not secure the goal.

The Buffs then worked the ball backwards and forwards in front of their opponents' posts, D'Aeth trying a shot for goal, which was, however, frustrated by Tudor, who then tried a run up the field, but was unsuccessful.

Some scattered play ensued, but eventually the leather was again worked up into The Buffs country by Langton, Walpole and Tudor, who made some capital passes, but amidst great excitement at about five minutes before the call of time, D'Aeth by a splendid run down the field scored a try for the Calcutta team. The kick for goal was made by Adams, but the player did not succeed in his attempt, the game closing at at 6.10 p.m., in favour of the visitors by one try to love, the winners and the defeated team being loudly cheered by the onlookers at the close of the afternoon's match.

NAVY *vs.* THE BUFFS.

Played on the 15th inst. and won by the Regiment by 3 goals and 4 tries to Nil.

Final Tie.

Bombay Civil *vs.* The Buffs.

There was an enormous gathering on the Cooperage ground on Saturday the 19th inst., notwithstanding the unpropitious weather to witness this match, which unfortunately ended indecisively, although the time was extended by 14 minutes, neither side could claim any advantage. Both sides played an excellent game considering the soft and slippery state of the ground, and the best form was perhaps shown by Annesley, D'Aeth and Hilderbrand for the Military, and Reid, LaTouche, Ross, and St. Paul amongst the home team.

The Bombay Captain winning the toss decided to take advantage of the wind and chose the Cooperage end. The Buffs started the ball at ten minutes past five, the kick being well returned, a scrimmage was formed near the centre, whence it was gradually worked down to the Bombay twenty five, where it went into touch. On being thrown in, the Buffs made a determined onslaught till Reid gained possession and got the ball away to the middle. After some close forward play, in which the Regt. more than held their own, Annesley got an opportunity and put in a splendid run, but was brought down by Fairless when near the Bombay line. A scrimmage, and the ball went out and was promptly touched down by Reid, after the drop out some even play ensued but gradually the visitors carried the ball along and it went into touch, when it had been taken as far as the Bombay 25 A series of scrimmages followed near the home goal line, till LaTouche averted the danger by a long drop which was returned at once, and again as quickly sent back by St. Paul. Continuing the onslaught The Buffs were again carrying the scrimmage, but on the ball coming out Reid got hold and transferred to Ross, who spoilt his run by slipping up, and soon after the ball went behind The Buffs' goal line. Hilderbrand dropped out, but Reid quickly sent it back, and Annesley on attempting a run was quickly collared by Fairless. The soldiers then brought the ball along, but when near their opponent's 25, St. Paul secured it and carried it some thirty or forty yards, before being pushed into touch. Some scrimmages, and then Reid got a free kick for a foul, but did no good with it, and when half time was called, the ball was being scrimmaged close to the Buff's citadel.

After re-commencing, the Buffs were the first to force the game, and in stopping their rush St. Paul got knocked out of time, and the game was stopped till he recovered. Shortly after resuming D'Aeth tried a run, but was soon held, and then some very rough scrimmaging took place, in which the civilians had the best of it, and pushed their opponents till Hilderbrand relieved pressure with a long side kick. Annesley then essayed a run but did not gain much ground and

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an invasion by the civilian forwards was successfully repelled; a free kick to them came to nothing, and after a short run by D'Aeth, Annesley made a fine run at the side, but slipping when near the line was immediately held, and after some scrimmaging time was called. No points having been registered, it was decided to play on for fourteen minutes, and ends being changed, the home fifteen made a determined onslaught, and Symes, who eluded the other backs, was within an ace of scoring till brought down by Hilderbrand. Soon after Bombay obtained a free kick which Reid did not utilise, and the Buffs continued to act on the defensive.

Crossing once again, the local men forced The Buffs to touch down, D'Aeth dropped out and after some even play The Buffs were granted a free kick, but Hilderbrand's attempt fell short.

Then LaTouche made a bold run for a try but was collared in time, and after several severe scrimmages in the Military 25, the game concluded by a Draw.

[o]

Final Association Cup Tie.

The Buffs vs. 8th King's Liverpool Regt.

On the evening of the 4th inst., a large concourse of spectators assembled on the Maidan to witness, what was expected and what proved to be, one of the most exciting football matches of the season, the final tie for the Calcutta Trade's Challenge Cup.

Our team beating the Dalhousie, and winning the cup last year, and taking everything before it this, raised them so high in the opinion of Calcutta and regimental football critics, that the final was generally considered a "cert" for us. But "there's many a slip, twixt cup and lip," and the old proverb was right, there were slips dozens of them, the field was like a skating rink with a miniature lake in the centre, in which several of both teams were baptized during the game, to the general amusement of all.

The sky looked threatening, but no rain ensued till the finish, then we had a repetition of the deluge on a small scale, wetting everybody. At 5.30 the teams took their respective stations, ours defending the Sudder St. end, the whistle blew, and away went the ball, the King's promptly ran it down to our end, but it was kicked into touch. After this a terrific attack was made on our goal, but it was splendidly warded off by Corpl. Hilderbrand; a hand ball was then given to our team which brought the ball into the King's territory. A great amount of clever passing on both sides followed, but the ball was again brought into our end, the shot at goal however proved fruitless. A good melee now occurred in front of The Buffs goal, but Hilderbrand again skilfully parried all shots, and elicited a round of applause from the spectators. Marshall having got the ball dribbled it the whole length of the field, but the shot at goal was saved by the King's backs.

After this the ball was kicked all over the field, neither side gaining any advantage till half time was called. At the commencement of the second half Marshall started the ball and it was soon in the King's territory, where our team was given a hand ball; it looked a sure goal, but was cleverly warded off by the King's goal keeper It was now dribbled nearly up to our goal by two of the King's, but before a shot could be made the ball burst. On a new ball being started a a melee occurred right in front of The Buffs goal, and one of the King's managed to send the ball through; it was caught by Hilderbrand but just too late, and a roar of "goal" came from the spectators, which we should fancy could be heard for miles around.

On the ball being kicked off again, it was quickly carried close to the King's goal, their backs again saving it, it was now brought down to our side again, but a free kick in our favour brought it into the centre of the field. After this our team, made a good attack on their opponents goal, but it was warded off by their goal keeper. Some splendid play considering the slippery state of the ground now ensued, both goals were attacked very often but nothing was scored, the ball being in the centre of the field, when to the relief of everybody the whistle announced "time."

Such was the final tie, the King's taking the cup by one goal to nil. Rounds of applause greeted both teams, as they left the field, and everyone said it was a splendid game, even disconsolate "Buffs" wending their way Fortwards had to admit, "the best team won."

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On Leave.

STARTED from Calcutta on board the S. S. "Japan" one genial morning in June (you will recollect how genial the mornings were last June,) with the intention of visiting Java. That day we made a prosperous voyage—all the way to Garden Reach. Here our reversing gear was found to be out of order, and we had to send it up to Calcutta for repairs. Nothing daunted by this, however, the good ship got under way again next morning, and everything went on alright till about 6 p.m., when I was sitting on the rail smoking a pipe and longing for dinner.

I must mention that we had a large quantity of deck lumber on board, including some sixteen horses, about forty Sikh recruits for the Perak police, and a lot of cows, goats, coolies, buffaloes, and other cattle. Well, I sat there and smoked, when suddenly the ship gave a bit of a roll, which puzzled me, as the water was as smooth as a mill-pond. Of course it meant that we were aground. After about two minutes going full speed astern (which shows the advantage of having your reversing gear mended,) she floated, but no sooner was she afloat than the current got her by the stern and brought her down on the sandbank again, broadside on. I found myself then sitting within about a yard of the water, and I spent the next minute or so climbing up the deck on all fours and dodging the showers of brass *lotas* and other bric-a-brac that came pouring down from the upper deck, and with no very clear idea in my mind of what was happening. When I got something to hold on to and stand up, this is what I saw: the ship was lying on her side with some four planks of the main deck under water. All the Sikhs, and the saloon stewards and every blackman in the ship had crowded into the boats—which wouldn't have done them much good if the ship had gone over. An old Jew passenger had got his cash box under his arm, and was obstructing everybody by offering five hundred rupees to anyone who would put him safe back in Calcutta.

A Chinaman, about the only wise man in the crowd, was scrambling forward to the gally with a pot of rice to get it cooked. Honest man, he did'nt intend to be drowned on an empty stomach!

When the brave and war-like Sikhs, and other natives of India, had been kicked out of the boats, they were lowered and passed aft, so as to prevent a repetition of this manœuvre, and in the night three of them carried away. Hunting for these occupied the rest of the night and most of next morning, and it was twelve o'clock before we went on our way, rejoicing that the ship's lascars were neither Sikhs nor Khidmatgars.

We got to Penang without further mishap.

Penang since we were there, has, in spite of its misfortunes, built new government offices down near the jetty, two cricket pavilions and a bandstand on the esplanade, and a golf club at the lines—also provided itself with a really good band, both wind and string—for the rest, it is much the same good old sort of place as ever, and most of the old familiar faces are still there. By the way the officer of the Perak Sikhs, who came to Penang to receive over our Sikh recruits, was Inspector Gleeson, formerly Drum Major of the 2nd Battalion.

In Singapore the chief changes are that the Esplanade has been nearly doubled in size, by reclaiming a lot of the sea shore, and the mess-house at Tanglin has been enlarged, and altered, and repaired.

From Singapore to Batavia in a French ship. I should'nt care to go a long voyage in a French ship. Their meal hours are inconvenient, and they expect you to begin breakfast on Olives and Marsala, which would be bad for the liver after a time,

Batavia is a large straggling town intersected by canals and rivers. The actual business part of the town is small and very close packed, but the suburbs extend for miles inland. I can't think of anything it is particularly like, but the best idea I can give of it is, that it is strikingly *unlike* an Indian town. The streets and roads are clean and well kept, the houses *pucka*, and the inhabitants prosperous looking. Batavia is the head quarters of the Dutch Colonial army. I was not much impressed with that Army. They seem an ill-turned out, badly set up lot. In the infantry they have Natives and Dutchmen mixed in the same regiment, and it jars on one's

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nerves to see a guard with a Native Sergeant and a white sentry. The cavalry and artillery are all white men. The cavalry are horsed with Sandal wood ponies, under 13 hands, splendid little beasts, but utterly disproportioned to the big men they put on them. The artillery have apparently seven pounder guns, horsed with Java ponies, very similar to those in the Singapore gharries.

Of the next few days of my travels through Buitenzorg, Tjandjoer, and Sindanglaiji, I shall say nothing, as I am no hand at describing scenery, and there is little else to describe, so I shall pass on to Bandoeng, where I turned up just as they were going to have a race meeting. I had previously been of opinion that when one has seen one race meeting, one as seen all ; but, I found that the meeting of the "*Preanger Wedloop Societeit*," as the Java Turf Club calls itself, was quite different from anything I had ever seen before.

The first noticeable thing on the race-course was the Judges box, a large pavilion about 20ft. above the ground, and on the same side of the course as the post, an arrangement calculated to create rows in case of a close finish. Moreover, it contained a liquor bar, and was generally crowded with people, who had nothing to do with the judging. Talking of liquor bars, it would give our friends of the A. T. A. the *jumps* to see the big placard always stuck up near a Dutch liquor bar, with the heading "*DRANKENS TARIEF*," and containing such items as *Cherrij Rrendij* and *Whiskij en Soda op Ijs.*

The races were all one and half mile races, and the 1st and 2nd horses had always to run a second heat, and, if the same horse did not win both times, a third, with the result that scarcely a horse left the course with more than three legs to stand on.

The great show of the meeting though, was when the local Raja's horse won a race. The Raja and all his following went out to escort the winner, and they came in, in a procession, as follows:—

1st The Rajas body-guard dancing backwards in front of the horse, *2nd* The Patch or 2nd chief of the state, a stout, elderly, Malay gentleman, in a gorgeous *sarong* and a hat covered with diamonds, dancing a solemn dance by himself. *3rd* The horse with the raja leading him on one side, and the Muntri or prime minister, leading him on the other. *4th* The Raja's umbrella bearer holding a big golden umbrella over the jockey's head. *5th* Tag, rag and bobtail, to the number of about 2000, whooping and shouting and chucking up their hats. About twenty people helped at the weighing in, and the unfortunate horse spent the rest of the day parading the streets, wreathed with flowers and with a band of native music in front of him.

The Standing Army.

The earliest standing army in Europe was that of Macedonia established about 358 B.C. by Philip, father of Alexander the Great. It was the second in the world's history, having been preceded only by that of Sesostris Pharaoh of Egypt, who organised a military caste about 1600 B.C. Of modern standing armies, that formed by the Turkish Janissaries was first, being fully organised in 1362. It was a century later that the standing army of France, the earliest in Western Europe, was established by Chas. VII, in the shape of *Campagnies d'ordonnance*, numbering 9000 men. Rivalry thereupon compelled the nations to adopt similar means of defence.

In England a standing army proper was first established by Cromwell, but was disbanded under Charles II, with the exception of a few regiments called the Life Guards or Household Brigade.

This was the nucleus of the present army, which though practically a standing army, is not legally so, being provided for from year to year by the annual army act.

OUR COMTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regimental Papers.

The Nines, Wiltshire Regiment, St George's Gazette, 5th Northumberland Fusilers. 'XXX', East Lanc. Regt. The Sphinx, Lincoln Regt. Sprig of Shillelagh, 27th Inniskillings. Bengal Tiger, Royal Munster Fusiliers. I'm 95, Derbyshire Regt. Queen's Own Gazette, W. Kent Regt. 1st Surrey Rifle Gazette 1st V. B. Surrey Rifles. The 5 & 9, 2nd Battn, E. Lanc. Regt, The Malta Chronicle & Garrison Gazette. The Tiger & Rose, York & Lancashire Regt.

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The Cover Side.

Calcutta Huntsman "Yoiks," "Yoiks," Hie to him Buffer! Try hard and wind him my beauties! "Ware riot!" there "Whip," "whip!" "Yoi over!" Dalhousie, "Have a care," "Have a care, Kalcutta!" "Tally ho," "gone away," "Loo-loo at him!" and off they go for Bombay and Dinapore, straight as a line across the Hooghly, scent breast high, and without a check! "Who-whoop," "worry, worry, worry," "Who-whoop!" "Down Bomby!" Be quiet Liverpool!" "Who-whoop."

Bombay Master to Huntsman. "How is it 'Kalcutta' and 'Young Buffer' are not out to-day, are they sick?" "No Sir, they had a hard day in Lower Bengal last month, and I don't think they'll get over it this season." "How's Buffer?" "All right Sir, "Hark"! did you hear him give tongue? Hark to him! Hark to Buffer, Bomby! For'ard! for'ard! for'ard! away! he's heading for Calcutta, Sir, I do believe! "Gone away!" gone away! Do you see those crows hovering in the air to the right Sir? Bad luck to it, some one's headed him, he's coming back to Bombay! We've had good sport any how and he'll evidently make for the earth near to the 'Gymkhana.' Run to ground gentlemen!' Who whoop! who-whoop!" Does this please you? Buffer was the leading hound almost to the last. He's a grand'un! (chorus of native boys) ip--ip-ip-oora-oora-oora!" Huntsman "Three cheers for the Bombay Gymkhana Club. May their shadow never grow less!

"Yes" we may well write this doggy language and lament, when we see the two handsome foot-ball cups leave Calcutta, which have so generously been presented for competition to all comers. The question is, will they ever return to their earth? The great 'Panjandram' "The Dragon" says "No." However great the esprit-de-corps of the Calcutta Foot-ball Club may be amongst themselves, yet it was most noticeable to the "*earth stopper*" of the hunt, they were all delighted that poor decrepit (1572) old hound "Old Buffer" was not in at the death. Poor 'Buffer,' and he only belongs to a young and scratch pack! "Never mind, he has done his work well on the Bombay side, and will do it again in Lower Bengal.! "*Earth Stopper.*"

Regtl. Association Football Season, 1891.

Matches played	10
" Won	7
" Drawn	2
" Lost	1
Total	10

Clubs Played	GOALS. For	Against
Sova Bazaar	1	0
Dalhousie F C	1	1
East Surrey Regt.	1	0
Calcutta F C	3	1
St. Xavier's College F C	4	0
East Surrey Regiment	2	1
Dalhousie F.C	2	1
East Lancashire Regt.	2	2
East Lancashire	1	0
Liverpool	0	1
	17	7

Goals for the Regiment were scored by

Pte. Hutchins	6
" Evans	4
Lce.-CorplMarshall	3
Pte, Lawrence	2
" Wickens	1
Lce,-Corpl. Hills	1
	17

Pte. Evans played in		10	matches
" Lawrence	"	10	"
" Hutchins	"	10	"
Corpl. Harley	"	10	"
Pte. Harding	"	10	"
" Lawson	"	10	"
Corpl. Hilderbrand	"	10	"
Pte, Evans D Coy	"	5	"
" Drury	"	5	"
Lce.-Corpl.Tennant,		5	"
" Hills	"	4	"
Pte, Wickens	"	4	"
" McKeating	"	4	"

Ptes, Wherle, Hussey, Stephens, Golder, and Roberts, played, in one match each.

GREASING SOLDIERS' FEET.

The experiment, began some time ago in the German Infantry, of doing away with socks, and keeping the soldiers' feet well greased, has proved thoroughly successful, to say nothing of the economy of the plan, the men march easier, and, generally speaking, show fewer blisters.

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Odds & Ends.

AN extraordinary incident is related as having happened on the Hebbal Ranges in Bangalore a week or two since. It appears that a sergeant of the Royal Horse Artillery was making a good score at 300 yards' range, and that just as he fired one of his last shots, a kite flew across the target and was bowled over by the bullet, causing the unlucky gunner, by a palpable hit, to score a miss. An appeal was made to the Range Officer for another shot, but in vain, for the S.I.R.A. regulations contain no provisions for fowls of the air inter cepting bullets, intended for a 'very different place.'

Shortly after the unintentional murder of the kite, a feathered relation flew on the scene and carried of the corpse.

SOMETHING WRONG HERE!!

Napoleon once met an old soldier who had lost an arm.

"My friend, how did you lose that arm"

"Fighting for you sire"

Napoleon moved, responded with a handful of coins.

"Sire" said the veteran eagerly "what would you have given me if I had lost the other too"?

"I would have given you the Cross of the Legion of Honour"

"With your own hand?"

"With my own hand"

Quick as thought the old soldier drew his sabre, and slashed off his remaining arm at the shoulder.

Extracted from The Indian Vernacular Paper—"Kushpawani."

A warning.—A Dakota man, who hadn't been used to luxuries, took a Turkish bath and died within an hour. The twelve good men and true said that "he had'nt ought to have took so much of the mud off him at one time."

A Correspondent sends this cutting from Lloyd's Weekly newspaper, and remarks that we should'nt be too hard on the Regimental Printers for any errors they may chance to make,

"George Joseph Clemens between nine and ten years ago left the 21st Hussars and joined the City police, Edinburgh. His sister, who is dead and dumb, inquires, etc.

A CONUNDRUM for the *Pond Lily* Minstrels.

"Who was the lightest man in the Regiment up to this month?

Gub-it-up?

Why Sergt. *Cork* of course, until he took unto himself another half."

The following four miserable attempts at verses are all we have received—we feel justified therefore in witholding the prize, we so generously offered, till our next issue. (ED.)

There went a Buff team to Bombay,
At Football to teach them to play,
But the final was tied, so they could'nt decide
And without any cup came away.

There was a young man in Dum-Dum,
Who drank commissariat rum,
Till one night in the dark,
He went out for a lark,
And borrowed and beat the big drum.

Said, the Buff canteen proprietor one day,
I cant make this infernal show pay,
Let's hire a *pianner*,
With some one to hammer,
And cut out those blooming R.A.

Said their C.O my Canteen the bun it
From those Buff boys have very near won it,
We can make Soda water, their men dote
[on our porter,
We must now start a band; and they've
[done it.

YE BICYCLISTS—TAKE NOTICE.

The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
Both in riding and driving along;
If you go to the left you are sure to go right
If you go to the right you are wrong.
But in walking the streets 'tis a different case,
To the right it is right you should bear;
To the left should be left quite enough of free space
For the person you chance to meet there.

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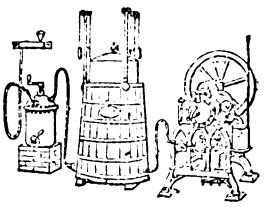

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

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1898.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 55, **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, OCTOBER 31st 1891.** Price 2 As

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

TOMSETT—At Calcutta, on the 30th September 1891, the wife of Quarter Master Sergt. (Pay Master Sergt.) Tomsett, of a son, Ernest William.

GRAHAM—At Canterbury, on 9th September 1891, the wife of Sergt. W. G. Graham, of a daughter.

BRAHAM—At Canterbury, on 22nd September 1891, the wife of Col.-Sergt. Braham (Skin) Permanent Staff, 3rd Battn. The Buffs, of a Son.

Marriage.

KEELER-Cole—At Chatham, on the 5th September 1891, Sergt. Edward Keeler, Permanent Staff, 3rd Battn. The Buffs, to Miss Emma Cole.

Death.

BRINE—At St. Leonards-on-Sea, on 25th September 1891, Annie Mary, wife of Captain Percival Forbes Brine, The Buffs, and eldest daughter of John Quain Esq., J. P., county Dublin.

NOTES.

The Bombay Gymkhana very kindly voted the Football Cup to the Regiment and have presented it to the Officers' Mess.

We feel sure that the good feeling and spirit with which this very handsome cup is given, is thoroughly appreciated by all ranks of the Regt. We therefore desire through these Columns, on behalf of The Buffs, to thank the Bombay Gymkhana for the cup, although we should very much liked to have won it outright.

... ...

Our football for 1891 is now over and we must congratulate ourselves on having done so well. The Regiment played in the final ties for three cups viz:—Calcutta Rugby, Calcutta Trades' Association, and the Bombay Rugby.

... ...

Several large bags of snipe have been made this season, Lieut. D'Aeth and Lieut. Booth shooting 57 couples in a few hours.

... .

We have heard that a couple of young officers

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who could not shoot snipe, took to shooting at doves sitting on the telegraph wire : rough on the wires.

... ...

We have had a meeting of the B.P.R.A. at Dum-Dum, but our men did not shoot quite so well as we expected ; want of practice is probably the cause.

... ...

Mr. *Abington* was not successful at the last monsoon meeting although the Adjutant rode his best for him.

... ...

Mr. Annesley is to be congratulated on the win of "Moonstone" who beat "Full Moon" by a splendid aud gamely contested race.

... ...

Our first batch of time-expired and invalids left here on the 2nd and 17th inst. respectively, Captain Blackburn left in charge of the first party.

... ...

Lieut. D'Aeth goes home in the fourth troopship in charge of the second batch of time expired men.

... ...

The Regimental Polo Team miss their old No. 1. very much. What is our loss will doubtless be the Depôt's gain.

... ...

By the way H. B. was in such an awful hurry to get to England that he quite forgot to leave us the remaining account of his Munchausen adventure in Java.

... ...

Split Sodas are the latest from the ærated water factory, and the president talks about penny ices next hot weather.

... ...

Sergt. Locke returned off furlough on the 16th inst., looking very well. England evidently agreed with him.

... ...

We suppose that the Warrant, Non-Com. Officers and men, who are able, will avail themselves of the very excellent order recently published regarding leave to the British Isles.

We publish a copy of the order referred to in another column.

... ...

Punkahs were stopped on the 20th inst. by the Medical Authorities, and we hope that department will now take steps to import a little cold weather as it is urgently required.

... ...

When are we to receive a copy of the long talked of Photograph of the married women of The Buffs ? We are thinking of having it repreduced in our Xmas number, if we receive it in time. Order early.

... ...

Is it true that the Drummers are going to play at Retreat and Tattoo as of old ?

... ...

Some of our Depôt readers have been enquiring as to the health of "Baccy." He is quite well in spite of the number of breakfasts he eats daily. He has not forgotten how to kill rats and cats and is at present going through a course of Military Training with "G" Coy. If he survives this trying ordeal he is to start next week for Dum-Dum. Lucky dog!

... ...

We have received two copies of photographs of the Regimental Football Team and must congratulate Messrs. Johnston and Hoffman on their very excellent production. We regret that one of the most prominent players on the field, does not appear in the group.

... ...

It is with deep regret we have to record the sad news of the death of Mrs. Brine, at St. Leonards on Sea. We feel sure that all ranks will sympathise with Captain Brine in his sad bereavement.

... ...

The Defaulters have their time pretty well occupied in getting the cricket ground into working order.

We hope that these endeavours will enable the Regiment, during the coming season, to make as brilliant a show at cricket as it has on the Football Ground.

... ...

During the past month a well known Military character has left the Regiment after 21 years' service. "Hickey of The Buffs" is a by-word throughout the whole British Army, and although No. 1978 Pte. Hickey, who is now on his way to England, could not lay claim to all the questionable qualities of his dare devil namesake, he was a good all round soldier, one of the

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old sort,and we are glad to know that, before he left he was presented by his comrades of letter "G" Company with a silver watch, as a mark of their esteem.

... ...

Capt. Dauglish returned to Calcutta on the 28th October, looking very well after his year's leave to England. He takes over the duties of Station Staff Officer, Fort William, *vice* Captain Mockler, Royal Warwickshire Regt., whose term of that appointment has expired.

... ...

2nd Lieut. Swetenham is expected shortly to bring out our dratt from the home battalion.

... ...

We sympathise with Mr. Eales on the loss of of his very handsome polo pony "Black Diamond" with which he had hoped to win the Regimental Cup this year. It will be a long time before the sporting owner will be able to pick up such a grand pony again.

... ...

Major Harley arrived at Bombay on the 26th inst. accompanied by Mrs. Harley and family, and is expected shortly to reach Calcutta.

... ...

We should like the authorites in charge of the Calcutta roads to consider the advantages, which the music-loving public at large would gain, were they to lay down tan on the roads past the Band Stand, Eden Gardens. Under the present conditions it is impossible to hear and appreciate the endeavours of the band owing to the noise made by carriages passing up and down the road. It seems a great pity that really good music should be thus thrown away night after night, when such a practicable remedy is so close at hand.

... .

We lost sixty fine looking men on the 31st inst. all en-route to England, what a pity some of them do not extend their service, and not go home to help swell the ranks of the unemployed! Perhaps they do not like lower Bengal, a good many more are troubled with the same complaint we think.

... ...

Cricket seems to be in full swing now, thanks to the pitch made by the Quarter-Master Sergt. on the parade ground.

Several matches have been played one of which excited great interest viz "Time Expired" *v.* Regiment, The Regiment winning hands down.

"A" company was unfortunate in losing the match with the R.A., and they no doubt found that Pte. Dyer's absence was a loss.

... ...

The ties for the Regimental Rugby Challenge Cup were finished this month, and the present holders "G" Company were again successful. They are to be congratulated not only on their victory, which seem to have been a foregone conclusion, but also for having for the third year in succession, secured the cup.

... ...

The following account of the results obtained by the English Rugby Football Team, who have just returned from a tour in South Africa should be interesting to many of our readers.

"They played nineteen matches and won all; but the full measure of their success can be best appreciated from the fact that not a single goal, and only one try, was scored against them, while sixty three goals and thirty nine tries were registered for them. "There are two feature especially noticeable in the score—the great proportion of goals to tries, and the fact that not one goal was made by any of the Colonial Fifteens,"

... ...

Corpl. Kendal's book "Bars from the Barrack Room" will be ready for publication in another week. Copies will be obtainable from the author, or from the Manager Central India Press, 5 Council House Street, Calcutta.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regtl Papers:—*The Lilywhite's Gazette*, 2nd Battn, East Lanc. Regt, *The Queen's Own Gazette*, Royal West Surrey Regt. *The Nines*, Wiltshire Regt. *The Sprig of Shillelagh*, 27th Inniskillings. *Qui Separabit*, 1st Battn. Royal Irish Rifles. *The Bengal Tiger*, 2nd Battn. Royal Munster Fusiliers. *1st Surrey Rifle Gazette*, 1st Vol. Battn. East Surrey Regt. *The Tiger & Rose*, York and Lanc. Regt. *The XXX*, East Lancashire Regt.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee,

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr Editor.

Again I have the pleasure of sending you my monthly budget of doings at "The Depôt."

Things still remain very quite here, recruits, line and militia, come in very slowly, there being so much agricultural work to be done, hopping and harvesting this year both coming on together.

Captain Chippindall and Lieut. Eustace are away on leave.

Lce.-Corpl. Hindmarsh and Ptes. Quarterman and Maynard have been found fit for further duty and sent from Netley to the Home Battn., from which the last named man has been transferred to the Army Reserve.

Corpl. Hepworth has joined the Depôt for duty from Home Battn.

Sergt. A. Davis Permnt. Staff, 3rd Battn., has been appointed a paid recruiter at Chatham, *vice* Ryan, who is about to be discharged, and Sergt. Hobson also of the permanent Staff, 3rd Battn. has been appointed an ordinary recruiter at Canterbury, *vice* Davis.

Sergt. Instructor J Clements, Permanent Staff, 2nd Vol. Batt. recently discharged time expired, 2nd period, has been awarded a pension of 2s. 2½d per diem.

Color Sergt. Dundas, has been selected as Sergt. Instructor of the Hawkhurst Company, 2nd Vol. Battn. *vice* Clements, and takes up his duties from 1st October.

Drummer Fuller, permanent Staff, 3rd Battn., is about to be discharged to pension.

YOURS
"Old Buff."

The Editor of the Dragon.

Sir

The football season is now practically over, and we have been beaten in the final cup tie competitions under both codes. My letter in the Dragon of July was apparently useful to a good many, so I intend in the epistle that follows to claim the kind attention of your readers again, and to partially criticise our method of play, (contrasting it at the same time, with methods adopted in other teams), and to air a grievance that I consider could with facility be modified. It is quite contrary to my desire and intention to pose as a profound pessimist, but if fault finding is not indulged in to a certain extent, a revision of existing malpractices never takes place. The fates were, in our last matches distinctly unpropitious. Our men worked very hard, but, in the case of the Association game, with one man of the team unfortunately deceased, one in hospital, and while two of the team that did play were sick, it was incongruous to expect them to exhibit their true form. The want of success, can be directly attributed to the lack of efficient substitutes to fill the vacancies. The regiment this year in the matter of football, (when compared with the zeal showed in former years) was decidedly apathetic; and as soon as the company cup tie matches were finished, it died a death of inanition, consequently very little public form had been displayed, and therefore a recondite problem was laid before the committee for solution, viz, who were most fitted to act as substitutes for those players who were incapacitated from playing. Notwithstanding the dissatisfaction expressed throughout the regiment as to the composition of the teams, considering the difficulties the selection committee had to contend with, it must surely be admitted that they performed their duties very creditably. Had it been possible to keep the team that played against the Dalhousie Club, in their first fixture, intact, it would have been as nearly representative as possible. To obtain a truly representative team, I think some species of voting throughout the regiment could be adopted with good results. If the franchise system were initiated in the regiment, those elected to battle for us, would necessarily be the favoured of the regiment, and consequently give universal satisfaction. The fact that the same team hardly played in two matches, amply demonstrates the need of a system, that will select finally a team to play. Those in the regiment who consider themselves competent to play for "The Buffs" in preference to those chosen, and who were not asked, should not feel aggrieved, but should buckle to the wheel next year, and by assiduous practice, justify their inclusion in the regimental team. We intend that the cup shall be committed to our charge again next year, but how are we to ensure the success of this laudable intention, if the efforts of every-

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body are not in perfect unison. The games were this season entered into in too perfunctory a manner to ensure unqualified success, but with the advent of fresh talent, the reverse will, I hope, be the case next year. The evil this year has been, undoubtedly, the want of a reserve, but while football remains a dead letter, except to a few, it remains an open question where it is to be drawn from. We should bear in mind, that deprived of mutual and concentrated coalescence, all objects become unstable, and necessarily fall through. I would suggest that the company cup tie competition takes place next year whilst the Trades Cup ties are still in progress, (without of course actually clashing with regard to dates), so as to sustain regimental interest, keep dozens of good players up to the mark, and lastly but chiefly, so that if necessary, we should be enabled to place two teams in the field, of which it would be very difficult to choose the superior. I should certainly depreciate the entering of two teams in the 'Tournament' as that would leave the regiment in a hole, as was the case in 1889, but No. 2 could act as a reserve to No. 1, so that vacancies caused by sickness etc, could be easily filled from the second team, without making any material difference to the first. With regard to the practice required, actual play is unquestionably calculated to do more good than knowledge of theory, or practising without opponents. therefore, it would be advisable to play as many matches (even against inferior teams) as possible.

Practising at goal-kicking is very good, but combination. which is an indispensible adjunct to proficiency in the game, is what is most required, and that of course only comes with constant drilling as a team. In our last match it was clearly demonstrated that combined efficiency was far and away superior to individual brilliancy.

Rugby shall occupy my attention for the next few lines. The advent of the Bombay team, brought to light in benighted Calcutta, a much different and infinitely more effective game than was in vogue heretofore. Their brilliant passing deservedly created a *furore*, and aroused the dormant enthusiasm of Calcutta football votaries to a pitch it had never before attained. For their match with us, Jupiter Pluvius kindly hibernated, and the ground was as hard and dry as they could have wished. It suited their style of play exactly and they made the most of it. With the ground in their favour, and the referee,—well a trifle excited perhaps, they won. Had it been wet, I think the positions of the teams would have been reversed, and the cup left in local charge.

Their passing would have been at a discount, (as evidenced in their match at Allahabad), and the strength of our forwards would have been even more apparent as it was the game was a much better contested one than the score would indicate. Several times our forwards quite out played them, but in the end their superior passing told, and proved irresistible. Most of the local papers incline to the opinion that Mr. Tudor was the fastest three-quarter back that played during the tournament, but from the way one of our three-quarter backs over hauled him at the end of his brilliant run, and from the same players consistently fine turn of speed, I certainly think that we are the proud possessors of the fastest three-quarter that played here during the competition. All our back players are fairly good, and our team, if it would but emulate the passing of the Bombay team, would hold it own throughout India.

The advantage gained by their passing was so brilliantly displayed, that it is but natural to infer that our own men will, to place themselves on the same basis, strive to imitate them. Again, during their games, the ease with which they increased their score by dropping goals (especially in the case of Mr Walpole) is to be highly commended.

Now to the grievance I mentioned at the start, as intending to refer to. I think that the Association rules are inadequate, in that no provision is made for appeals, or protests, against dubious decisions of referees. He is too absolute. The law enacts that his decision is to be regarded as final, and his ruling is not to be questioned, even though it be in direct contravention of the letter of the law.

I could instance cases of the most serious importance in connection with some recent games played here, on which I have heard the most practical and experienced judges of the game express diametrically opposite opinions, therefore, if they had been performing the duties of a referee, one of them must have been wrong; and there would have been no remedy. It is indeed often ludicrous to notice the extraordinary difference of ruling on some special cases.

It may be argued that as the existing code has been sufficient for all the purposes of the game for years, the need for alteration cannot clearly be established. On the other hand the contention is, that it is the duty of those in whom is vested the government of the game to frame laws that leaves no scope for individual discrepancies. The game is subservient to a code of rules of which the "Association" has virtually the administration, and therefore it behoves them to make laws to suit every possible case. For the short-comings or indecisions of referees, the 'Association' can hardly be held accountable, but I certainly think that they are directly responsible for the maintenance of the very improper system of leaving the referee sole and absolute judge of play, as is now in vogue. Several rules have been of late, beyond a doubt, in some conspicuous instances, tacitly ignored and deliberately broken.

Anyone acquainted with the rules, who has watched some of the games recently, could cite numerous instances in which the rules were wilfully broken, not only in games of comparative unimportance, but in the principal matches, and of the which the referee took no cognizance whatever. It is necessary that those who are entrusted to do the duty of referees, should be capable of giving equitable decisions. It is absurd to place men on the field to adjudicate on the most delicate points, who are at all biassed, their decisions must go to benefit their partisans.

Yours Respectfully,

W[illegible]

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BARS FROM THE BARRACK ROOM.
No. 7.

And you'll drum-ember me ! ! !

OR

THE DRUMMER AND THE MAID.

Cordelia Coffee loved a lad who war's fierce trade did follow,
The lad he was a drummer, and she lived in Drummer-tollah,
For gold the merchant ploughs the main, the farmer ploughs [the manor,
The soldier on six pence per day, pursues his even *tanner*:
And this poor warrior like his mates, an impecunious mortal,
Grew fat upon Cordelia's dibs, to him her wealth she brought all.
From day to day when not on guard, went Tommy to the city,
Where, hand in hand, the lovers scoffed confections from Peliti.

For months the course of *pukkha* love pursued its placid flowing,
Cordelia for the marriage day, with eagerness was glowing.
She oft let fall a gentle hint unto her laggard lover,
But thick-skinned Thomas never seemed their right drift to [discover.
Our gallant drummer armed with leave, at any time to marry,
Quite strange to say, in single bliss, continued still to tarry;
Appeared it all the stranger since, Miss Coffee had invested
In household goods to start a home; no wonder she protested!

Come Tommy, d'ont you think its time to set the bells a [ringing?
Why longer wait? let's wedded get, to-morrow, I am willing!
Thus spoke at length Cordelia out, bold Tommy answered [quite so,!
There really is no reason why we any more need *baitho*,
Ah me, this bad, deceitful man to trifle with affection.
The way he treated poor Miss C. deserved he vivisection;
For all the while he *pukkered* the girl's dils and caresses,
Unto a maid in London Town, paid he his vile addresses!

This heartless drummer married got, unto the English damsel,
Without informing poor Miss C, that previous vows he'd [cancel.
The grand piano, tables, chairs, this horrid, vile deceiver
Unto Cordelia ne'er returned, oh, did you, did you ever?
The news fell like a thunder clap upon the jilted lady,
All gone her chances now of being Mrs. Drummer Grady;
And tried she hard her grief to hide and muttered kuchpa-
In vain, she very soon became an inmate of Bhowani. [vani;

Bhowanipore I should have said, but metre must observe Sirs,
With metre I'll turn off my gas, my mournful tale I've told Sirs
This legend true, a sadder one, heard ye my readers never.
How true the dictum that the men were base deceivers ever;
Cordelia languished for a month beneath affliction bitter,
But time repaired the damaged heart and brain of this poor [critter,
Abroad once more the maid has come, dressmaking trade doth [follow,
She is the darling of my heart and lives in Drummertollah.

BOGGLEY WALLAH.

The British Soldier.

INTREPIDITY is the distinguishing feature of the British character, and from the pages of general history we find compressed the following graphic delineation of a British soldier at the period of the expulsion of the Moors from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, in the fifteenth century, as given in the "History of the Conquest of Granada":—

"He brought with him a hundred archers, all dexterous with the long-bow and the cloth-yard arrow; also two hundred yeomen armed cap-á-pie, who fought with pike and battle-axe, men robust of frame, and of prodigious strength. This cavalier was from the island of England, and brought with him a train of his vassals—men who had been hardened in certain civil wars which had raged in their country. They were a comely race of men, but too fair and fresh for warriors, not having the sunburned, martial hue of our old Castilian soldiery: they were huge feeders also, and deep carousers, and could not accommodate themselves to the sober diet of our troops, but must fain eat and drink after the manner of their country. They were often noisy and unruly also in the wassail, and their quarter of the camp was prone to be a scene of loud revel and sudden brawl. They were withal of great pride, yet it was not like our inflammable Spanish pride; they stood not much upon the *punt-tonor* and high punctilio, and rarely drew the stiletto in their disputes, but their pride was silent and contumelious. Though from a remote and somewhat barbarous island, they yet believed themselves to be the most perfect men upon earth, and magnified their chieftain, the Lord Scales, beyond the greatest of our grandees. With all this, it must be said of them that they were marvellous good men in the field, dexterous archers, and powerful with the battle-axe. In their great pride and self-will, they always sought to press in the advance and take the post of danger, trying to outvie our Spanish chivalry.

They did not rush forward fiercely, or make a brilliant onset like the Moors; but they went

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into fight deliberately, and persisted obstinately, *and were slow to find out when they were beaten.*

Withal, they were much esteemed, yet little liked by our soldiery, who considered them stanch companions in the field, yet coveted but little fellowship with them in camp." And such is still the character of our soldiers; and it is somewhat singular that the Emperor Napoleon and Marshal Soult made the same remark, that British troops never knew when they were beaten. With the great battle fought on the 14th of October, 1066—a battle which for three centuries transferred the English crown to a race of foreign kings—we commence the long and stirring story of our triumphs by land and sea.—*From British Battles on Land and Sea.*

Walls have Ears.

"Walls have ears." How often we make use of this expression, when we want to have very secret conversation, and particularly so when we are courting the girl we love.

Here's a story I heard from a bachelor, who wished walls had not ears, so take notice ye benedicts.

He was staying one night in a Dâk Bungalow up country, the walls between the bed-rooms being of the lath and plaster description, very *kutcha*, in fact they were almost as thin as the partitions in a Japanese house, which are only made of paper. He had not long gone to bed, when he heard very angry conversation going on in the next room, the occupants of which he knew were a newly married couple. The wife seemed to do all the talking, and from the conversation he heard, and from her point of view, she appeared to be the injured one. He occasionally heard a grunt from the husband, and a pleading for reconciliation. At last the husband said "Kiss me Kitty, and let us go to sleep." Here was a splendid opportunity for the bachelor, so he rapped loudly on the wall, and called out, "Kiss him him directly Kitty, and let us go to sleep." It had the desired effect, and he was not disturbed again.

A LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

In a certain Military Station in Madras, where it was customary for the Chiplain to visit an out-station every second or third Sunday in the month, a Major of Artillery was on one of these occasions, in the absence of the *padre*, appointed to conduct the parade service.

Beyond a slight nervous quiver perceptible in his voice, and a tendency to read the lessons as though he were reading "Any officer or soldier who shall commit any of the following offences, &c.," all went well until he was nearing the end of the service, and the prayer for the Royal Family was reached, which he rendered as follows:—

"We humbly beseech Thee to bless Albert Edward Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales and all the *Royal Artillery.*"

The effect may be more easily imagined than described; anyhow, the poor gunner got so awfully quizzed over it, that he never conducted another service as far as the writer knows.

SHOOTING.

The Annual Competition by the Permanent Staff 3rd Battn. The Buffs, for the Cup kindly presented by the Officers of the Battalion, took place on August 10th, on the range at Sandwich.

The following were prize winners:—

Color-Sergt. Stock	90	points	Cup and 10s.
„ Ward	85	„	20s.
Sergt Quinn	79	„	15s
„ Keeler	77	„	10s
Color-Sergt. Vile	77	„	5s

Seven rounds were fired at 200, 500 & 600 yards and at the conclusion of the firing the party adjourned to the "Cinque Ports Hotel," where they were liberally entertained at Luncheon by the Adjutant, Capt. G. A Porter.

CRICKET MATCH.

THE SERGEANT MESS, DEPOT THE BUFFS, *versus* SERGEANTS MESS, CAVALRY DEPOT.

A game was played on Thursday 10th September by the above on the Cavalry Depot Ground, The Buffs winning by 16 runs, Sergt. Hobson, 26, Ivemsworth, 18, Quinn, 11, making the only stand against the bowling of Kempthorne and Davis. The Cavalry failed against the bowling of Hobson and Quinn, until Kempthorne came in, he carrying his bat out for a well played 33. The following is the score:—

The Buffs 88. Cavalry Depot 72.

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Mirth on the Battle Field.

As a writer in the *Evening Standard* observes, the grim business of a campaign would scarcely appear likely to lend itself to any display of humour, yet some of the wittiest *bon-mots* have been uttered by men on active service.

"We Will Desert Together."

A Royal soldier, Frederick II., could not resist the temptation to joke even at the hour his position looked most desperate. It was during the great crisis of the Seven Years' War, that one of his men deserted, and having been taken, was brought before him. "Why did you wish to leave me?" asked the King. "Because, sir," replied the soldier, "your affairs are in such a bad condition that I thought it was high time to abandon you." "Well." said Frederick, quietly, "remain till after the battle to-morrow, and, if they are not better, we will desert together."

The Cast of the Die.

Their ready wit has often saved men's lives, but we question if it was ever more cleverly called into play than in the following instance. Four soldiers of the Emperor Joseph II., having been convicted of the crime of desertion, were condemned to throw dice to determine which of them should be executed. Three of them made no objection, but the fourth refused. Asked his reason, he replied, "It is against the Emperor's own orders. He has strictly forbidden his soldiers to play at any game of chance." The Emperor, having been informed of the man's quaint excuse at so critical a moment, instantly ordered that he, as well as his companions should be pardoned.

Close Up!

The vein of humour possessed by most Americans was continually illustrated during the civil war and an extremely funny story is told of a certain Federal captain. Just before the Federal troops entered Cincinnati, an Indiana regiment, worn out by a long march on a sultry day, straggled along with but little regard to order. Hurrying up to his men, the captain shouted, "Close up! close up! If the enemy were to fire when you're straggling along that way, they couldn't hit a cussed one of you! Close up!" The ranks closed up immediately.

Fire at the Crisis.

An amusing anecdote is related concerning a certain pompous captain during one of the battles on the Mississippi. His company were advancing towards the scene of conflict, when the Confederate General Billow, who was well acquainted with his subordinate's weakness, for riding the high horse, called out in a very solemn manner, "Captain, fire! the crisis has come."

Coolly turning to his men, who were standing with their guns shotted and primed, he simply cried. "Fire!" The men were naturally surprised at the order, there being no object within range, and an old grey-headed Irish sergt. stepped up with "Plaze, yer honour, what shall we fire at?" "Fire at the crisis," said the Captain. "Didn't you hear the General say it had come?"

Volunteers.

Of our own army, there are many capital anecdotes on record, and not the least amusing is one telling how in the eighteenth century the Government, granted commissions to such Highland chiefs, as raised a certain number of men for the service An English Officer, who had been sent into the Highlands, to receive recruits, inquired, "Where are the Volunteers?

"All safe," was the reply, "they are tied up in the barn."

Paddy's Last Bull

Whether it really is possible for an Irishman to help perpetrating a "Bull," even under the most painful circumstances, would appear to be extremely doubtful from the following. An officer from the land of the shamrock had the misfortune to get severely wounded in an engagement in the American War. As he lay on the field, an unfortunate near him, who was also badly injured, gave vent to his agony, in dreadful howls, which so irritated the officer, who bore his own in silence, that he exclaimed, "What do you make such a noise for!" Do you think nobody is killed but yourself!"

Like Father, Like Son.

Time or place is apparently of little moment to incorrigible jokers, and a capital story, illustrative of this, is told of Sir William Scrope and his

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son and heir. When about to charge with his troop at the famous conflict of Edgehill, at the opening ball of the Parliamentary campaign, with King Charles I., he said to the young scapegrace "Jack, if I should be killed, you will have enough to spend;" to which the witty rogue answered, "And, egad, father, if I should be killed, you'll have enough to pay."

FURLOUGH FOR N. C. O'S.

THE following rules for the grant of furlough to Warrant and Non.-Commissioned Officers of the British Service have been sanctioned by the Government of India, and are published in General Orders:—

I.—All warrant and non-commissioned officers *who have completed eight year's continuous service abroad since last departure from home* are eligible for furlough to England for six months, provided they are recommended for the indulgence by their Commanding Officers.

II.—Other warrant officers, sergeants, corporals and bombardiers, *who have re-engaged and completed five year's continuous service in India since last arrival from home*, will also, if recommended by Commanding Officers, be granted furlough to England for six months, but subject to the following limits:—

Bengal	...	...	61
Madras	...	...	20
Bombay	...	...	19

III.—Applications are to be submitted to the Adjutant General of the Presidency concerned on the following dates:—

For furlough during the winter season, by the 15th August; for furlough during the summer season, by the 15th February.

IV.—Free passages by troopship, and by rail to and from the port of embarkation, will be provided for each warrant and non-commissioned officer granted furlough.

The railway warrants will be furnished by General Officers Commanding Districts, on the authority of the Adjutant-General's letter sanctioning the leave, and the men will be sent to the port of embarkatiou in communication with the General Officer Commanding at Bombay or Karachi, as the case may be; winter furlough men in one of the first four troopships, and summer furlough men in one of the last two ships of the season.

V.—A deduction of one penny a day for rations will be made whilst on board.

VI.—Regimental arrangements will be made for the conduct of the duties of the warrant or non-commissioned officers during their absence on leave, as no extra expense is sanctioned on this account.

VII.—Warrant and non.-commissioned officers proceeding home on furlough will be required to do duty with the troops.

VIII.—An advance of one month's pay may be made to each man before leaving his corps.

IX The pay of warrant and non-commissioned officers, while on leave in England, will be issued by the Indian Office monthly, in arrears, by bills to be forwarded to their address in the same manner as warrant and non-commissioned officers of the Unattached List are paid whilst on furlough.

X.—They will be required to report their arrival in England in writing to the Officer Commanding the Regimental Depot, and communicate their address to the India Office in view to their pay being remitted to them forwarding at the same time the last pay certificate given them on quitting India.

XI.—Families will not be taken except in very special cases.

XII.—Warrant and non-commissioned officers who marry whilst on furlough, and whose wives are placed on the married roll, will be allowed free passage for themselves and their wives by sea, and by rail from port of disembarkation.

XIII.—Any extension of leave rendered necessary by sickness, or unforeseen circumstances, to be recommended by the officer commanding the depot, to the Secretary of State for India, who will inform the Government of India. Warrant and non-commissioned officers, whose extended leave expires during the non-trooping season will join their regimental depots, at their own expense, for duty, until arrangements can be made for sending them to India.

XIV.—During the non-trooping season, in cases where men are prepared to pay their own passages, furlough for six months will as heretofore be granted on urgent reasons being shown.

XV.—All warrant and non-commissioned officers granted furlough under these rules will be liable to re-call at any moment should the interests of the service require it.

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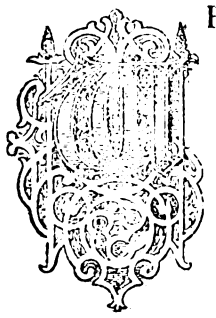
A Recruiting Sergeant's Story.



HERE did you enlist Tommy?

"I enlisted long before Canterbury times! A fine old soldier made me join the corps; he had been a recruiting sergeant during the latter part of the Peninsula War, and he used to tell me how he hooked recruits at that time, when they gave a man often £10 bounty. Country lads, he said, always make the best soldiers, but they are always the most wary to catch."

"Well boys, if you would like to hear how they enlisted chaps, seventy years ago and over, I'll tell you in his own words, as well as I can recollect. You can believe as much of it as you like, but he always said they had lively times and recruiting sergeants were told to get recruits some how." "Well says he, when I saw a likely looking lad at a fair or hireing, I got into conversation with him, offered him a drink, and showed him I had a good deal of money in my pockets, this opened his eyes a bit. I then would ask him to enlist, and tell him how many recruits I had enlisted, who had been made sergeants and officers. If any barracks were near, we went to have a look round them, and should I see an officer. I pointed to him and said 'Do you see that officer, he was only a recruit a year ago, now he's so proud he wont speak to me, but I hope you wont do so when you get a commission.'

If a lad was very raw and green, I told him where a particular regiment was lying, and wanting recruits had y and where good roast beef and pork were to be had for asking. It was the best in the service, and was called in the Army an eight day in a week regiment, that is to say, they had five Sundays, two holidays, and one working day in the week, but they had eight pay days. They only did guards and picquets when they liked, and got extra pay for it, besides in India, they keep the *Poojahs*, *Ramaden* and all bank holidays.

This was an eye opener and often had the desired effect. 'Splendid regiment' I said, any man can get married in it who likes, and have a fine house to live in rent free. They have a curious custom in that regiment, they have no Orderly-Room, and the junior lance-corporal tells off all the prisoners.

Whilst all this was going on I had to supply him well with drink, and if I thought he was wavering, I told him a good deal about the honor and glory of a soldier's life, the fine band of the regiment, which played at the canteen every night for the soldiers to dance to.

If all this failed to move him, and he determined not to be a soldier, the next resource was to pretend I had been joking with him, and that I had no intention of making any man a soldier against his will, but that I had persuaded, in my time, many a man *not* to enlist.

One favourite way I had, when I thought he was slipping through my fingers, was to make one of my recruiting party, who I always had handy, and dressed in plain clothes, pretend to be a man wishing to enlist, and I would set him down to talk to my recruit. After allowing them some considerable time together, I would ask the man belonging to my recruiting party to enlist, and he always said "Yes, if this young man will also."

If all this failed, I would try to put a shilling in his pocket, and if successful, tell him, as he had taken my shilling, he must consider himself enlisted, this was not always a success, but with some green horns it never failed.

If the recruit had any relatives in a particular regiment, I always knew them, or said I did, and would tell him an amusing yarn about them.

I always made it a rule never to let them out of my sight from when first I began the attack.

Sometimes a lad, willing to enlist, was a little bit short, half an inch or so, I would send him to bed; you can get out of any man fully half an inch by that means, if he has had a long tramp the day before. Sometimes I was prepared to make a bump on his head, or put his bare feet close to the fire, both of which will give a spring of a quarter of an inch to a man.

What did they do with their bounty in those days "Tommy"? Why spent it like men to be sure, but I'll tell you how my old friend said they spent it. He said there were a good many queer chaps enlisted then, and as soon as a lad joined he was not wanting in friends as long as his money lasted. One man wanted to clean his boots, another his coat and accoutre-

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ments, in fact half the company wanted to be his comrade. Then one would tell him it was a Regimental custom, to stand drinks to his squad, and that he must fork out a sovereign. That was soon spent in the nearest public, and the squad would then offer to stand him drinks for his kindness, but when the reckoning come to be paid they had all forgotten to bring any money out with them, so this for the first day made a good hole in his bounty.

Some men borrowed money and said they would pay next pay day, some forgot to pay, and others said it was not a regimental custom ever to pay back borrowed bounty money.

Thats all I can recollect, my friend told me. A recruit in those times had a bad time of it, I think, what say you boys? "Yes," so say we all.

Tommy.

The Furlough.

SOME years ago private affairs called me into the sister kingdom, and as I did not travel. like Polyphemus, with my eye out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, amongst which was the following incident.

I was standing one morning at the window of "mine inn" close to Belfast, when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. A cart with a half-starved pony, was standing at the door, and on the seat in front sat a solitary passenger, a fine young fellow in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a younger women, sister or sweetheart; and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on the cart.

"Come down wid ye, Tummus,"—the speaker was the old woman,—"come down now to your ould mother, sure its starve ye they will, and drill the flesh off the bones I giv ye, come down. Tummus, darling"!

"It's honour, mother," was the short reply of the soldier: and with clenched hands and set teeth he took a stiffer posture on the cart.

"Tummus, come down—come down, ye fool of the world, come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last, and the answer was more promptly and sternly pronounced.

"It's honour brother;" and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the cart.

" O Tummus, come down; sure it's me, your own Kathleen, that bids ye, come down, or ye'll break the heart of me. Tummus, jewel, come down then!" The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward, that had a visible effect on the soldier's countenace.

There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before.

"Its honour, honour bright, Kathleen,' and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look stedfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer.

" Come down, Tummus, honey! Tummus ye fool, come down!—O, Tummus come down to me!"

"It's honour, mother:—It's honour brother:—Honour bright, my own Kathleen!"

Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public, that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of his distress. It appeared that he had been home on furlough to visit his family, and having exceeded, as he thought, the term of leave,he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired.

"The first of March, your honour, bad luck to it of all the black days in the world, and here it is, come sudden on me like a shot. '

"The first of March?—why, my good fellow. you have a day to spare then,—the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is Leap year, and February has twenty nine days. The soldier was thunderstruck.—"Twenty-nine days is it you're sartin of that same?—O, Mother, mother!—The Divil fly away wid yer could almanack—a base cratur of a book, to be decaven one, after living so long in the family of us!"

His first impulse was to dance a jig in the cart and throw up his cap ; his second was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen, and the

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third, was to wring my hand off in acknowledge ment. "Its a happy man I am your honour, for my word's saved, and all by your honour's manes."

Long life to your honour for the same ;—May ye live a long hundred—and lape years every one of them," *Brahmin Chancer.*

LITERARY COMPETITION.

Less than three essays having been received this month, no prize will be given.

The subject for next month's competition is:

"TOMMY'S PETS."

REGIMENTAL NEWS.

The following Non.-Commissioned. Officers have been permitted to re-engage for such further period of Army Service as will make up a total continuous service of 21 years.

Colour-Sergt. Watts.
" " Hoar
Sergt. E. Turner.
Sergt. L. Waters.

Capt. R. E. Philips has been appointed officiating Station Staff Officer at Darjeeling.

Capt. G. V. Dauglish and Sergt. H. Locke arrived at Bombay, from leave in England, on the 13th inst.

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following Promotions and appointments.

To be Sergeant.
No. 1304 Lce.-Sergt. J. Tomlin.
To be Lance.-Sergeant.
No. 234 Corpl. A. H. Baker.
To be Lance.-Corporals.
No. 3338 Pte. A. Turner.
" 1385 " H. Anderson.
" 2597 " F. Williams.
To be Pioneers.
No. 2950 Pte. R. Pitt, No. 2170 Pte. F. Brown, No. 1799 Pte. G. Drury.

Capt. H. Blackburn and Lieut. R. H. D'Aeth have been detailed to proceed to England for duty at the Depôt.

No. 251 Sergt. D. Sheppard has been appointed 2nd Class Sergeant Instructor to the Howrah Detachment of the East Indian Railway Volunteers.

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officers and men having been transferred from the 2nd Battn. Kings Liverpool Regiment, they are taken on the strength of the Battn. from the dates stated opposite their names.

Corpl.	P. Wilson,	17th October 1891.
"	S. Burns,	"
"	H. A. Jones,	"
Lce.-Corpl.	J. Hilliear,	"
Pte.	C. Brierly,	"
"	W. Williams,	"
"	R. Walsh,	"
"	T. Barrett,	"
"	E. Davis,	"
"	F. Metson,	20th October 1891.

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officers passed an examination for promotion to the ranks stated below, on the 16th inst.

To Sergeant.
No. 771 Lce.-Sergt. E. P. Edwards,
" 2884 " G. Sale.
" 2034 Corporal J. G. Smith.
To Corporal.
No. 2072 Lce.-Corpl. W. Clarke.

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officers and men, are granted G. C. Pay, at the rates stated opposite their names:—

No.	1937	Lc.-Corpl.	T. Croucher,	2d.
"	1864	Pte.	C. Hall,	1d.
"	2981	"	W. Sheppard,	2d.
"	2951	"	H. Warden.	1d.
"	1919	Lc.-Corpl.	I. Finch,	2d.
"	1778	Pte.	G. Ellis,	1d.
"	1407	"	J. Simmons.	1d.
"	1927	"	J. Bensted,	2d.
"	1929	"	J. Read,	2d.
"	2988	"	S. Sutton, Restored	1d.
"	2946	"	J. Vickers,	1d.
"	2550	"	G. Earl,	1d.
"	1923	"	F. Foord,	2d.
"	1943	"	H. Newing,	2d.
"	1848	"	W. Sharpley,	2d.
"	2940	"	G. Bail.	1d.

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Regimental Cricket Club, 1891-92.

Committee.

President:—Major A. E. Ommanney.

Members.

Captain G. V. Dauglish, Lieut. W. H. Booth, 2nd Lieut. F. W. B. Dyne, 2nd Lieut. J. Hasler 2nd Lieut. R. F. Pearson, Qr.-Mr. H. C. Cumber,

Sub-Committee.

Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Nicholas, Color.-Sergt. Patterson, Color.-Sergt. Talbot, Captains of Coy. Elevens.

Umpire to Battn., Color-Sergt. Talbot, "E" Coy.
Scorer to Battn., Lc. Cpl. Ashelford, „ „

The following prizes have been given for cricket seasons—1890 & 1891.

For Batting Pte. Lawrence, ~~Rs~~ 20-0-0
For Bowling „ Dyer, ~~Rs~~ 20-0-0

In addition, the following made scores over 50 during last season, in an innings, thereby winning a bat or an equivalent of Rs. 15.

Quarter-Master Sergt. Nicholas, 59 runs, Buffs *v.* La Martiniere.

Sergt. Godfrey, 94 runs, Buffs *v.* Barrackpore.
„ „ 56 „ „ „ St. Pauls Sc.
Pte. Straw, 65 runs, Buffs *v.* Barrackpore.

The Cricket Season for 1891-92 will commence next month with the annual match, Officers *v.* Sergeants.

The following prizes will be given during the season:

1st Class Matches, *i.e.*, 1st Eleven *v.* Clubs or Regiments, also Right Half Battn. *v.* Left Half, and Officers and N.-C. O's. *v.* Privates.

Best average in batting, 1st prize, Rs. 12
2nd prize, „ 8
Best average in bowling, 1st prize, „ 12
2nd prize, „ 8

A bat will be given for a score of over fifty made in an innings.

To enable a man to gain a prize, he must have played in three-fourths of the matches played, and it is hoped to play twelve or more first class matches during the season.

COMPANY SHIELD MATCHES.

To further encourage cricket, the following prizes will be given during the competition for the shield.

1st Round.
Best average in batting, 1st prize Rs. 8
2nd „ „ 4
Best average in bowling, 1st „ „ 8
2nd „ „ 4

2nd Round.
Best average in batting, 1st „ „ 8
2nd „ „ 4
Best average in bowling, 1st „ „ 8
2nd „ „ 4

3rd Round.
Best average in batting, 1st „ „ 8
2nd „ „ 4
Best average in bowling, 1st „ „ 8
2nd „ „ 4

No man can take more than two first prizes, one for batting, and one for bowling.

In addition to the money prizes in the final match, the Commanding Officer will give a bat for the highest score made in the two innings, provided it is over fifty, and Major Ommanney will give a prize of a pair of leg guards and batting gloves for the best average in bowling, providing it is a fair one.

The original rules of the competition are printed below, as no doubt there are many new comers to the Battn., who are not acquainted with them.

It is much hoped that the ensuing season may be a satisfactory one, and that the men will take advantage of the nets, and constantly practise. Cricket is a game which requires constant practice, and we hope to see some of the young talent come forward. One or two good bowlers are badly wanted for the Regimental Team, Sergt. Godfrey being a most serious loss, both in bowling and batting. We have several promising young bowlers at the nets, and our advice to them is not to think too much of the pace, but more of the straightness and pitch of the ball, and to the batsman we may add, keep the right foot

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steady, and in the same place, when playing the ball, and the elbow of the left arm well to the front.

The drawing of the ties for the cricket shield competition will take place shortly, and arrangements made to play off the matches earlier this season than last year.

A card of the cricket matches will be printed and circulated as soon as the matches are arranged.

Rules for the Competition for the Regimental Cricket Challenge Cup.

1. The Shield to be competed for by elevens from the 8 Companies of the Regiment only. The Companies to play complete, *i.e.* including their Non.-Com. Officers, and the regimental staff, band & drums attached for pay, but officers not to play.

2. Ties to be drawn yearly in the ordinary method, except when it is found that time does not admit of their being played through. In this case, the holders of the Shield are still to keep possession of it, unless challenged by one or more companies. The ties are then to be drawn among the holders and challenging companies, and played through. If even the time does not admit of the completion of the ties, the competition to extend into the following years, within reasonable limits, if practicable, and if not practicable, the competition for the year to fall through.

3. When the Regiment is split up into detachments, the different detachments to play among themselves, and their winning companies to meet, when possible, and play off the final ties. If this is not possible, the matter to be arranged as may best suit the circumstances of the case.

A Company on Detachment by itself must play always, at least, one tie before the final, except with the express consent of the remaining companies.

4. A player transferred from one company to another during the competition is to play with his new company, unless the transfer takes place before a tie in which he is taking part is finished, when he will play with his old company for that unfinished tie only.

5. All ties to be played out, unless one side scratches, the match continuing for as many days as may be necessary to finish it; but if it is found that a tie is unnecessarily prolonged, a certain day will be named for its being played off, and the company that does not appear on the ground at the appointed time will be struck out of the year's competition.

6. All ties to be played under Marylebone Cricket Club rules,

7. The Shield to be kept in such place and safe keeping as may be decided on from time to time.

8. Questions left open in the above rules and all matters of dispute, together with any proposed amendment or addition to them, are to be referred to the Commanding Officer for his decision.

Approved.
H. F. Halahan Lieut.-Col.
Commanding 1st Battn. The Buffs.
Ranikbet,
23rd July, 1887.

Rugby Challenge Cup Tie

The ties for the Battalion Rugby Challenge Cup were concluded during the month, and as was anticipated by all, "G" Company were the victors.

The following were the ties:

First	"D"	*versus*	"G"	won by "G"
Second	"E"	,,	"H"	,, ,, "E"
Third	"C"	,,	"B"	,, ,, "C"
Fourth	"A"	,,	"F"	,, ,, "F"
Semi 5th	"E"	,,	"C"	,, ,, "E"
Final 6th	"G"	,,	"F"	,, ,, "G"
Final	"G"	,,	"E"	,, ,, "G"

"E" Company must be congratulated on the plucky stand, made in the final, against "G," who are the possessors of a large percentage of the Regimental Team, and who had anything but the 'walk over' which had been expected.

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ODDS & ENDS.

THE Natal Mercury is responsible for this story:—

At Peter Maritzburg, Natal, which our 2nd Battn. knows so well, at a mess dinner, the conversation turned on animal training. "Ah" said a Major, "I remember when I was at Boggleywallah I tamed an oyster. He used to follow me all round the bungalow like a child. and he would sit on the table at my side with his shell open and crack my filberts--most affectionate little creature." "Have you got him yet Major"? asked a doubting Subaltern. "No" he came to an untimely end. A friend of mine came into the dining room in my absence, saw the oyster with his shell open. and swallowed it. I shall never have another pet" said the Major with a sigh. 'No doubt your friend swallowed the oyster,' said the Subaltern "But I'm afraid we can't swallow the story." The Major must have heard of the whistling oyster. It's rather long a story so I'll tell you it some other day.

From Ireland—English tourist (to car-driver pointing to a road side tatterdermalion) "What a shocking thing it is to see a man in such rags and misery as that." Car-driver "Begorra thin your honour, and that's not from poverty at all at all; but tis this way, he is so ticklesome, that the devil a tailor can attempt to take his measure."

It may not be generally known that the first war medal issued was to commemorate Cromwell's victory at the battle of Dunbar. The medal bears the head of Cromwell on one side, with the incription "Dunbar," "The Lord of Hosts September ye third 1650," and on the reverse side a representation of the House of Commons assembled.

Medals for the Peninsula were not issued generally until 1848, more than thirty years after the campaign.

An officer was going round his barrack rooms, and in a corner of one of them, rather high up, he spotted some cobwebs. He at once seized on the unfortunate individual that slept nearest the wall, and enquired of him "what the d—l those cobwebs were doing there." Thomas gazed up at the offending cobwebs for a few seconds, and then answered:—"If you please, sir, I think they're hanging on the wall." The officer cleared out, completely dumbfounded at the man's intelligence

---

A Young Sergeant-Major.—The Bombay Presidency has the honour of possessing the youngest Sergeant-Major in the service, says a Lahore paper. A station order notified the fact as follows, "No. 2,223 child Harry Armstrong Robinson, Sergeant-Major, born 21st August 1891, is taken on the strength of the station from that date."

A certain Dr. Sayers was at one time the Army Chaplain in charge of the spiritual interests of the soldiers in Fort St. George, Madras, and he liked to tell "his lads" occasionally, a piece of his mind in the plainest terms, from the pulpit. So he closed up one of his sermons with the following words:—"My brethren, this is a charity sermon I'm preaching, and remember I want rupees, and not dirty pieces of paper in the bag, having written on them 'Sayers, ould cock, how are you?' I won't have it—mind you—won't—I've stood it long enough!"

At a moment when the battle of Sadowa was as yet undecided, and when, indeed, the Prussians appeared to be losing ground, Bismarck was wandering over the battlefield like a soul in agony. Certain historians have gone so far as to say that he kept a loaded revolver in his holster for the express purpose of blowing his brains out if the Austrians had won the day. Presently he fell in with Von Moltke, who was quietly looking on at the fight. Being anxious to arrive at an idea of the exact state of affairs, he pulled out his cigar case, in which only two *londres* were left, one of them extra good, and the other of very inferior quality. He handed the case to Von Moltke, who, after examining the cigars for a long time, silently helped himself to the best. That was enough for the Chancellor, and he remarked to someone at hand: "When I saw Von Moltke use such deliberation in choosing his cigar, I knew that was a sign that things were going well with us,"

And he was right.

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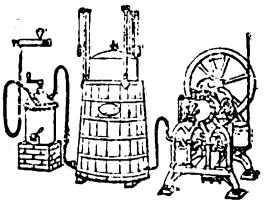

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A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 56, **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, NOVEMBER 30th 1891.** Price 2 As

Domestic Occurrences.

Birth.

WATTS—At Calcutta on the 25th inst., the wife of Cr.-Sgt. Watts, of a son.

Marriages.

GORIN—SUMMERELL. At St. Peter's, Fort William, on the 16th inst., No. 1366 O. R. Sergt. W. H. Gorin, to Miss Lucy Diana Summerell.

LAING—KENEALY. At St. Peter's, Fort William, on the 18th inst., No. 429 Sergt. J. Laing, to Miss V. M, Kenealy.

HOLMES—VEAL. At the Wesleyan Chapel, Dum-Dum, No. 1 Corpl. G. Holmes, to Miss Emily Veal.

Death.

LEARY. At Fort William, on the 13th inst., Dennis Albert Victor, son of the *late* Sergt. D, Leary, of "Diarrhœa Dentition.

NOTES.

THE Annual Cricket match between the Officers & Sergeants came off on the 12th inst. on the Calcutta Cricket Ground, which was kindly lent by the C. C. C. for the occasion.

The Officers played in grand style and gave the Sergeants a good drubbing, beating them in one innings with over one hundred runs to spare.

... ...

Was it the absence of the Band which caused the Sergeants to succumb so easily to Major Ommanney's slow bowling?

We think it a great pity that the Band did not enliven the proceedings during the afternoon, as we feel sure it would have attracted many more spectators, especially the fair sex whose presence is always welcome at a cricket match.

... ...

The Adjutant and Quarter-Master, made the stand of the day. Both of these appeared very

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glad when the bell rang for lunch.

The bowling of the Band-Master and Band-Sergeant was one of the features of the match, as was also the fielding of one of the prettiest batsmen in the Officers' team.

... ...

Is marriage a failure? this seems to be the much discussed question just now. As far as The Buffs are concerned we should say NO !

... ...

Four marriages in a month speaks well for the good looks of our gallant Non.-Coms. & Officers. Can this record be beaten? We doubt it!

... ...

Are we to attribute these joyful festivals to the promised Rippingill's Oil Stoves, or is it that the Married Quarters are so much more comfortable than of yore?

Perhaps Ewing's system of punkahs has something to do with it, if not, can any of our fair readers enlighten us on the subject?

... ...

The Women's Club is still thriving despite all the prophecies to the contrary. Mrs. Manville appears delighted at the news of more weddings as it means more "grist to the mill."

... ...

Again we remind the married women of the promised photograph. Be quick please and think of our Christmas number.

... ...

We sincerely hope that our late Editor spent a happy time whilst anchored off Sangor in the "Bengal" waiting for the late cyclone to pass over.

... ...

We heard some cruel Subaltern suggest to send him a telegram of condolence, but the thoughts of the messenger being severely maltreated put him off at the last moment.

... ...

We hope he will have a pleasant time at home during his well earned leave, and sometimes think of the keen and practical soldiering which is daily keeping engaged those whom he has left behind him.

... ...

The New Colours are to be presented by Her Excellency, Lady Landsdowne on the 2nd February next, and the Colour Ball will be held in the Town Hall on the following evening.

... ...

The Sergeants of the Battalion have also decided to give a ball in the Town Hall on the 4th February in honour of the great event.

... ...

We hear that a certain young officer has been making a wonderful score on the Rifle Range, Dum-Dum. If he can only go on as he has begun, he ought to run well up in the Champion Stakes at Meerut, next meeting.

... ...

The coming Calcutta Polo Tournament, is the all absorbing topic of the day. Up to the present, nine teams have entered. We hear that it has been postponed until the 18th January next, and we hope to see the Regimental Team come well to the front.

... ...

The Officers of the Battalion have presented a very handsome cup to the Bombay Gymkhana, in return for the Rugby Football Trophy so generously given to this Regiment.

The Hon. Sec., Bombay Gymkhana, in a letter dated the 20th November, thanked the Officers of the Battalion, and says, the Committee have decided that the Cup be a Challenge Cup, to be competed for annually by the members of the Gymkhana, who have played in the Calcutta or Bombay Tournaments of the year. The competition will be place and drop kicking.

... ...

Major Newnham Davis arrived in Calcutta on the 15th inst., to pay us a flying visit, before going off to Nepaul on special duty. The balmy breezes of Simla seem to agree with him, for in spite of the hard work he has gone through during the past season, he was looking extremely fit and well.

... ...

We hope the Government of India will speedily grant a fitting decoration to the Regiment, for the splendid manner in which it behaved during the late Kidderpore Expedition.

... ...

By a masterly stroke of Generalship the enemy were entirely routed, several of the head men taken prisoners, and the whole scene of operations once more restored to peaceful subjection.

The behaviour of the Police should not be

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forgotten. Their stand on Kidderpore Bridge, against overwhelming numbers of the Enemy, is only equalled by the famous Horatius Cocles.

... ...

Capt. Philips and Lieut. Dyne arrived from Jalapahar on the 8th inst.

... ...

Lieut. LLoyd has gone to Darjeeling on Medical Certificate. He will probably be away about a month. We hope he will return as soon as possible, as a few more Smoking Concerts and Regimental Gaffs would be greatly appreciated by all ranks, during the next few months.

... .

The Gaities of Calcutta appear just now to be very varied, from the Butterfly Company to the Subalterns of The Buffs at Firing Exercise, at 9 a.m. daily. Both these shows are well worth a visit.

... ...

Our Bandmaster, Mr. Birkhead has received a very complimentary letter on the splendid performance of the Band last night, at St. Andrews' dinner.

The marriage of Captain Bertram Reveley Mitford, 70th (East Surrey Regiment) and formerly of The Buffs with the Hon. Etheldreda Manners, daughter of the late Lord Manners, and sister of the present Peer, took place last month in Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Molly Manners (niece of the bride), the Lady Elizabeth Manners Miss Sybil Heathcote (cousin of the bride), Miss Cecil Drummond, Miss Henderson, and Miss Thursby (cousin of the bridegroom). and Master Charlie Leeke, (nephew of the bride) joined the bridal train as page. Captain Coles (D.S.O.), of The Buffs acted as best man. The Rev. Prebendary Eyton officiated, assisted by the Rev. E. Manners Sanderson, cousin of the bride; Lord Manners giving his sister away. Dowager Lady Manners afterwards entertained the bridal party at her house in Cadogan-square. In the course of the afternoon, Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Mitford left for Cold Overton, Lord Manner's hunting box, near Oakham.

Presentation of Chin Lushi Medal to Sergt. Carnell.

On Tuesday the 24th inst., Colonel H. D. Harrison presented the above medal to Sergt.-Instructor of Signalling C. Carnell. The Signallers of the Garrison were drawn up for the purpose on the R.A. Parade Ground, forming three sides of a square—R.A., Buffs & Volunteers in the centre, 42nd 43rd and 44th Gurkhas on right, 3rd, 9th and 17th Bengal Infantry on left, Colonel H. D. Harrison, who was accompanied by Colonel Chatterton, Commanding Presidency Volunteers; Capt. Dauglish, S. S. O., Lieut. Eales, Brigade Signalling Officer and others, expressed in a few words, the pleasure it gave him to present the medal, the first gained by a Signaller of the Regiment since its arrival in India in 1887, and hoped, by the encouragement it would give to signalling generally in the Regiment, a larger number of the men would come forward to be trained as signallers. His speech was then translated by Colone Chatterton for the benefit of the Native Intantry Signallers. On the conclusion of the parade, the classes under instruction, went through their drill in capital style, and the proceedings wound up with whistling drill by the signallers of The Buffs under Corporal Montgomery, a novelty which was received with appreciation by the spectators.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the following Regimental Papers. "*Sprig of Shillelagh*" 27th Inniskillings; "*The Nines*" Wiltshire Regt.; "*The Bengal Tiger*" 2nd Battn. Royal Munster Fusiliers: "*The Queen's Own Gazette*" Royal West Surrey Regiment; '*1'm 95*' 2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.; '*The XXX*' East Lancashire Regt.; '*St. George's Gazette*,' 5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

LITERARY COMPETITION.

"Boggley Wallah" and "Skin" were the successful competitors this month. each receiving Rs 5 for their contributions.

Next month a prize of Rs 5 will be given for the best "Xmas Tale."

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

The Editor of the Dragon.

Sir

Could you inform me through the columns of our little paper, The Dragon, the amount of tobacco,or number of cigars, a soldier is allowed to have on disembarkation in England? I have been asked by several men of my Company what amount they would be allowed to take,but I could not tell them owing to there being so many different versions on the subject.

For Example—I have been told the following:

1st, 1lb of tobacco *or* 100 cigars.

2nd, 1lb of tobacco *and* 100 cigars.

3rd, 1lb tobacco only.

4th, 100 cigars providing they have been opened and are unsaleable.

A correct answer to the above will oblige

Yours

Johnny Snider.

The custom authorities at home allow a man to land a 'Broken box of cigars' or a 'broken lb. of tobacco' duty free. but they must be first declared to the Custom House Officers, or else the articles will be confiscated and the owner have to pay full duty and a fine in addition. *(Ed,)*

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr Editor.

I must congratulate you on the great improvement in the appearance of the "Dragon" made by the cover thereto, issued with September number.

The Cricketing season having closed, Football is in full swing. The Depôt has a very fair team, and have so far succeeded in beating several of the Depôt Troops, composing the Cavalry Depôt.

No. 1800 Pte. T. Pembroke and 199 Pte. A. Tusler, have been transferred to the Army Reserve.

18 recruits were sent from Depot to the Home Battalion at Chatham, on 1st October.

Pte. A. Parras, has joined Depot for duty from Home Battalion.

Quarter- Master Sergt. G. E Dunster, has re-engaged to complete 21 years service,

Drummer Fuller, Permanent Staff, 3rd Battn. has been discharged and granted a pension of 1s. 1d. per. diem

Sergt. Major F. A. Foley, retired on pension on 26th October and has been appointed Permanent Manager of the Depot Canteen vice Conway, who has resigned owing to ill health.

Capt. G. H. Chippindall, will not rejoin his battalion this Trooping Season, as he has been appointed Adjutant of the 2nd Volunteer Battn. Durham Light Infantry, and will take up his duties therewith on the 1st day of the new year.

A draft of 1 Sergt., 1 Corpl., and 100 privates is being prepared by the 2nd Battn, and will embark for Bombay, en route for Fort William in H. M. S. "Crocodile" on 12th December next.

2nd Lieut, Swetenham, is proceeding with the draft.

YOUNG BUFFS DECEASED.

No. 353 Pte, William Clist 1st East Kent, died at Broadstairs, Kent, 6th August 1891 aged 26, invalided June 1888 and awarded a temporary pension of 6d per diem, since made permanent. Served 8 years 9 months.

No 1841 Lce.-Corpl. W. C. Sexton 1st East Kent, died at Woolwich 29th August 1891, aged 26 years. invalided May 1891 and awarded a temporary pension of 7d. per diem for 12 months. Service 7 years 7 months.

No. 934 Pte. Thomas Fry 1st East Kent, died at Groombridge Kent, 19th September 1891 aged 26. Invalided June 1888 and awarded a temporary pension of 6d per diem, since made permanent.

Pte, Charles Westbrook died at Basingstoke, 9th September 1891 aged 55 years. Service 21 years, admitted to pension of 1s, per diem 19th September 1876.

Served 4 years 10 months.

OLD BUFF DECEASED.

No. 763 Pte. John McDonald 2nd Battn. died at Aberdeen, 27th September 1891, aged 52 years. Invalided January 1880 after 20 years service and granted a pension of 10d. per diem.

South African Medal 1879.

Yours faithfully

"Old Buff"

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BARS FROM THE BARRACK ROOM.

No. 3

My Furlough to *Belatee.*

Misfortune has ever through life on me frowned,
And buffets full many bestowed;
Success, my endeavours, but seldom has crowned
Wild oats by the acre I've sowed.
And of all the fell ills I've encountered galore,
In this troublesome journey of pain,
My furlo' to England I deeply deplore.
I weep friends, again and again!

When the *hukim* came out that for Non.-Coms. and men
Whose years out abroad numbered five,
A furlo' to *Belatee* was granted, why then,
To get home I vowed I would strive.
So I entered my name, and permission obtained
To visit my dear native shore,
But I wish that instead, chums, abroad I'd remained;
No furloughs for me any more!

On the good ship Wang Ho with a thousand and ten
Of time expired Tommies embarked,
They put me in charge of the swabbers, my pen
Now falters, no wonder I'm narked!
For with Portsmouth in sight from the War Office came,
An account of a Russian invasion,
An order at once to return—what a shame,
To the home of the black and Eurasian.

I set not my feet on the soil of the free,
But simply changed vessels and back
To India in charge of the swabbers, ah me,
I travelled, poor beggar, alack!
And when I arrived at imposing Bombay
Heard I to my anger intense
That the Russian invasion had come to *kooch nay*,
And that fighting was not to commence.

The very first man that I met of my corps,
Was my Company 'Flag' who remarked,
'Here's a charge against you boy, Rupees fifty four,
Don't you wish you had never embarked?
I am, as you see, of misfortune a child,
On this you must all quite agree,
And I say now in accents, impressive though mild,
No furlough to *Belatee* for me.

BOGGLEY WALLAH.

COMPETITION.

Tommy's Pets.

BY "SKIN" OF THE BAND.

I'm writing you Mr. Dragon, to tell you some things I know,
About pets I've met in my travels, from a bear to a half fledged crow;
Of course I belong to the band, you know, and am not a common tyke,
And although not a hair 'twixt heaven and me, I've just got the job I like.

A soldiers' dog from my point of view, is a devilish lucky chap;
If he can kill a rat and fight a round, he need'nt trouble a rap,
His dinner comes round as sure as the sun, he's a bed at his master's feet,
And if he's got fleas, he gets a wash, which comes by way of a treat.

Now there's Baccy, a bit of a chum of mine, (his master bosses the band),
He's a dog I respect, and take my word, he's one of the best in the land,
We were talking last week about soldiers' pets, and what do you think he said?
He told me that I was the only dog he'd ever seen stand on his head.

I don't like to round on master's friends, but some of them weakness shew,
By making pets of parrots, and in one sad case of a crow,
I've heard of rats being kept by some, but I think with me you'll agree,
When I say it is wrong, decidely wrong, and hard on a "ratter" like me.

No! Drummy is not my master, although you might think he is,
He's not a bad chap to a dog like me, so I find it rather good "biz,"
When old Mike goes out with the band, and things are running flat,
To go and take tea with Drummy, and "go for" the Sergeant's Mess cat.

Now cats are useless creatures, at least so most dogs say,
Yet they're usually found in Barracks, but always keep out of the way
When they see one of my pals approaching, which goes a good deal to prove,
That the cat is not the best of the pets that share the soldiers' love.

In talking to "Tatters" the other day, he mentioned some curious facts
About pets he'd seen in his time; but I don't think Tatters reads tracts,

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He talked of bears, snakes, deer and frogs, but the thing that stuck in my throat,
Was when he said, that in Lucknow, he'd seen a corps with a goat.

I've a sweetheart as all little dogs have, and I'm told they call her Mary,
But the thing that bothers my mind is, I'm bald while she's very hairy.
I should deem it a very great favour, if you, knowing how I adore her,
Would kindly forward a bottle of Allens' Far Famed Hair Restorer. "SKIN.,"

Tommy's Pets.

THE pound-a-week clerk, or brainless bounder of the period, who elevates at the approach of a red coat, his miserable nose in the air, like a rifle prepared to discharge a "feu-de-joie", is more to be pitied than blamed, he is the dupe of monumental prejudice and regards the soldier as a coarse untutored savage, dead to all feeling save a prurient desire for unlimited beer.

Those who know Tommy Atkins better are struck aghast at the wealth of sentiment which surges within his manly breast, and which in default of a female target, discharges itself at such strange objects as pariah dogs, mangy parrots, demented monkeys, invalid kittens and odoriferous rats.

On the future Mrs. Atkins it is not our intention to enlarge, but our business is with those numerous specimens of Natural History on which the British soldier in India is accustomed to lavish his superfluous time and affection.

First and foremost of course is the dog, the universal friend of man and patron saint of Atkinsonian Veneration; Tommy's affection for the canine race is universal, he has no criterion, he loves the frowzy mongrel of low degree as much as the lordly mastiff or majestic greyhound; he is great at teaching his animal such tricks as standing bolt upright with a bit of stick reposing on its fore-paws as a rifle, or executing a species of fandango to a flute accompaniment; the dog who once obtains even a surreptitious experience of barrack life is a soldier's dog for the the term of its natural life; restore the animal to the luxurious kennel of its civilian home, feed it with the choicest morsels, and flagellate it with scorpions in the event of desertion—in vain, the infatuated quadruped, freed for a moment from its accustomed fetters, twists its tail with a defiant twirl and starts instanter for the nearest Military bungalows.

A very good second to the dog in the race for Atkinsonian favour, is the parrot; the length of time occupied by the patient soldier in stoking with chilies, bread and bananas, these greedy birds whose receptive crops can be aptly compared to a General Post Office, and the hours devoted to the imparting of a knowledge of colloquial English, are amply compensated when the feathered idiot is able to speak at intervals '*Preety* Polly, *preety* dear, all the way from Cashmere.'

White rats find considerable favor in the eyes of many a soldier, but the only return which these rodents are capable of yielding is an exuberant propogation of their species and a mephitic smell as malodorous as a Minor Offence Report; however these rats are quite innocuous, which cannot be said of another species, evolved from a course of bad whisky or country liquor.

Many other specimens of the feathered reptile and rodent tribes are selected by the English fighting man as domestic pets, but space does not admit of their enumeration, suffice it to observe that a veritable Noah's Ark is always on tap in a Military bungalow, and that pets of all degrees are to be seen there from a fangless female cobra to a tin of sardines.

This craving of the soldier for some object on which to pour out his heart, is an admirable trait in his character, and augurs well for the success of the prospective union with Mrs. Atkins, which will of course take place when Tommy lands in England, a time expired man.

Then will the affections of years be diverted from exotic channels in shape of dog, parrot, or rodent, and concentrated in a mighty amatory Niagara, flood the Atkinsonian homestead with true love, impart a romantic flavour to bread and butter and support on a tide of virtue the heritage of trials and troubles to be encountered by all men on this sphere in general, and by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Atkins in particular.

BOGGLEY WALLAH.

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The Story of the Third Regt., The Buffs.

ONE REGIMENT alone has the privilege of marching through the City of London with Drums beating, colours flying, and bayonets fixed, and that Regiment is "The old Holland Regiment"—The Buffs— or, as is now called, "The East Kent Regiment."

How this regiment came to be so intimately connected with the mayor and magnates of the City of London is but a link in the chain of wondrous events which begun in the reign of good Queen Bess, and led, forty years after her death, to the consolidation and independence of the Dutch Republic.

In the early days of the year 1572, rumour reached England of the ruthless cruelties inflicted on the people of the Netherlands by the "Inquisition of Bishops" which Philip of Spain had established in their midst for the purpose of stamping out the reformed faith

The heart of the English nation was stirred by these atrocities; and when to the ecclesiastical persecutors was added the bloodthirsty Duke of Alva, as Captain-General of the States, the military advisers of the Queen perceived that the planting of the power of Spain so near the shores of England constituted a serious national danger.

Hence it was that the citizens of London made every effort to equip companies of men-at-arms, that they might not be surprised by sudden invasion; and thus it came about that when the bright May Day of the same year arrived, Queen Elizabeth went in state to Greenwich to review these troops in which she was so deeply interested. The parade was a success; and Captain John Morgan, a Welshman, who had undertaken their training, received the highest praise for the efficiency and discipline of the men.

At the conclusion of the review he obtained permission at once to form a company of three hundred volunteers and take them across to Flushing, where the magistrates and burghers of the town had been forced into open revolt by the tyrannical treatment of the Duke of Alva.

None could have supposed when, a few days later, this insignificant group of adventurers embarked upon the little vessels which were to ferry them across, that around this nucleus would collect bands of warrior martyrs who, by the obstinate resistance of three-quarters of a century, should lay the foundation of freedom of thought and freedom of worship in Europe.

Soon after the arrival of Captain Morgan, the people of Flushing desired to make him governor of their town, but he preferred to serve them in the field, and moved with his men to the vicinity of Middleburgh, where a strange adventure now befel him Don Rufello, the Spanish commandant, knowing of the approach of the English, and feeling confident of their overthrow, sallied out to take them by surprise, having first provided his men with ropes to hang all that they should take captive; but the result being the reverse of what the Don anticipated, the English soldiers on learning the object of the ropes, put them to a like purpose, only substituting Spanish necks for English.

By the arrival from England of others who had followed his example, Captain Morgan's command, before long, increased to a full Regiment, and with this he hastened to make an attempt to relieve the brave garrison of Haarlem where three thousand troops, with a company of three hundred women under Magaret Kenault, held out against an immense army under the Duke of Alva; but the effort was in vain, and at the end of seven months the defenders were forced by famine to capitulate, and to witness the execution of two thousand of the inhabitants in revenge for the loss occasioned to the Spaniards.

However their determined opposition, together with many brilliant successes achieved by the Hollanders and Zealanders with the aid of their British allies, in the end so defeated the intentions of the Duke of Alva that he ultimately applied to be recalled, and left the Netherlands boasting that he had executed 18,600 of the people whom he had been sent to govern.

The important town of Middleburgh remained still in the hands of the Spaniards, notwithstanding that the Zealanders, together with Captain Morgan's regiment and other British levies, were making

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strenuous efforts to capture the place; at the same time a powerful Spanish fleet arrived and disembarked large reinforcements. A fierce contest at once took place between the relieving force and the besiegers. In this the Spaniards were at first victorious, but finally gave way before the dogged resistance of the British, and retreated in disorder to their ships. Thereupon the English and Scotch troops begged to be allowed to embark on board the Holland and Zealand fleet and fight their adversaries at sea, to which the Flemish Admiral consented, with the result that thirty Spanish ships were destroyed, and the Admiral's, Vice-Admiral's, and several other ships were brought back in triumph by the victors.

This concluded Captain Morgan's service in this period of the Flemish struggle, so he was withdrawn by order of Queen Elizabeth, to proceed to Ireland for the purpose of suppressing the rebellion there,

So varying had been the fortune of war, and so little advantage remained with the Spaniards, that within four years from the time that Captain Morgan with his pioneer company had landed in the Netherlands, Philip was glad, owing to the mutinous clamour of his troops for arrears of pay, to end the fighting for the present by the treaty called the "Pacification of Ghent." This however, held good only until it suited the new Governor, Don John of Austria, to break it; and when he applied for the recall of the Spanish troops from Italy, the States sought for the return of their former allies from England.

The English companies promptly re-appeared, and were now under the command of the distinguished Colonel Norris. Many and brilliant were the services rendered by this commander to the cause which he embraced, but none, perhaps, of greater importance than when, during the falling back of the Flemish army, under the Duke of Anjou, and the Prince of Orange, before the superior forces of the Prince of Parma, to the protection of the fortifications of Ghent, he covered this dangerous movement with his own regiment. (a thousand strong and seven cornets of horse), and fought the Spanish army from sunrise to sunset, thereby enabling the retreat to be carried out without disaster.

Again, at a later period, when the Duke of Anjou, relying on the support of his French followers, sought to advance himself to the position of a military dictator in the Netherlands, it was General Norris who, with his British lions, compelled his surrender at Dendermond, and sent him back to France.

But now the treacherous assassination of the Prince of Orange, in his own palace, struck a serious blow at the organisation of the League, which had so bravely maintained the unequal fight against the power of Spain. Defeats and reverses followed, and it seemed as though all that had been achieved must now be rendered void.

This aroused the English Queen, to the near approach of the danger she had so long apprehended, and Elizabeth accordingly decided not to trust, as hitherto, to the action of independent companies of free lances, but to send a recognised force to the scene of action.

Thus a call was made upon the English, counties to furnish each a proportion of troops, and the livery companies of London were also directed to provide a given number. These latter were obtained in a way not exactly in keeping with the views of the present day on recruiting, inasmuch as, the order having been received on a Sunday, the alderman of the City, taking their constables with them, proceeded at the time of service to the several churches; these they locked and guarded, and thereupon selected from the congregations such stalwart young men as would grace the ranks of her Majesty's army.

These drafts from the City, following in the footsteps of the original companies raised by Captain Morgan, managed to preserve their individuality, and to have their vacancies always filled from London, so that when, many years afterwards, the survivors were embodied into the Holland Regiment, the mayor and aldermen of the City still acknowledged the connection, and continued to supply recruits to its ranks, at the same time according to the Corps the privilege, which remains to the present day, of marching through that part of London with drums beating and colours flying.

Notwithstanding their compulsory enlistment, these companies, under the leadership of Sir John Norris, did much to maintain the honour of England, in spite of the utter incapability of the Court favourites, who commanded the English force.

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There was a pause in the struggle in the Netherlands, while Europe looked on at the Spanish Armada, but after its dispersion the contest was resumed with renewed vigour, and at Bergen-op-Zoom the English helped to win an important victory.

In the year 1596 the London companies, which had now become Vere's regiment, were sent under the High Admiral, Lord Charles Howard, on an expedition to the coast of Spain, and were engaged in the famous assault of Cadiz, during which, while the ramparts were being hotly contested, Captain Ussher, with a few of Vere's veterans, passing unobserved along the ditch towards the bay, found a part of the fortifications weakly guarded, and effected a lodgment. This gave rise to such a panic that the main body were enabled to force an entrance, and thus to capture a stronghold which had been hitherto looked on as impregnable.

While the English were thus employed at a distance, the Spanish troops were being more successful in Holland, and the States consequently applied for the recall of Vere's veterans.

At a latter period they took part in the glorious defence of Ostend, which, after a siege of three years and one month, and when 122,000 lives had been sacrificed between besiegers and besieged, capitulated only on the condition that the defenders should march out with all the honours of war.

At length a time came when the States, being crushed by debt, and the Spaniards exhausted by war, both found a ground for negotiation in the terms of the treaty of Munster; thus in 1648, after a struggle of more than seventy years, the independence of the United Provinces of the Netherlands was acknowledged, and this gallant people took their station among the nations of Europe as a free State.

After the lapse of seven years the States embodied such of the English levies as still remained in the country into one corps, and called it the "Holland Regiment," giving the command to the veteran Colonel, John Cromwell, a near kinsman of the Protector, but who was so staunch a loyalist that he got permission to change his name to Williams.

Ten years more passed away, during which the rest from war caused an immense revival of trade, and this led to so keen a rivalry between the English and Dutch that the latter, forgetful of past obligations, were led to commit depredations on English commerce.

The English retaliated by capturing the North American settlement of Nova Belgia, which henceforth became New York. Soon afterwards Charles II declared war against the Dutch, and as a matter of course, demanded the return of the Holland Regiment, which then, for the first time, obtained, in the year 1665, rank in the English army.

In the strange repetition of events which constitutes history, the Holland Regiment found itself within a quarter of a century again fighting under the command of a Prince of Orange in defence of the Protestant cause against the Roman Catholic League, and aided in the expulsion of James II and the reconquest of Ireland. King William at this time changed the name of the regiment to that of "Prince George of Denmark's Regiment." When, on the accession of Queen Anne, war was declared against France and Spain, the regiment was for the second time sent to aid in taking Cadiz by assault, but the town was now too strongly fortified, there were no weak places to be found by traversing the ditch, and the expedition accordingly failed.

Under Marlborough, however, the regiment shared in all the great victories of his campaigns, and in 1707 was, for gallant conduct permitted to display a dragon as the regimental badge. This dragon was one of the supporters of the royal arms in Queen Elizabeth's time, and indicated thus the origin of the corps.

On the death of Prince George of Denmark the former title of the regiment became obsolete, and it was for some time styled either the Holland Regiment, as of old, or called by the name of its commanding officer, till finally, from the colour of the uniform waistcoat, breeches, and stockings, it was permanently nicknamed. "The Buffs." Not till the year 1751 was the numerical distinction, the Third, added, and not till thirty years later did it receive the territorial designation of the "East Kent," which it still retains.

As an example of the hard service exacted from our troops in days gone by, and from which the use of steam and telegraphs exempts our present soldiers, it may be mentioned that in the year 1794 the Buffs were for seven

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months driving about the Channel in ill-found, overcrowded transports, receiving, at every port they entered, orders and counter-orders for an intended descent upon the French coast, till at length sickness among the men increased to such an alarming extent that disembarkation became necessary, and the expedition was abandoned.

The twenty years of unrest and strife which followed the outburst of the French Revolution brought the regiment, at the temporary peace in 1814, to the port of Bordeaux. From thence it was ordered to embark for Quebec; but it arrived at this station only in time to witness the conclusion of a desultory war which had dragged on for two years.

The thunderclap of the escape of Napoleon from Elba echoed across the Atlantic in the recall of the English troops; but as the Buffs did not leave Quebec till the 4th June they were in mid ocean when the fate of Europe was decided on the field of Waterloo.

When again, after forty years of peace, the armies of Europe met upon its Eastern boundary, to decide a fictitious quibble about Christian rights by a deadly struggle for empire, the Buffs were absent in still more distant India, and were thus debarred from sharing the hardships and the honour of the Crimean War.

In several of the lesser wars of England, which have been so frequent during the last quarter of a century, the Buffs have maintained the character for valour won by the good old city companies: and as these upheld the reformed faith against the bigotry of Rome, so have their representatives of to-day stood, in our latest struggle on the banks of the Nile, a part of the British bulwark placed to arrest the flood of Mohammedan fanaticism which threatened to overwhelm the civilisation of the East.

Drummed Out.

Have you ever seen a soldier drummed out Tommy? "Yes" a long long time ago, and a curious sight it was too. A man had to be a bad lot to be drummed out, I can tell you boys. They first read out the Court Martial on the Barrack Square in the usual way, then we formed a line to the Barrack gate, the rear rank stepped back about ten paces, and the front rank turned about. The prisoner after hearing his sentence was hand-cuffed, all his Regimental buttons and facings were cut off, a rope was put round his neck, and the smallest boy in the Regiment, took hold of the rope, and lead him between the ranks to the barrack gate, followed by the Drums playing the "Rogues March." When he arrived at the gate, he was handed over to the Civil Police by the small boy, who gave him a kick behind on leaving, and that's all, but its a curious sight, "ain't it?" and he ought not to be proud of his last parade with his Regiment.

"*Tommy.*"

A man went to a certain Railway Station in America to buy a ticket for a village named Morrow, where a Station had been opened only a few days recently. "Does this train go to Morrow,' asked the man going up to the ticket office in a great hurry, and pointing to a train on the line with steam up and with every indication of speedy departure. "No! it goes to-day" replied the clerk curtly. He thought the man was trying to be funny, as the saying goes; "but" rejoined the man who was in a great hurry, "does itgo to Morrow to-day?" "No, it goes yesterday the week after next," said the clerk sarcastically. "You don't understand me," cried the man, getting very much excited, as the engine gave a warning toot. "I want to go to Morrow." "Well then" said the clerk, "why don't you go to morrow, and not come bothering to-day; step aside please and let that lady approach the window!" "But my dear sir," exclaimed the bewildered enquirer, "it is important I should be in Morrow to-day,and if the train stops there, or if there is no train to Morrow to day"—At this critical junction, where there was some danger that the misunderstanding would drive both men frantic, an old official happened to appear, and straightened matters in less than a minute. The clerk apologised, the man got his ticket and started for Morrow that day.

(*Indian Daily News*).

George Washington died the last hour of the day, the last day of the week, the last month of year, of the last year of the last century.

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REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

The undermentioned having been transferred from the 1st Battalion Connaught Rangers, are taken on the strength of the Battalion.

Lce.-Corpl. J. Duffy.
Pte. E. Colleary.

The undermentioned having been transferred from the 2nd Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment,) are taken on the strength of the Battalion.

Pte. T. Cash,
" O. Gilmore,
" S. Lysett.

Promotions and Appointments.
To be Paid Lance Sergeant.
No. 1640 Lce.-Sergt. C. Burrows.

No. 443 Sergt. J. Greig is appointed Librarian with effect from the 1st November inclusive.

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officer is appointed Savings Bank Clerk to the Battalion, with effect from the 1st November 1891.
No. 1366 O. R. Sergt. W. H. Gorin.

The undermentioned N.-C. Officer has been permitted to extend his service to complete 12 years with the Colours:
No. 1366 O.-R. Sergt. W. H. Gorin.

The undermentioned Non.-Commissioned Officer has been granted a certificate of qualification as Assistant Instructor in Army Signalling.
No. 2234 Lce.-Corpl. A. Avery.

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officers have passed for promotion as stated opposite their names.

No. 2034 Lce.-Sergt. J. Fisher, to Sergeant.
" 342 Corporal R. Golds. "
" 2088 Lce.-Corpl. J. Pearson, to Corpl.
" 2514 Corpl. H. J. Seath, to Sergeant.
" 1363 " F. Hilderbrand. to Corpl.
" 1464 Lce.-Corpl. E. Cross, "

The undermentioned Non.-Commissioned Officer has been granted the Indian Medal with Clasp, for Chin-Lushai, 1889-90.
No. 1191 Sergt. C. Carnell,

The undermentioned Recruit having enlisted on the 11th November 1891, he is taken on the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly.

Recruit John Kilroy,

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officers and men have been granted Good Conduct Pay from the rates and from dates as specified:—

2591	Pte A Sherman	1d	18-11-91
2383	Pte, M Buckley	3d	25-10-91
1932	" J Burgess	2d	20-10-91
1956	Lc-Cpl J Eaton	2d	16-11-91
1556	Pte, E Court	1d Restored	22-11-91
1528	" J Funnell	2d	3-11-91
1942	" C Nicholson	2d	26-10-91
1796	Pte T Brasier	1d Restored	14-11-91
1933	" W Parker	2d	20 10-91
1957	" A Penfold	2d	19-11-91
2391	" F Shoesmith	1d	19-11-91
2963	" S Willey	1d	12-11-91
1939	Pte D Gamble	2d	23-10-91
2658	" C Hopkins	1d	13-11-91
1947	" W Kenward	2d	2-11-91
2950	" R Pitt	1d	18-10-91
1926	Pte T Clarke	2d	16-10-91
1925	" E Wenman	2d	14-10-91
2144	Pte J Else	2d	11-11-91
494	" L H Cuerton	1d	811-91
2961	" W Dadd	1d	8-11-91
1962	Lc.-Corpl J F Henniker	2d	27-11-91

MUSKETRY.

The classification and figure of merit of Band and Drums are as follows:

Classification:	1st Class Shots,	2
	2nd " "	20
	3rd " "	25
Total completed range & individual practice,		47
Figure of merit:		
	Range Individual Practices.	37.64
	Field Practices.	36.52

The figure of merit and classification of Letter "G" Company are as follows:—

Classification:	Marksmen	1
	1st Class Shots	9
	2nd " "	36
	3rd " "	30
	Total completed	76

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Figure of Merit:

Range Individual Firing	39.33
Field Practices	45.05

The following honorary distinction is awarded in accordance with para. 215, chap. 6, Musketry Regulations:—

Gold guns as best marksman of Letter "G" Company:

1940 Pte. J. Keeler, Score 194.

The Battalion has qualified locally to compete in the following team matches, at the Meerut Central Rifle Meeting.

British—Inter-Regimental	Match XLI.
Non-Com. Officers	,, XLII.

SHOOTING MATCH.

Good Templars, Calcutta *v.* Good Templars, Assansole.

This match was fired at Assansole on the 14th instant, and resulted in a win for Calcutta by 11 points. Distance, 200, 500, and 600 yards, 7 rounds at each distance, Wimbledon targets and marking.

JALAPAHAR NOTES.

A few days prior to the breaking up of the depot, the Warrant Officers, Staff Sergeants, &c., and their wives had a most enjoyable outing at Senchul. The following noncommissioned officers of the Buffs, deserve every credit for their kindness in providing for the party, and for the complete success of their arrangements:—

Sergts. Wintanley, Ward, and Tozer, Corpl. Hurrell, and Lce.-Corpl. Davis. All the dandies* in Darjeeling were requisitioned to carry the ladies of the party, and on their arrival at the top of the hill they found a most substantial tiffin ready for them.

Tiger Point was visited in the afternoon, after which ample justice was done to a very nice tea.

Your humble servant has been asked by several of the party to convey warmest thanks to the non-commissioned officers mentioned.

The annual sports took place on the Jalapahar parade ground on October 28th. Although the programme was decidedly good, and the various athletes did their best, there was not a single good performance during the whole day.

Two events were open to the Mountain Battery, but only one or two Competitors entered.

The competition for natives produced great fun, especially the tug-of-war between Sweepers and Bheesties.

The prize winners of the most important events are appended.—

Throwing the Cricket Ball—1st Green, East Surrey Regt. 2nd Hazalden, The Buffs, 3rd Corpl. Claydon, Lincoln Regt.

Quoits—1st Lawrence & Jackson, East Surry Regt. 2nd Sanderson, S.W.B. & Drew East Surrey Regt.

Lloyd Lindsay—1st Wethersby The Buffs, Drew, Duncan, & Moss, East Surrey Regt.

High Jump—1st Newbold, East Lancashire, 2nd School-Mr. McDougall. Height about 4 ft. 8in.

Long Jump—1st School-Mr, McDougal 106ft. 10½in 2nd Newbold 15ft 10½in.

Quarter-Mile—1st Wethersby, 2nd Witham. 3rd Gunner Ruff.

Putting the Shot—1st School.-Mr, McDougal 39ft. 5in. 2nd Keane. East Lancashire Regt. 34ft. 7in.

N.-C. Officers Race—1st Lc-Corpl. Davis, The Buffs, 2nd Corpl, Claydon, 3rd Lce.-Corpl. McKerrow, Scottish Rifles. A very close race, won by a lip

Hurdle Race—1st Wethersby, 2nd Moss, 3rd Corpl. Claydon.

Throwing the Hammer—1st School.-Mr. McDougal 93ft 10in. 2nd Hazeldean 69 ft, 10in, 3rd Green, East Surrey Regt, 69 ft, 9 in,

Khud Race—1st Gunner Ruff, 2nd Trew, 3rd Moss,

Potato Race—1st Witham, The Buffs, 2nd McGann, East Surrey Regt,

100 Yards—1st Wethersby, 2nd Moss, 3rd McKerrow, A good race in bad time,

Mounted Melee—Won by a team of the East Surrey Regt.

It is said that Frederick, King of Prussia, one day, at a review of a splendid regiment of grenadiers, asked the English ambassador if he thought an equal number of Englishmen could beat them.

"No" replied Lord Hyndford, "I cannot be so bold as say that, but I will answer for it that half that number would try."

A Non.-Com. Officer (with over eight years service) and anxious to leave a Regiment for the Indian Army Reserve, is seen daily reading the advertisements in the morning papers, and brings one which reads something like the following to a slightly better educated friend, asking if he thinks it would be likely to suit if he applied for the situation. The Advt. reads:—

WANTED.—Two respectable young men as boarders. Easy distance from the Railway Station healthy locality, &c., &c., &c.,. Apply to——

* A mode of conveyance—not the desirable young bachelors above mentioned.—Ed]

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Cricket.

Officers V. Sergeants, The Buffs.

This match which has become a yearly institution, was played on the 19th inst, and was the commencement of what we hope will be a very successful cricketing season for the Battn. It was played on the cricket ground in the Eden Gardens, and the Officers going in first, were more than avenged for their last season's defeat, as they won by an innings and 108 runs, Messrs Dyne and Cumber headed the scores for the officers, each making 40 runs, while Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Nicholas with 23, not out. made the biggest score for the Sergeants.

An excellent tiffin was provided by the officers in the Pavilion to which ample justice was done.

It should be mentioned that 6 runs credited to Sergt. Stirke were made by Mr. Parry, he having fielded a ball with his hat.

The following are the scores:

OFFICERS THE BUFFS.

Lieut. Booth, b Nicholas	8
„ Eales, b Patterson	9
„ Pearson, c Talbot b Nicholas	3
„ Eaton, l w b., b Patterson	28
„ Dyne, b Featherstone	40
„ Hasler, c Perry b Nicholas	11
Major Ommanney, lbw, b Nicholas	25
Lieut. Parry, b Patterson	34
Qr.-Mr. Cumber, b Nicholas	40
Lieut. Cobbe, not out	12
„ Annesley, b Nicholas	3
Extras	7
Total	220

SERGEANTS THE BUFFS.

Sgt. Carnell, c Booth b Ommanney	0	b Ommanney	6
„ Tozer, c & b Ommanney	1	thrown out	4
Cr.-Sgt. Featherstone, b Dyne	8	b Pearson	1
„ Patterson, c Hasler b Ommanney	0	b Pearson	6
Q.M.S. Nicholas, b Ommanney	8	not out	23
Cr.-Sgt. Talbot, b Dyne	5	run out	0
Sgt. Perry, c Hasler b Dyne	5	b Ommanney	0
„ Stirke b Dyne	16	st Eales	9
Sg.-Major Cook, b Ommanney	0	b Ommanney	0
Bd.-Mr. Birkhead, b Hasler	6	c&b Ommanney	5
Cr.-Sgt. Andrews, not out	1	c&b Ommanney	2
Extras	3		3
Total	53		59

The Buffs V. St. Xaviers'.

The second Regimental match of the season was played on the St. Xaviers' ground, and ended in a win for The Buffs by 10 wickets and 1 run. The College winning the toss, went to the wickets first, but could not make any stand against the admirable bowling of Read and Dyer, their best contribution being nine by Ellis, they were all disposed of for the small amount of 25. Capt. Daughlish and Pte. Wardle opened the innings for the Regiment against the bowling of Power and French, and when the score reached 21, Captain Daughlish was well caught by the Rev. McHugh. Wardle was then joined by Dyer, who made a stand of 16. Lawrence then going in, made the top score of 19 after giving two good chances. Mr. Pearson s. not out for 11, surprised some of the College, as he hit two fours, knocking them well over the boundary wall; The Buffs first innings closed for 96, thus leaving the College 71 runs behind. The College going in a second time made a better stand, their innings closing for 74, leaving The Buffs only 5 runs to get to win. which were very quickly put together by Capt. Daughlish and Pte. Wardle.

In the second innings Wardle and Wickens came to the front in bowling, Wardle taking 5 wickets for 11 runs, and Wickens 2 for 1 run. The following are the scores.

ST. XAVIERS.

Schmidt, b Dyer	0	b Dyer	12
Corbet, b Read	0	b Wardle	0
Rev. McHugh, b Dyer	0	b Wardle	0
Greene, b Dyer	0	b Dyer	14
Harcourt, b Read	2	c Daughlish b Wardle	0
Hughes, b Dyer	0	not out	1
Grieff, run out	5	b Wardle	2
French, c Wickens b Read	4	b Dyer	1
Ellis, b Read	9	b Wickens	3
Lydiard, b Read	0	b Wickens	0
Power, not out	3	c Wickens b Wardle	33
Extras	2		10
Total	25		76

THE BUFFS.

Capt. Daughlish, c McHugh b French	10	not out	3
Pte. Wardle, run out	11	not out	3
„ Dyer, b Schmidt	16		
„ Lawrence, b Harcourt	19		
Lieut. Dyne, b Harcourt	3		
Q.M.S. Nicholas, b Schmidt	2		
Pte. Kluckner, run out	6		
„ Wickens, b French	11		
„ Read, c Corbett b French	5		
Lieut. Pearson, not out	11		
Dr. Manville, b French	0		
Extras	2		
Total	96		6

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Ballygunge V. The Buffs.

The annual match between the above teams took place on November 14th at Ballygunge, and after a very pleasant game, Ballygunge proved the winners, by 42 runs decided on the first innings. Had time permitted, it might possibly have been reversed, for on going in the second time, The Buffs scored 34 without the loss of a wicket. Dyer took 12 wickets for 47 runs, in the two innings, and Read 9 for 64 runs. The following are the scores.

BALLYGUNGE.

Tozer, b Dyer	0	b Dyer	1
Paine, c Read b Dyer	0	b Read	13
Cameron, b Read	3	b Read	1
Shallow, c Kluckner b Dyer	0	b Dyer	0
Hannah, b Read	4	b Read	5
Hooter, b Dyer	3	b Dyer	8
Comley, c Hasler b Read	2	c Hasler b Dyer	5
Nicholas, b Dyer	6	c Eaton b Read	8
Douglas, b Read	0	not out	3
Antrim, not out	26	c Dyer b Read	0
Duffus, b Dyer	15	b Dyer	3
Swinhoe, b Ommanney	14	c Kluckner b Dyer	4
Extras	1	Extra	2
Total	74	Total	53

THE BUFFS.

Pte. Kluckner, c Hannah b Duffus	11		
„ Wardle, b Hannah	1	not out	12
Q.M.S. Nicholas, l b w. b Duffus	2		
Lieut. Eaton, b Duffus	2		
„ Hasler, b Duffus	3		
Pte. Dyer, c & b Duffus	4	not out	20
„ Wickens, c Swinhoe b Duffus	0		
Major Ommanney, b Duffus	6		
Pte. Read, b Swinhoe	0		
Corpl. Leek, c Shallow b Duffus	1		
Pte. [illegible]th, not out	0		
„ Hasler, b Duffus	0		
Extras	2	Extras	2
Total	32		34

Band The Buffs V. "F" Company.

This match was played at Fort William, on November 5th, and resulted in a win for the Band by 34 runs, decided on the first innings. Scores.—Band 71, "F" Company 37.

Band V. Corporals.

This match was played at Fort William, on November 18th, and resulted in a win for the Band, by 7 wickets and 3 runs. Scores.—Band 1st innings 78 2nd innings 16. Corporals 1st innings 43 2nd innings 49.

Band V. "G" Company.

This match was played at Fort William, on November 19th, and resulted in a win for the Band by one innings and 90 runs. Scores.—Band 1st innings 187. "G" Company 1st innings 51, 2nd innings 46.

Band V. "D" Company.

This match was played at Fort William, on November 20th and resulted in a win for the Band by 65 runs. Scores—Band 1st innings 141. "D" Company 1st innings 75. Decided on the 1st innings.

"B" Coy. The Buffs V. "D" Coy. East Surrey Regiment.

This match was played at Dum-Dum on the 25th inst. and resulted in an easy win for the Young Buffs by an innings and about 50 runs. The scores were all so bad, they have unfortunately been mislaid.

Played at Dum-Dum on the 26th inst. and won by our "B" Company on the 1st innings by 30 runs, it would probably have been an interesting finish had there been time to complete the second innings.

SHOOTING MATCH.

"B" Coy. The Buffs V. "F" Coy. East Surrey Regiment.

This match came off at Dum-Dum on the 26th inst. and ended in favour of The Buffs by 71 points. Conditions 200, 500, 600, yards. Bisley targets and marking; 7 rounds at each distance.

We are sorry that owing to want of space, we have been unable to publish full details of all the matches [*Ed.*

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ODDS & ENDS.

DOCTOR GREENE, in his "Problem of Health," says that there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good hearty laughter.

The life principle, or the central man, is shaken to its innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to lengthen his life, conveying as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

If our Soldiers are to do part of their drill to Music Hall choruses, why not all ?

Bayonet exercise would go very well to the chorus of "Razors in the Air," manual exercise would fit to "The Mulligan Guards," firing exercise to "Slap Bang;" guards should mount to "We run them in;" coal carrying could be done to "Down amongst the Coals," and Tommy escorted to the clink to "They all do it."

Notice it.?

There was very nearly a case of premature cremation in Kulu a few days back. A Hindu had to all appearances died, but as it was getting late his relatives delayed burning the corpse until next morning. As the corpse was being carried to the river side to burn, it suddenly sat bolt upright on the bier,demanded its clothes, and wanted to know where it was being carried. The bearers, believing that a *bhut* with some evil purpose of its own had reanimated the body, dropped it, and fled panic stricken. In fact, the whole funeral procession resolved itself into an impromptu "*bhut*-take-the-hindmost" cross-country scurry that was not included in the original programme. The corpse at last succeeded in unwinding itself, and walked off home in search of its raiments,and the mourners,who had looked on from a safe distance, at last began to think that there might havo been some mistake, and followed. Much to their horror, the ex-corpse refused to have anything more to do with them,and then and there renounced Hinduism and all its works, and, declaring itself Mohamedan in future, walked off to make its Islamic Vows.

The following conversation was recently overheard at Dum-Dum, and evidently refers to the new Musketry Regulations.

Pte. Atkins. "We want to see the Officer, Color-Sergeant, to make a complaint.,"

Color-Sergeant. "Why, what's up ?"

Thomas. "We are going through two courses at once, and we dont think it's fair. We are going thro' a 'Course of Musketry,' and 'Dismounting Guns,'at the same time."

Tommy of course meant his cross guns, and couldn't help having his little joke.

Scene. Fatigue party pitching camp, and four recruits looking rather helplessly at an E. P. tent packed inside a suleetah.

Old Soldier. "Well ! why dont you youngsters open the bag and pitch the tent ?

Recruits. We dont know how to do it,

O. S. Open the the bag you fools, and you will find printed instructions inside as to how to pitch it."

Overhead in the Sergeants' Mess.

"I hear the 'Boadicea' is coming to Calcutta again."

"Yes, are you going a *board to see her?*"

(Groans).

AN INDIAN MAXIM.

Khan-i-azam-Nurza a great Indian historian of the age of the Emperor Abkar 1542, says one in of his maxims a man should marry four wives viz: A Persian woman to have somebody to talk to, a Khorasani woman for his housework, a Hindu woman for nursing his children, and a Turkistan woman to have some one to whip as a warning to the other three.

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Thacker, Spink & Co.
CALCUTTA.

COLONEL ROSS' PATENT PIPE.

The Ivory Non-Conductor and Screws cool the smoke. The sponge which should be kept clean, absorbs all nicotine, and purifies the smoke: it can be renewed at pleasure.

No. 1	Briarwood & Vulcanite, Metal & Ivory joint,	Rs 2 0
2	„ „ „ Silver „ „	3 0
3	„ Bull Dog pattern „ „ „	3 8
1	In leather case, bent stem, Rs 3-4, straight do.	3 0
2	„ „ „ straight stem	5 0
3	„ „ „ Bull Dog pattern.	5 0

THE "AXLE" PIPE.

To the mouthpiece of this pipe, a perforated cleaning rod is attached, with a circular valve at each end. The object of these valves is to prevent the saliva from coming into contact with the Tobacco. By simply withdrawing the mouthpiece, with rod attached, the stem will he found effectually cleaned.

Briarwood and Vulcanite, ... Each Re. 1-4

COLONIAL PIPE.

Briarwood Pipe, nickel mounted, with straight or bent vulcanite removable stem, fitting into a small leather flap case, with ring for suspending to the belt or saddle. Admirably adapted for outdoor use, ... Each Rs 2-8

ARMY MESS PIPE.

Briarwood Pipe, 5 in. long, with flat bottom, for standing on a table.

Vulcanite removable mouthpiece, nickel fittings,	Rs 3 0
Do. fitted into leather case for pocket, 4½ by 2½	„ 4 0
Do. with amber and vulcanite mouthpiece in ordny. case	„ 7 0

"NAVY" HEALTH PIPE.

Briarwood Pipe, 5 in. long, nickel mount and vulcanite removable mouthpiece. The tube of this pipe is hollowed to admit of the insertion of a meerschaum plug, which prevents the nicotine from passing into the mouth, each Rs 3 8

Spare plugs, ... „ 0 4

COCUS WHIST PIPE.

Cocus Wood Pipe, 4½ in. long, with flat bottom, which enables the Pipe to be stood upon a Whist or Billiard Table.

Bone or Vulcanite Mouthpiece, ... each Re. 1-4,

The Buffs' ÆRATED WATER FACTORY.

ALL MINERALS ANNAS 8 PER DOZEN.

FACTORY OPENS EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Order books supplied free on application.

THE BUFFS' Regimental Press.

THE above Press, having recently added a large quantity of fancy and ornamental types, borders &c, to its already large and well selected stock, is now in a position to undertake every description of Plain, Ornamental, and Color Printing.

THE DRAGON,

Published Monthly at two As. per copy, or sent to any address on payment of the extra cost for Postage.

BACK NUMBERS CAN ALWAYS BE OBTAINED ON APPLICATION AT THE PRINTING OFFICE.

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THE DRAGON

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1908

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 57, **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, DECEMBER 31st 1891.** Price 2 As.

Domestic Occurrences.

Birth

BOULTER:—At Calcutta, on the 3rd inst., the wife of Sergt. G. W Boulter, of a daughter.
Florence Evelyn Gladys.

Marriages.

ANNESLEY:—Annesley:—At St. Stephen's, Bareilly, by the Rev. C. Spring, Mr F. D. J. Annesley, The Buffs, eldest son of the late Capt. W. H. Annesley, R. N., to his consin, Clementine Maud, daughter of the late F. C. Annesley, Esq. 28th Regiment.

SALE:—DIXON:—At St. Peter's, Fort William, on the 12th inst., Sergt. G. H T Sale. to Charlotte Beatrice, daughter of the late Hallam Moore-Dixon, M. D.

PAPWORTH:—WEST:—At St. Peters', Fort William, on the 24th inst., Drummer Papworth, to Mrs M. West.

BREWIN:—SINCLAIR:—At Muttra, on the 19th inst., by the Rev. G. M. Davis M.A. George Brewin, Ordnance Department, to Isabella Mary, eldest daughter of Mr Sinclair, Asst. Engineer M. W. Dept,

TOZER:—BALES:—At Darjeeling on the 29th inst., Sergt. W, Tozer, to Mrs Bales

NOTES.

THE Battalion has been kept pretty busy this month with Musketry, Military Training, Guards of Honour and numerous other duties of gay Calcutta.

... ...

The two or three Subalterns, who have had the honour of commanding the Main Guard, will turn up at the Station Staff Office on the 7th of next month, smiling at the thought of the large amount of hard earned rupees to be handed over to them.

... .

By the way talking of Rupees, do any of our readers know the origin of the allowance of a gold mohur per day to the officer in command of the Guard?

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There are several different stories connected with the grant, one of which is, that as a rich Babu was driving through the Fort, his horses took fright and bolted, but were gallantly stopped by the officer on Guard.

In due course the Babu died and is supposed to have left a sufficient sum invested to realize a gold mohur per day to be paid to the Subaltern in command of the guard.

Some say it is granted by Government, but others that *it is no such thing.* Can any of our readers enlighten us on the subject?

... ...

The Sergeants have gone in for a lot of cricket this month. Various matches have been played, the chief being Married *v.* Single, and those with St. Xaviers, and the Corporals of the Regiment.

... ...

Everybody seemed pleased to see Col.-Sergt. Hoar fit and looking after his team again.

What a deadly bowler he has become of late! He played sad havoc with several crack batsmens' wickets in all the matches, especially in that against the "Benedicts.'

... ...

Where does the custom originate viz: of the Drum Major (we beg his pardon the Sergeant Drummer) accompanying the escort for the colours, when it marches on the parade ground?

It appears to be "unwritten law" for we have never been able to find it laid down in any of the Regulations.

... ...

Why don't our Pioneers grow beards? They would really look much improved with them.

Perhaps they *can't* or are a little bashful, surely they do not think they are too young.

... ...

The Buffs' Polo Club Gymkhana was a decided success, thanks to the untiring energy of the Secretary (Lieut. Eales.)

All the élite and beauty of Calcutta were there and took great interest in all the proceedings.

We hope the Judges of the Ladies Match have not made any fair enemies.

A full account will be found on a later page of this paper.

... ...

The members of the Sergeants' Mess gave a very nice little quadrille party in the Outram Institute on the 11th inst.

It was fairly well attended, the floor was excellent and the music good, which, with the kind attention of our hosts, made the whole affair go off without a hitch. No doubt more people would have been present, if the invites had been out a little earlier.

... .

Some of the very young "Old Buffs," and most of their mothers attended the performance at Fillis's Circus on the 23rd inst., and seemed by their laughter to thoroughly enjoy the show.

... ...

The Battalion furnished a Guard of Honour commanded by Major Ommanney at the unveiling of the Dufferin Statue on the 18th inst., by His Excellency the Viceroy.

... ...

It may interest our readers to know that the whole of the Battalion, the last time it lay in Calcutta, was present at the unveiling of the Outram Statue.

... ...

A military Correspondent of the "The Englishman," writes fron England: "A private of The Buffs in 1891 commands exactly the same sum that was given in 1868 viz: one shilling a day. *He never got it then, and he does not get it now.*"

... ...

If this is intended to advocate for an increase of pay we quite agree with him; if however it is intended otherwise, we dont.

... ...

We beg to thank one of our contemporaries for the few criticisms, adverse and otherwise, which caught our eye about the beginning of the month. After a brief summary of all the principal, past and future events affecting the Battalion, the writer goes on to say, "altogether this is a capital number of the paper, though there is a tendency to distasteful flippancy in some of the paragraphs, which the editor might have excised."

... .

The *distasteful flippancy*, of which The Dragon in his old age is accused, is doubtless due to the cheery season of the year.

He is a peculiar 'animal' and has always been noted for entering into the prevailing spirit of *the men* who regard him as their guardian angel,

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always willing to lend an attentive ear to those of them who may wish to unfold what they consider their rights and wrongs.

"He's alright when you know 'im, but you've got to know 'im, fust."

... ...

Any of our readers who wish to study "English as it is written" are invited to peruse the account of the races which took place on Saturday the 26th inst., and which are reported in a certain newspaper we found on the breakfast table a few hours after the issue of the last race was decided.

... ...

We regret that Mr Booth did not get better sport during his 10 days leave this month, one leopard being the only species of big game killed by his rifle.

... ...

We shall be sorry to have to bid farewell to H. M. Ship Boadicea and Lapwing at an early date next month.

During the past fortnight most of the gallant bluejackets and marines have taken the opportunity of stretching their legs ashore, and of looking up their friends in the Battalion. As many of them hail from the seaport towns on the Kentish Coast, they no doubt found lots of old pals amongst the men of "The Buffs"

... ...

The good wishes of all ranks of the Battalion for a Happy New Year will accompany them when the time comes for bidding farewell.

... .

We hear that "G" Company has presented Corpl. Hilderbrand with a handsome ring on his leaving the Battalion, as a grateful mark of esteem for good services rendered by him to the company in all the different kind of games and sports in which it has taken part since the arrival of the Battalion in India.

We wish him good luck, and shall regret his absence during the next football season.

... ...

Mr. Lynden Bell arrived on the 21st inst., looking as fit as ever. He talks about giving up football, but we fancy he will alter his mind when the time comes round again.

... ...

Mr. Lloyd, arrived from Darjeeling, on the 19th inst., looking all the better for the change of air; we hear that the first gaff of the season is shortly to take place.

... ...

An Assault-at-Arms, on a large scale, is to come off after the winter manoeuvres.

We hope the Battalion will do as well as it has in former years.

... ...

Major Kekewich has paid us a flying visit and looks remarkably well. We feel sure that all who knew him in the old days, would be delighted to see him back again with The Buffs.

... ...

Our Regimental Polo team is improving rapidly, and although it can hardly hope to stand against such formidable antagonists as the 7th Hussars, and the strong combination which is to represent Calcutta, we think it should make a very creditable show in the coming tournament.

... ...

The Dalhousie Gymnastic Club, held their first Annual Competition on Thursday the 17th December. Several of The Buffs took part in the proceedings which terminated by Lady Harrison presenting a very handsome *dao* to Sgt. Instructor Eaton, in recognition of the good work he has done in connection with the Club.

... ...

We must apologise for the "Dragon" being a day late this month, and our excuse must be Christmas Festivities, and a great press of work in the Printing Office.

... ...

We would like to remind some of our contemporaries at home that the postage to India for newspapers is 1½d. Every month papers arrive insufficiently stamped, which means we have to pay double the difference to the postal authorities out here.

... ...

An accouut of a Football Match between 'H' Company, The Buffs, and the crew of the Boadicea, reached us rather late in the month. 'H' Company, with such players as Evans, Wardle and Harding, were of course victorious, by two goals to nil. The few chances the sailors have of practice, must be taken into consideration, still they played a good game and deserved better luck. The writer deplores the loss of Evans, Wardle and Harding who have

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already left us for England, this therefore being their last game for the Company.

Children's Christmas Treat.

The younger Buffs have been enjoying themselves these festive times, as well as the older ones.

On the 23rd inst., they were taken under the especial care of the School Master and the Quarter-Master Sergt., to Fillis's Circus, and from their laughter and applause seemed to enjoy the performance very much indeed.

More good things were in store for them, and on the 30th inst., a Christmas tree and tea party were organised for their amusement.

A room in the Outram Institute, was used for the occasion, the tree (obtained from the Botanical Gardens), was nicely decorated by the ladies of the regiment, assisted by the Schoolmistress, Miss Taylor, and on completion, presented a very pretty sight. The little ones with their mothers, sat down to tea about 4 p.m., and in about half an hour, the children were fairly conquered with the good things supplied to them. After tea they adjourned to the Garrison Gardens, where different games were indulged in until dusk; on returning back again to the Institute, the event of the evening, commenced viz:— the distribution of annual prizes and pretty toys (from the tree) by Lady Frankfort, who had kindly come for this purpose. After the prizes had been given out, the little ones, led by Mr. Steele, gave three hearty cheers for Lady Frankfort.

The following are some of the principal prize winners:—

Boy C. Brown,	"Boys' Own Annual."
Ruth Bloomfield,	Work Box.
Mary Wilson,	Work Basket.
Charles Cheeseman,	Magic Lantern.
Curtis Bloomfield,	Musical Box.
Tom Pollard,	Cricket Set.
Fredk. Wilson,	"Boys' Own Annual."
Emily Hammond,	"Girls' Own Annual."
Mary A'hern,	Tea Service.
Thomas Hammond,	Tool Chest.

Etc., etc., etc.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Acknowledged with many thanks the receipt of the following Regimental Papers:—

"The Army Service Corps' Journal," "The Lilywhites' Gazette," "1st Surrey Rifles Gazette," 1st Vol. Battn. Surrey Rifles, "The Queens' Own Gazette," 2nd Battn. Queens' Own, "St. Georges' Gazette." 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, "The Tiger and the Rose," York and Lancaster Regt. "The Sprig of Shillelagh," 27th Inniskillings, "The Bengal Tiger," 2nd Battn. Royal Munster Fusiliers, "I'm 95," 2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.

Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee,

The Editor of the Dragon.

Sir.

With reference to your article in the "Dragon" for the month of November, with regard to the Regiment, being the only one allowed "the privilege of marching through the City of London, with drums beating, colours flying and bayonets fixed," I beg to quote the following extract from the Historical Records, of the 29th Regiment of foot."

"The tradition in question is—that the regiment was either raised from the city Trained Bands, or by the merchants of the city of London, and that such being the case, it, conjointly with The Buffs, enjoys the privilege * of marching through the city with drums beating, colours flying, and bayonets fixed."

It seems to be generally understood right throughout the Army, that the Royal Fusiliers,

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or City of London Regiment (late 7th Foot) has also the privilege, and I myself recollect reading in a London newspaper, some five or six years ago, of a Militia Battalion of that corps taking advantage of the same when passing through the City, but I am given to understand that this has only latterly been accorded to the above mentioned corps.

* Note by the Author. "I am told on good authority that no regiment has a right for so doing, although from time to time this privilege has been granted."

Yours faithfully.

UNATTACHED.

[We should be pleased to receive for publication quotations from the regimental records of the 29th Regt., and authority for the above assertions. We refer UNATTACHED to the following letter on the subject. ED.]

The privilege the Regiment has of marching with fixed bayonets and colours flying through the City of London is frequently referred to in the newspapers and magazines, even to weariness, yet it is an interesting part of our history.

Two other bodies claim the same privilege, the Royal Marines, and the Tower Hamlets Militia, but The Buffs is the only Line Regiment whose right is practically unquestionable.

One or two regiments have a tradition to the effect that the same privilege has been extended to them, but within the last generation the regiment, when marching to garrison the Tower of London, actually claimed the privilege, and it was acknowledged by the Lord Mayor and Corporation, an interesting ceremony taking place at Temple Bar, the Lord Mayor being there present in his robes and admitting the regiment through the gates.

There is not, as far as the writer's knowledge goes, any other similar instance. Documentary evidence exists also, but in this part of the world it is difficult to get at, beyond the testimony of the Regimental Records. Those who wonder why such a privilege should ever have existed, must remember that the City of London has always been very tenacious of its rights from the earliest time. These were granted by succeeding Kings, chiefly to keep the citizens in a good humour when a little loan was wanted.

When the merchants raised a big loan for the king they generally extracted a big right at the same time, so in course of time the Lord Mayor came to have complete control over the city, and consequently was jealous of any troops but those raised by him, or under his auspices, parading within the city liberties. The trained bands were the city troops, and as the city has always been very loyal, as well as pugnacious, they have been drawn on from time to time for foreign wars. Hence our origin and our right, which was never actually granted us but came as a matter of course.

G. V. D.

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor.

By the time this letter reaches you the Xmas festivities will be in full swing and the year 1891 fast drawing to a close.

Pte. W. George and 35 recruits were sent under charge of Capt. Chippindall from the Depot on the 14th November to Chatham to join the Home Battalion. Captain H. Blackburn reported his arrival here for duty on 15th November, and has been granted leave of absence until the end of the year. Lieut. Eustace is under orders to embark with draft in H.M.S. Crocodile on 12th December.

On the evening of the 16th November a very serious fire occurred in the east wing of the Cavalry Barracks here, completely destroying a block of buildings adjoining the Officers' Mess House, and comprised of troop rooms, married quarters, officers' and troop stables, and the Qr. Mr's. stores and offices. The alarm was given about 5.30 p.m., and in a very few minutes afterwards flames burst through the roof in the centre of the building, and in less than an hour the whole block was alight from end to end, illuminating the country for a considerable distance round.

The Buffs, under Major Backhouse, were soon on the scene with their engine etc., and also formed a picket in front of the burning building, but there was a very poor supply of water, consequently there was little hope of extinguishing the conflagration. The City Fire Brigade including the Cathedral Steamer were on the ground, but the latter broke down a few minutes after it started work owing to an over pressure of steam, and was therefore useless.

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The troop horses and officers' chargers were all got out safely, and the men managed to save most of their kits etc., but I hear very little was saved from the Qr.-Mr's. stores which were on the top of the building. Colonel Hobson is president of a committee of officers investigating the circumstances connected with the outbreak.

Captain J. Collier, 3rd Battn. is doing duty at the Depot, as there are upwards of 50 militia recruits now undergoing drill on enlistment.

Corpl. A. Guidly has joined the Depot for duty *vice* Gardner reduced, and who has been transferred to the Army Reserve. 31 time expired N.-C. Officers and men arrived at discharge Depot, Gosport, *ex* Malabar, on the 15th November, 22 of whom were transferred to the Army Reserve on 20th inst.

Since my last epistle to you, information has been received of the death of the following Old Buffs:

No. 1485 Pte. Henry Draper, died at Wigan, 19th November 1891, aged 71 years. Service in The Buffs from 1840 to 1861. Pension 8d. per diem. Medals Crimean and Turkish. Star for Punniah.

No. 45th Brigade 72 Pte. Joseph Brien, died at Dublin 26th September 1891, aged 47 years. Invalided May 1881, after 16 years service and granted 6d. per diem pension.

Pte. Philip Cummings, died at Dublin 13th September 1891, aged 59 years. Invalided December 1869 after 19 years service. Two medals Crimean and Turkish, pension 1s. per diem.

Pte. John Morris, died at Glasgow 1st. November 1891, aged 57 years. Invalided after 9 years service November 1866. Pension 6d per diem.

No. 1022 Pte. Michael Walsh, died at Castlebar, 30th October 1891, aged 83 years, born 1808. Invalided after 19 years' service, (1826 to 1845) 9d. per diem pension. Bronze Star for Punniah.

No. 586 Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Adam Abbs. 3rd East Kent, died in London, 10th November 1891, aged 47 years. Service 24 years 7 months, discharged to pension of 2s 9d. per diem, November 1888. Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct.

No. 957 Pte. John Dickson, discharged from the 1st Battn. The Buffs. on the 22nd November 1865, an unpensioned survivor of the Crimean Campaign, has been granted a special pension of one shilling per diem, from the 10th November 1891, under art. 1183 of the 1891 Warrant.

The following shews the results of the matches played by the Depot Foot-Ball Team up to date.

10-10-91	Buffs v. 11th Hussars,	won	4	to 3
12-10-91	„ Cavalry Depot,	lost	0	„ 7
16-10-91	„ 21st Hussars,	won	3	„ 2
23-10-91	„ 11th Hussars,	lost	0	„ 6
10-11-91	„ 3rd Dn. Guards,	won	2	„ 1
14-11-91	„ 7th Hussars	„	7	„ 0
20-11-91	„ 7th Hussars,	„	4	„ 0
23-11-91	„ 21st Hussars,	„	7	„ 0
25-11-91	„ Riding Estblmt.	„	6	„ 1

The team is composed as under:

Sergt. Quinn and Lce.-Corpl. Patterson left wing forwards. Corpl. Hudson and Pte. Palmer, right wing forwards. Mr. Colley, centre, Sergt. Rye, right, Sergt. Hobson, left, Corpl. Price centre, halfbacks. Corpl. Coleman and Lce.-Cpl. Adams backs. Pte. Harrison, goal.

Wishing you all a merry Christmas.

26-11-91 Faithfully yours,

OLD BUFF.

Sergeants' Quadrille Party.

The Sergeants gave a well attended dance in the Outram Institute on the 18th inst., and they are to be congratulated on the success of their venture. Whether it was the addition of the new "Brides," or what, I cannot say, but the dance-room seemed exceedingly bright and cheerful. Everything went off very well indeed with one or two exceptions, which I think would not be out of place to mention: the sandwiches gave one the idea that the *Khansama* was in league with the proprietor of the drinking bar, and did his best to cause everyone to patronise the whiskey and soda, but there, "accidents will happen in the best of regulated families."

OBSERVER.

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The Regimental Polo Sports.

The above mentioned event took place on Thursday 17th December, and proved a thorough success, reflecting very great credit to Mr. Eales who "ran" the show, and was indefatigable in his endeavours to make every event go off as well as possible. Lord William Beresford brought a large party from Government House, and Belvedere was also well represented, and nearly the whole of Calcutta turned out in honour of the occasion.

Proceedings opened with tent-pegging in sections of 3, for which 6 teams entered, viz: Two teams each from the Calcutta Light Horse, and Officers The Buffs, and one each from the Viceroy's Staff and Ballygunge. Calcutta Light Horse (No. 1 section) proved themselves winners with a fairly good score. The Buffs (No. 1 section) being only two points behind.

A potato race for Soldiers was won by Pte. Else, Pts. Galvin and Costin being 2nd and 3rd respectively.

The wrestling on horse back by the teams of the 3rd B.C. was the next event and was well contested, though there would probably have been more excitement had teams to represent different interests been selected, the keen struggle between the 3rd B.C. and the Body Guard, at last year's Assault-at-Arms affording an example of this

By far the most interesting event of the day was the Driving Competition for Ladies. This consisted in driving between *chatties*, which were gradually brought closer together.

The driving taken all round, was very good indeed, and after a keen competition, Mrs. Gillespie was declared the winner, Several competitors were about equal second. Mrs. Harley's handling of Capt. Philips' pony, being especially creditable. A special prize for the smartest turn-out was awarded to Mrs. Laurie-Johnstone, a decision which did not entirely concur with that of the majority of the spectators, who were inclined to regard the smart appearance of Mrs. Thuillier's and Mrs. Henderson's turn-outs with more favour.

The last event on the card was the Sergeants' Bicycle race in costume, which was very amusing although the field was small. Our Champion Comedian scored a popular win.

The sports were a great success in every way and it is to be hoped that Mr. Eales may be induced to undertake a similar meeting later on.

Throughout the proceedings the band under the bâton of our energetic Bandmaster played several choice selections, which were greatly appreciated by all present.

Regimental News.

Territorial Numbers have been assigned to the undermentioned Non.-Com. Officers and men on transfer from the 2nd Battn. The King's (Liverpool Regiment), as stated opposite their names.

Corpl.	P. Wilson,	E. Kent.	3679
,,	S. Burns,	,,	3680
,,	H. Jones,	,,	3681
Lce.-Corpl.	J. Hilliear,	,,	3682
Pte.	C. Brierley,	,,	3683
,,	W. Williams,	,,	3684
,,	R. Walsh,	,,	3685
,,	J. Barrett,	,,	3686
,,	E. Davis,	,,	3687
,,	F. Metson,	,,	3688

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officers and Men were awarded 2nd Class Certificates of Education, at an Examination held at Fort William on the 30th November, 1891.

1	Corpl.	G Holmes,	197	Lc.-Cpl.	W. Reese,
1920	,,	C. Crumby,	1496	,,	J. Foster,
2609	Lce.-Cpl.	W. Wall,	2139	,,	H Hoare,
3338	,,	A. Turner,	3078	,,	J. Brennan
2677	,,	J Matthews	2804	,,	A. Goldfinch
1536	,,	G. Debly	2519	,,	A. Pullee
1394	,,	C. Lawson	3564	Pte.	E. Keats
2662	Pte.	W Gale	1030	,,	T. Willmott
2340	Pte.	F Beaves	2645	Pte	A. Beadle
511	Pte.	A Ward.			

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officers and men were awarded 3rd Class Certificates of Education, at an examination held at Fort William, on the 30th November 1891.

2076	Lce.-Cpl.	T. Stevens	2697	Pte.	J. Christie
2871		A Williams	2899		J York
2666		R Rist	1437		P O. Connell
2617		J Tester	2405		T Haydon
1385		F Anderson	3531	Boy	T Lees
788	Pte	R Noble	3135	,,	W Heifnan

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The Commanding Officer, has been pleased to make the following appointments.

To be Lance Corporals.

1788 Pte. W. Beeney,
2340 „ F. Beaves,
2539 „ G. Warren,
2666 „ R. Rist,
1562 „ W. Farrell,

The undermentioned Non.-Commissioned Officer has been permitted to extend his period of Army Service to complete 12 years with the Colours.

No. 1419 Lce.-Sergt. W. C. Cox.

The undermentioned man having been transferred from the Bedfordshire Regiment he is taken on the strength of the Battalion and posted to Letter A Coy.

Pte. George Harrington.

Territorial Numbers have been assigned to the undermentioned Non.-Com, Officers. and men as stated opposite their names.

Sergt. L. Waters, No. E. Kent 3672 } on re-engagement
Col.-Sergt. T. Hoar, „ 3673 }
Lce.-Corpl. T. Duffy, „ 3674 } on transfer,
Private E, Collery, „ 3675 }

The following Non.-Com. Officers will be absorbed on transfer from the 2nd Battn. The King's (Liverpool Regiment).

Corpl. P. Wilson, *vice* Tomlin promoted 15-6-91,
„ H. A, Jones, *vice* Hall, to 2nd Battn. 21-8-91
„ S. Burns, *vice* Mobley, to Army R. 20-11-91

The undermentioned men were awarded Good Conduct Pay, at the rates, and from the dates, stated opposite their names:—

A Coy.	1967	Pte. H. Brown,	@ 2d	9	12 91
	2077	„ C. Hook,	„ 1drestd.	13	12 91
	1977	„ T. Mansell,	„ 2d	18	12 91
B Coy	1507	„ W Hollingdale	„ 2drestd.	27	12 91
	2674	„ E. Watts,	„ 1d	13	12 91
C Coy.	3006	„ A. Dartnell,	„ 1d	13	12 91
	1241	„ H. McStea.	„ 3drestd.	10	11 91
	1983	„ A. Manning,	„ 2d	29	12 91
D Coy.	2998	„ W. Luckhurst,	„ 1d	5	12 91
	2487	„ A. Pennell,	„ 1d	8	11 91
	2463	„ A. Streaton,	„ 1d	13	11 91
E Coy	1846	„ J. Jackson	„ 2d	9	10 91
	1713	„ R. Walker,	„ 1d restd.	1	12 91
	1984	„ W. Reeves,	„ 2d	31	12 91
	2962	„ J. Chapman,	„ 1d	12	11 91
G Coy,	2595	„ S, Leach,	„ 1d	20	12 91
H Coy,	2965	„ W, Sands,	„ 1d	15	11 91
	2522	„ J, Slaughter,	„ 1d	24	12 91
	2461	„ J H May,	„ 1d	30	12 91
	2995	„ R, Bendell,	„ 1d	2	12 91

Musketry.

The following extract from G. O. C. C. page 654, dated, Simla, 4th December 1891, is published for information.—

The classifications published in Army Order 224, dated 1st October 1891, will be substituted for those promulgated in Tables A. and B. of G. O. C. C, dated 28th March 1891, pages 165 to 182, with retrospective effect in so far as this year's practice is concerned.

TABLE A. Martini-Henry Rifle. Recruits, R, E. and Infty.

175 Points and upwards	... ...	1st Class.
120 „ „ less than 175	... ...	2nd Class.
Less than 120 points	... ...	3rd Class.

TABLE B. Martini-Henry Rifle, Trained Soldiers, Infantry

170 Points and upwards	... ..	Marksmen.
145 „ „ less than 170	... ...	1st Class.
100 „ „ „ 145	... ...	2nd Class.
Less than 100 points	... ...	3rd Class.

The classifications of Letters B. F. and G. companies are as follows

	B. company,	F. company,	G. company.
Marksmen	5	2	7
1st Class Shots	8	10	12
2nd do.	44	34	38
3rd do.	25	29	19
Totals	82	75	76

The following honorary prizes are awarded in accordance with the Musketry Regulations.

B. Company, crossed rifles in gold as best marksman of Coy
No. 234 Lce.-Sergt. A. H. Baker, score 196.
Crossed Rifles in worsted as marksmen,

No. 1497	Lce,-Corpl, W. Blackborrow,	score	179
1623	Private G Childs.	do	178
2243	J. McGinnell.	do	173
1162	J. Mansfield,	do	173

F Company, crossed rifles in gold as best marksman of Coy,
244 Color-Sergt T F Andrews, score 203,
Crossed Rifles in worsted as marksmen

No, 1535	Private W Benge,	score	177

G Company, crossed rifles in gold as best marksman of Coy,
No 1940 Private J Keeler, score 194,
Crossed rifles in worsted as marksmen,

No, 497	Color-Sergt, W Watts,	score	189
1920	Corpl. C, Crumby,	do	189
1084	Lce.-Sergt. J. Harlow,	do	189
1381	Private T, Willmott,	do	179
429	Sergeant J, Laing,	do	176
1387	Private F, Collett,	do	170

The Figure of Merit of Letter F. Company in range Individual Practices is 35,72, and in Field Practices 37.53

The Figure of Merit of Letter B Company in range Individual Practices is 38.14 and in Field Practices 38.62.

The following is a list of competitors who have qualified at the local meeting to compete for the championship at Meerut, Sergt, J. Laing, Lce-Corpl J. Seager, Colr-Sergt. F. Andrews

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A Peninsular Hero.

THE life of General Craufurd, who commanded the Light Division during the Peninsular war, and who was killed at Ciudad Rodrigo, is the life of a hero, and of a man of iron mould. He was one of those giants who peopled the earth in the time of the First Napoleon, and seemed to have been formed by circumstances into a state of mind and character, that was almost beyond nature. He knew nothing of the golden mean.

He was subject to fits of depression that made him for the moment the most wretched of mankind. His fury of battle was at times a kind of noble madness. In command he was feared and obeyed. He was one of "Sir John Moore's men," and was with the force sent under Sir John Baird to relieve Moore. He took part in the famous retreat, commanding a part of the army that struck off from the main body, and retired by way of Vigo. He kept the rearguard, and at times had the French so close at his heels that he had only to climb to the top of a hill to see them. Even then, in all the miseries of that flight through roads ironbound with the frost, he kept his hungry and shoeless host in the discipline of the parade ground.

He would stop the march, with the enemy close behind him, for a drumhead court martial and a flogging to follow. One day he tied up two men caught straying, and gave them a hundred apiece. Some soldiers murmured and he overheard them. He knocked one down with the butt-end of a musket, and promised to have them all tried and lashed in their turn, as soon as there was time. Next day he kept his word, halted the Regiment again, and had one offender sentenced to three hundred lashes. There was nothing to tie him to, but the man said he did not want tying; he would take it with folded arms. And take it he did, all the three hundred, without a cry, his wife afterwards carrying his coat and knapsack because he could not bear them on his lacerated back. An officer came up to ask pardon for two others, who were to have a hundred each, but the chief sternly ordered him back to his place. He relented so far as to let them draw lots to see which should take a hundred and cry quits. When the loser had received seventy-five Craufurd let him off the remainder, probably because the French were too close.

He was well hated throughout the Division, but chiefly by the officers. The men, on the whole, took his severities in good part.

Perhaps the reason of the men's regard was that he gave equal measure to all. One day, when he saw a man carrying his officer pick-a-back across a stream, he roared out, "Drop that man, sir," and dropped the poor fellow was, in the water, there and then.

One day a commissary complained to the Duke of Wellington that General Craufurd had threatened to hang him. "I should strongly advise you to get the rations ready," returned the Duke "if General Craufurd said he would hang you, by —— he will do it."

Craufurd got his men safe to Vigo, came home, and, after a brief stay, was ordered off to Portugal. For his next exploit, the weather was just as hot as it had been cold before, yet he had to choose that season for one of the longest marches on record. He heard the sound, or the rumour of Wellington's guns at Talavera, and thought he might want help. So he set off to meet him with his command, and covered sixty-two miles in twenty-six hours—some say only fifty, in twenty-four—with his troops carrying from fifty to sixty pounds weight on their backs. How they suffered from thirst and fatigue may be imagined, yet but few fell out. Such men are hardly to be judged by any standards in present use. The long war bred them, as a like stress might produce their peers again. They were the products, direct or otherwise, of a fighting epoch—of almost a century of slaughter. All the softness of body had been trained out of them, and they had never had any softness of mind. They would have been a match in mere muscle, hardness, grit, and devilry for ATTILA'S Huns.

In one of the fights, Major Campbell charged right on to the French bayonets and his horse was killed, He disengaged himself and, though quite alone, walked slowly away from the hostile square, "disdaining haste." The French captain

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to his eternal honour, would not let his men fire. In another, an Irish lad of the 43rd, nicknamed "The Boy," to punish him for being a giant at nineteen, was ordered to retire with his regiment, but he refused. "So this is the end of our boasting," he said. "This is our first battle, and we retreat." 'The Boy,' Stewart will not live to hear that said." He turned back, run amuck in the French lines, and soon proved as good as his word.

After a short period of rest at home, in 1811, Craufurd returned to the Peninsula just before Fuentes d'Onoro. The French wondered what had happened when they heard the ringing cheers of his troops. The cry of the Portuguese contingent came from the heart, or from a still lower region, but it was a little beneath "the dignity of history." "God bless General Craufurd who takes care of our bellies," was what the men said. Craufurd was now nearing his fatal day. At the beginning of 1812 the English were ready for the assault on Ciudad Rodrigo, which they had been blockading for a considerable time.

Wellington saw his opportunity in the temporary weakening of the French Peninsular armies by the drafts for Russia, and he launched thirty-five thousand men against the place. "Ciudad Rodrigo must be stormed this evening," he said, on January 19th. It was stormed at eight o'clock at night by two breaches, and Craufurd was ordered to take one of them. He rushed in before the very forlorn hope, and standing on the crest of the Glacis began calmly giving his orders to the men below. The solitary figure drew the whole French fire, and in a moment Craufurd rolled down the slope with a wound bad enough to have killed him ten times over. He lingered for four days, and was buried in the breach he had won. What a life! In its dogged valour, if not always in its glory, it was led in that herioc age by upwards of a million men, of all nations, and of all ranks. It is good to read of them, but may we never need to see their like again.

The Marquis of Dalhousie, Viceroy in India from 1848 to 1856, whose statue we see on the Maidan, would sit down at his writing desk at 9-30 a.m., which he never quitted, (even whilst he ate his lunch) before 5-30 p.m.

The Fort Adjutant.

ANY of us have seen a large bird settle on the Main Guard Room in Fort William, and will be able to appreciate the following, which is told by an old Indian Officer, and which evidently refers to a time when there was such a person as Fort or Garrison Adjutant.

Some years ago, one of these birds frequented the fort so often that at length he became known by the name of the "Fort Adjutant." Bits of meat were constantly thrown out to him by the soldiers, and he was quite looked upon as belonging to the place. One morning it was reported to the commanding officer that the Fort Adjutant was dead.

"Dear me," said that officer "this is very sudden, I saw him at mess only last night. When did he die?" "He was found dead early this morning sir,' replied the orderly, "Send for the order book," said the commanding officer.

Accordingly the following paragraph appeared in Station Orders:—"In consequence of the sudden and melancholy death of the Fort Adjutant there will be no drill this evening. The troops will parade at six p. m. to attend the funeral of the Adjutant of this fort."

The book was taken round to the different officers, and in due course arrived at the Adjutant's quarters. But that worthy young gentleman was at a loss to make head or tail of such an extraordinary paragraph. While puzzling over it, in burst Lieutenant Plunger in a great state of glee.

"Seen the station orders, Scott? Such a lark! Old Pat went and reported to the Commanding Officer this morning that the Fort Adjutant was dead, and, by Jove, he thought it was you he meant, and has ordered all the troops to attend your funeral. He has actually sent for the quartermaster, and told him to see everything was properly done towards getting you decently interred."

"Well" replied Scott, "as I have no intention of being buried just yet, even to please the Commanding Officer, I think the best plan will be

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to go and see him myself and explain matters."

"Now, look here old chap, we want you just to keep quiet, and pretend you know nothing about this. We'll have some fun, you bet."

At six p. m. the troops all assembled, the officers of the garrison with crape bands on their coat sleeves, and the usual crowd of natives ready to join in any "*tamasha*" going on.

Presently the procession was seen approaching, consisting of a gun carriage covered by the Union Jack, with two of the junior subalterns walking each side.

But why such pressing forward of the people and smothered laughs from the soldiers? The good old commanding officer looked horrified at such behaviour on this solemn occasion, and even began to shew signs of something like a tear in his grey eye. However, as the commotion seemed only to get worse, he went forward, and there, instead of the coffin, sword etc., lay, with wings outstretched, the skinny remains of a bird. "What is the meaning of this tomfoolery?" roared the commanding officer. No one knew what to say. Then Lieut. Plunger stepped out, and explained how the mistake had originated by the orderly reporting that the "Fort Adjutant" was dead, and how his fertile brain had supplied the rest. Of course the troops were dismissed. Next day appeared in District Orders: "Colonel H——, Commanding ——, has been granted one month's station leave from to-day."

Marriage of Lieut. Annesley.

ON Thursday the 26th November, at St. Stephen's Church, Bareilly, Mr. F. D. J. Annesley, The Buffs, eldest son of the late Captain W. H. Annesley, Royal Navy, was married to his cousin Miss Clementine Maud Annesley, daughter of the late F. C. Annesley, Esq., 28th Regiment.

The Church was most tastefully decorated for the occasion. aud the service which was fully choral, was performed by the Rev. C. Spring.

At 3-30 p.m., the bride arrived, and was escorted to the altar by her uncle, Major R. Annesley, and followed by the bridesmaids, the Misses Annesley, (sisters of the bride) Miss Thomason and Miss Pratt.

The arduous duties of the best man were successfully performed by Mr. R. C. Boyle, of the Munster Fusiliers.

At the conclusion of the service, the party adjourned to Major Annesley's bungalow, to congratulate the happy pair, and wish them long life and happiness. Major Annesley proposed their healths in a most humorous speech, which was very suitably responded to by the bridegroom, who in his turn proposed those of the bridesmaids.

The wedding cake was then cut by Mrs. Annesley with her husband's sword, after which Mr. Boyle returned thanks for the bridesmaids.

After the numerous and costly presents had been inspected and admired, and the party had paraded for a photographic group, the bride and bridegroom, admist showers of rice and old shoes, drove off to the Station in time to catch the train enroute to Lucknow and Bankipore.

Christmas, 1891.

CHRISTMAS of 1891, at Calcutta was not ushered in the same as it was in 1874, when we were stationed here before. Then the whole of the Band played the "Hallelujah Chorus" at Reveille and the effect was charming; what a pity some one did not suggest this to our energetic Bandmaster, we feel sure he would have *risen* to the occasion. At that time also the single sergeants entertained the married ones at the Sergeants' Mess, and the single officers entertained the married officers at the Officers' Mess. The latter appears to have been quite a regimental custom as on referring to No. 5 "Dragon" published at Fort William, 15-1-75, we find "At night, there was the *usual* Xmas dinner in the Officers' Mess, the married officers and ladies of the regiment being the guests."

Christmas for 1891, has come and gone with its usual festivities and sick headaches. There did not appear much attempt at decorations in the

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Companies, owing no doubt to the awkward size of the barrack-rooms, which are much too large to be made look "Christmas-like." The temperance men deserve great *kudos* for the way in which they decorated their room, it reminded us rather of a fairy scene in a London Theatre.

The different mottoes were artistically and tastefully made, and the whole place looked unique.

The Band and Drums had their place very nicely done as usual, and all the Company dinner tables appeared very full of good. things. The absence of crime is most marked, and reflects great credit on the Battalion at large, considering it is stationed in such a gay and festive city as Calcutta. We were glad to see such a number of blue jackets in the different Companies fraternizing with our men, and to all appearances thoroughly enjoying themselves.

A Christmas Story.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE DRAGON."

I AM not addicted to drink, or entirely irresponsible, but as I walked up the snow covered avenue, which led to the baronial hall of the Scoffingtons, I endeavoured vainly to discover how I had got there. "Here am I," I observed "in the centre of Yorkshire, this is Christmas Eve, where have I come from? I am, I believe, a Corporal in a British Infantry Regiment; if so, am I absent without leave, and where, oh where is my uniform?"

In the midst of my reverie,—this is no dream dear readers,—in the midst of my reverie, I was interrupted by my right hand being grasped, and on looking up, beheld an Army Apothecary in uniform who observed, "Never mind about the Regiment, I have your uniform, it is normal, and quite safe in my keeping, go on, and you'll find the Scoffingtons happy to receive you; everything is all correct."

Feeling partially reassured, I walked boldly up to the front door and was soon shaking hands with my old friends. The Scoffington girls were as lovely as ever, but I was so tormented with hunger that their blandishments fell a trifle flat: the time flew on, enlivened with music, but no meal or semblance of a meal made its appearance.

At last a domestic appeared with some refreshments on a tray, and I was just about to receive a cup of tea from the lily hand of the youngest Miss Scoffington, when old Mr. S. sprang up and in awe stricken accents, muttered, "Look out, the Doctor's coming!" I jumped up and got behind the piano in nervous anticipation of something terrible about to happen.

I lay there all night and far into the next day, for when I awoke I could distinguish sounds of revelry in the dining room.

So hungry did I feel, that I thought not of a wash, but entered the dining room in hot haste. My arrival was greeted with terrific cheers, the guests were numerous and picturesque, the table groaned with luxuries, and I felt full eager to sample them. On my left I recognised the benign features of my grandmother. The old lady appeared a trifle merry, drank two or three glasses of champagne, jogged me sportively in the ribs, and remarked, "You're all right, you know how to dodge the Guards."

The butler of the establishment proffered me a covered dish, with the remark "*pukkhero the sabchiz*, its all for you!" I took the dish with avidity, removed the cover and beheld "C" Company's detail book and a bundle of Orderly Sergt's. stationery, while a derisive laugh rang through the hall.

Every attempt I made to secure food was unaccountably frustrated, until at length I caught the compassionate eye of the youngest Miss Scoffington alingned on me. I pointed significantly to my mouth and she rose from her seat with a champagne bottle and some confectionery on a plate. Pouring out a glass of the sparkling fluid, she handed it to me, I quaffed it and discovered that the beverage was quinine, while a derisive laugh rang through the hall.

Mad frenzy fired me; food I was determined to have at any cost. I sprang upon my feet, rushed to the sideboard, seized a chicken, planted my teeth in the defunct fowl's breast, and recognized a Hospital Murghi in disguise, while a derisive laugh rang through the hall.

Still more enraged, I turned upon the jeering assembly and went for them tooth and nail. Soon I was locked in the deadly embrace of my mus-

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cular grandmother, she had me down with her hand at my throat, but suddenly her iron grasp relaxed, I breathed again, while a derisive laugh -- no not a laugh this time,—but my old chum *Blanco*, who pulled me by the ear saying, "Dinner up old man, Xmas dinner!" There, sure enough, was my normal, midday Hospital repast of a bowl of hot milk, but I was glad to get even that for a Xmas day blow out.

Remember kind readers that this is no dream or hallucination, perhaps however on second thoughts, some sinister Johnny hypnotised me for a lark.

BOGGLEY WALLAH.

BARS FROM THE BARRACK ROOM.

No. 9.

A Psalm of Type.

Sing not, in sarcastic numbers,
Of that demon printer, vile,
Who this globe terrestrial cumbers,
O'er him, raise not angry bile.

Smart, hardworking, sober, earnest
Is the printer, man of soul;
Football copy ne'er returnest,
When some scribe writes gaol for goal.

Much employment, trouble, sorrow,
Knows the printer every day,
Dragon, Orders for to-morrow,
Etcetera, on the smallest pay.

See him with some MS. battle.
Vilely scribbled, see him rage
O'er the folly of such cattle
Who scrawl on both sides of page.

Here's some scribble which reminds us
Of the slimy tracks of snakes,
Which we'd swiftly throw behind us,
Savage, in a brace of shakes,

But our printers, anger smother,
Labour they with might and main,
Striving, helping one another,
Hieroglyphics write again.

Gentle public, justice doing,
O'er the printer, cast not hate,
But with tenderness pursuing,
Cheer his hard and burdened fate.

BOGGLEY WALLAH.

Cricket Matches.

CALCUTTA v. REGIMENTAL TEAM.

The account sent us of this match which was played on the 28th November, is unfortunately too long for insertion. The Calcutta Team were the winners by 3 wickets and 50 runs, only one innings having been played.

Single V. Married Sergeants.

Played at Fort William on the 3rd December, and resulted in a decisive victory for the Bachelors, owing mainly to the splendid bowling of Color-Sergeant Hoar, who succeeded in taking several wickets in the first innings, creating quite a panic among the Benedicts. They however made a much better stand in the second innings, Cork compiling 36 runs, which was the best score of the day.

There seems to be some difficulty in raking up a married sergeants' team, which is rather strange considering the additions lately made to the married establishment. The places of the absent ones, were efficiently filled by Patterson and Peters, whose names have been duly registered for Rippingilles'. On this occasion the single

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team secured for the last time, the services of Sergt. Sale, who basely deserted to the opposite side the next day.

For the single men, Sale, Hoar, Stirke, Perry, and Baker batted well, whilst Cork, Patterson and Nicholas made the best stand for the married men.

MARRIED SERGEANTS.

Featherstone, b Hoar	2	b Stirke	0
Eaton, b Sale	0	not out	9
Nicholas, b Hoar	0	b Gray	12
Birkhead, c Hoar b Sale	7	c Stirke b Sale	0
Henniker, b Hoar	0	b Sale	1
Boulter, st Perry b Hoar	8	run out	2
Stevens, c Stirke. b Hoar	1	b Gray	0
Smith, not out	9	b Stirke	10
Patterson, c Gray b Hoar	10	b Sale	0
Peters, b Sale	0	st Gray b Sale	5
Cork, c Talbot b Hoar	0	c Talbot b Hoar	36
Extras	2	Extras	12
Total	39	Total	87

SINGLE SERGEANTS.

Sale, b Patterson	31
Talbot, l b w, b Featherstone	5
Gray. b Nicholas	15
Hoar, b Nicholas	26
Stirke, l b., w b Patterson	18
Perry, c Smith b Patterson	18
Cogger, c Smith b Patterson	6
Alderton, run out	15
Cheal, c & b Nicholas	0
Baker, not out	21
Extras	9
Total	165

SERGEANTS v CORPORALS

Played at Fort William on 16th December and resulted in a victory for the Sergeants. It was rather a tight fit as there was scarcely time to finish the match. However the energy infused into the teams by a substantial tiffin, accompanied by unlimited liquor refreshments, caused the wickets to fall rather rapidly in the second innings. The Sergeants, thus for the first time in seven years, winning a match against the Corporals. This speaks well for the new captain of the sergeants' team, who it appears has succeeded in infusing some of his superabundant energy into his team.

The play was not remarkable for brilliancy, Gold's 34 being the best score for the Corporals, and Talbot's 19 for the Sergeants. Tozer also played very well.

It might be suggested that the sergeants' fielding would be very much improved by a little more practice, some very easy catches being missed by them in the first innings.

SERGEANTS.

Talbot b Manville	19	b Golds	15
Patterson, b Golds	4	c Shead b Manville	1
Hoar, b Golds	5	b Golds	3
Cork, b Golds	15	b Golds	5
Smith, b Golds	5	b Manville	1
Stirke. c & b Manville	8	run out	14
Gray, c Pickett b Manville	10	l b w, b Golds	3
Tozer, b Golds	0	b Leek	17
Stevens, b Golds	5	c Manville b Golds	7
Baker, b Golds	8	b Leek	0
Behrens, not out	5	not out	1
Nicholas, did not bat		b Golds	8
Extras	8	Extras	18
Total	92	Total	93

CORPORALS.

Nicholls run out	1	c Talbot b Nicholas	0
Pickett c Stevens b Hoar	4	b Nicholas	0
Brown b Nicholas	13	run out	5
Golds c Tozer b Patterson	34	run out	9
Manville b Patterson	7	b Hoar	5
Leek c Stevens b Patterson	5	c Behrens b Patterson	1
Hall c Hoar b Patterson	4	c Stevens b Nicholas	1
Hilderbrand l b w. b Patterson	9	c Talbot	1
Sheed not out	6	b Patterson	10
Wilson c Stevens b Nicholas	3	c Sale b Hoar	16
Dillon c Tozer b Nicholas	0	not out	3
Matthews run out	0	c Hoar b Nicholas	3
Extras	0	Extras	4
Total	93	Total	63

Englishman: "Pardon me, sir, but where do you come from?' *Paddy*: "From County Cork." *Englishman*: "Then that accounts for your brogue." *Paddy*: "May I ax where you come from!" *Englishman*: "From Worcester, sir" (proudly). *Paddy*: "That accounts for your sauce then."

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ODDS & ENDS.

PEOPLE who wish to lead peaceful lives should never go to balls, for hops produce great bitterness.

When you think you are not getting all the good things of this world don't forget to look back at your life to see if you deserve them.

Nothing is more natural than that a man should lose his temper during a cross-examination.

Mrs. Smithers:—Bobby, you bad boy, have you been fighting with Tommy Slimson again? Dear, dear! I shall have to get you a new suit.

Bobby:—That's nothing, ma ! You ought to see Tommy Slimson. His ma may have to get herself a new boy.

A mutiny once broke out on board the Canada when Captain Cornwallis held the command, because the men could not get their money. They signed a round robin, which they sent to the captain, declaring they would not fire a gun until they were paid. He thereupon called the men on deck, told them they could not be paid until they returned to port, and added, "As to your not fighting, I'll clap you alongside of the first large ship of the enemy I see, when the devil himself cannot keep you from it." This happy and well-timed compliment acted like magic, and nothing more was heard of the mutiny on that ship.

A GOOD SHOT.

A good story is going the rounds concerning a certain battalion. An officer in attendance at a shooting competition noticed two men firing with anything but William-Tell-like precision. Approaching them, he exclaimed angrily:

"You fellows don't know the way to shoot. Lend me a rifle, and let me show you."

"Bang!" and the target was missed.

A broad grin overspread the features of the two privates, but the officer was quite equal to the occasion.

Turning to the first, with a frown upon his countenance. he remarked: "That's the way *you* shoot, sir."

A second attempt, and a similar result.

Turning to the other, he said: "And that's the way *you* shoot, sir."

A third shot, and a "*bull*" was fluked.

With pardonable pride the worthy officer returned the rifle, triumphantly adding: "And that's the way *I* shoot."

The men ever since have entertained a very high opinion of him as a marksman.

What is the difference between Britannia and a soldier deserting his regiment?

One rules the waves; the other waives the rules.

The following is worthy of the attention of the members of the Invicta Cycle Club, a good place to practice would be from the Ochterlony Monument to the Time Ball Tower:—

Minting, the cyclist, who has been performing at the Royal Aquarium for some weeks past. on Friday accomplished a task which by far eclipses his former performances. The lofty altitude of the Aquarium permits of two spiral paths of 100ft. in height being erected, with a straight track 200ft. in length connecting the summits. On a single wheel, Minting ascends one coil and makes the transit to the other, which he descends. The track is only 24in. in breadth, and it rises to the roof in seven coils, the gradient being about one in six. The diameter of the coils from the outside rims of the track is about 13ft.

A cavalry sergeant was out of patience with an awkward recruit. "Never approach the horses from behind without speaking," he exclaimed, "if you do, they'll kick that thick head of yours, and the end of it will be that we shall have nothing but lame horses in the squadron."

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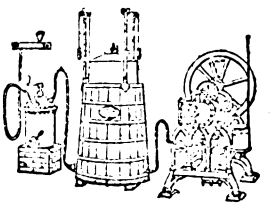

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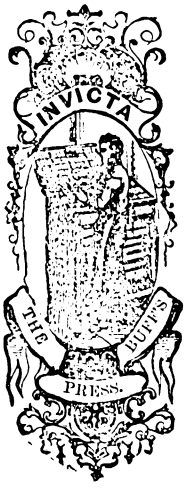

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THE DRAGON

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1898.

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 58, **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, JANUARY 31st 1892.** Price 2 As.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

HAMMOND.—At Calcutta on the 9th inst. the wife of Pte. Hammond of a son. Ernest Victor.

STEVENS.—At Calcutta on the 20th inst the wife of Lce-Sergt. Stevens of a son. William Joseph.

NOTES.

WHERE is our next Station? This appears to members of the Buffs the most important question in India to be settled just now. Some say Jullundur, others Agra or Fyzabad, but we hope our minds will soon be set at rest as His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief arrived in Calcutta on the 24th inst, and he, we believe, settles all these trifles.

The Buffs came out well at the Volunteer Sports, taking no less than five prizes out of six in the open events. Ptes. Else, Witham, and Costin were first past the tape in the Quarter Mile. We are told that Pte. Else covered the distance in the remarkably short time of 52 seconds. Ptes Hasler and Nash were first and second respectively in the Hurdle Race.

At the East Surrey Regimental Gymkhana Ptes. Else. and Witham again distinguished themselves by running first and second in the Quarter Mile. Colour Sergt. Andrews had a fall or nothing could have touched him in the Bicycle race at the same sports.

... ...

Since our last Lieuts. Eustace, and Swetenham have arrived safely with a draft of 1 Sergt. and 102 rank and file from England. The Draft appears a very fine one, and are quickly settling down to the routine of Indian life.

... ...

Major General Lord Frankfort made his annual inspection on the 4th and 5th insts. He was very pleased with the Battalion and spoke very highly of the good behaviour of the men in Cal-

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cutta.

... ...

In our last issue an error found its way into the note about the pay of a private in the Buffs The date should have been 1668 and not 1868.; this quite alters the reading of the note. If the military correspondent of the 'Englishman' had put in 1578 we should not have been surprised, as we were then just 6 years old.

... ...

We congratulate Mr. Dyne on his appointment as *Superintendent of Morris System of Manufacturing Blank Ammunition* at Fort William.

... ...

We are glad to welcome our new Chaplain who is well known to most of our readers, having been stationed for some time at Ranikhet with the Battalion.

... ...

The Cricket Shield Ties have commenced and with the new blood just out from England some good matches should be played. The old Grenadier Company, which at present holds the Shield, will be hard to beat. An account of the first match played appears on a later page of this edition.

... ...

Battalion matches seem at a standstill. Is it because there is so much going on, or is it we are deteriorating in the cricket field ? We hope not the latter; although not all born Lohmans and Martins, there is plenty of good cricket material in the old Corps yet. Perhaps our energetic Captain can give us a reason.

... ...

Few of our readers can remember as many as 17 Subaltern Officers being present with the Battalion at one time. Such being now the case the services of Messrs Johnson & Hoffman were engaged on the 26th inst. to take a photographic group, and we hope their efforts will be crowned with success. We should like our brother officers in the 2nd Battn. to follow our example and present us with a copy.

... ...

We hear that our Regimental Gymkhana Races are to take place on the 5th of March, and we hope they will be as great a success as last year. Capt. Philips is preparing a prospectus of the events which will shortly be before the public.

Following the example of the I. P. G. the Dragon will issue tips for the different races. With such ponies as *Pipeclay*, *Grey Lancer*, *Madge Sayonara* and *Daroga* running, the winner of the Regimental Cup will be hard to spot.

... ...

The Fort Garden Party which came off on 12th inst. was a decided success, thanks to the untiring energy of Mr. Lloyd who is never at a loss in introducing new gaffs. Sergt. Eaton with the Regimental Gymnasts gave several good performances on the horizontal bar which were greatly appreciated, whilst the Balaklava Melee elicited roars of laughter from the spectators. The Band played a choice selection of music during the afternoon, which greatly contributed towards the enjoyment.

... ...

Lord Harris the Governor of Bombay has sent a very nice letter to the Colonel regreting that he is unable to be present at the Presentation of Colours, and Ball. This letter we publish in full on a later page.

... ...

As, owing to the sad news from England, the Ball has to be postponed *sine die*, we still hope that he may be able to get away for it when it eventually does come off. We believe that the Presentation of the New Colours will take place on Friday the 5th of February.

... ...

The past week has been enlivened by the Calcutta Polo Tournament. Unfortunately the 7th Hussars, and 16th Lancers were prevented at the last moment sending representative teams to take part in the Tournament. The Rifle Brigade brought a team all the way from Jullundur, but in the first tie were beaten by Calcutta by nine goals to nothing. The Calcutta team throughout played a most brilliant game, and the splendid manner in which they were mounted, combined with the way the team played together, secured them an easy victory.

... ...

On the 25th inst. the 2nd tie *viz.* the Staff *v* The Buffs attracted a great many spectators to the ground. After a good match the representatives of the Staff proved themselves victors by five goals to one.

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Mr. Tarte for the Buffs, and Capt. Brazier Creagh for the Staff played magnificently, the former by his dash and sure hitting, time after time saved the Buffs' Goal.

... ...

The final tie *viz.* Calcutta *v.* The Staff came off on the 28th inst., and after a gamely fought match resulted in a win for Calcutta, by 4 goals to love. The game was fast throughout, and although the Staff played most pluckily, they did not succeed in getting the ball between the Calcutta flags.

... ...

It would seem that the new magazine rifle is a terrible arm in the matter of long distance as well as rapid firing. The 2nd Battalion The Buffs have been carrying out some interesting experiments with the weapon—the only corps in Chatham Garrison to which it has been issued. It is found, however that the ordinary targets at Bexley do not afford sufficient range. A ricochet bullet has broken a cottage window over four miles distant from the firing points. It has been consequently deemed expedient to transfer the rifle practice to Dymchurch, near Hythe.

... ...

It is notified to the Battn. that General Raines C. B., the Colonel of the Regt., has very kindly forwarded ~~Rs~~ 50 for our next Regimental Athletic Sports. in honour of the occasion of the new colours being presented to us. He desires the amount to be divided into first prize of Rs. 15, a second of Rs. 10, and a third of Rs. 5, for any event the committee may think fit. We take this opportunity of thanking General Raines very much, not only for this, but also for his handsome donation to the Officers' Colour Ball.

... ...

It is with regret we hear of the illness of Quarter Master Sergeant Raye (Old Buff) and his wife at Canterbury. When the last mail left they were both suffering severely from influenza, and in consequence we have not received the usual budget of news from the Depot.

... — ...

The Postal authorities have made a considerable reduction in the postage on all printed matter (inciuding newspapers) to the British Isles. The Dragon can now be sent home for one half anna.

At the last moment we received the scores for the remaining three matches of the 1st round of ties being played off for the Regimental Cricket Challenge Shield, and have published them on page 11. It will be seen that A, B, D, and E Companies are left to play off in the second round.

... ...

Such an ill informed paper as "Western Wit and Wisdom" should be careful to consider before reporting such utterly false trash about men of the Regiment as appeared in its columns of the 25th January. Had the reporter been up to his work, he would have made it his business to find out the true facts of the case before accusing men of The Buffs of forcibly easing natives of money. We positively deny that The Buffs had anything to do with the case and should advise "Western Wit and Wisdom" to study the police court news, before publishing statements which might be detrimental to the good name and reputation which the Regiment has always had, and still maintains.

... ...

A general order has been issued to the Army by the Commander-in-Chief respecting the recent decision of the Postmaster-General to employ as far as possible Army Reserve men, or soldiers discharged at the expiration of their term of service, as postmen. It states that full information will shortly be published as to pay, emoluments, and qualifications required in candidates; but adds that meanwhile applications from men of good character, and of not less than three years' service with the colours, may be submitted for registration to the Officers Commanding the Regimental Districts in which the candidates reside.

In the Foot Guards applications may be sent to the Colonels of the three regiments. Until further orders, places as sorters and postmen on the permanent establishment in London, are not available to Army Reserve men or discharged Soldiers, but appointments as auxiliary postmen will be open, preferentially to those who have the best character and longest service with the Colours. As the employment carries with it a claim to superannuation, an examination is necessary, to comply with the requirements of the Civil Service Commissioners and the Superannuation Act.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

The following letter was received by the Colonel from H. E. Lord Harris, Governor of Bombay, in reply to an invitation, asking H. E. and Lady Harris to honour us with their presence on the occasion of our New Colours being presented to us on the 5th February. We feel that all ranks in the Battalion will be very much gratified to know what great interest His Excellency takes in his county Regiment, and appreciate his kindly feelings towards us.—Ed.]

Government House,
Bombay.
17th January, 1891.

My dear Colonel Harrison,

I am much touched and gratified at your kind thought of sending us an invitation to the ceremony on February 1st. Of course I can't get across, I wish I could, but none the less I appreciate the compliment.

The affection I have for my county, includes a great pride in the county Regiments, and especially in the Buffs. I follow the fortunes of the Regiment wherever it goes with particular interest, and am as anxious as any of its officers that it shall always—as I know it will—maintain its traditional reputation for efficiency, courage and high character.

With every good wish for it, its officers and its men,

Believe me,
Sincerely yours,
Harris

The Editor of the Dragon]

Sir,

Seeing in your last month's issue an article on the privilege of certain regiments of marching through the streets of the City of London with fixed bayonets, colours flying, and drums beating, I take the liberty of mentioning that the same privilege is also granted to my old battalion, the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards. We exercised it in 1887 on the occasion of the opening of the People's Palace in the East End by the Queen. It is true, that we were not received in solemn state by the Lord Mayor, as that worthy gentleman was occupied with pressing engagements elsewhere, but we went over the City boundary with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, and again as we crossed the boundary at the other side fixed bayonets etc., in the orthodox fashion. This battalion is the only one of the Brigade of Guards which has this right, which is due to it having been raised from the old trained bands. It also plays Rule Britannia before the National Anthem, a privilege granted to it after the Spanish War, when the battalion served as marines on board ship.

I remain
Yours faithfully
C. P. Powney, Lieut.,
Grenadier Guards, A.D.C.

The following has been received by the President of the Sergeants' Mess.

H. M. S. Boadicea,
1 January 1892.

Before sailing, the Chief and First Class Petty Officers of H. M. S. "Boadicea" desire to express to the members of the Sergeants Mess of "The Buffs" their appreciation of, and best thanks for, the kind hospitality shewn to them during their stay at Calcutta; and in wishing "The Buffs" a very Happy New Year, hope to have the pleasure of meeting them again.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Acknowledged with many thanks the receipt of the following Regtl Papers:—*The Queen's Own Gazette*, The Queen's Own West Kent Regt. *I'm 95*, 1st Battn, Derbyshire Regt. *1st Surrey Rifle, Gazette*, 1st Vol. Battn Surrey Rifles. *St George's Gazette*, 5th Northumberland Fusiliers. *The XXX*, East Lancashire Regt.

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OBITUARY.

Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, Duke of Clarence & Avondale, Earl of Athlone, K. G., K. P., K. T. D. Cantab & Dublin,

Born 8th January, 1864.
Died 14th January, 1892.

The Dragon must not fail to claim its share in the respectful message of sympathy with Her Majesty, and their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, forwarded home by H. E. the Commander-in-Chief, and to endorse the regrets expressed by General Brackenbury on behalf of the Army in India at the loss of a comrade.

The regret so universally expressed at Prince Edward's death is due to the fact that he was personally known throughout the Empire, in addition to its occurring so soon after the announcement of his betrothal to Princess Mary of Teck, which bade fair to become so happy a marriage both for the country and himself.

Educated first of all on board a Man-of-War, he made a voyage round the world in the *Bacchante*, afterwards making a special visit to India. On each of these occasions he met the regiment, first in Singapore in 1881 when a midshipman, and again two years ago in Calcutta.

Leaving the Navy, he went to Cambridge, after which he received a Commission in the 10th Hussars, in which regiment he was serving at the time of his death. We must not forget to recall the fact of His Royal Highness having given new colours to the 2nd Battalion at Dover in 1886, being presented at his own special request with the old colours, which now hang in Marlborough House. It now comes as a curious coincidence that the presentation of the New Colours to the 1st Battalion has to be postponed on account of his untimely death.

To us in India the report of his death came with terrible suddenness, as but few had been prepared in the least by news of previous serious illness, and it has quite saddened what is generally the busiest and gayest time of the whole year in India, and in Calcutta especially.

Few of those who attended the morning service at St. Peter's Church, Fort William, on the 17th inst., are likely to forget its impressiveness and the thrill of feeling caused at its close, when the organ accompanied by the full band, played the "Dead March in Saul" with an effect which, though magnificent, thrilled all by its awful solemnity.

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A Story of Sevastopol.

IT is a clear warm afternoon in June 1855. Away to our front the frowning walls of the beleaguered city of Sevastopol stand out against the blue sky, their rugged outlines every now and again obscured by the puffs of white smoke from the cannon concealed by their grim screen. To the rear lies the harbour, where swing at anchor the Allied fleets, whilst between the harbour and city the long zig-zig lines show the position of the trenches, just now silent and still, but ready at a word to vomit forth their hordes of armed men. and sow the earth with a new crop of dead and dying. Dotted at intervals are batteries whose occupants are strangely unlike the trim Artilleryman of peace time; stripped to their shirt sleeves, blackened with dirt and powder, and with faces to which the razor has long been a stranger, they are busily engaged in returning to the Russians their thanks for the iron compliments, which every now and then find their way into the batteries, and which, with true English honesty, they refuse to accept without a suitable acknowledgement.

In one of the long trenches is assembled a body of men who, like the Artillerymen, bear very evident signs of hard usage; their once scarlet tunics *now* turned to a dingy purple, and belts and facings guiltless of pipe-clay, present a very different appearance to when, sped by the parting wishes of cheerful crowds, they bade farewell to Old England. But their weapons are as serviceable, and their hearts as stout as on that day for all their weather beaten appearance,

Very silent they seem and no wonder. These are the picked men of an army, destined to attempt once more the capture of yon battered fortress, and each man realizes to the full, the danger he is about to undergo.

Here is no idle bravado or boasting, each face is set with the determination to succeed or die. Glancing along the ranks two men in particular arrest the eye, the sunburnt countenance of the one tells of service under a tropical sun, and he bears on his arm the three chevrons of a Sergeant, the other is much younger, and the eager expression of his face and his restless movements tell that this is his first action. Between these men a stronger bond than that of comradeship exists-they are brothers and their affection has already passed into a proverb in the regiment to which they belong. But now a movement passes along the line, and a sigh of relief greets it; at last the order to advance has come, the command, "With ball cartridge, load!" is given, and the answering ring of the ramrods sounds out clearly on the air.

"Forward," and with a loud cheer they spring out of the trench and rush forward towards the fort, to be greeted by a terrible hail of grape and rifle balls. On they go, leaving dead and dying men at every step to mark their progress; the first line is carried, but one third of the force covers the ground behind them, the brothers, however, are safe and find time to exchange a rapid word amid the horrible confusion. But there is no time to lose, hastily reforming they press on once more and gain the walls of the fort, ladders are planted, and one of the first to ascend is the Sergeant. As he reaches the top, a Russian makes a vicious dig at him, he parries it, and down goes the Russian with a bayonet in his throat; but though they have gained the walls they go no further, the enemy is in overwhelming numbers, and the brave little British band is overpowered and compelled to retreat. Still they stubbornly contest every inch of the ground, and retire slowly, closely pressed by the enemy. The brothers have kept together during the fight, and are as yet unwounded.

Alright Joe? asks the Sergeant, vigourously ramming home a charge.

"Not a scratch," answers Joe, but as he speaks, he gives a choking gasp and pitches forward on his face. Down goes his brother's musket and bending, he hastily turns the body over and unbuttons the coat, passing his hand inside the rough regulation shirt he feels for the heart beats—not a movement, the bullet has passed through the heart and death is instantaneous. Still he seems unable to realize that *death* is here and lingers over the body until his shoulder is rudely grasped by a comrade, "Come on man, rouse yourself, they are close on us" shouts the man.

Looking up the Sergeant answers slowly. "No, no, get you back, I can't leave him here."

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"Then let us carry him back, I'll give you a hand," and between them they raise the body and covered by their comrades bear it away to the trenches where they lay it down. And now the brother's grief breaks forth. Throwing himself down beside the body he gives free vent to his sorrow, but at length he rises, and as he does so his eye detects a loaded musket lying close by, he picks it up and before his intention can be divined, a loud report and the dull sound of a falling body, attest that one more soldier has answered his name to his Maker, and that the brothers, so lately parted, are once more united.

Miles.

Musketry.

—(o)—

The figure of merit and classification of Letter "D" Company are as follows:—

Figure of merit, range individual practices, 35.73. Field practices, 33.89.

Classification.	Marksmen	2
	1st Class Shots	10
	2nd „ „	38
	3rd „ „	27
	Total	77

The following honorary prizes are awarded in accordance with the Musketry Regulations.

Crossed rifles in gold, as best marksman of Letter D Company.

No. 1199 Lce.-Corpl. C. Newport, score 197

Crossed rifles in worsted, as marksmen.

No. 1640 Lce.-Sergt. C. Burrows, score 191

„ 2883 Pte. H. Hard, „ 172

Regimental News.

Pte. W. Cullen having been transferred from the 1st Battn. East Lancashire Regiment with effect from the 31st December 1891, he is taken on the strength of the Battn. from that date inclusive, and posted to Letter A Company.

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officer and man have been permitted to extend their periods of Army Service to complete 12 years with the Colours.

No. 1447 Sergt. J. F. Stirke.
„ 1446 Pte. J. Chase.

Color-Sergt. M. Talbot is appointed 1st Class Sergeant Instructor to the 3rd Punjab Volunteer Rifle Corps, at Kurrachee.

Under Instructions from the Adj. General in India, No. 3308 Lance-Corpl. C Bloomfield proceeded to the Clothing Agency, Alipore, on the 2nd inst., for a course of instruction, to fit him for the appointment of Master Tailor.

Under instructions from the Adj. General in India, No. 2982 Sergt. G. W. Boulter is placed under the orders of the Director General of Military Works, for employment in the Military Works Department.

Under instructions from the Adj. General in India, No. 786 Sergt. H. J. Pay is placed at the disposal of the Director General of Ordnance in India, for temporary employment in the Madras Arsenal.

No. 1178 Sergt. G. Cork is appointed Librarian with effect from the 1st inst.

No. 632 Sergt. J. Smith is appointed Provost Sergeant to the Battalion, with effect from the 1st inst.

The undermentioned men are appointed Pioneers:

2765 Pte. W. Sunnick, *vice* Judge to England.
2184 „ C. Watts, *vice* Williams to England.

No. 443 Sergt J. Greig is appointed Pay Sergeant (on probation) to Letter E Company, with effect from the 7th inst.

The undermentioned Officers having landed at Bombay on the 9th inst., they are taken on the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly.

Lieut. A. R. Eustace.
2nd „ R. Swetenham.

The wife and child of No. 1410 Sergt. James Winter having landed at Bombay on the 9th inst., they are taken on the strength of the Married Establishment of the Battalion from that date accordingly.

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The undermentioned men are granted Good Conduct Pay, at the rates, and from the dates, stated opposite their names:—

No. 3003	Pte. J. Shore,	@	1d.	16-12-91.
„ 1992	„ H. Dunham,	„	2d.	9-1-92.
„ 3078	„ J. Brennan,	„	1d.	17-1-92.
„ 1999	„ E. Sayer,	„	2d.	26-1-92.
„ 3035	„ N. Gearing,	„	1d.	13-1-92.
„ 2008	„ W. Davis,	„	2d.	27-1-92.
„ 3021	„ E. Dalby,	„	1d.	2-1-92.
„ 2409	„ A. Branchett,	„	1d.	9-11-91.
„ 2009	„ A. Sherwood,	„	2d.	27-1-92.
„ 1981	„ S. Tibball,	„	2d.	22-12-91.
„ 1946	„ A. Milgate,	„	2d.	31-10-91.
„ 1437	„ P. O.'Connell,	„	2d. Rst	26-12-91.
„ 2011	„ R. Hayson,	„	2d.	29-1-92.
„ 2414	„ J. Powell,	„	1d.	13-1-92.
„ 1997	„ H. Waterman,	„	2d.	19-1-92.
„ 1994	„ J. Golder,	„	2d.	16-1-92.
„ 3040	„ R. Wells,	„	1d.	29-1-92.
„ 3022	„ J. Finn,	„	1d.	3-1-92.
„ 3027	„ J. Grimwood,	„	1d.	7-1-92.
„ 1963	„ H. Shepherd,	„	2d.	27-11-91.

On the 15th inst., the prizes granted for the purpose of encouraging men learning useful trades in the Regimental Workshops, were distributed.

As will be seen by the following, they were of a very substantial character, and should prove a great incentive to others during the coming year.

In cases where an apprentice is shewn to have learnt a trade, a bonus has been given to the instructor.

PRIZES.

1996	Lce.-Cpl. W. Harryman,	Carpenter,	Rs	15
2950	Pte. R. Pitt,	„	„	12
2171	„ G. Brown,	„	„	10
1360	„ E. Judge,	Mason.	„	8
1411	„ C. Williams,	Tinsmith,	„	6
570	„ F. Bellchambers,	Bootmaker,	„	15
2177	„ F. Bishop,	„	„	12
1908	„ F. Hunt,	Printer	„	15
2054	„ G. Green,	„	„	12
2840	„ W. H. French,	„	„	9
1358	„ W. James,	„	„	9
1931	„ A. Brown,	„	„	6
2614	„ J. W. Oliver,	Bookbinder,	„	9
3348	Lc.-Cpl. C. Bloomfield,	Tailor	„	7
2237	Pte R. Clegg,	„	„	5

BONUS FOR APPRENTICE.

1996	Lc.-Corpl. W. Harryman,	Rs	20
1411	Pte. C. Williams,	„	20
2170	„ G. Brown,	„	20
570	„ F. Bellchambers,	„	20
2177	„ F. Bishop,	„	15
1908	„ F. Hunt,	„	20
2054	„ G. Green,	„	20
1358	„ W. James,	„	15
3308	Lc.-Cpl. C. Bloomfield,	„	15

—o—

COOKING PRIZES.

The following Cooking Prizes have been distributed for the best Cooks of Companies.

A	Coy.	1509	Pte.	A Spicer,	1st Prize,	Rs	10
„	„	1669	„	G. Ellis,	2nd „	„	5
B	„	807	„	T. Bridges,	1st „	„	10
„	„	1472	„	J Chapman,	2nd „	„	5
C	„	126	„	J. Dove,	1st „	„	10
„	„	2121	„	A. Comley,	2nd „	„	5
D	„	3361	„	W. Loftus,	1st „	„	10
„	„	1735	„	C. Hickmott,	2nd „	„	5
E	„	1552	„	H. Roberts,	1st „	„	10
„	„	156	„	H. Veal,	2nd „	„	5
„	„	2187	„	J. Coppard,	1st „	„	5
F	„	1944	„	S. Coveney,	2nd „	„	10
G	„	1372	„	F. Hammond,	1st „	„	10
„	„	1691	„	T. Lynch,	2nd „	„	5
H	„	2526	„	G. Gregory,	1st „	„	10
„	„	1620	„	A. Lindsay,	2nd „	„	5

—(o)—

An American coroner recently reasoned out a verdict more sensibly than one half the verdicts usually rendered. It appears that an Irishman, conceiving that a little powder thrown on some green wood would facilitate its burning, directed a small stream from a keg upon the burning pile, but not possessing a hand sufficiently quick to cut this off, was blown into a million pieces. The following was the verdict, delivered with great gravity by the official: "Can't be called suicide, bekase he didn't mean to kill himself; it wasn't visitation of God, bekase he wasn't struck by lightning; he didn't die for want of breath, for he hadn't anything left to breathe with; it's plain he didn't know what he was about, so I shall bring in: 'Died for want of common sense.'"

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OUR DRAFT.

—(o)—

Three days before starting General Goodenough made us a very humorous speech, prophesying all kinds of good things for us on our journey, and at our destination, and as will be seen by the following, we realized them in the first place getting rather "too much of a good thing" in some instances.

We started in the cold early morning, and arrived at Portsmouth an hour or two later, where, owing to the number of different drafts awaiting embarkation, several miserable hours were spent in the cold, before our turn arrived to be stowed on board the "Crocodile," and commence the disagreeable tasks of finding our messes, drawing hammocks, &c. Next day we started, and ere long our troubles began in real earnest, the sea having a most disastrous effect on most of us, while the gulls and fishes must have had a grand time with our rejected rations. On reaching the Bay, it blew a regular hurricane, and to keep the ship 'head on', we went a long way out of our course, at one time making only 3 knots an hour. The waves swept clean over decks, carrying away ventilators, hatches, and everything movable, killing two men and maiming several others.

We were all more or less glad to get into calmer waters, thinking our troubles were at an end, but on leaving Malta, another storm overtook us, almost as violent as the first, and some more uncomfortable days were spent, ere we reached Port Said, at the entrance of the Suez. During these few days, our only recreation was 'giving in' great coats and having them re-issued, according to the state of the temperature, which seemed always on the change.

In the Canal we passed H. M. S. Euphrates, but not near enough to recognise any friends.

For the rest of the journey we experienced calmer weather, and the voyage was enlivened by several sing-songs and concerts, there being a great variety of talent on board.

On the 8th inst., imposing Bombay was reached, and we caught sight of India, Tommy's supposed El Dorado. Landing next day, we proceeded straight to Deolali, where we met the details waiting for a passage home.

Here our friends of the A. T. A. held several successful meetings, and convinced most of us of the superiority of Aerated Waters over Beer, and of their peculiar adaptation to the Indian Climate.

From Deolali a part of our journey was made with a draft of the Queen's, and we reached Calcutta on the 20th inst., where the welcome that awaited us more than made up for a month's discomforts.

Polo Match.

BUFFS *versus* VICEROY'S STAFF.

Back	Lieut.	Tarte,	Capt. Brasier Creagh,
No. 3	,,	Dyne,	Lord Valletort,
No. 2	,,	Hasler,	Lieut. Grimston,
No. 1	,,	Parry,	Capt. Harborol.

Play began punctually at 3-45 p.m. The Staff playing up with great determination, kept the ball nearly the whole time in The Buffs' quarter having in the first 5 minutes no less than 3 shots at goal, the first period ending in a score 1 to love in favour of the Staff. Matters went from bad to worse in the 2nd quarter, and it was entirely owing to the capital defence of Tarte as back, that the score at the end was not larger than 3 to 0 in favour of the Staff. These first two quarters, were not particularly interesting to the partisans of The Buffs, the ball being kept nearly the whole time in their quarter and every attempt at getting away being stopped by Capt. Brasier Creagh, who was playing most brilliantly for his side.

Affairs looked brighter in the 3rd quarter; encouraged by the splendid play of Tarte, the rest of the team pulled themselves together, and a rattling good quarter was the result, Parry showing up well as No. 1. Towards the end of the quarter a round of applause greeted the 1st goal for The Buffs, due to good play on part of Tarte. The 4th quarter began well, the ball being rushed into the Staff territory, both Parry and Tarte making good attempts at goals. The game at this period was very exciting, as it seemed as if she Buffs might pull the game off after all, but brilliant play on part of Brasier Creagh, who was well backed up, secured 2 more goals for the Staff, the game ending with score 5 to 1 in favour of the Staff.

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Cricket.

REGIMENTAL CHALLENGE SHIELD.

"Observer" has sent us the following account of the first tie for the Regimental Challenge Shield:—

The first tie for the Challenge Shield was played off on the 19th inst., and resulted, as will be seen by the scores, in a win for Letter 'A' Company. For the winning team, Ptes. Dyer and McCalla were most effective with the ball, and Ptes. Dunham and Colvin with the bat. For the losing team, Pte. Gear with his fast under hand bowling, secured an excellent average in the first innings, but was not so fortunate in the second; the fielding of the losing team was not all that might be desired, although the men appeared to do their best. They were also very weak in bowling, and I would advise the bowlers to look more to the pitch of the ball than the speed, a mistake that is made by most amateurs; however, the best team won, but a great deal of credit is due to the losers, making so good a show against such men as Dyer, (the Regimental bowler) and McCalla, and I wish them better luck next time.

The match went off without a hitch, due in a great measure to the careful watching of the umpires, Corpl. Golds and Pte. Hasler.

"G" *v.* "A" COMPANY. CUP TIE.

LETTER "G" COMPANY.

Gear, b Dyer	4	c & b Sale	24
Lawrence, b Dyer	4	b McCalla	4
Nicholas, b McCalla	12	b Dunham	40
Lynch, b Dyer	0	c Dyer b McCalla	15
Else, st Dyer	6	b McCalla	0
Anderson, b Dyer	0	c Sale b Dunham	13
Ward, b Dyer	6	c & b Dyer	10
Newing, b Dyer	1	b Dyer	3
Saunders, c & b McCalla	3	not out	16
Farrell, not out	6	b Dyer	7
Smith, l b w, b McCalla	6	c Dunham b Dyer	6
Extras	6	Extras	17
Total	54	Total	155

LETTER "A" COMPANY.

Dunham, b Else	19	c Gear b Lawrence	59
Colvin, b Gear	23	b Else	2
McCalla, b Ward	13	b Nicholas	26
Dyer, l b w, b Gear	2	c Newing b Lawrence	8
Brown, b Gear	5	did not bat	
Burns, b Gear	0	did not bat	
Manning, run out	1	not out	11
Hanshar, not out	11	b Gear	3
Matthews, b Gear	6	did not bat	
Sale, b Gear	6	c Lawrence b Nicholas	0
Cheal, b Gear	6	did not bat	
Extras	7	Extras	8
Total	99	Total	117

A. T. A. *v.* LETTER "F" COMPANY.

Played at Fort William on the 28th December 1891, resulting in a win for the Teetotalers by 18 runs.

ARMY TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Hasler, b Reid	12
Piper, b Reid	34
Golds, b Reid	0
Smith, c Vaughan b Reid	0
Brennan, b Clutton	3
Keats, c Ward b Reid	14
Pettit, c Reid b Bourne	1
Adams, b Reid	0
Veitch, b Reid	0
Gray, b Clutton	0
Mewett, not out	0
Extras	22
Total	86

LETTER "F" COMPANY.

Reid, c & b Piper	0
Brown, run out	3
Jubb, run out	6
Ward, b Hasler	24
Vaughan, b Golds	8
Clutton, c Piper b Golds	3
Bourne, b Golds	4
Thorne, b Hasler	4
Rutland, b Hasler	0
Wenman, run out	13
Taylor, not out	0
Extras	3
Total	68

CORPORALS THE BUFFS *v.* 21 S. D. R. A.

This match was played at Fort William, and resulted in a victory for the Corporals by 136 runs.

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CORPORALS, THE BUFFS.

Golds, b Gadd	45
Brennan, b Gadd	1
Hills, b Vtley	16
Else. c Farwell b Gadd	14
Dillon. b Jenkins	1
Manville, not out	66
Nicholls, b Jenkins	18
Leek, b Jenkins	65
Hall, c Rankin b Jenkins	6
Eaton, b Rankin	0
Brown, c Vtley b Ansell	4
Extras	8
Total	244

ARTILLERY.

Rogers, c Dillon b Manville	33
Newington, b Leek	39
Gadd. c Leek b Manville	4
Ansell, c Hills b Manville	5
Vtley, run out	13
Rankin, b Leek	0
Brown c Eaton b Leek	2
Farwell not out	3
Turner b Golds	4
Jenkins b Golds	0
Harper c Manville b Golds	0
Extras	5
Total	108

—(o)—

Army Signalling.

The annual inspection of the Signallers of the Battalion took place on the 7th December 1891, under Capt. Hamilton, Inspector Army Signalling, Bengal.

The inspection was very satisfactorily carried out, a total of 573.66 marks, or 18.18 more marks being obtained than last year.

There were present at inspection:—

Instructor. Lieut. L. G. N. Eales, Assistant Instructors, Color-Sergt. R. Montgomery, Sergt. C. Carnell, Regimental Signallers, Corpl. Montgomery, Lce.-Corpls. Bryan, Avery, Greenwood, Moth, and Pte. Green, and eighteen supernumeraries.

The Inspector's Report.

The figure of merit is 18.18 points higher than that obtained last year, and considerable improvement is shewn in both pace and accuracy. This result is very satisfactory, and shows what great pains have been taken to raise the standard of Signalling in the Battalion. Message work was accurately carried out by Signallers and Supernumeraries.

Degree of Accuracy:—"Very Accurate."

—o—

An Old Story Retold.

—(o)—

'WAS about the time the Sappers were making their Ordnance survey of England, in one of the northern counties, an irascible old farmer observed one of our scientific corps, walking about his fields, a proceeding which he objected to strongly, and said to him "Do ye know ye are trespassing," "I beg your pardon," said the Sapper, "I'm one of Her Majesty's Ordnance Surveyors, and am empowered to enter all lands to take measurements, I will show you my papers." "I care nowt about ye and yer papers," said the farmer. "I tell ye ye're trespassing, and if ye're not off I'll shift ye."

"You had better not lay a hand on me," was the reply. "Doant ye bother about that" was the farmer's answer. "I'm not going to meddle wi' ye, but I shall shift ye off my land," and he walked away.

The Sapper was a trifle bothered as to what could be coming, but presently heared a sound, as of a troop of Horse Artillery in his rear, and looking round beheld the parish bull with his head down and tail up, making tracks for him, at a speed of sixty miles an hour. The Sapper made a quick retreat, and struck a bee line for the nearest gate. "Here maister" cried the farmer's voice close by him, behind a wall, 'Doant thee run away from my bull, axe his pardon, and show him the papers, show him the papers now!"

The farmer in relating the story used to say, "If the Sapper could draw a line as straight as he could run one, he was a good man." The result of this escapade on the part of the bull, was a total defeat of the Ordnance Survey and triumph of the parish bull.

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On the Banks of the Brahmaputra.

HAVING been bidden to a shoot and granted 10 days leave, I left Calcutta by the Darjeeling mail on the 4th January, on my way to Jutrapur. The route to this place is varied if nothing else; it takes less than 24 hours, and in that time you have had three rivers to cross and a bit of trollying thrown in with the ordinary train. From Jutrapur a couple of hours down stream landed us at Rohmari, where the camp was pitched. The party consisted of my host the Collector and his wife, the Commissioner and his wife, a "Skipper" from Jirhoot, and a sporting Babu, whose knowledge of the country was very useful. On the 8th we started at 11 a.m. and crossed the river to the elephants on one of the islands, or "Churs" as they are called. The day before we had beaten the Southern half without effect; a cow had been tied up at night, though there was some difficulty in getting one. The agriculturalists of the district are strict Hindus, consequently to be a party to the death of the smallest living thing is against their religion, some Hindus going so far as to wear a bit of muslin over their mouths, in case any animalculæ should come to an untimely end by floating down their throats. At first the offer to buy a cow was met with a point blank refusal, but afterwards a rumour came round that a little pressure might have the desired effect; so long as the owner could declare he had been forced to give up an animal he had no objections to a few rupees, and he would be able to satisfy any inquiries of his fellow-villagers.

The pressure was applied—I think it was of a gentle nature as there were no cries—but the cow we were sorry to hear was still alive and well.

The ladies were with us to bring us good luck, and the presence of tiger was distinctly in the air. The *chur* was a large one, I should guess about three miles long and one and a half across, a good deal of it sand with some nice bits of jungle of *jhow* and high grass, a few natives lived there looking after the cattle and doing a bit of farming.

Line was formed as we got near to the first jungle, forty elephants with five howdahs; I had never seen it before, and it is a fine sight to watch the stately advance of such a line. On we move; the order is "only tiger;" we had been told in the morning a tiger had been tracked coming down to drink at a pool, so the "*Khubur*" was good. Presently one of the elephants trumpets, he has smelt something, what is it? It may be a pig, no, it *is* a tiger!! one of the *mahouts* saw it. Forward, and close up. I take a glance down the line; how keen they all seem, the ladies not the least so, stretching eagerly forward from the back seat of their howdahs. Another elephant trumpets, others join in, the scent is getting hot, a rush through the grass, a rifle raised to the shoulder on my left, *ping*! my host has fired the first shot, and the tiger is coming my way. My elephant turns round and makes for the rear, but he soon recovers his courage and we are in line again. The tiger shows himself to my right, the Skipper fires, a small cloud of sand and an angry roar tells the bullet is in. We all close up, another shot or two, and the animal's head falls forward never to be raised again. He is a good male measuring 9 ft. 6 in.

After the usual congratulations, and the ceremony of blooding master Chappie who is with us, we start off again, the old hands say there were two tiger. The line moves forward a few hundred yards, here the jungle is not very thick, I can see capitally. What is that bit of yellow in front about 40 yards off? By jove it must be the line of a tiger's back, and there she goes cantering along, a picture of elastic strength. Now for the first shot! if I get this I get the skin, and this is my first chance, so I must be very careful. *Ping*! *ping*! goes my rifle—of course I've missed—Skipper on my right does ditto, and the tiger disappears in the jungle. A shot on my left—that's gone home anyhow—see the sand, my host has scored. She is hit but is not stopped, and the whole line advances to the edge of the jungle, behind which is a stretch of sand and then a broadish stream, so she can't get away.

As she gets to the edge she is seen moving along looking awfully scared, she tries a bolt to the left but is stopped; we can see the patch

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where she crouches wounded. Skipper fires and goes up to within about 20 yards, the tiger charges, I am close by and have a lovely view. First she steals forward a few yards, a roar, a couple of springs, and she is up on the elephant's head, her claws fixed in his forehead. The elephant, a fine tusker, never moves, like the noble beast he is, the *mahout* seems imperturbable, though the tiger is so close to him that he could put his hand in her mouth; Skipper has not fired. What will happen next? It is intensely exciting to watch. The Mahout raises his *guzbaz*—the hook he drives with—and with an angry exclamation like "*Hut*" brings it down on the tiger's head, she falls off, weakened I suppose by her first wound, and slinks back to her patch of jungle. It was over in a moment but it was bravely done, and I should have liked to have been in that *mahout's* place *after* the tiger had quitted. We close in, the wounded beast lies in the grass, open mouthed, defying us all; it is a pity, but she must die, and a well directed shot from the Babu finishes her off. She measured 8 ft. 6 in.

By one o'clock we were quietly lunching having padded two tiger, pretty lucky for the second day of my first shoot, and a good morning's work. A few days afterwards Skipper shot a fine sow, but we got no more tiger.

R. E. P.

REGIMENTAL CHALLENGE SHIELD.

(Cricket, continued from page 11)

FIRST ROUND.

Won by E company by one innings and 52 runs,

LETTER "E" COMPANY.

Arms, c Cronin b Church	0
Snare, b Golds	32
Kluckner, b Golds	24
Harvey, c Stevens b Hoar	3
Wickens, c Church b Hall	39
Nichols, c Mears b Golds	0
Bowler, b Golds	28
Pollard, run out	3
Jackson, not out	7
Waters, b Golds	0
Church, b Golds	2
Extras	16
Total	154

LETTER "H" COMPANY.

Slaughter c Wickens b Church	23	not out	1
Hanning b Wickens	3	b Harvey	0
Mall b Wickens	0	b Wickens	0
Keats b Wickens	0	b Wickens	10
Tennant c Kluckner b Wickens	4	b Wickens	18
Stevens b Wickens	1	c Arms b Wickens	0
Golds c & b Harvey	2	b Harvey	0
Hoar b Harvey	8	b Wickens	1
Cronin b Wickens	3	b Wickens	0
Mears not out	7	b Wickens	1
Church b Wickens	1	c Waters b Wickens	3
Extras	13	Extras	nil
Total	65	Total	37

"B" COMPANY *v* "F" COMPANY.

Played at Fort William on the 28th inst, resulting in a win for "B" Company by 9 runs.

"B" COMPANY.

Clark c Ward b Reed	0	c & b Reed	11
Chapman b Bourne	5	c Knight b Reed	0
Davis b Bourne	37	c & b Reed	32
Hasler b Bourne	8	b Reed	5
Benton c Benton b Clutton	5	b Bourne	1
Patterson b Clutton	6	c Ward b Bourne	0
Hollingdale b Bourne	0	b Bourne	6
Grey, b Bourne	2	not out	16
Eaton, b Clutton	0	not out	12
Smith, c & b Clutton	4	did not bat	
Bradford not out	1	c Reed b Bourne	0
Extras	2	Extras	nil
Total	70	Total	83

"F" COMPANY.

Vaughan, b Hasler	15	b Patterson	2
Bourne, c & b Patterson	0	run out	7
Wenman, run out	0	c Patterson b Hasler	2
Ward l b w	5	b Hasler	0
Read c Patterson b Hasler	12	b Benton	42
Knight, c Patterson b Hasler	0	c Smith b Benton	0
O'Grady b Hasler	1	b Benton	9
Carnell not out	6	c Hollingdale b Chapman	26
Rutland c Patterson b Hasler	7	c Chapman b Benton	0
Clutton b Hasler	1	c Hasler b Benton	0
Thorne c Eaton b Patterson	1	not out	3
Extras	2	Extras	3
Total	50	Total	94

"C" COMPANY *v* "D" COMPANY.

Played at Calcutta on the 26th inst. resulting in a victory for "D" Company by an innings and 72 runs.

"D" COMPANY.

Else, b Ford	9
Dallaway, c Jones b Joy	6
Evans, b Egan	59
Hills, c Featherstone b Ford	9
Pettit c Featherstone b Ford	20
Manville c Reynolds b Egan	51
Piper, b Brian	1
Appleton, b Brian	3
Osborn not out	0
Rankin b Brian	0
Adsley run out	4
Extras	12
Total	174

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"C" COMPANY.

Reynolds b Hills	0	b Hills	14
Ford, b Piper	0	b Manville	5
Egan, b Piper	0	run out	3
Joy, not out	26	c Evans b Manville	18
Fricke c & b Piper	0	b Manville	2
Funnell, b Hills	0	c Else b Hills	7
Manning, b Piper	1	b Hill	6
Featherstone b Piper	0	c & b Manville	0
Brian, b Piper	1	run out	0
Frost, b Piper	6	not out	1
Jones, c Piper b Piper	0	c Evans b Hill	2
Extras	2	Extras	8
Total	36	Total	66

The Cat.

Have you ever been flogged "Tommy"? No boys not since I was at school, but when I first joined the Army, flogging parades were not unknown, and I've always said them chaps who got their twenty-five or fifty deserved all they got as a rule. They were men you could do nothing with, and this flogging did them more good than any amount of black-hole and bread and water.

They talk about flogging as cruelty and such like, some folks who don't know what they are writing about. Mr. Stanley the explorer, calls them quakers, but I'll tell you boys it does no more harm to a *sojer* than to a boy being birched at school, I've tried the latter, I can't say I've ever had the cat laid on the back.

I've seen in my time many a man tied to the triangle, except in one case, no man ever made much noise about it, and the drummer laid it on this fellow right well I can tell you, it served him right for holloing.

To show youhow little some fellows cared for it.

I recollect once attending one of these parades. After the man had had his fifty, he turned round and said he would take another fifty, if anyone would give him a quart.

It was the hollow square, the silent parade in a retired place, the triangle, the bared shoulders of the prisoner, the doctor attending the parade, to stop the flogging if required, the sound of the fall of the cat on the shoulders, the solemn counting of the number of strokes by the drum major, the graceful yet workman-like attitude of the drummer in his shirt-sleeves, well turned up, giving the strokes (one drummer never gave more than twenty-five), it was all this that made the scene disgusting; but as for cruelty "bosh," the sight has pulled many a young soldier up, who was going wrong.

Many a boy, ah, and many a soldier too, should not be thought worse of for having been flogged. The cat is done away with now, and its right it should be, but I would have you remember, boys, often a brave soldier has been flogged in old times, for what he would now get a fine of £1, and a few weeks' imprisonment.

You lads must not think I'm in favour of flogging in the army, because I'm not, I only want you not to think too bad of them who got the scars on their backs in the olden times.

"TOMMY."

A *CAP*ITAL *CAP*RICE.

The Garb of old Gaul may be all very well,
And to Scotchmen by Heaven have been sent,
But as well put a steeple inside of a bell,
As a Scotch cap on soldier's from Kent.

A big boolsey-woolsey, with top-knot of red
In the middle a large oblong dent,
An anomaly surely to place on the head,
Of a "laddie frae" fair sunny Kent.

A serviceable cap might well be designed,
For English and Irish corps meant,
And the present unsightly head gear be consigned
To a much warmer shop than fair Kent,

If the clothing of Tommy needs any reform,
And they're asked a new cap to invent,
We'd suggest something smart, light, handy and warm,
To adorn the "braw laddies frae" Kent.

J.-COME-I.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

DURING the operations on the coast of Syria, in 1840, an Irish gentleman on board the Cyclops obtained permission to go ashore to examine the ruins of Tyre. While so engaged he suddenly came upon six soldiers, who had ensconced themselves behind a wall. They were as much surprised as he was, but before they would recover he had his pistol levelled at them, threatening to shoot the first that moved. Then he went to their muskets, which were lying on the ground, coolly shook out the priming, and, to make assurance doubly sure, spat into the touch-holes. His next move was to march his six prisoners down to the beach, and, though one managed to escape, the others were safely lodged on board the Cyclops.

A lady, rather given to *embonpoint* tries to prove to her tailor, by a rule of her own, what a superb figure she has.

"Twice round my finger is once round my wrist; Twice round my wrist is once round my neck; Twice round my neck is once round my waist—"

"Yes," growls the busy tailor, "and twice round your waist is once round Fort William."

A very popular but blind count lives in the Champs Elysees. Being witty and musical, his society is much sought after. He left Paris three months ago, and on his return called on a fashionable marchioness who was preparing to go to a fancy ball. She begged to be excused, but as he had an important message to deliver he was shown in, and being of course blind, he was asked to take a seat in her boudoir. Gossip ensued, and during all the time the marchioness, assisted by her maid, executed the mysteries of her toilet. Being ready to descend to her carriage, the count stated that he had been absent in London, and had undergone a successful operation for cataract, and could now see as well as the marchioness. The latter shrieked, and jumped into her carriage without even an *au-revoir* to her unwelcome visitor.

Invalid. I sometimes feel inclined to blow my brains out.

Friend. I shouldn't advise you to try it old chap, you know you're only a third class shot, and you wont have very much to aim at.

The following is an exact copy, in miniature, of a Parsee play bill, and should at least be interesting to our friends at home.

SIX BARGAINS FOR A SINGLE TICKET,

PRESIDENCY THEATRE

ON THE STAGE OF THE PARSEE THEATRE

On Sunday the 24th January 92 at 5, P.M.

1. The wonderful physical tricks by the **GREAT BENGAL AMUSING TROUPES** (Amateur)

2. The well-known ever-pathatic tregeo socio-Drama **SARVANEE.**

3. A testful whip of wit,

THE NEW X'MAS PANTO-WIT.

Sugar-acidated mirth, Shower of laughings:

POLKA! SONGS! WALTZ!

4. **HIGH JUMP,** (Competition) prize one SILVER MEDAL.

5. **LONG JUMP,** (Competition) prize one SILVER MEDAL.

N. B. We earnestly call the attention of our Country and Foreign brethern to attend and join.

6. SUBSTANTIAL PRESENTS. Timepieces Sticks, Chains, Valuab e Books &c., to be given one and every Audience, except gallery.

☞ Soldiers and Volunteers in uniform half price except Pit and Gallery.

ADMISSIONS.

Box (to hold 4)	Rs 4	3rd Class (Pit)	As. 8
1st Class	Rs 2	Gallery	As. 4
2nd Class	Re 1	Female	As. 8

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Thacker, Spink & Co.

CALCUTTA.

PARLOUR GAMES.

KHANOO. A game of great antiquity, having been played in China for several centuries. It is to the Chinese what whist is to the European, and is equally good for 2, 3, or 4 players.

Enamelled Card-board Box, containing 2 packs of 31 Cards, Duplex, round corners, thin porcelain face. Rulers and 2 Markers ... ... Rs. 2 0
White Leatherette Box, with ditto ... „ 3 0
French Morocco Box, with ditto ... ... „ 7 8

HALMA. A New Military Game, with Board and Wooden Men, for 2, 3, or 4 Players, Rs. 1, Rs. 2-8, 3-8 and ... ... Rs. 4 8

REVERSI. With Board and Wooden Counters Rs. 2 0

FLITTERKINS New Game for indoors. Net, Counters &c., and Rules in box, ... Rs. 1 0

TIDDLEY WINKS. With Cup, Counters &c., Rs. 1 0

SKIPIT. A game for 2, 3, or 4 players, somewhat similar to Reversi, with Pawns, Squares, &c., Rs. 2 8

FLIPPERTY FLOP. A Game similar to Tiddley Winks Complete in box with Counters. Boxwood Cup, Rules, &c., ... Rs. 1 0

SLIDIT. Wooden box containing Discs and Pips for playing the following Games: Blockade, Bombardment Jerkose, Koitery, Palmistry, Slidicto, and 4 others, with Book of Instructions, ... Rs. 1 0

GO BANG An improvement upon the Japanese Game, Book of Rules by "Cavendish," with Board and Ebony Box of Counters—

For 2 Players ... ... Rs. 5 8
For 4 Players ... ... Rs. 6 0 and 6 8

NEW PUZZLES.

SPIDER AND THE FLY The puzzle is to push by means of the Spider (quicksilver) four pieces of felt representing Flies on to the positions marked on the board Rs. 0 8

ANCHOR PUZZLE Box containing 7 stones of different shapes with which hundreds of combinations can be formed, with Book of patterns. ... Rs. 0 8

LOST SHEEP. The puzzle is to catch and pen the Sheep each in his own pen. In box 9¼ by 7 Rs. 0 12

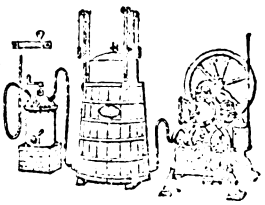
ANSWERS. Puzzle, to get a ball of colour on corresponding square. Neat card pull-out box with gilt border. ... ... Rs. 1 0

PICK-ME-UP. or Tower of Babel. The puzzle consists in rolling a ball up a spherical track until it rests on the top ledge. ... ... Rs. 0 8

HEADLESS MYSTERY. The puzzle is to place the head upon the figure of a decapitated figure, Rs. 0 12

PIGS IN CLOVER. Pigs, clover, runs and pens, in box. ... ... Rs. 0 12

The Buffs'



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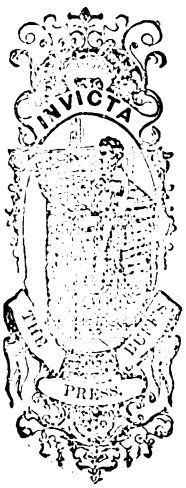
FACTORY OPENS EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Order books supplied free on application.



THE BUFFS'

Regimental Press.

THE above Press, having recently added a large quantity of fancy and ornamental type, borders &c, to its already large and well selected stock, is now in a position to undertake every description of Plain, Ornamental, and Color Printing.

THE DRAGON,

Published Monthly at two As. per copy, or sent to any address on payment of the extra cost for Postage.

BACK NUMBERS CAN ALWAYS BE OBTAINED ON APPLICATION AT THE PRINTING OFFICE.

Printed for the Editor at The Buffs' Press, Fort William, Calcutta.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

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1908

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 59, **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, FEBRUARY 29th 1892.** Price 2As

Domestic Occurrences.

Birth.

BROOKER:—At Jalapahar, on the 15th January 1892, the wife of Pte. J.W, Brooker, of a daughter, Millicent Ellen.

Deaths.

WEST.—At Mussoorie, on the 24th January 1892, John Joseph Francis, son of the *late* Pte. West.

BARTON.—At Farnborough, on 3rd January, 1892, of "Pneumonia", Edith Alice, the beloved wife of Color-Sergt. A. Barton, Depot, The Buffs.

SWINDELL.—At Canterbury, on 20th January 1892, of "Bronchitis," Percy George, the infant son of Sergt. M. E. Swindell, Permanent Staff, 3rd Battalion.

NOTES.

THE past month has been a very eventful one, and will long be remembered by all ranks in the Regiment, new Colours having been presented on the 5th inst., the Colour Ball taking place on the 27th.

... ...

To celebrate the above, a photograph of the old and new colours, with types of present and past soldiers of The Buffs, will be issued gratis, along with a "Colour Supplement" of "The Dragon," in a few days.

... ...

It was with great regret we all heard, that owing to severe indisposition, H. E. Lady Lansdowne, would be unable to present the Colours, the ceremony was however performed on her behalf, by H. E. the Viceroy, who proved a most efficient substitute.

... ...

As a memento of the event, the officers of the Battalion presented Lady Lansdowne with a very

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unique paperweight, which is in its way, quite a work of art, Messrs Hamilton & Co. being the manufacturers. It has a base of solid silver, surmounted by a beautifully cut dragon, also of solid silver, the whole being cased with gold.

... ...

The old Colours are reposing very comfortably at the Main Guard, awaiting a passage home to their last resting place—the Warriors' Chapel in Canterbury Cathedral.

... ...

Not a hitch from beginning to end, speaks a great deal for the Battalion, in carrying out a parade, which has taken place once during the last 30 years.

... ...

It does not often fall to the lot of a man to attend more than one parade for the presentation of new colours in his Regiment, but nearly the whole of the draft (Jubilee Draft) which joined the Battn. in March 1887, at Deolali, can boast of having attended two of these parades. The first time was when H. R. H. Prince Albert Victor presented New Colours to the 2nd Battn. at Dover, in August 1886, and the second occasion on the 6th inst.

... ...

We are glad to have the opportunity of placon record, the very great kindness of the Proprietor of "The Englishman," Mr. J. Sanders.

One thousand copies of "The Englishman" of the 6th, containing a full account of the Presentation of Colours, was presented by him gratis, to the N. C. O's, and men of the Regiment, and we feel sure, that this thoughtful and kindly act has been thoroughly appreciated by all ranks.

... ...

Another very kindly gift to the Regiment must be recorded this month, in the shape of a very handsome silver cup, the donor being Capt. Alderton, of the P. & O. S.S. "Ganges."

... ...

Capt. Alderton has been acquainted with The Buffs for 35 years, and served with them as a volunteer, during a portion of the China War of 1860.

... ...

Capt. Alderton was entertained at dinner by the Officers on the 27th, and in response to his health being drunk, made a very neat, and entertaining speech, in which he claimed, having known The Buffs, longer than any man in the Regiment at present.

It has been decided with his approval, that the cup shall become a Challenge Cup, for company tug-of-war teams.

... ...

It is with regret we hear of the death of Mrs. Maude, wife of General Maude, who, after being promoted Lieut. Colonel, proceeded to Limerick to raise the 2nd Battn. The Buffs, in August 1857. Mrs. Maude presented the 1st Colours to the 2nd Battn. at Malta, in 1858.

... ...

The Assault-at-Arms, took place on the 6th and 8th insts., our list of prize winners being of commendable length; the running maze, a novelty to Calcutta, quite taking the public by storm.

... ...

A series of competitions (an account of which will be found later on) are now in course of progress, between the officers of The Buffs, and the members of the Unceremonial Club. The pigeon shooting, much to everyone's surprise, being won by The Buffs, and we congratulate the team (especially Mr. or rather Captain Booth, who killed all his birds) on their performance.

... ...

Mr. Hulke has enjoyed a few days big game shooting in the Sunderbunds; two tigers, and several buffalo, and small game galore, was the result.

... ...

Speaking of big game shooting, reminds one that we think it very probable, our 2nd Battn. would like a few heads etc., to adorn the Officers' Mess with; might we suggest that some energetic sportsmen get a few day's leave and try their luck.

... ...

It is very hard on the 2nd Battalion, never having been stationed in India, and we feel sure that a gift of horns, heads, or skins, from this country, would be thoroughly appreciated by them.

... ...

The Regimental Races come off at the Body Guard Lines, Ballygunge, on the 5th March, and with Capt. Philips at the head of affairs, the meeting is sure to be a success. We hear that Mr. Annesley will probably repeat his last year's

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victory in the Regimental Cup Race. with that good pony, "Sayonala."

... ...

H. E. Lady Roberts, has visited the married quarters of the Battn, and seemed very pleased with all she saw, being particularly taken with the Women's Club. We hope the rumour is true that this club, with Mr Cumber's assistance, is giving a concert shortly.

... ...

It is only a short time ago that Lieut. Alexander of the Rifle Brigade, whose sad death at the Infantry Polo Tournament is still fresh in one's memory, was staying here at the Officers' Mess, and we feel sure that all unite with us in expressing the utmost sympathy with his brother officers and the Regiment, in the loss they have sustained.

... ...

During the last month a billiard tournament has been played off in the Sergeants' Mess, and after resulting in some good play, was won by Color-Sergeant Andrews, (Scratch.)

... ...

Main Guard Calcutta, quarter to 5 a. m.

Sentry turns out the guard in great alarm; the Officers bell is rung violently, and the worthy Mc Keating after a minute or two rushes downstairs with sword drawn and revolver in hand thinking there is another row at Kidderpore, and enquires "whats the matter?"

"The sentry says it yer please sir' the Queen's Barracks is on fire."

"Blankety, blank, blank, the Queen's Barracks," responds the Officer; "I'll go and see"; which he did, and after tumbling up four flights of stairs knocks at the door of No. 49 Quarters where the smoke has been seen issuing forth, and much to his disgust and to the amusement of the occupants, and afterwards of the whole guard, finds that an energetic little woman of the Buffs is making the kettle boil so as to give her better half a cup of tea prior to his starting for the Salt Lakes field firing.

... ...

We acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the following regimental papers:

"The Lilywhites' Gazette," 2nd E. Lanc. Regt.; "The Nines," Wiltshire Regt.; "I'm 95," 2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.; "Army Service Corps Journal;" "The Bengal Tiger," 2nd Battn. Munster Fusiliers; "St. George's Gazette," 5th Northumberland Fusiliers; "First Surrey Rifles Gazette," 1st Volunteer Battalion Surrey Rifles; "The Sprig of Shillelagh," 17th Inniskillings; "The Lancashire Lad," The Loyal North Lancashire Regt.

Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee,

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

It might be interesting to some to know that there were at least 54 matches played on the Regimental Cricket Ground during the past season (not including those played for the Shield) by the following companies.

A 7, B 2, C 13, D 3, E 5, F 9, G 6, and H 9. There would, no doubt, have been a great many more played had it not been for the Camp of Instruction, which lasted about 5 weeks, the monœuvres in some cases being of 4 and 5 hours duration. Nevertheless, cricket this year has certainly brought out some good young blood, among them being Pte. Dunham, Corpl. Davis, Corpl Joy, Drummer Piper, and Ptes. Read and Bourne, and I shall expect to see some of them if not all, give a good account of themselves next year as regimental players. We came to Lower Bengal with the reputation of being a cricketing regiment, but I am afraid that we can hardly say we have upheld it.

Is it because the Dragon is getting so aged, (nearly 320 years old) that he is losing some of the fire which used to make his foes tremble? or does he prefer the more exciting games of Football and Polo? If the former, it would be as well to place him under the tender care of Surg. Moffatt for a season, who I am sure would effect a complete cure with some of those lightning deliveries of his, so familiar to the frequenters of the Calcutta Cricket Ground, but if the latter, well, I suppose we must wait patiently until the reaction sets in, when probably he will

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return to his old friend the willow as keen as of yore. OBSERVER.

The following letter has been received by Colonel Harrison.

P. & O. S.S. "Ganges."
Calcutta,
16th February 1892.

To Colonel Harrison,
The Buffs.

Dear sir,

I have brought with me from London a small Cup, a very simple modest present to the men of The Buffs, through you, for their Atheltic Sports, if you will allow them to receive it. It is with diffidence I offer it, but if it affords the men a pleasant ten minutes competition I shall be glad. You may remember that last December, or November, when Major Ommanney kindly introduced me to you, that I said I took a civilian interest in the gallant old Regiment, having seen them at war in China, so long ago as 1860.

I may say that having been in England only about eleven days, and that at Christmas and New Year's time, I could not select a better Cup, as there was nothing in stock but this, and a large trophy—or smaller ones—and they required fourteen days to prepare one, so I selected the best I could get.

With many kind wishes to you, and The Buffs, and thanking you for your kind permission.

I remain yours faithfully,
F. J. Alderton,
Commander S.S. "Ganges."

In response to the request that Capt. Alderton would state particulary in which way he became interested in the Regiment, the following was sent:

P. & O. S.S. "Ganges,"
Calcutta, Wednesday, 18th Jan.

Dear Colonel Harrison,

Many thanks for your kind note, with your and the officers' idea of the use of the cup, with which I quite agree.

As you mentioned that a line or two will appear in the Regimental Paper, I may perhaps say that during the China War of 1860, and when the incident occurred of my marching up with the Buffs, and subsequently meeting Lieut. Colonel Sargent, in command of the captured Forts at Taku—I was 2nd Officer of the P, & O. S.S. "Chusan," a vessel engaged largely in keeping up communications between the fleet, anchored some distance off shore, and the army—being landed—which took some days. When the fighting was to take place, I obtained leave, and went up with the army, and I was subsequently left behind on shore by my ship proceeding to sea. I saw more fighting, then rejoined my ship, saw the Forts captured etc., etc., and was employed with the Gun-boats, keeping up communications with Tien-Tsin and Pekin, the river being narrow and difficult, the larger 'Men of War' and 'Merchants' could not proceed up the river.

I was chief officer of the same ship for some months previous to proceeding North, but being young, was superseded by a senior officer, but preferred to go as Second, rather than lose the chance of seeing more service. Having marched up with the Buffs, and receiving their hospitality on more than one occasion, naturally led me to take a kindly interest in them.

Apologizing for this long explanatory note, and with many good wishes and thanks to all.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
F. J. Alderton.

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Things are very quiet here, nothing exciting or stirring except the Influenza, which although very bad in the city of Canterbury and neighbourhood, has only attacked the Troops here but very slightly.

No. 1541 Pte. J. Lambert died at the Station Hospital at Portsmouth, of Dysentery, on 15th December 1891.

The following N.-C. Os. and men have been discharged:—

No. 681 Pte. W. Barnfather, 22-12-91 rejected.
,, 2794 ,, W. G. Haynes, 29-12-91 do.
,, 1252 ,, G. Keeler, 13-1-92 do.

Permanent Staff 3rd Battn.

Sergt. T. Ryan. 26-1-92 not yet known.
Col.-Sergt. G. Baker, 10-1-92 2s 3d. per diem.
Sergt. J. Quinn has been promoted Col.-Sergt. on Permanent Staff, 3rd Battn. *vice* Baker.

Col.-Sergt. W. Stock Permanent Staff 3rd Battn., and Sergt. Instructor R. Newsham, (Wingham Company) 1st Volunteer Battn, are

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about to be discharged to pension.

No. 1619 Pte. T. Amos having been found fit for further duty, joined the 2nd Battn. from Netley, on 24th December 1891.

16 Recruits were sent from the Depot to the Home Battn. on 1st January 1892.

The annual school treat to the children attending the 3rd Regimental District School, took place in the Gymnasium on 14th January, but owing to the lamented death of H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence on that day, the children after partaking of the good things, in the shape of tea and cake, provided for them, and receiving each a useful present of clothing etc., dispersed.

Schoolmistress White who has been in charge of the school for nearly six years, has been transferred to 28th Regtl. District School at Bristol, and is to be succeeded by the wife of Schoolmaster Hickie, now enroute to this country from India.

The Depot Foot Ball Team have only played one match this year *viz* against a mixed team composed of the 11th and 19th Hussars, whom they succeeded in beating by 3 goals to one.

The 2nd Battn. expect to move to Ireland towards the end of the summer. Head quarters and 4 companies to be located at Londonderry, and the other 4 companies at Enniskillen.

Old Buffs deceased :—

No. 3616 Pte. John Rielly, 1st Battn. The Buffs, died in St. George's Hospital London 29th October 1891, aged 55 years. Served 21 years 10 months, discharged to pension of 1s per diem. March 1877. China medal.

No. 464 Pte. Charles Turner, 1st Battn. The Buffs, died in London 24th December 1891, aged 55 years, admitted to pension of 1s. 1½d. per diem. after 22 years service, June 1881. Medals, Good Conduct and Perak.

No. 498 Corpl. Samuel Pickett, 1st Battn. The Buffs, died in London 25th December, 1891, aged 51 years. Admitted to pension of 1s. ½d. per diem August 1880 after 21 years service, no medals.

No. 515 Pte. Andrew Hogan, 2nd Battn, The Buffs, died at Limerick, 4th January 1892 aged 53 years. Discharged in consequence of amputation of left leg, 1861 after serving 3 years and 10 months, and granted a pension of 7d per diem for life, no medals.

No. 3765 Col.-Sergt. Charles Paget, The Buffs, died at Canterbury 14th January 1892, aged 55 years. Discharged to pension of 2s. 3d. per diem after 21 years service, September 1876. Served on staff of 3rd E. K. Regiment until September 1885, when pension was increased to 2s. 7d. per diem, no medals.

Yours faithfully,

OLD BUFF.

Army Temperance Association Notes.

The vitality of the Buffs' branch of this most flourishing Society has been still further augmented by an infusion of new and young blood, furnished from the veins of the draft which has just joined us.

A tea and entertainment, to celebrate the arrival of the draft was projected by the managers of the local branch, and came off on the evening of the 21st of Jan. Almost all the new arrivals responded to the invitation, and the tea was fully up to the best traditions of A. T. A catering.

After the spread, there was a gathering of the clans in the Temperance Hall, and the arrival on the scene of Lieut.-Colonel Harrison was signalised by cheering and clapping of the most enthusiastic description. Among the numerous gathering of visitors were the Red Stone, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Rogers, the Grand Chief Templar of the I. O. G. T , and (we should have placed these first) several ladies.

Colonel Harrison in a few felicitous remarks, touched on the serious liver-destroying qualities of alcoholic liquor and commended temperance to the young soldier. That aged but perennial warrior, Mr. Bancroft, interested the audience with some military reminiscences of half a century back, and quite won the hearts of all by his complimentary allusions to the Regiment. The first part of the entertainment was then discussed, everything in the shape of song and joke being vastly appreciated.

The interlude was taken up with short but pithy addresses from Mr. Rogers and Sergeant Burrows. Honours were presented by Mr. Rogers to Mr. Bancroft, and Lance Corpl. T. Bryan, the former gentleman receiving the Regimental Star in acknowledgement of his great exertions in the local temperance cause, and the association medal falling to the lot of the Corporal in reward for good work performed.

The second portion of the programme proved even more enjoyable than the first, brothers Hobbs, and Paramour, particularly distinguishing themselves.

The affairs of our local branch of the A. T. A. may be said to be in a most flourishing condition, the member's roll now shows 388 names, a most satisfactory and encouraging state of things.

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Officers the Buffs, v. Unceremonials

A SERIES of sporting competitions, between the officers and the members of the above club, began on the 12th February, with a lawn tennis match; Lieuts Booth and Eales represented The Buffs, Messrs Sky-Thomas and J. Gladstone, the club This event requires little comment, the two Buffs making a very poor show, the game ending in two sets to love against them.

That same evening a large party of Buffs were entertained at dinner by the Club, to see the billiard match, Major Harley and Lieutenant Swetenham, playing against Messrs J. and W. Gladstone. On the first 100 being reached, the Club were nearly 60 points in front, however aided by some useful breaks on the part of Major Harley, who played steadily throughout, the lead was diminished, the Club finally winning by 42 points.

The next event, Pigeon Shooting, took place on the 14th at the Gun Club, and this was looked upon as a walk over for the Club, but with Lieut. Booth killing all his birds in capital style, and the rest of the team, Lieuts Parry, Hasler, and Swetenham all shooting well, The Buffs secured their first event by 16 birds to 12.

Major Harley, Lieuts LLoyd, Pearson, and Cumber, proved too strong at the rifle shooting, for the Club representatives Messrs T. Cubitt, A. Gladstone, W. Gladstone, and Sky-Thomas.

The match, 10 rounds at 200 and 500 yards took place on the 16th at Ballygunge Range, and resulted in a win for the Buffs by 47 points.

Lieut. Pearson with 85 Mr Cubitt with 77 being top scores respectively.

The Racquet Match on the 25th like the tennis was a walk over for the Club, Messrs Colvin, and Cubitt winning the rubber by 3 sets to love against Capt. Daglish and Lieut. Eaton.

The Cricket Match on the 27th took place at Belvedere, and after a good game, the Club won by 34 runs; so far the Buffs have only won 2 events against 4 of the Uncremonials, and we hope to see them pull up in the Tug of War and Tent Pegging.

A Shipwreck.

HAVE you ever been shipwrecked Tommy"? "No! I can't say I have, I was once in a ship, when we rescued a shipwrecked crew, and an awful sight it was, I can tell you. I was going from Japan to Hong Kong, in a well found P. and O. steamer—I forget her name now. We had very bad weather after leaving Yokohama for three days, and were caught in a regular bad typhoon. I dont know if you boys have ever experienced one of them, but I can tell you they are no joke. I have been in a gale in the Bay, and a cyclone in other waters, but for a real out-and-outer, and a rough-and-tumble down sea, give me a good typhoon. A storm at sea is a glorious sight, it always gives me the idea of a great fight between the wind and the sea, and that the sea forces conquer, because the wind drops its colours before the still raging sea calms down—there's an allegory for you boys.

Well we had left the most southern of the Japan Islands about twelve hours, were well out of sight of land, and were getting into smoother water, but still rough, when about 10 a.m., we saw, a long distance off, a flapping of something close down to the water, which no one could make out at first. Some thought it a whale, with its numerous whale birds hovering around it, we all got our field glasses out to have a look; at last some one discovered it to be 'Japs.', waving the little clothing they possessed, on what was thought to be a raft, but on nearer approach, it was found to be a Japanese sailing ship, bottom uppermost. Our Captain as soon as he saw the wreck, steered for it, and at the speed we were going, rather over ran the mark, and passed the wreck. To my dying day I shall never forget the supplications of the poor 'Japs.', when they saw us passing them, and as they thought, leaving them to their fate. However we soon went about, to their great joy, lowered a boat, and with great difficulty, got the poor half dead, fellows on board.

Imagine the picture lads, which will be for

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ever engraved on my memory, and I'll leave you to think out the rest. Out of sight of land, a Japanese Junk, in a roughish sea bottom uppermost, and fourteen wretched, almost clothless 'Japs.', hanging on the keel, or any rope they could lay hold of, some were in, some half in the water, waves continually breaking over them, their hands perfectly white from being so long in the water, and the flesh on their hands cut to the bone from hanging on to the ropes etc.

We gathered from them that they had been caught in a typhoon, and had been in this predicament for three days, and that ten of the crew had been washed off the wreck from sheer exhaustion, besides many others, who could not reach it. By careful treatment, and rubbing the limbs of these poor chaps, in which we all joined, they lived to reach Hong Kong, although some of them were in a bad way.

We fitted them up in Europe clothes, the ship's crew and passengers gave them a well filled purse on arriving at Hong Kong, and a more grateful lot I never came across. I heard a terwards, the Mikado, the Emperor of Japan, expressed his thanks to the English Government for the kindness on the part of a few Englishmen, and gave all the ship's officers a present.

This is a true story of a wreck which the writer saw. *"Tommy."*

Football, the old Game.

Only a bit of leather,
Only an oval sphere,
But we'll cherish the sphere that our fathers loved,
And the game they held so dear.
Who dares to say a word against,
The ball we prize as gold,
Shall learn that Briton's sons to-day,
Are as strong as they were of old.
"Otago Football Annual."

LIKE most of our outdoor games, football can boast of great antiquity. Like the gardener Adam and his wife, it "can smile at the claims of long descent." Fierce wordy warfare has been waged about the invention of printing, of gunpowder, of the mariner's compass, and so on; but these mysteries would be trifles light as air compared with the serious effort, if any man were insane enough to make it, to discover the inventor of football. "Depend upon it," as one has truly said, "the simpler ball games are as old as the human race, and the man, woman, or child who first kicked something round, or threw it about sportively, gave rise to a rough-and-ready pastime, out of which football, and a host of other games grew during the centuries."

We owe football to the Romans. There is no doubt that it came over to England with Julius Cæsar. From the Romans the natives soon learned the game, and it got that firm foothold in the country, which it has ever since retained, in spite of Acts of Parliament, and the opposition of Kings. Edward III.—the hero of Crécy and Poiters—was the first English monarch who forbade indulgence in the game, on pain of imprisonment. This edict was renewed by his unhappy grandson, Richard II.

Then our English Solomon—

King James, with his wide frilled breeches,
Who held in abhorrence tobacco and witches,

also held in abhorrence this old game of football.

But there was the making of first-rate sport in the game, and it was as idle to attempt to crush football by the word of a King, as for Canute, according to the venerable story, to attempt thus to repel the waves of the sea.

Seeing that footballers were so devoted to the leather that they dared the frowns and threats of Royalty, we need not be surprised to learn that once a year they had a grand festival entirely devoted to the game.

Shrove Tuesday seems to have been the day set apart to football.

Allusion is made in William Fitzstephen's "History of London" (written in the reign of Henry II., about 1175) to the young men withdrawing to the fields after dinner, to indulge in the game of England. Both sexes played football on Shrove Tuesday, and easy-going folk doubtless wished the festival at Jericho, for before it was over, it was no uncommon thing for horse-play and rioting to be seen on a large scale. Windows had to be barricaded and doors secured, so serious was the risk of damage and danger on these occasions.

(To be continued.)

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The Subaltern's Lesson.

SOME five years ago I was a subaltern in a marching regiment, and quartered in a large garrison town in England. My duties consisted of the usual round of morning and afternoon parades, visiting the men's dinners and teas, and other regular work. In addition to this, we had to occasionally mount guard and to pass twenty-four hours in a sort of half-imprisonment. It is one of the regulations of the service, that when officers or men are on guard, they should always be in a state of readiness to "fall in" at a moment's notice. If you feel very sleepy, and desire rest, you must take it whilst you are buttoned up to the throat and strapped down at the heels; a lounge in an arm-chair, or probably a little horizontal refreshment upon a sofa, are the extent of rest which an officer is supposed to indulge in.

Among my brother subalterns in garrison, it was our usual practise to infringe upon this strict letter of the law, and when the principal part of our duty had been accomplished, we used to indulge ourselves by divesting our limbs of their armour and seeking refreshment between the sheets of a little camp-bed that was placed in the inner guard-room.

It was part of the duties of an officer on guard to visit all the sentries during the night, the time for visiting them being an hour or so after the field officer had visited the guard, the field officer being a colonel or major who was on duty for the day, and who came once by day and once by night to visit the guards, and to see that all was as it should be. There was no exact limit to the number of times that this field officer might visit the guards, but it was the usual thing, and had become almost a custom, for him to come once by day and once by night, so that after the last visit, the subaltern usually waited an hour or so, walked round the limits of his post, visited all his sentries, and then turned into bed.

It was on a bitter cold morning in January that my turn for guard came on. I marched my men to their post, relieved the old guard, and then, having gone through the regular duty and dined, endeavoured to pass the time until the field officer had visited me. The previous evening I had been at a ball in the town, and in consequence was very tired and sleepy, and looked with considerable longing to the period when I could refresh myself by unrobing and enjoying a good snooze. At length I heard the welcome challenge, "Who comes there?" which was answered, "Rounds!" "What rounds?" "Grand rounds!" and "Guard turn out!" was the signal which I willingly obeyed, for I knew that in about one hour afterwards I should be in the arms of the god of sleep.

Slipping on my coat and cap, and grasping my sword, I placed myself in front of the guard, and received the field officer, who briefly asked me if all was correct, directed me to dismiss my guard, and rode off without saying good-night, a proceeding that I thought rather formal.

Giving instructions to the sergeant to call me in an hour for the purpose of visiting the sentries, I threw myself into an arm-chair and tried to read a novel. Time passed very quickly, as I had a nap or two, and the sergeant soon appeared with a lantern to conduct me round the sentries.

It was a terrible night; the wind was blowing hard, whilst the snow and sleet were driving along before it. The thermometer was several degrees below freezing, and I felt that I deserved much from my country for performing so conscientiously my arduous duties. The sentries were very much scattered and I had to walk nearly two miles to visit them all. I accomplished my task, however, and returned to the guard room, where I treated myself to a stiff glass of grog, and throwing off my regimentals, jumped into bed, feeling that I really deserved the luxury. In a few minutes I was fast asleep, not even dreaming of any of my fair partners of the ball, but sound asleep.

Suddenly I became conscious of a great noise, which sounded like a drum being beaten. At first I did not realize my position, and could not remember where I was, but it flashed across me that I was on guard, and that something was the matter. Jumping out of bed, I called to know who was there. The Sergeant answered in a hurry, saying, "Sir, the field officer of the day

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is coming, and the guard is turning out." I rushed to my boots, pulled them on over my unstockinged feet; thrust my sword-arm into my large regimental coat, which I pulled over me; jammed my forage cap on my head, and grasping my sword, looked to the outward observer "fit for parade."

I was just in time to receive the field officer, who again asked me if my guard was correct. I answered, rather in a tone of surprise, and said "Yes Sir, all correct!" I could not imagine why my guard should be visited twice, as such a proceeding was very unusual, and perhaps my tone seemed to imply that I was surprised. Whether it was that, or whether a treacherous gust of wind removed the folds of my coat, and exhibited the slightest taste in life of the end of my night-shirt, I know not; but the field officer instead of riding off when he received my answer, turned his horse's head in the opposite direction, and said "Now Sir, I want you to accompany me round the sentries."

Had he told me that he wanted me to accompany him to the regions below, I should scarce have been more horror stricken, for already I had found the change of temperature between a warm bed in a warm room and the outside air, and to walk two miles on a windy, frosty night, with no raiment besides boots, night-shirt, and cloak, was really suffering for one's country and no mistake. I dared not show the slightest hesitation, however, for fear the state of my attire might be suspected, though I would have given a week's pay to have escaped for only five minutes. A non-commissioned officer was ready with a lantern, and we started on our tour of inspection

The field officer asked several questions connected with the position and the duties of the sentries, to which I gave answers as well as the chattering of my teeth would permit me. The most nervous work, however, was passing the gas-lamps, which were placed at intervals of one or two hundred yards. The wind was blowing so fresh that it was with difficulty I could hold my cloak around me, and conceal the absence of my under garments. Every now and then an extra gust of wind would come round a corner, and quite defeat all the precautions which I had adopted to encounter the steady gale. I managed to dodge in the shade as much as possible, and more than once ran the risk of being kicked by the field officer's horse, as I slunk behind him when the gas-light might have revealed too much.

It was terribly cold, to be sure, the wind and snow almost numbing my limbs. I had a kind of faint hope that the field officer might think that I belonged to a Highland regiment, and if he did observe the scantiness of my attire might believe that the kilt would explain it. I struggled and shivered on, knowing that all things must have an end, and that my "rounds" must come to an end before long. But I feared that I should not again get warm during the night. We had nearly completed our tour, and were within a few hundred yards of the guard-room when we passed the field officer's quarters. I fondly hoped that he would not pass them, and that he would dismiss me at the door, but I was rather surprised to see a blaze of light come from the windows, and to hear the sound of music.

It was evident that there was a "hop" going on inside, and I already began to tremble from a sort of instinct that even worse misfortunes were yet to attend me. My premonitions were true, for upon reaching his door my persecutor, in quite a cheerful tone, said, "Well, we've had a cold tour; you must now come in and take a glass of wine, and perhaps a waltz will warm you." "I'm really much obliged," I hastily answered, "but I should not like to leave my guard." "Nonsense, nonsense, man, the guard will be alright; you must come." This "must" he said in quite a determined tone. I felt desperate, and again declared that I thought I should be wrong to leave my guard. "I'll take the responsibility," said the demon, "so come along," saying which he grasped my arm, and almost dragged me into the porch of his quarters. When we entered the house, and were exposed to the light of the hall lamps, I fancied I saw a twinkle in the eye of the officer, and I began to wonder whether he really knew of my predicament, and wished to have his joke. He however gave no other intimation that I saw, but quickly took off his cloak, and said that I had better do the same. Seeing me hesitate, he said "Come, look alive; off with it."

Further remonstance, I found, would be useless so that there was no help for me but a full confession. Summoning my courage, and fearing to hesitate, I blurted out: "Colonel, I've no

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trousers on."

"The deuce you haven't!" he said. "Well you'd better go and put them on, and then come here as soon as possible, and have a glass of something warm."

I rushed out of his quarters, half determined not to return. I was fully awake now, and shivered like a half drowned dog; but no sooner had I dressed myself than the Colonel's servant came over to say that a "quadrille" was waiting for me. I determined to put a bold face on the matter, and entered the drawing-room, where a party of about 50 had assembled. It was evident by the titter of the young ladies, the grins of the men, and the subdued smiles of the dowagers, that my story was known. The Colonel had told it as a good joke to the Major, who had whispered it to his wife; she had breathed it into the ear of two of her friends, and in about ten minutes every person in the room knew that a young subaltern had unwillingly gone his rounds in his night shirt. As long as I stayed in that garrison I was a standing joke. When the girls saw me they always looked away and smiled, and it seemed as impossible for me to obtain a serious answer from any one of them as for a clown to preach a sermon.

They even seemed afraid to dance with me, fearing, as I afterwards heard, to look at my legs lest I might be deficient in some article of raiment. I soon exchanged, and went into another regiment, and years afterwards heard my own adventure related in a crowded room, all the details of the story being true except the name of the performer—my misfortune having been attributed to an unfortunate fellow who had died in India. I never went to bed on guard after that night. *Chamber's Journal.*

Few, if any of the Regiment, know of a very interesting event, which took place on Saturday the 27th inst., at the Roman Catholic Chapel, Fort William, when our Schoolmistress, Miss M. E. Taylor, was united in the bonds of matrimony to Color Sergt. Barron, East Surrey Regiment.

The bride was dressed in lavender, while her bridesmaids were tastefully arrayed to represent tea roses and pansy blossoms; after the ceremony was over, the bridal party adjourned to an Hotel in Calcutta, to drink the health of the happy pair.

Unfortunately our front page had already been struck off, hence the ommission in our column of domestic occurrences.

Cricket.

2nd Tie for Cricket Shield.

"A" *versus* "B."

Played on the 3rd inst, and resulted in a very easy win for the former. I think it a great pity that the latter company would not play the two innings as suggested by the Committee, to enable the averages to be struck and the money prizes awarded, as the Regimental Club was kind enough to offer money prizes for the best batting and bowling averages in the different ties, and as these averages could not be computed fairly unless each man played two innings, it was surmised that each team would be very keen about it, and give everyone a chance to earn the Rs 20 and Rs 10 each for batting and bowling, which amounts at the present Government rate, means £1 10 and 15s. respectively. I am well aware that the above suggestion is against the rules of Cricket, but it was the only possible way to arrive at a fair average; however I hear that the Committee intend to decide the knotty point themselves, and award prizes to those whom they think have shown the best form.

A Company.

Dunham, b Benton	5
Brown, b Hasler	0
Colvin, run out	13
McCalla, c Cooper, b Benton	21
Dyer, c Grey, b Chapman	22
Sale, b Hasler	31
Leek, c Hasler b Eaton	28
Burns, b Eaton	16
Beale, b Hasler	4
Holman, not out	0
Matthews, c & b Hasler	0
Extras	7
Total	147

B Company.

Cooper, b Dyer	1	b Dyer	0
Hasler, b Dyer	2	b Dyer	18
Davis, b McCalla	0	b Dyer	6
Raward, b Dyer	9	c Colvin b Sale	16
Clark, b Dyer	8	c Colvin b Dyer	16
Benton, b Dyer	9	b Dyer	0
Eaton, b McCalla	2	not out	10
Grey, run out	0	b Dyer	0
Chapman, not out	7	c Burns b Dyer	0
Hollingdale, run out	0	b Dyer	0
Smith, c Beale b Dyer	0	b Dyer	2
Extras	15	Extras	19
Total	53	Total	81

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"D" *versus* "E"

This tie was played off on the 4th inst., and caused another surprise. D Company winning a good game by 7 runs, the old saying 'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' repeating itself on this occasion. The play on both sides was very good indeed. the fielding was a marked improvement on the previous matches played for the shield. This leaves D Company the honor of playing off in the final tie with the present holders of the shield A Company.

D Company.

Pettitt, c Harvey b Wickens	1	b Wickens	0
Evans, b Wickens	0	b Harvey	0
Piper, do	5	c & b Wickens	24
Hills, do	0	b Wickens	0
Else, b Harvey	8	do	1
Dallaway, not out	11	do	14
Manville, b Wickens	0	do	28
Appleton, run out	0	do	0
Osborne, b Wickens	1	do	0
Sedgewick, c Kluckner b Wickens	7	do	0
Adsley, b Harvey	2	not out	2
Extras	4	Extras	8
Total	39	Total	77

E Company.

Wittering, c Hills b Manville	32	c Evans b Manville	5
Spare, b Hills	1	run out	2
Kluckner, l b w, b Hills	6	c Osborne b Hills	0
Waters, b Hills	1	b Hills	6
Wickens, b Piper	0	c Sedgewick b Hills	11
Wilson, b Hills	0	do do	0
Harvey, run out	0	b Hills	0
Nicholls, b Hills	6	do	7
Dillon, b Manville	2	not out	7
Arms, Not out	0	b Hills	0
Bowler, b Hills	3	do	17
Extras	2	Extras	1
Total	53	Total	56

Final Tie, "A" versus "D"

The above tie was played off on Tuesday, the 9th inst,, and A Company has proved that it possesses by far and away the best company team in the regiment; this being the third successive silver bar attached to the shield, with A company's name upon it, I really think the team should get something, and I would suggest a miniature shield for each man, with a suitable inscription upon it; no team will probably win the shield again three years in succession, and I hope the committee will be able to see their way clear to do something for the winners on this occasion. A great deal could be said about the different teams that have played this year, but my advice to all is, look more to the fielding, endeavour to get a good pitch on the ball, but dont try to be a *Spofforth* all at once, and last but not least, to bear in mind, that it is only continual *practice that makes one perfect*.

OBSERVER.

D Company.

Pettitt b McCalla	32	c Beale b McCalla	6
Piper b Dyer	19	b Leek	6
Dalloway c & b Dyer	0	b Dyer	8
Manville st Colvin b Dyer	2	do	28
Evans b Dyer	0	c Burns b Dyer	0
Hills b Leek	0	b Dyer	0
Appleton l b w b Dyer	0	absent	
Else c Burns b Leek	10	c & b Leek	4
Sedgewick b Dyer	5	c Burns b Leek	0
Osborne b McCalla	2	b McCalla	0
Rankin not out	2	not out	1
Extras	7	Extras	4
Total	79	Total	57

A Company.

Dunham c Pettitt b Hills	29
Holman b Hills	20
Colvin c & b Manville	7
Sale b Manville	12
Dyer c Sedgewick b Hills	15
McCalla c Sedgewick b Hills	13
Brown not out	22
Leek b Osborne	14
Burns b Hills	0
Clarke b Hills	0
Beale b Piper	0
Extras	12
Total	144

Sporting.

SOCIETY turned up in great force on Thursday, the 26th inst., to see a Ladies' Competition at Tilting the Ring, for a prize of a very pretty gold bangle, presented by Col. Harrison.

The competition was very keen, and the performances, on the part of the ladies, decidedly above the average. The competitors were Mrs Laurie Johnstone, Mrs Thomas, Mrs Witham, Mrs Trollope, Mrs Dudley-Myers, Miss Pritchard, Miss Thuillier, Miss Little, Miss Pemberton, and after a good contest, the prize was won by Miss Pritchard, who in her 2nd round carried off all her rings in capital style. The post of judge, a position always difficult to fill, in this case doubly so, was, with the unanimous consent of the ladies, allotted to our popular parson the Rev. A. Stone, who carried out his duties so well, that he is to be installed as permanent judge:—*vice* Paris to a back seat.

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Calcutta Assault-at-Arms.

THE annual Assault-at-Arms in aid of Lady Roberts' Homes took place on the 6th and 8th insts., on the race course in front of the Grand Stand, but for various reasons was not so well patronised as on previous occasions, although a very attractive programme had been arranged for each of the two afternoons.

On each occasion the Buffs were greatly in evidence, and one of the most exciting events on the 1st day was the final tug-of-war between teams from the 21st S. D. R. A. and The Buffs, which resulted in an easy win for the latter, as the pull was over in well under four minutes.

In the previous Ties our "A" team first drew a bye, while our "B" team were opposed against a team from the 1st East Surrey Regt., whom they succeeded in beating. In the second Tie our "A" and "B" teams were unfortunately pitted against each other, when the "A" team, of course, was victorious, thus being left in the final with the result already mentioned.

The winning team was composed of: Colour Sergt. Hoar, Sergt. Cork, Corpl. Leek, Ptes. Attaway, Pollard, Paine. Webb, Jubb, Comley, and Funnell. It will be interesting to know that their average weight was 13 stone 6½ lbs. They were certainly in splendid condition, which we hear was partly due to the substantial suppers supplied to them as well as the careful coaching of Mr. LLoyd.

The Running Maze by a class of 64 men of The Buffs, the leaders being Pts. Lacey and Waller, proved a very pleasing item, and won great applause from the spectators, most of whom had seen nothing of the kind before.

Great credit is due to our Gymnastic Instructor, Sergt. Eaton, for their careful training, he being highly complimented at its conclusion by Major General Viscount Frankfort.

In the Bayonet *versus* Bayonet between Troop Sergt.-Major Sinclair, Calcutta Light Horse, and Sergt. Eaton, The Buffs, the prize fell to the former.

In the first day's programme the display by the Club Squad from the East Surrey Regiment was extremely pretty, and won rounds of well deserved applause.

The second day was even more sparsely attended than the first, although His Excellency the Viceroy paid a visit during the latter part of the afternoon, and took great interest in the proceedings.

Among the finals that were decided on this day Sword *versus* Sword came first, Sergt. Stirke, The Buffs, finding an opponent well worthy of his skill in Transport Sergt.-Major McManus, who for upwards of ten years was Staff Instructor of Gymnastics at Umballa, and who proved himself the better swordsman of the two.

In the final with the foils Transport Sergt Major McManus was beaten by Corpl. Aitkens, The Buffs, after a hard tussle.

Sergeant Cork, The Buffs, had next to try conclusions with Troop Sergt. Major Sinclair, Calcutta Light Horse, and managed to come off victorious, this being for 3 years in succession he has won this event.

Our Musicial Club Squad with their heavier clubs proved as attractive as ever, winning great applause.

Pte. Else, The Buffs, won the 440 yards heavy marching order race, when 40 rounds of ball ammunition were carried, and thus secured the very substantial prize of Rs 50.

Among numerous other events the tent pegging, won by a team of the 17th B. C., and the Gun Mounting and Dismounting competition between the 21st S. D. R. A. and the Cossipore Artillery Volunteers, in which the Regulars were victorious, were very interesting. On both days the bands of The Buffs, and Calcutta Volunteers enlivened the proceedings with their music, and at the close of the second afternoon's proceedings Lady Frankfort distributed the prizes to the successful competitors.

In conclusion we would mention one great improvement made this year in screening the top of the Grand Stand with a canvas awning, thus materially adding to the comfort of the Warrant, N.C.-O's. and Men and their wives and families.

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Anecdote of the late Duke of Cumberland.

AFTER the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, a number of officers of regiments were reduced. One of these gentlemen having accidentally introduced himself into a subscription billiard room at a coffee house near St. James's, found the Duke of Cumberlan at play with a Colonel of the Guards. It was a match for a considerable sum, and the termination of it was looked for with apparent eagerness by the numerous spectators. H.R.H. lost the game, and immediately putting his hand into his pocket, discovered he had lost a gold snuff box, on the top of which was a fine portrait of Frederick of Prussia, set round with brilliants. A general confusion ensued, the door was immediately locked, and a search called for, which was readily assented to by all present except the stranger, who declared he would lose his life before he would submit to the proposal; little doubt was then entertained but he was the pickpocket, and resistance appeared useless. The indignant soldier then requested that H.R.H. would honour him with a private interview; to this the Duke assented, and the company remained in the greatest suspense. On entering the room, the officer thus addressed the Duke—"May it please your Royal Highness, I am a soldier; but my sword is no longer of service to me or my country, and the only means I have to support the character of a gentleman (which no distress shall induce me to forfeit) is the half-pay which I receive from the bounty of my Sovereign. My name is C——, my rank a lieutenant in the Old Buffs. I dined this day at a chop-house, where I paid for a rump-steak; but eating only half of it, I have the remainder wrapped up in paper in my pocket, for another scanty meal at my humble lodgings," and, immediately producing it, added, "I am now, sir, ready to undergo the strictest search." "I'll be damned if you shall," replied the Duke; and, on their return to the billiard room, the flap of H.R.H.'s coat struck against the entrance, when it was discovered that the seam of his pocket was unsewed, and the lost valuable was safe in the silk lining. A few days after, the gallant officer received a captain's commission, with a flattering letter of promise from the Royal Duke of future promotion. *Sprig of Shillelagh.*

The following extract from a speech by Major General Sir John Hudson, K. C. B., is very interesting, and might be profitably read by those who are thinking of going away on the reserve. The speech was made on the occasion of the opening of the Meerut Industrial Exhibition, on the 25th January, 1892.

"In these day's of short service, the majority of recruits enlist at a very early age, in many cases before they have had time to learn or perfect themselves in any trade. The consequence is that when they arrive at the end of their six or seven year's service with the colours, and elect to return to England, to join what is called the 'Reserve,' they have no means of earning a livelihood. The £20 'deferred pay' very soon melts away, and they find themselves thrown on the world, not only without employment, but without any such knowledge of trade or handicraft as will enable them to obtain it. I should like to impress this most strongly on all who hear me to-day. Believe me, men, it is no fiction or exaggeration when I tell you that of the large numbers of men that leave India every trooping season, as time expired, there are very many who are almost starving within six months of their arrival in England.

Let me urge all those among you who are drawing near to the end of your first term of engagement, to consider well before you leave a profession in which you are well cared for, and may be happy and comfortable, and respected by those around you. Those who are thinking of leaving the colours should consider carefully and anxiously what may be before them, and ask themselves whether they have sufficient knowledge of a trade, and sufficient skill in practising it, to enable them to earn a living and support themselves and those who may be dependent on them, and further whether they have reasonable prospect, by the help of friends or otherwise, of obtaining employment. For, as our †old soldier says, it by no means follows that even those who practice a trade will get employment. As regards the short-service system, I cordially endorse the old soldier's opinion, and devoutly hope and believe that its day's are numbered, at all events so far as the army in India is concerned."

† Gen. Hudson here refers to a letter written on the subject by an old soldier.

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Regimental Items.

Lieut. C, C. Cobbe has been granted 12 months' leave to England on private affairs.

Major A. E. Ommanney, proceeded to take over the duties of Commandant of the Convalescent Depot, Darjeeling, on the 10th inst.

Intimation has been received from Horse Guards, that His Royal Highness, the Commander-in-Chief has approved of the officer named below being appointed to the Battalion.

2nd Lieut. R. Mc. Donall.

Sergt. A. F. Parsons has been appointed Orderly-Room Sergeant at Deolali.

Qr. Mr, Sergt. W. H Nicholas is appointed Acting Mr. Tailor to the Battn. from the 1st August 1891 inclusive.

Territorial numbers, as under, have been assigned to the undermentioned men.

Private	G, Harrington,	3732,
,,	J. Kilroy,	3733.
Boy	J. Moore,	3734.

The undermentioned man has been permitted to extend his period of Army Service to complete 12 years with the Colours. 1451 Pte. H. Price.

Sergt. J. Boulter obtained a 1st Class Certificate of Education at an examination held at Fort William, on the 29th & 30th October 1881. At the same time and place the undermentioned obtained the qualifying aggregate but have to sit again in one subject only viz:—Lce. Sergt G. H. Sale (History) Lce. Corpl. A. Featherstone (History) Pte. L. Hewer (Manuscript).

The undermentioned were awarded 2nd Class Certificates

No,	2897	Corpl. G. Veitch,
,,	2502	Lc.-Cpl. W Joy,
,,	1824	,, H. Bradford,
,,	2598	,, H. Ellis,
,,	2631	,, W. Elvey,
,,	2668	,, F. Davidson,
,,	2697	Private W. Christie,
,,	3733	,, J. Kilroy.

The undermentioned men were awarded 3rd Class Certificates of Education at an examination held at Fort William, on the 10th inst,

No. 912 Dr. J. Cullen,
,, 2362 Pte. H. Ambrose,
,, 3454 ,, W. Shevlin,
,, 3734 Boy J. Moore,

It is notified for information that the rate of exchange governing the issue of pay to British Troops in India, and their remittances to England, and the adjustment of financial transactions between the British and Indian Governments, during the year 1892 and 1893, has been fixed by Her Majesty's Government, at 1s. 4$\frac{3}{4}$d. the Rupee.

The undermentioned men are appointed Pioneers in the companies stated opposite their name.

No. 2674 Pte, E. Watts, "B" Company
No. 2312 ,, A. Williams, "D" ,,

It is notified for information that a Draft (strength as under) will leave Portsmouth in H. M. Troopship "Serapis" on the 3rd March next.

1 Sergeant, 2 Corporals and 120 Men.

Lieut. Hill, The Buffs, has been appointed Musketry Instructor at Hythe.

The undermentioned have been granted Good Conduct pay, at rates and from dates as specified.

No.	3008	Pte.	Dunkin, H.	1d	20-12-91.
,,	2014	,,	Rhodes, S.	2d	4-2-92.
,,	3102	,,	Shircore, J.	1d	8-2-92.
,,	3053	,,	Bennett, G.	1d	10-2-92.
,,		,,	Cullen, W.	1d	15-2-92.
,,	3060	,,	Holman, W.	1d	18-2-92.
,,	3016	,,	Witham, T.	1d rstd.	23-2-92.
,,	2862	,,	Saxon, A.	2d	23-2-92.
,,	3032	Pte.	Barton, T.	1d	13-1-92.
,,	2023	,,	Berry, F.	2d	16-2-92.
,,	1162	,,	Mansfield, J.	2d	23-2-92.
,,	2785	Pte,	Danton, J.	1d	28-1-92.
,,	1996	Lc.-Cpl.	Harryman, W.	2d	18-1-92.
,,	3045	Pte.	Drage, G.	1d	31-1-92
,,	2945	,,	Osborne, J.	1d	15-10-91
,,	3009	,,	Redman, J.	1d	30-12-91.
,,	3055	,,	Robinson, L.	1d	17-2 92.
,,	2879	Pte.	Hayward, J.	1d	13-12-91.
,,	3017	,,	Willoughby, H.	1d	1-1-92.
,,	2028	Pte.	Barton, J.	2d	16-2-92.
,,	2013	Pte.	Grant, E. J.	2d	3-2-92.
,,	3054	,,	Pallant, W.	1d	12-2-92.
,,	2030	,,	Prickett, S.	2d	18-2-92.
,,	2021	,,	Whalen, A.	2d	8-2-92.
,,	2016	Pte.	Webb, C.	2d	8-2-92.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

HISTORIANS always stop to describe the dying of Wolfe and Montcalm, the two opposing commanders in the Battle of Quebec, but their deaths were simply heroic compared with the Christian death of Stonewall Jackson.

About 1.30 p.m. on the day of his death he was told that he had two hours to live, and he answered feebly but firmly:—"Very good; it is all right."

A few moments before he died he cried out in his delirium:—"Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front rapidly. Tell Major Hawks—", then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished.

Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face and then he said quietly and with an expression of relief, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees" And then, without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed away.

A military training incident.

Examination of a soldier, having just gone through a course of military training, before a local court of justice.

Counsel for prisoner, "You say that the wall is eight feet high, and that you were standing on the ground, not mounted on a ladder or anything, and some distance off."

Soldier witness, "I do!"

Counsel for prisoner, triumphantly. "Then perhaps you will kindly explain, how you, a man of little less than five feet eight, could see over a wall eight feet high, and watch the prisoner's actions."

Soldier witness calmly. "Sir, me and my company had been that day putting that mud wall in a state of defence, we had loop holed not banquetted it. You civilians, excuse me your honour calling you by that name, may not understand what I mean; you see, we made holes in the wall about two feet apart, and four and a half feet from the ground to fire through, and in course I could see through."

Counsel, nonplussed, and not so triumphant, "Oh! I see."

A BUFFS' BULL.

Officer, Main Guard, "I say Sergeant! tell that sentry, that when he turns the Guard out he must shout out louder".

Sergeant Main Guard, "Yes Sir!" "I was checking him about it just now and he says he shouts as loud as he can, so I told him he would have to shout *louder*".

A Private Box. The Sentry's

A cynical officer who lost his nose in a fight, was comforted by his friend, who assured him, it was bound to turn up by mere force of habit—

The following lines were recently found on a Bachelor's table in the Dalhousie Barracks, Fort William.

Wanted a wife who can handle a broom,
To brush down the cobwebs and sweep up the room;
To make decent bread that a fellow can eat,
Not the horrible compound you everywhere meet;
Who knows how to broil, to fry, and to roast;
Make a good cup of tea, and a platter of toast;
A woman who washes, cooks, irons and stitches,
And sews up the rips in a fellows old breeches;
And makes her own garments an item that grows
Quite highly expensive, as every one knows.
A common sense creature, and still with a mind,
To teach, and to guide, exalted, refined;
A sort of an angel and housemaid combined.

Ladies combining the above qualifications will please apply to Corporal G————The Buffs who is in possession of £5 in Bank, one noble and glowing heart, one cut down glengarry cap and a Government Coal Box.

Sergt. Major of Volunteers preparing Class of officers for Examination in drill. *(A Fact)*

S. M. Where should the 'blank file' be?

Captain In the supernumerary rank

S. M. (rising to the occasion) And his duties?

Captain To assist the officer commanding the company.

PAT'S TESTIMONY IN A RIOT CASE.—"Be jabers! the first man I saw coming at me was two brickbats."

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CALCUTTA.

MILITARY BOOKS.

GARRISON ARTILLERY DRILL. Vol. ii, 1891. [Rs. 1-2-0.

MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY DRILL. Corrected to 12th September 1891. Re. 1-14-0,

HAND-BOOK TO FIELD TRAINING, in the Infantry. Compiled by Captain J. W. Malet, in accordance with the revised Syllabus contained in the New Infantry Drill. Rs. 2-4-0.

CATECHISM ON FIELD TRAINING, by Major H. Fitz-Roy Marryat. Re. 1-8-0.

DETAILS OF EQUIPMENT OF HER MAJESTY'S ARMY. Part ii, Section xi, B-Garrison Artillery. Peace. Rs. 2-4-0.

REGULATIONS FOR THE ALLOWANCES OF the Army 1891. Re. 1-2-0.

MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION IN ARMY TELEGRAPHY. Field Telegraphs. Rs. 2-10-0

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR OF 1870-71, by Field-Marshal Count Helmuth Von Moltke, and translated by Clara Bell, and Henry W. Fischer, 2 Vols. Rs. 18-0-0

A SKETCH OF THE SERVICES OF THE BENGAL NATIVE ARMY, complied by Lieut. F. G. Cardew, 10th Bengal Lancers, and published under Instructions of the Government of India. With 8 Coloured Illustrations. Rl. 8vo. Rs. 2-8.

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to follow.

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A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 61. **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, APRIL 30th, 1892.** Price, 2. As.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

CHAPMAN.—At Calcutta on the 14th inst., the wife of No. 62 Pte. J. Chapman, of a daughter.
Emily Catherine.

McNEIR.—At Calcutta on the 11th inst., the wife of No. 3700 Pte. M. McNeir, of twins (boy and girl).

Marriages.

BROWN-STEWART.—At Rangoon on the 29th ult., Walter Henry Brown, Madras Staff Corps, son of the late Major Brown, formerly of the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carbineers), to Edith, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. David Stewart, of The Buffs, and Ceylon Rifle Regiment.

Deaths.

McNEIR.—At Khandwa on the 2nd inst., William James, child of No. 3700 Pte. M. McNeir.

McNEIR.—At Calcutta on the 11th April 1892, Martha, the infant daughter of No. 3700 Pte. M. McNeir.

At Calcutta on the 13th April 1892, George, the infant son of No. 3700 Pte. M. McNeir.

BROOMAN.—At London on the 2nd inst., Miss Harriet Brooman, eldest daughter of the late Color-Sergeant Brooman, of The Buffs.

NOTES.

THE Night Attack and Manœuvres at Dum-Dum on April 4th, under Colonel Hart, C.B., brought vividly back to one's memory the night attack in Chabuttia in 1888, which the Regiment carried out under his brother, Colonel Hart, V.C. Both were good tests of endurance, and were productive of complimentary orders from the Brigadiers.

... ...

At one time it appeared probable that the manœuvres would not take place. Animated correspondence was kept up to within a day of the time arranged about, not only the unpropitious state of the weather, but also some cases of cholera on the Barrackpore Road, but the final despatch of a telegram to the effect that "Cholera, Mumps or Measles, the Manœuvres were to take place" cleared the air in a marvellous manner, and take place they did at place and hour fixed.

... ...

During the Manœuvres—the Guards at the

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Fort were taken over by the Calcutta Volunteers, and Colonel Chatterton must have felt proud at the brave show made by his men. The way in which the arduous duties of night guards were carried out reflects the greatest credit on all concerned.

... ...

Their Excellencies, Lord & Lady Lansdowne, before leaving Calcutta presented their portraits to the Officers' Mess. They are capital likenesses, and we can assure their Excellencies that the portraits will be highly valued, not only for themselves, but as a most fitting memento of the Presentation of our New Colours.

... ...

It is doubtless owing to the arrival of Sergt. Eaton at Jalapahar Depot, that the Darjeeling coolies are developing such pugnacious instincts. We hear that an exciting mill took place during the month between a distinguished Officer of the Regt. and a cheeky Bhootia coolie. The latter, from all accounts will have to take more lessons from Sergt. Eaton.

... ...

We have received for review (which will be found further on) a copy of "Six years with the Colours" by Corpl. Ives—late of the 2nd Battn. The Buffs. The book is very well got up and is an interesting account of the doings of our 2nd Battn. Corpl. Ives kept his secret well to himself, and while serving in the Regiment gave his friends no idea of his literary powers, and the publication of this little work will come as an agreeable surprise, not only to his friends in the 2nd Battalion, but to the Regiment generally, as unfortunately Buff authors are few and far between, and any addition to their number is to be welcomed.

... ...

The cadets of St. Joseph's Orphanage School, whose physical drill has been so generally praised in all the papers, and for which they won the prize at the late competition, have, as a mark of appreciation of the services of their Drill Instructor, Corpl. Cafferty, presented him with a very handsome watch. These are the little things that go to make a Volunteer Drill Instructor's life at times so pleasant.

... ...

It is stated in a contemporary that the Regiment starts in October on the march to Jullundur. We don't know what grounds there are for this rumour, but all our information points the other way, *i.e.*, that the Regiment stops here till relieved by the Rifle Brigade, like ourselves in 1887, proceeding by route march from Bareilly to Lucknow, halting there for a Camp of Exercise, and being railed thence to Calcutta at conclusion of the Camp. As Regimental moves are so liable to alteration at the last moment—practically there is nothing definitely settled.

... ...

Captain Holme's draft, which arrived on the 9th April, looking none the worse for their journey, were on account of the heat brought up from the station to Barracks in ticca gharries, a comfortable, but not very romantic way of joining a Regiment. They are now known as the "Ticca Draft."

... ...

From all accounts Pte. Burns, of the Ticca Draft is a decided acquisition to our Association team. His fame as a football player had preceded him, and great efforts were made by some of the companies to secure his services. One company telegraphed to Deolali, asking him to apply for them; another presented him with a neatly tied up brown paper parcel, which on inspection, turned out to be all his khaki kit, free of charge; after this, we expect to hear that our athletes in the 2nd Battalion, with visions of free kits before their eyes, will be all applying to come out in the next draft. We are prepared to register applications from companies for athletes of future drafts. Fine samples always to order. Usual fees.

... ...

We may congratulate ourselves on being the best behaved Regiment in the Line in India in 1891, with 1·5 per centage of Courts Martials, and 35·4 of Minor punishments. Our old friends, the Scottish Rifles, head the list the other way, in respect to Courts Martial, and the Durham Light Infantry, in respect to Minor punishments. The above speaks for itself.

... ...

Our new General, Brigd. General Lance, arrived on the 6th April, just too late for the Dum-Dum Manœuvres. He inspected the Regiment on the 8th and left on the 20th for Darjeeling, to inspect the Depot, taking up Lieut. Dyne as A.D.C.

... ...

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We wonder if this Thibet affair is coming to anything—a 3 months' campaign in the snow would be delightful just now.

... ...

Pigeon shooting at Jalapahar Depot, as run by Lieut. Lloyd and his trenchman, Private Munday, seems to be carried out on different lines to what one is generally accustomed to. Their plan of operation is as follows:—The shooters stand on the top of a cliff, Pte. Munday goes below with the birds, and on a given signal throws up one at a time, which is fired at, generally by the crowd. One pigeon, which had flown on the top of a roof close by, was fired at by Lieut. Lloyd, with the curious result of not only missing the bird but the roof as well.

... ...

We have had no news this month from our friends in the A.T.A.; we hear, however, that they are getting up a tea and entertainment for our last draft, which is to take place shortly, and which is sure to be the success these entertainments always are.

... ...

After several days of patient waiting, punkahs were, thanks to the recommendation of the Medical Officer, taken into use on the 2nd ulto. From the 1st May those in Dalhousie Barracks will be worked by compressed air, much, we anticipate, to the disgust of our old friend the Punkah Wallah.

... ...

Apparently the remarks made in our columns last month, concerning colours worn by Coy's. football teams, have had an excellent effect—for we note that "C" Coy. has gone in for chocolate and white, striped perpendicularly, while Letter "D" Coy. will be distinguished by their blue and white stripes.

Rumour has it that "F" Coy. is coming out in something startling.

... ...

We propose printing in the number of the Dragon for the month in which the final ties are played, for the Association and Rugby Company Challenge Cups, the photograph of the victorious teams. May the best team win!

... ...

In the account given in the "Colour Supplement" of the Presentation of the Colours, Colr.-Sergt. T. Cheal's name was, by mistake, inserted instead of Colr.-Sergt. Watts's, as being in charge of the 'Old Colours'—and our apologies are due to the above Non-Com. Officers for the mistake in question.

... .

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the new Association rules. These we have printed in full, in this number, and hope our players will carefully read them.

The idea in "Onlooker's" letter about a reserve team is good, but we think it is rather too early in the season to give any opinion of the merits of our Regimental team, or on the players, who so far have played for the team, and with Lieut. Bell and Tarte, as "bosses," we can rely on the best team possible being chosen.

We hope to see our Regimental representatives come to the front at the next Soldiers' Exhibition which is to be held at Lucknow in December next.

Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Sir,

I have watched with interest the formation of the Regimental Football Team, and I think there is every prospect of a good team being formed. But I have noticed that the combination is not so good as it should be, and to remedy this I think a coach is desirable. We have a man with us who has had good experience at home, and I think if he took the team in hand they would benefit by his tuition. I have noticed that a very small number of trial matches have been played, and in consequence a very small number of men have been tried, so that in the few matches the so called Regimental Team have played, different men have played each time; whereas a regular team should have been selected before they played any

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matches at all. I think the best way to remedy this, would be, to form a committee and let them have all to do with the team till they go on the field, then, of course, the Captain takes charge. Their duties should be as follows:—

Arrange all matches ; select the team to play ; and attend all Company matches, to see if there are any young players worthy of advancement. They could also watch the games of the first team, and point out all defects to the Captain, so that he could remedy them. A weekly meeting could be held, when the Captain should attend, and any proposition he wished to make should be heard by the committee.

This arrangement would give everyone satisfaction and lighten the heavy duties of the Captain.

My last note is on the subject of a reserve team. Last year, in the final for the Trades' Cup, there were several men playing who were totally unfit to play through sickness. But the Captain played these men as usual, and the consequence was that they were practically useless shortly after the game had started. Now a committee could guard against this, by forming a reserve team, of the players next in ability to the first team, elect a Captain for them, arrange matches for them with teams of their own strength, and let them play together as often as possible. Then if any man of the first team is unable to play, there is an efficient man in the reserve ready to take his place. I should like to see the above suggestions tried, and I think they would prove a success. *Onlooker.*

Sir,

Having just received a copy of the rules governing the Association Game of Football, it would, I think, be advisable for our men to read, mark, and learn them well, also the definitions of terms. Tripping is very distinctly laid down, and the latter part of it, which I think is new, should be borne in mind at all times by our players in the coming competition for the Trades' Challenge Cup.

As so much power is now vested in the referee, see Rule xii., no possible chance should be given for an appeal. Soft India rubber soles may now be worn, which would be a great advantage out here in the moonsoon weather.

Observer.

We agree with the foregoing letter and have printed the rules in full. [Editor.]

The following letter speaks for itself:—

My Dear Colonel,

Excuse my not writing to you before to thank you very much indeed for the way in which your Regiment looked after the Non-Com. Officers and men of my Company, during the time they were in Calcutta. I assure you this kindness was thoroughly appreciated by them, and if you would kindly let them all know that it was, I should be greatly obliged. The Band too assisted me greatly in getting them "cheerfully" to the station, though I had not a single absentee. With many thanks, and hoping some day to be able to do the same for your Regiment.

I remain,
Sincerely yours,
J. B. Toms,
Comdg. 5th Coy., S.D.R.A.

Dear Mr. Editor.

The winter in England is dying very hard ; the month of March is within a few hours of its close, and the weather is still piercingly cold.

The undernamed Non-Com. Officer and men have been discharged since my last letter to you.

No. 2032 Corpl. J. Fisher, Time-expired, 2nd period, pension 1s. 5d. per diem.

No. 2750 Pte. H. Tuffull, Invalided—pension rejected.

No. 2101 Pte. F. Cozens, Invalided—6d. for 9 months, final.

Pensioner J. Parker, late a Colr.-Sergt. on the Permanent Staff 3rd Battn., was re-enlisted on the 10th March and posted to the 2nd Vol. Battn. as a Sergt.-Instructor to the Lamberhurst Company.

Sergt.-Instructor Toop, 2nd Vol. Battn., having been found medically unfit for further service, will shortly be discharged. Poor fellow, I regret to state he is in a very sad state, being partially paralysed.

Major Backhouse's tour of duty at the Depot has been extended until 23rd May next.

Sergeants Austin and Cook have been posted to the Permanent Staff, 3rd Battn., from the Home Battn., to fill vacancies caused by the discharge of Color-Sergt. Stock and Sergt. T. Ryan.

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Sergt. Instructor R. Newsham, of the Wingham Company, 1st Vol. Battn., a re-enlisted pensioner, has been discharged at his own request after a service of over 32 years, 21 of which was in the 55th Foot. Who his successor will be I cannot at present inform you as qualified Non.-Com. Officers with 15 years' service are not easily obtainable now a day.

2nd Lieuts. Holden and Porter, 3rd Battn., are attached to Depot for a 2 months' course of Instruction.

Transfers to Army Reserve during the month of March.

No. 1363 Corpl. F. Hilderbrand,
„ 1204 Pte. F. J. Richards,
„ 1368 „ J. Friend,
„ 1579 „ J. Relf,
„ 1617 „ J. Halin,
„ 1616 „ W. Worsell.

The members of the Sergeants' Mess, 3rd Regimental District, celebrated the night of St. Patrick by holding a dance in the Gymnasium here, and which turned out an immense success, thanks to the able arrangements of Qr.-Master Sergt. H. Finn, Color-Sergt. Bovenzer and Sergt. Rye.

PROGRAMME.

1.	Polka	Rouge et Noir.
2.	Quadrille	Royal Irish.
3.	Waltz	Kate Kearney.
4.	Lancers	The Army.
5.	Schottische	Rainbow.
6.	Alberts	
7.	Mazurka	Fairy Bower.
8.	Paddy O'Rafferty	Knights of St. Patrick.
9.	Waltz	Kathleen Mavourneen.
10.	Lancers (Leap year dance)	Her Majesty's.
	INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES.	
11.	Waltz	Toreador.
12.	Quadrille	Gondoliers.
13.	Polka	Echoes of Mont Blanc.
14.	Lancers	Talk of the Night.
15.	Waltz	Love's Dreamland.
16.	Alberts (Leap year dance)	
17.	Schottische	Erin go Bragh.
18.	Waltz	Eily Mavourneen.
19.	Paddy O'Rafferty	Sprig of Shillelagh.
20.	Waltz & Galop	La Creole and Return.

The Alberts consisted of
1st Figure of the Quadrille.
2nd „ „ Quadrille,
1st „ „ Lancers,
1st „ „ Caledonians.
Waltz Cotillon.
M.C's.—Color-Sergt. E. Bovenzer, Sergt. T. Rye.

Ptes. A. E. Austin, T. Brazier, H. Cork, G. T. Earl, C. Fidge, A. Gilbert, A. A. Isard, W. Larkins, R. Miller, A. H. Norvell, T. E. O'Connell, and W. H. Streaton, arrived at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley, *ex* Euphrates, on 23rd March.

The undermentioned men have joined Depot from Home Battalion for duty:—

2383 Pte. M. Buckley,
863 „ W. Fitzgerald.
2211 „ G. Vile.

Lance-Sergeants G. E. Matthews and J. Todd, has been selected for promotion to the rank of Sergeant to fill vacancies existing in the Home Battalion.

The 2nd Battn. Football team came down here from Chatham on 25th March, to play the return match with Depot.
Result; one goal each.

Yours faithfully,
"Old Buff."

OLD BUFFS DECEASED.

Thomas Finucane, died at Sucem, County Kerry, on 24th January 1892, aged 58 years. Was invalided with Opthalmia, after 10 years' service, February 1868, and granted a pension of 9d. per diem for life.

No. 3527 Pte. Cornelius Tohey, found dead in a dyke, at Lacka Cattleconnell, County Limerick, on 21st February 1892, aged 53 years. Supposed to have perished during the late snow storm.

Was invalided after 7½ years' service, July 1861, and granted a pension of 7d. per diem for life.

No. 3117 Pte. Michael Clancy, died at Halifax, York, 22nd February 1892, aged 58 years.

Served in the Buffs, from 1854 to 1864, and in 2nd Class Army Reserve from 1864 to 1886, two years for one towards pension. Completed 21 years' service towards pension, August '86, 10 years with the Colours and 22 in 2nd Class Army Reserve, and awarded a pension of 8d. per diem for life. Medals, Crimea and Turkish, and China with clasps.

No. 1164 Pte. William Costin, died in London 3rd February 1892, aged 44. Discharged after 17 years' service, in consequence of reduction from Corporal, January 1885, and awarded a pension of 9½ per diem. South African Medal 1879, with clasp.

No. 1380 Pte. Robert Clinton, 1st East Kent, died at West Hartlepool 14-3-92, aged 30.

Was invalided after 5 years and 8 months' service, June 1890, and awarded a temporary pension of 6d per diem for 12 months, which was made permanent, June 1891.

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"What and Which."

Talking of marching in a storm reminds me of a circumstance that happened in Jersey when I was serving out my time there in a veteran battalion. There was a post in this island, to arrive at which the guard was obliged to march over a long flat piece of sandy beach, passable only at particular hours of the day, because entirely overflowed at high water. I was ordered for this guard one boisterous day in November.

The wind blew as if it would have blown its last, and, from time to time, a sharp shower came from the westward, to avoid which both Officers and men were glad to face about and cower under the shelter of their great coats. You may believe that men marching on such a day, and in such a place, would not keep their ranks very correctly.

In fact, we straggled tremendously, and our Officers, moving one in front, the other in the rear, had too much sense to take notice of the circumstance. Well, on we trudged, thinking of nothing at all but the wind and the rain that beat upon us, when, all at once, who should meet us but the General, a confoundedly sharp old fellow, with a timber toe, a pair of lantern jaws, and a small grey eye that could look you through and through, just as easily as you could say Jack Robinson.

He had a great notion of how guards and picquets ought to march. Though he himself could hardly make head against the storm, and kept his hat and cloak together by holding on with might and main, he no sooner came into ear-shot than he halloed out in an angry tone—

"What's the meaning of all this? Why don't you look up? Was their ever such unsoldierlike marching?" Then, addressing himself to the officer who led, exclaimed.

"What's your name, sir; what's your name?"

The officer, holding his right hand up to his ear, and half lifting his face towards the General, replied.

"Watt, sir."

"What's your name, I say? "again demanded the General.

"Watt, sir" repeated the Officer, still holding his hand behind his ear.

"Did ever man hear the like of this?" cried the hasty General; and turning to one of the men he inquired.

"Who commands this company?"

"Witch, sir." answered the man as loud as he could bawl.

"Why this, to be sure; what's the name of the officer commanding."

"Witch, sir." again replied the soldier in a louder tone than before.

This was repeated several times, till at last the General became so angry that he ordered the whole party to halt, and turning his back to the wind, began to harangue them:—"I have been forty years in the Service and never in the whole course of my career have I witnessed insolence to a superior to be compared to this. I meet an armed party, and find fault with the order of march. I desire the officer leading to tell his name, and instead of that he persists in saying, 'What, sir?' as if he could not hear me. I then address myself to one of the men, and desire to be informed who commands the company, and his answer is, 'Which!' when it is evident there is but one company here. Now do you really suppose I am going to believe you are all deaf or stupid, or that, being persuaded to the contrary, I can look upon your behaviour as other than studied insult to myself? No, as sure as you have given the insult, you shall reap the reward of it. Come forward the Captain Commanding."

The Captain did so. He had up to this moment been in the rear, and could not conceive why there should have been a check in the line of march.

"I desire to know your name sir!" demanded the General.

"Witch, sir," replied the Officer, "Captain Witch, of the——Battalion." The General stared.

"And your name, sir?" addressing himself to the officer to whom he had first spoken.

"Watt, sir, Lieutenant Watt!" was the reply.

The old fellow could not stand this, neither could we. He burst into a roar of laughter, in which we all joined heartily.

"Oh, then, by my soul, my brave fellows," said he, at last, "there's been no insult after all, but a mistake, entirely on my side. This officer answered correctly when he told me his name was Watt; that man was not farther out when

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he answered "Witch" to my question. Go your ways, and I'll order you some grog to make amends for your halt in the rain, but, for God's sake, don't keep a Watt and a Witch in the same company any longer, else more mistakes will happen."

You may suppose we trudged on after this in better spirits than before; and many a good laugh we had over the "What and Which" during the time the battalion continued to hold together.

THE BITER BIT.

A certain policemen on duty at the gates of one of the London docks has the credit of being one of the sharpest and most artful amongst his comrades. No person could ever boast of getting any excisable goods, such as tobacco or cigars, out of the dock whilst he was on duty, and he was proud of the same. If he was offered a bribe, he always took it, and had the offender arrested afterwards in the act. One day, however, a ship arrived from India, and the skipper, a cute, hard-headed Scotchman, came ashore in the evening and proceeded to the gates. Walking up boldly to the policeman he whispered in his ear, "I've got some rare tobacco and some valuable cigars which the Customs' folks have overlooked, and I want to smuggle them out th' morn's nicht. It'll be a' richt, I suppose;"—and at the same time he slipped half-a-crown into the policeman's hand. The redoubtable Robert smiled a malignant smile, and said it would be alright, and the merry skipper passed out of the gates and went on his way rejoicing. The next night the skipper was walking boldly out of the dock gates when he was seized by the policeman and taken into his watch-box, where he was confronted by a Sergeant and underwent a thorough search. To the officer's great chagrin, however, neither tobacco, cigars, nor anything of an excisable nature was found on his person, and he asked the skipper what he had done with them. "Oh," said the skipper, quite innocently, "I had them on me last night when I gave you the half-croon, and I just thocht I'd better tak' them oot there and then, which I did!"

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Papers:—

The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.
St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.
The Lancashire Lad.—Loyal North Lancashire Regt.
The XXX.—1st Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.
The 5 & 9.—2nd " " " "
The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W. K. Regt.
I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.
The Army Service Corps' Journal.

Under this heading we propose every month to comment shortly on anything noticeable in the above list.

"The Nines."

In the April number of this—the paper of the Wiltshire Regt.—is a leading article on "*Esprit de Corps.*" The author, presumably the Editor, must feel rather sorry now that it was ever inserted, as giving it hot and strong, as he does, to his own Regiment is hardly the way to rouse up any latent *Esprit de Corps.* The article is decidedly egotistical; even an important person like an Editor is hardly the man to lay down the law on *Esprit de Corps* to his own Regiment, and if there is any washing of dirty linen to be done the columns of a Regimental paper are hardly the place to do it in.

"The XXX."

The March number has a strongly worded appeal to its subscribers "to rescue the paper from the doom which menaces it. A falling off of literary contributions and a debt seems to be the causes of this powerful appeal. We sincerely trust that our Contemporary is merely passing through a crisis, which comes to all Regimental papers at times, and hope that such a smart little paper, as the 'XXX' undoubtedly is, will come out all the stronger from its ordeal.

"I'm 95.

There is a most spirited poem in the February number (March not to hand) "Why Atkinson took on"—which we recommend to the notice of all those who will shortly be Time-expired. There is also an excellent reply to the aspersions made by a writer in the *Pioneer* on a late C.O., of theirs—Colonel Crealock, who must have felt gratified at the powerful way in which the case was taken up by his Regimental paper.

"The Queen's Own Gazette."

In this—the paper of the Royal West Kent Regiment, our literary half-brother, we are glad to see that the love of football seems to be as great with them as it is with us. Their Almanack, a new venture, appears to be a great success.

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The Football Association.

THE LAWS OF THE GAME.

1.—The limits of the ground shall be—maximum length, 200 yards ; minimum length, 100 yards ; maximum breadth, 100 yards ; minimum breadth, 50 yards. The length and breadth shall be marked off with flags and touch line ; and a line defining 6 yards from the goal posts and 12 yards from the goal lines shall also be marked out. The centre of the ground shall be indicated by a suitable mark, and a circle with a 10 yards' radius shall be made round it. The goals shall be upright posts, 8 yards apart, with a bar across them, 8 feet from the ground. The average circumference of the association ball shall be not less than 27 inches, and not more than 28 inches ; and in international matches, at the commencement of the game the weight of the ball shall be from 13 to 15 ounces.

2.—The winners of the toss shall have the option of kick-off, or choice of goals. The game shall be commenced by a place kick from the centre of the ground in the direction of the opposite goal-line; the other side shall not approach within 10 yards of the ball until it is kicked off, nor shall any player on either side pass the centre of the ground in the direction of his opponents' goal until the ball is kicked off.

3.—Ends shall only be changed at half-time. After a goal is won the losing side shall kick off, and after the change of ends at half-time the ball shall be kicked off by the opposite side from that which originally did so ; and always as provided in Law 2.

4.--A goal shall be won when the ball has passed between the goal-posts under the bar, not being thrown, knocked on, or carried by any one of the attacking side. The ball hitting the goal or boundary posts, or goal-bar, and rebounding into play, is considered in play. The ball crossing the goal or touch line, either on the ground or in the air, is out of play.

5.— When the ball is in touch, a player of the opposite side to that which kicked it out shall throw it in from the point on the boundary line where it left the ground. The thrower facing the field of play shall throw the ball over his head with both hands in any direction, and it shall be in play when thrown in. The thrower shall not play until the ball has been played by another player.

6.—When a player kicks the ball, or throws it in from touch, any one of the same side who at such moment of kicking or throwing is nearer to the opponents' goal line is out of play and may not touch the ball himself, or in any way whatever prevent any other player from doing so, until the ball has been played, unless there are at such moment of kicking or throwing at least three of his opponents nearer their own goal-line ; but no player is out of play in case of a corner-kick, or when the ball is kicked off from goal, or when it has been last played by an opponent.

7.—When the ball is played behind the goal-line by one of the opposite side, it shall be kicked off by anyone of the players behind whose goal-line it went, within six yards of the goal-posts nearest the point where the ball left the field of play ; but, if played behind by any one of the side whose goal-line it is, a player of the opposite side shall kick it from within one yard of the nearest corner flag-post. In either case no opponent shall be allowed within six yards of the ball until it is kicked off.

8.—No player shall carry, knock on, or handle the ball under any pretence whatever, except in the case of the goal-keeper, who, within his own half of the ground, shall be allowed to use his hands in defence of his goal, either by knocking on or throwing, but not carrying the ball. The goal-keeper may be changed during the game, but not more than one player shall act as goal-keeper at the same time, and no second player shall step in and act during any period in which the regular goal-keeper may have vacated his position.

9.—In no case shall a goal be scored from any free kick (except as provided in Law 13), nor shall the ball be again played by the kicker until it has been played by another player. The kick-off, corner-flag kick, and goal kick, shall be free kicks within the meaning of this rule.

10.—Neither tripping, hacking, nor jumping at a player shall be allowed, and no player shall

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use his hands to hold or push his adversary. No player may charge an opponent from behind, unless such opponent be not only facing his own goal, but is, in the opinion of the referee, wilfully impeding his adversary while in that position.

11.—No player shall wear any nails, excepting such as have their heads driven in flush with the leather, or iron plates, or gutta percha, on the soles or heels of his boots or on his shin guards. If bars or studs on the soles or heels of the boots are used, they shall not project more than half an inch, and shall have all their fastenings driven in flush with the leather. Bars should be transverse and flat, not less than one and a half inches in length, and half an inch in width. Studs shall be round in plan, not less than half an inch in diameter, and in no case conical or pointed. Any player discovered infringing this rule shall be prohibited from taking further part in the match.

12.—A referee shall be appointed, whose duties shall be to enforce the rules and decide all disputed points. He shall also keep a record of the game and act as time-keeper; and in the event of any ungentlemanly behaviour on the part of any of the contestants, the offender or offenders shall be cautioned, and if the offence is repeated, or, in case of violent conduct, without any previous caution, the referee shall have power to rule the offending player or players out of play, and shall transmit the name or names of such player or players to his or their (National) Association, in whom shall be solely vested the right of accepting an apology. The referee shall have power to terminate the game whenever, by reason of darkness, interference by spectators, or other cause, he shall think fit, and he shall report the same to the Association under whose jurisdiction the match was played, who shall have full power to deal with the matter. Two linesmen shall be appointed, whose duty (SUBJECT TO THE DECISION OF THE REFEREE) shall be to decide when the ball is out of play, and which side is entitled to the corner-flag kick, goal kick, or throw-in.

Any undue interfence by a linesman shall be reported by the referee to the National Association to which the linesman belongs, who shall deal with the matter in such manner as they may deem necessary. The referee shall have power to award a free kick, *without any appeal* in any case where he thinks that the conduct of a player is dangerous, or likely to prove dangerous, but not sufficiently so as to justify him in putting in force the greater powers vested in him as above.

13.—If any player shall *intentionally* trip or hold an opposing player, or *deliberately* handle the ball within 12 yards from his own goal-line, the referee shall, on appeal, award the opposing side a penalty kick, to be taken from any point 12 yards from the goal-line, under the following conditions:—All players, with the exception of the player taking the penalty kick and the opposing goal-keeper (who shall not advance more than 6 yards from the goal-line,) shall stand at least 6 yards *behind* the ball. The ball shall be in play when the kick is taken, and a goal may be scored from the penalty kick.

14.—In the event of an appeal for any supposed infringement of the rules, the ball shall be in play until a decision has beeen given.

15.—The referee shall have power to stop the game for such a time as he may think fit, whenever he may deem it necessary to do so.

16.—In the event of any temporary suspension of play from any cause, the ball not having gone into touch, or behind the goal line, the game shall be re-started by the referee throwing up the ball at the spot where play was suspended, and the players on either side shall not play the ball until it has touched the ground.

17.—In the event of any infringement of Laws 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, or 16, a free kick shall be forfeited to the opposite side, from the spot where the infringement took place.

DEFINITION OF TERMS.

A PLACE KICK is a kick at the ball while it is on the ground, in any position in which the kicker may choose to place it.

A FREE KICK is a kick at the ball in any direction the player pleases, when it is lying on the ground, none of the kicker's opponents being allowed within six yards of the ball, unless they be standing on their own goal-line. The ball must at least be rolled over before it shall be considered played.

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HACKING is kicking an adversary intentionally.

TRIPPING is throwing, or attempting to throw an adversary by the use of the legs, or by stooping in front of or behind him.

KNOCKING ON is when a player strikes or propels the ball with his hands or arms.

HOLDING includes the obstruction of a player by the hand or any part of the arm extending from the body.

HANDLING is understood to be playing the ball with the hand or arm.

TOUCH is that part of the field on either side of the ground, which is beyond the line of play.

CARRYING is taking more than two steps while holding the ball.

NOTE:—The Council of the Football Association have decided that wearing soft India-rubber on the soles of boots is not a violation of Law II.

Football.

IT was decided at a Football Meeting held on the 28th inst., that a sub-committee, composed of one representative per Company, and two extra men should be elected in order to select those who were to play in the Regimental Football Team.

This will enable us to obtain the best possible team, and reliable substitutes to fall back upon.

The selection of any team is always a most difficult matter, and the chances of not putting the best man into the team are minimised by the above arrangement.

The names of the sub-committee are as follows:

"A"	Company,	Corpl. Leek.
"B"	,,	Sergt. Smith.
"C"	,,	,, Stirke.
"D"	,,	Corpl. Moth.
"E"	,,	,, Nicholls.
"F"	,,	Pte. Ward.
"G"	,,	Sergt. Behrens.
"H"	,,	,, Cork.
Extra		Corpl. Crumby.
		Lce.-Corpl. Wilson.

No final selection for Captain of the Association team has been made. Lce.-Corpl. Marshall was voted to the post for the space of one month.

It is full early to commence football in real earnest, as men are so likely to become stale. However, the team of last year has been so cut up by men going home that it will not do to put off finding out the right ones to represent the regiment too long, and besides we find local teams are already putting themselves together.

Last Thursday, the day set aside for the practice of the Regimental Team, we had a scratch match on account of the Royal Artillery, Fort William, disappointing us, and although the play throughout was not brilliant, it was well worth watching. Rain having fallen during the day gave our new hands from England just an idea of how slippery a ground out here quickly becomes.

During the game, which was evenly contested, we noticed Evans as (back) doing some useful kicking. Marshall obtained the only goal, and was going strong. Wickens was travelling at a good pace. Chapman was seen to defend his goal on several occasions well, and the play of several others caught the eye. Unfortunately some we should have liked to see were prevented by duty, or some other reason from putting in an appearance.

The game was not by any means fast enough. There was too much sticky, dodgy, dribbling, which did not, and never will pay. Besides being selfish it prevents fast sure passes, without which matches can never be won. It may be premature to criticise, but some of us may just as well bear in mind these remarks, especially when the sub-committee are in attendance, some of whom you may be sure will always be there to look on at any game on either of the grounds.

MATCHES PLAYED.

Band *v.* "G" Company—Won by "G" Company by 2 goals to *nil.*

"A" *v.* "G" Company—Won by "G" Company by 2 goals to *nil.*

"C" *v.* "G" Company—Won by "C" Company by 3 goals to *nil.*

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Six Years with the Colours.

By Corpl. Ives (late a Corporal, 2nd Battn. The Buffs).

THIS is a very interesting little book, not only to those in The Buffs, but also, we are sure, to the outside public, as we doubt if any work done by a Non-Com. Officer dealing with the South African War and life at Hong-Kong has been previously published. Corpl. Ives is careful to state in relating some of his escapades as a recruit, that they are inserted solely for the benefit of others, and as a warning to the unwary, and we trust it will have this good effect. He tells one good story, which is worth quoting in *extenso*:—

"I remember having heard of a private stationed at Maritzburg being brought up before his colonel for drunkenness, and being a droll sort of man he took matters very coolly. Addressing the colonel in a confidential way, he said:—I broke out of barracks, do you mind? I got jolly drunk, do you twig? And I got brought in by the picquet, do you *mallum*? The colonel, with a twinkle in his eye, replied:—'Seven days' cells, do you mind? Fourteen days confined to barracks, do you twig? And seven and sixpence fine, do you *mallum*? And before the defaulter had recovered from his astonishment he was marched off in quick time by the regimental sergt.-major.

This story will remind some of our Old Buffs of a somewhat similar case, that happened in this station about 10 years ago. "A defaulter being marched before Colonel Morley, C.B., in the orderly-room, was asked in his usual way what he had to say in his defence, he therefore gave the following quotation with its author:—'To err is human—to forgive divine.—*Pope*.' The colonel's reply was short and to the point. '168 hours' imprisonment H.L.—*Morley*."

Corpl. Ives gives a most realistic description of a man being flogged, and his account of the fight of the 22nd January, 1879, is one of the most interesting in the book. In conclusion we strongly recommend all our readers to get a copy, and trust that Corpl. Ives, now that he has tasted the sweets of success as an author, will not let the grass grow under his feet, but will write something more. A contribution to *The Dragon* will be always welcome.

Social News.

We had a visit on the 13th from the London Star Variety Theatre Company (what grand names all the companies out here go in for, the good old London music halls ain't in it), and judging by the applause the entertainment appeared to be thoroughly appreciated. The songs that seemed to go down most were:—"I'm so shy" and "The Boys of the Old Brigade." Another song, "Get your hair cut," was much appreciated by the Adjutant. "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay," we think has had its day, and without Miss Lottie Collins to sing it falls somewhat flat. The entertainmtnt closed with that well-known sketch "How to earn £5 a week."

A interesting double-handed billiard match took place in the Officers' Mess on the 15th inst. Major Harley and Lieut. Swetenham (who played for the Mess against the Unceremonials), playing against Capt. Home and Lieut. Eustace. After a good game the former won by 24 points. Major Harley and Lieut. Eustace played very steadily throughout for their respective sides.

The series of competitions that have been going on between the Officers of the Buffs, and the members of the Unceremonial Club, were brought to a fitting close on the 13th, when a goodly number of the Club turned up in response to an invitation to dinner at the Officers' Mess. The result of the competitions has been decidedly in favour of the Club, who won four events out of six. The Club, as it was, no longer now exists, as one or two changes in its composition have taken place. For one thing the number of its members has been increased, and the quick way in which this was done was a proof (if any was necessary) of the popularity of the Club. Before the Regiment leaves, it would be a good idea to have a somewhat similiar trial of strength with the Club in its new form, and we hope to see our representatives make a better show than they did against the Old Club.

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Regimental News.

Promotions and Appointments.

No. 1497 Pte. W. Beezley to be Prison-Warder in the Military Prison.

No. 2292 Pte. T. Webb to be Local Lce.-Corpl. whilst employed in the Regimental School.

No. 149 Colr.-Sergt. R. J. Montgomery to the Ordnance Department for employment in the Madras Arsenal.

To be Color-Sergeant.
No. 443 Sergt. J. Greig.

To be Sergeant.
No. 1419 Lce.-Sergt. W. Cox.

To be Lance-Corporal.
No. 2943 Pte. E. Hill.

To be Drummer.
No. 1911 Pte. S. Carroll.

To be Pay Sergeant on probation to Letter "C" Company.
No. 2549 Sergt. E. Grattan,

2nd Lieut. J. T. G. Adamson has been posted to the Battalion.

No. 2514 Corpl. H. Seath was granted a certificate on the 4th inst. of having passed in the supply duties, Commissariat Transport Department, for employment in that Department.

No. 1304 Sergt. J. Tomlin and No. 1598 Lce.-Corpl. H. Marshall has been granted First Class Certificates of Gymnastics, qualifying them to act as Instructors in Fencing and Gymnastics.

Lce.-Corpl. J. Allen having been transferred from the 2nd Battn. Wiltshire Regt. he is taken on the strength of the Battalion and posted to letter "G" Company.

The undermentioned Non-Com. Officers have passed the professional examination for promotion to the ranks stated opposite their names :—

No. 1 Corpl. G. Holmes to Sergeant.
„ 1920 Corpl. C. Crumby to Sergeant.
„ 2344 Lce.-Corpl. H. Wood to Corporal.

No. 2279 Pte. T. Gilham was awarded on the 20th inst. a Certificate of Qualification as a Military Signaller.

The undermentioned men are granted G. C. Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names :—

No. 3090	Pte.	H. Presbury,	1d.	1-4-92
„ 3098	„	D. Playton,	1d.	18-4-92
„ 1604	„	F. Mitchell,	2d. Rstd.	14-4-92
„ 2485	„	E. Selles,	1d.	10-4-92
No. 3044	Pte.	W. Ayling,	1d.	31-1-92
„ 3451	„	McKenny,	1d.	4-4-92
„ 2045	„	R. Pierce,	2d.	16-3-92
„ 2158	„	D. Revell,	2d.	30-3-92
„ 2060	Lce.-Cpl.	A. Ashelford	2d.	2-4-92
„ 2718	Pte.	Church,	1d.	24-3-92
„ 3030	„	H. Gotts,	1d.	29-3-92
„ 2366	„	R. Durrant,	1d. Rstd.	13-4.92
„ 3093	„	J. Fraser,	1d.	1-4-92
„ 2064	„	J. Pretty,	2d.	24-4-92
„ 3066	„	C. Cannon,	1d.	5-3-92
„ 1916	„	H. Knight,	2d.	10-4-92
„ 3087	„	E. Norman.	1d.	28-3-92
„ 2869	„	Gibson,	1d.	23-9-91

The following prizes were awarded from the Regimental Cricket Club during the playing of the Shield Ties for 1891-92.

1st Round.

Pte. Evans,	D Coy.	1st Batting	Rs. 8
Corpl. Manville	D „	2nd „	Rs. 4
Pte. Brain	C „	1st Bowling	Rs. 8
„ Wickens	E „	2nd „	Rs. 4

2nd Round.

Sergt. Sale	A Coy.	1st Batting	Rs. 8
Corpl. Leeke	A „	2nd „	Rs. 4
Pte. Wickens	E „	1st Bowling	Rs. 8
„ Hills	D „	2nd „	Rs. 4

Final.

Pte. Dunham	A Coy.	1st Batting	Rs. 8
Corpl. Brown	A „	2nd „	Rs. 4
Pte. Dyer	A „	1st Bowling	Rs. 8
Corpl. Leeke	A „	2nd „	Rs. 4

The Colonel's prize, Pte. Dunham, A Company, for Batting.

Major Ommanney's prize, Pte. Dyer, A Company, for Bowling.

MUSKETRY.

The following prizes have been awarded for the year 1891 & 1892 :—

"C" COMPANY.

Best Shot of Company, Sergt. Campbell, £1-4-0

Ten per cent best shots of Company.

			s.	d.
No. 1680	Pte.	Leekie	8	0
„ 1750	„	Taylor	8	0
„ 1563	„	Santer	8	0
„ 405	Sergt.	Perry	8	0
„ 2587	Lc.-Cpl.	Towers	8	0
„ 1791	Pte.	Griffin	8	0
„ 1241	„	McStea	8	0

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LETTER "H' COMPANY.

No. 1987 Pte. H. Holbrook, best shot of Company, £1-4-0.

Ten per cent of best shots of Company.

		s.	d.
No. 3306	Pte. G. Hornsby,	8	0
,, 2219	,, G. Mears,	8	0
,, 2848	,, C. Watts,	8	0
,, 2404	Lce.-Cpl. T. Tennant,	8	0
,, 2663	Pte. J. Smith,	8	0
,, 1419	Sergt. W. Cox,	8	0

The "Ticca Draft."

WE left Chatham in a storm of snow and wind on the 2nd March, and after a few words from General Goodenough to the effect that we were a sturdy lot, and that he was sure the 1st Battn. would be glad to receive us. On our arrival at Portsmouth we were pleased to find that there was no other draft before us, waiting to be embarked, as standing on the jetty on a bitterly cold day is no fun.

Only those who have gone through the ordeal know the awful chaos that prevails on the first arrival on board—pushing, shouting, swearing, tumbling over ropes, and trying to get 16 men into a mess that should only hold 8, and not too much room at that either. This usually lasts about three hours, then somehow everyone shakes down—you may be sure they would never settle down any other way, if they were'nt shaken down.

Off Finisterre we got a head wind and a bit of a wetting—one sea broke right into the Officers' saloon in the middle of dinner, soaking everyone. After rounding Gibraltar we had it like a mill-pond right into Bombay, luckily for us, as a trooper below decks in rough weather is simply hell. Hammocks and blankets were our chief amusements on board. Some high officials had given out that every man was to be issued with one of each to last him the voyage—to be returned into store every morning, and issued to the same man in the evening. The result was repeated checking, in a limited space on deck, of blankets that had no number to them, and hammocks with half a dozen each. The excitement that the order created was immense, and when it came to our turn to be checked, we were found to be no better than our fellows. After that, although they did'nt have another check, we were always being asked "What's the number of your blanket?" and if by some accident one did'nt know the number of the last one he had "procured" there was always room up forward. At the end we had a barrack-damage charge, with no details whatsoever as to items. A few articles of clothing, too, walked away rather unaccountably.

A Naval Officer was overheard to innocently remark that blue jackets liked a Cavalry Regt. on board best, as their long boots when oiled made such capital sea boots. However, Tommy sometimes gets to the windward of Jack when he comes ashore, so it cuts both ways.

Of course we had all heard about the cheapness of cigarettes at Malta, and all the fag smokers saved up their pence so as to get 3 or 4 boxes of the 6d. touch. One Maltee sold about 20 boxes almost at once, and then quickly disappeared. He was in great request shortly after, as his boxes turned out to be perfect frauds, the two upper layers were alright, but underneath was nothing but sawdust.

There were not many amusements on board, excepting a weekly sing-song and a theatrical entertainment towards the end, in which "our Mr. McDouall" showed up in great style.

We reached Bombay on the 20th and were the first to disembark, being forwith detailed for unloading baggage.

Deolali was reached on the 30th, where we stopped two days spending most of the time in selling our sea kits in the Bazaar, and then having to buy them back again at double the price. We left Deolali on the 2nd and made our way from camp to camp till we got to Mudapore, where a grand athletic meeting, under Captain Holme's direction, was held with great success—Sergt. Jolliffe of the R.A., won the high (?) jump, and Non-Com. Officers' race, the remaining events fell to our own men. At night we had a sing-song, in which all performers won great applause.

One of our visitors in a more or less tuneful

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ditty assured us that "He'd never heard a girl say no, "and what's more he looked it too. We arrived next day in Calcutta, downright glad to stop our wanderings at last. Everyone was cheery and full of spirit, and the draft finished up strong and well, not a man sick or sorry. It would be a good thing for our drafts in future, before coming on board, to have issued to them a Regimental badge for their sea-kit caps, to enable us to recognise each other at once, and this idea we hope our 2nd Battn, will kindly take into consideration.

Jalapahar Notes.

ATTRACTIVE posters all round the Station, at the beginning of the week, notified that the galaxy of histrionic talent which has lain dormant at Jalapahar for some time past, was at last to burst forth, and give the public some slight idea of its abilities.

At this dull time, when the mildest attraction is acceptable, such an entertainment, as was presented to the audience on Wednesday evening, was extremely welcome, and was from first to last an unqualified success.

The scenery reflected the greatest credit on the artistic powers of Sergt. Eaton and Pte. Quillinan of The Buffs, under the able guidance of Lieut. Lloyd, while the stage dressing, which we believe was entirely in the hands of Mrs. Maturin, could not possible have been better.

The entertainment commenced with a concert by members of the Dramatic Society. We were especially well pleased with "An old Garden," most effectively rendered by Mrs. Tizard, and which was highly appreciated. This lady possesses a peculiarly sweet voice, and we trust to often have the pleasure of hearing her during the season.

Lieut. Lloyd gave the "City Waiter" and other comic songs in a dashing style, which took immensely with his audience. Captain Ringwood we have often heard, and when we say that in the song "A third class shot am I, he well maintained his reputation, further praise is needless. Lieut. Nichol fairly brought down the house with the well known song "I know what it is to be there," and Sergt. Eaton, the Buffs, a well known figure on the stage, contributed "What cher" and "She's the Boss" in a capital manner, much to the amusement of the troops. After a short interval the curtain rose to the very laughable farce "Little Toddlekins," in which one and all were equally good, and which was most enthusiastically received.

Mrs. Kent made a most charming "Susan," Mrs. Lynch-Blosse as "Amanthis" was deliciously funny, and handled her fan with the dexterity of an old campaigner. Lieuts. Lloyd and Langtry in their respective characters of "Jones Robinson Brown Smith," and "Captain Littletop" were extremely good, and very largely contributed to making the farce a complete success. Captain Kent, R.A., as "Barnaby Babbicombe," was capital.

All the performers entered into their respective roles with great zest which speaks very hopefully for future entertainments, and under the able management of Lieutenant Lloyd, our readers may rest assured that "great things" are in store for them.

On Monday the 25th inst. we hear another excellent entertainment was given, the Staff Dramatic Club occupying the boards in the first part of the evening, and in the second half the Jalapahar Dramatic Club.

We understand that the boards of the Regimental Theatre, Fort William, are shortly to be occupied by a Company with Capt. Holme as manager. We sincerely trust that this report is true, as with Sergt. Clifton—a host in himself, and with others whose dramatic talent only requires to be developed, Captain Holme should have no trouble in getting together a strong Company, in spite of the absence of Lieut. Lloyd and Sergt. Eaton. Who can ever forget at Ranikhet, Lieut. Tarte as a footman? or Lieut. Hulke as first walking gentleman? Rumour has it that Capt. Holme himself is no mean performer, so we shall hope for the best.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

QUITE recently the Sergeant of the Main Guard at Fort William, wanting to know the time, shouted to the Sentry to enquire. Not getting an immediate answer he repeated the question rather sharply, and was somewhat staggered when the Sentry (one of the last draft) came stumbling up the steps carring the gong, and remarking, "He could'nt tell the time on that blessed thing."

A cardinal who commanded the troops of Pope Boniface IX., in the march of Ancona, finding himself in a position in which he must conquer or die, promised the soldiers that if they secured the victory those who fell should dine that very day with the angels. They marched to the combat with alacrity; but, finding that the cardinal was careful not to expose himself, "How is it," said one of them, "that you show no anxiety for the celestial banquet to which you have invited us so warmly?" "Because it is not yet my dinner time, and I am not yet hungry."

"Some years ago the Emperor of Russia paid a visit to the German Emperor. Now, it appears that on the evening following the Czar's arrival his aide-de-camp was sent to the Kaiser's palace with a message. He was received by the latter's aide-de-camp, who did not know him, and who mistook him for the Czar himself.

"The aide took all the homage intended for his royal master for a while, and then he explained the mistake. Of course, the German aide was very angry. He did not, however, express his displeasure there and then. His opportunity came later.

"The next evening there was a game of whist. The Kaiser and his aide played against the Czar and his aide-de-camp. During the play the Russian aide led the Jack of spades. 'The king of spades," called out the Kaiser's officer. 'Pardon me, that is the Jack' observed the Russian. 'The fault is mine,' replied the German, and he added, with a meaning look at his adversary, 'This is the second time I have mistaken the knave for the king."

On the authority of the late Earl of Carnarvon, a story is told about the Prince of Wales, when he went with the Earl in disguise to the East end of London, surprising a soldier smoking while on duty. They were passing the Royal Mint when they observed the man in a sentry box puffing complacently at a very large and malodorous cigar. The Prince, after the manner of Haroun al Raschid, entered into conversation with the soldier, and, after admiring his cigar, wagered him that he could guess its price. After all prices had been named and denied, the soldier confessed that, it cost nix, and I paid nix neither.' The soldier then entered into a guessing competition with the view of finding out the Prince's identity, and another wager was entered into that he could not find it out. He hazarded several guesses and made innumerable enquiries, until at last the Prince informed him who he was. "Holy Moses," cried the soldier, "catch hold of this cigar for a moment; Stick to it while I present arms! We always have to salute Royalty, and I'm hanged if I don't think you are the Prince now that I look straight at you."

NOTICE.

"The Editor will gladly welcome any information with regard to the names, addresses and occupation of all Officers, Non-Com. Officers and Ptes. of the Buffs, who are at present in India, but who are not serving with the Regt.

A list of the above is in course of preparation, and as this is a matter of general interest, the Editor would like to make the list as complete as possible."

As an experiment, advertisements from any Buff will be inserted free in the columns of *The Dragon*.

We ourselves will start by advertising for literary contributions.

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TO ALL SMOKERS.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

That the following Tobaccos are manufactured from the choicest Crops grown in Virginia according to our special instructions by an entirely new and improved process and are guaranteed by the manufacturers not to contain any artificial colouring, flavouring or any impurities, which are universally acknowledged by smokers to be the sole cause of the deterioration in Tobaccos.

These Tobaccos will keep in any climate in splendid condition for any length of time.

ROSE BUD.—Bright Gold-flaked Honey Dew manufactured by LAMBERT & BUTLER, London, Pronounced to be the best Pipe Tobacco of the day, and its cheapness is a marvel! **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

HONEY DEW MIXTURE.—Prepared by THOMAS OGDEN, "LD." Liverpool, from Sun-dried Virginia (sweet and mellow) Old Kentucky (full flavoured), Turkey (Dubec mild) Latakia (fragrant), all matured in Bond and judiciously blended and assures a sweet and pleasant smoke, which is enjoyed by the most fastidious smokers. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Bright Cut Navy.—Manufactured by THOS. OGDEN' "LD.," Liverpool, smokes with delightful aroma and taste; it does not swell, burn hot, or "pop," nor does it cake or go hard in the Pipe, however tightly filled, and burns to the last grain **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Reliable Bird's-eye.—Manufactured by COPE BROTHERS, Liverpool, a sweet and cool High Class Cigarette Tobacco. It can be inhaled with entire satisfaction without irritating the lungs or throat. **Rs. 2-0 per lb.**

SPORT DE JAVA.

The demand for these Cigars continues very steady, besides having increasing Sales from all parts of the World and more particularly from Australia.

	Rs.	As.	P.
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 1, 4½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	3	0	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 2, 4 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	2	12	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 3, 3½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	2	8	0
REGALIA, 6 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 50, per box	2	0	0
CONCHAS, 3 inches long, thin Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	1	12	0
MINUTOS, 3 inches long, Cigar Cigarette, in boxes of 100, per box	1	8	0

BEST THICK MANILLA CIGARS,

At ~~Rs~~ 45 per 1000. In great demand in Regimental Messes.

CHILD & Co., CALCUTTA.

THE BUFFS' REGIMENTAL PRESS.

The above Press having recently added a large quantity of fancy and ornamental type, borders &c., to its already large and well-selected stock, is now in a position to undertake every description of Plain, Ornamental, and Color Printing.

THE DRAGON.

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:-o-:

Back numbers always obtainable at 2 As. per copy, or bound in best style.

Nos. 1 to 33, Rs. 6.
" 1 to 45, " 8.
" 1 to 69, " 11.

Apply to the Sub-Editor, or at the Regimental Printing Office.

Printed for the Editor at The Buffs' Press, Jullundur.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 62, **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, MAY 31st, 1892.** Price 2 As.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

HENNIKER:—At Calcutta on the 1st inst., the wife of Pioneer Sergt. Henniker of a daughter. Ruth Florence May.

NOTES.

ON the 23rd of this month, after nearly 32 years service, Lieut.-Colonel H. D. Harrison, said goodbye to The Buffs. Partings are always painful, and especially so in our late Colonel's case, as every one knew, that his whole heart was in the regiment. In losing him, The Buffs lose one of their best known and oldest regimental characters. Popular, kind hearted to a degree, and one who never spared himself where the good of the regiment was at stake, it will be long before we see his like again.

... ...

The Officers naturally wished to ask Colonel Harrison, to a farewell dinner in the Mess, but not being able to trust himself to say, such a public farewell, he begged to be excused. However, on the Wednesday before he left, Major Harley got up after dinner, and in a few well chosen words proposed his health, which was drunk with all honours, the Band playing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and "Auld Lang Syne."

The Colonel's reply was very affecting, and on that account all the more effective.

On his departure from Barracks on Monday morning, the horses were taken out, and the carriage pulled along by willing hands.

Preceded by the Band playing the Regimental March, and surrounded by Officers and men of the regiment, the Colonel left us, and those who saw him leave will not easily forget that parting.

... ...

His record of Service is as follows:—

Obtained first Commission by purchase 3rd August 1860.

Served at Home, from 3-8-60. to 23-7-66. 2nd Battn.

India, from 24-7-66. to 1-10-70. 1st Battn

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Served at Home, from 2-10-70. to 12-1-77. 2nd Battn.

Cape of Good Hope, from 13-1-77. to 28-10-79. 2nd Battn.

Straits Settlements, from 29-10-79 to 2-3-82. 2nd Battn.

China, from 3-3-82. to 9-7-85. 2nd Battn.

Home, from 10-7-85. to 5-7-88. 2nd Battn.

India, 6-7-88. to 22-5-92. (Command) 1st Battn.

... ...

With this month's number of the Dragon, is bound a copy of the sermon preached by the Lord Bishop, on the Sunday preceding the presentation of our New Colours. The sermon was printed at the special request of H. E. the Commander-in-Chief, and we are glad to have this opportunity of thanking His Reverence, for sending the regiment 1000 copies, all of which have been taken up ; our only regret is that the sermon was not published earlier, so that it could have been inserted in the Colour Supplement.

... ...

Our best congratulations to our gunner friends of the 21st Company in the Fort at winning the Commander-in-Chief's prize for figure of merit (position& accuracy)with 860 points,as compared with 717 made by last year's winners. We hear that their Signallers are somewhere near the top of the list, and also that the Battery on the whole is the best educated Battery in the force. We hope that in their just pride they will not forget their old friends The Buffs.

... ...

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the circular lately issued by the Duke of Cam bridge to District Commanders, calling on them to report cases, where publicans have refused to serve soldiers in uniform with a view of refusing to renew their licences. We hope to see this order carried out in this country, and the sooner the better, as, almost incredible to state. in Calcutta itself, some instances have occurred of publicans (English) refusing to serve some of our Non. Com. Officers for the same reason. Any business man knows that in this country, all trading concerns, especially in the beer line, are dependent for their security on the bayonet of the British soldier, and it is a bad policy to ignore this very important fact.

... ...

The smoking Concert, an account of which will be found later on, given on Saturday the 21st by the Sergeants proved a great success, the Band composed entirely of members of the Sergeants' Mess, being one of the features of the evening.

To everyone's surprise our Q.-M.,a non-smoker, was seen with a long cigar in his mouth the whole evening; on inspection,however,it turned out to have never been lighted, probably it was one of those chocolate cigars.

... ...

An accident, which might have turned out seriously, happened last Sunday, in the church, during the time evening service was being held. Two of the pinnacles on the roof, owing we presume to the violent wind blowing at the time, fell right through the outer, on to the inner roof, where luckily they were held fast. Quantities of dust, plaster &c.,fell down on top of the choir, who may think themselves lucky at getting off with a dusting. The Church is now closed for repairs, and the Regiment will have an open air service next Sunday.

... ...

Our home Battalion seems to have had plenty to do at the late Easter Manœuvres at Chatham, and to have come in for a good deal of praise, We quote one or two extracts from the local papers. "The Battalion, which looked remarkably fresh after its heavy march in slush and snow, first took cover under the western hedges, and having fired a few rounds, pushed on at a steady double up the Blue Bell Hill." "With three such distinguished Regular Corps as the Engineers, Buffs, and Marines, it would be superfluous to say any more than that they acquitted themselves as they always do—to perfection."

... ...

In the Gaffing line too, our 2nd Battalion has been going strong. We see that at the R.E. Lecture Theatre, Colonel Kelly acted the part of "Azariah Stodd." in a play called "Sunset," and the part of Mr. Nubbly, a greengrocer in "War to the Knife. The song "The Miner's Dream of Home" as sung by Private Sillick at a Smoking Concert at Buckley Hall, seems to have

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been a great success.

... ...

We acknowledge with many thanks the receipt, from Messrs. Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta, of a copy of the "Martini-Henri Riflle and Firing Exercise." This small volume, which by the way only costs four annas, should be of great use to non-commissioned officers in learning their new musketry drill.

... ...

We congratulate our signallers on obtaining the Frontier Medal and Clasp for Manipur. Sergeant Carnell, who has already the medal for Chin Lushai, will soon have his breast covered with honours.

... .

The sale of this little paper has been so successful the last five or six months, every spare copy printed having been disposed of, we are about to increase the number of copies from 850 to 900, and have every hope that the extra 50 copies will be disposed of. We take this opportunity of thanking our correspondents, especially the non-commissioned officers and men in the Regiment, for the support that has been always given us.

... ...

The billiard handicap, which has been going on the last two or three weeks in the officers' mess, has not been productive of many startling surprises. The three representatives of the Unceremonials, Messrs. Gladstone, West and Barnard, from the six left in at the third round, were, however, all disposed of that round by three Buffs. Our "Pop Quart" (this stands for our popular Quartermaster) was, in the semi-final, easily knocked out by Major Harley, a scratch man, who has now to play Mr. Parry (to whom he has given 45) in the final tie on Monday, on which night the officers are giving a Ladies' dinner party in honour of the event, consequently we expect to see Mr. Parry play up.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SNOWBALL. Thanks for your contribution, we are unable to publish it this month for want of space.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

Having seen your notice in the issue of the 30th April, inviting any of The Buffs serving in India, "not with the Regt." to send in their names, and addresses, I am pleased to take the opportunity of sending you mine to be put on your list.

I have had the honour to hold the rank of Army School Mistress in The Buffs for sixteen years and my husband the late Sergt. James Allen, served 21 years in the Old Regiment. I have completed seven years in my present Regt.-The Wiltshire, and hope to proceed to England, to retire on pension, next Trooping Season.

I dare say there are some still in the Regt. who will remember me. I shall always retain many kind and pleasant remembrances of my Old Regt.

Late Mrs. E. A. Allen, I beg to remain
School Mistress, Yours faithfully
The Buffs. E. A. Cane

The above letter is printed in full as an example of '*Esprit de Corps*" in its best form, and as long as we have Old Buffs writing to us in the style of this letter, one need not have much fear of the Old Corps being forgotten by those who have had the honor to serve in it. [Ed.]

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Sir,

I have not the honour to be an Old Buff, but as years drag on, I am fast qualifying for the title of an Old Buffer.

I had the pleasure of witnessing the Athletic Sports of the "Ticca Draft" at Madhapore, and was much pleased at the prowess they displayed, and the good feeling which existed between Officers and men. If all the drafts consisted of such strapping able men as the Ticca Draft was composed of, there would be no grounds for complaints of the deterioration of the material of the British Army. While I enjoyed the harmony at the Sing-Song on the camping ground in the evening, I began to generalize.

The men looked so happy and so intelligent that I thought each man a *Von Moltke*, and said to myself, surely instead of the British Army having only one General it is composed principally of Generals, or Generals in *embryo*. I thought too, of other "Generals" who had been left behind and were now weeping for their much loved "warriors" who had gone abroad, and these disconsolate 'Generals' would sing 'If I were Queen of France or what's, better Pope of Rome, I'd have no fighting men abroad no weeping generals at home. "Generals" who shed so many tears that they find it hard to get the kitchen fire to light in the morning, all the coals being damp— As a teetotaler of 19 years' standing I would strongly advise the Ticca Draft to join the A.T.A. and avoid

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the doubtful joys, and still more doubtful draughts of the Canteen, and hope that the members of this already famous draft, which made its entry into the City of Palaces in Ticca Gharries, may retire full of honors, and each in possession of a handsome draft on the Regimental Bank,

Yours truly
An Old Buffer.

The following was sent by Col. Harrison just before leaving:—

My dear Harley,

Will you kindly tell the Battalion I intended up to a few minutes ago to come and bid them good-bye and Godspeed. Will you do this for me, and ask them to excuse me from taking a very sorrowful parting.

Believe me
Sincerly Yours
H. D. Harrison.

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

This city was not honoured this year at Easter by the presence of Volunteers, Dover, Shornecliffe and Walmer being the places at which they were located, the Easter Monday fight taking place between Dover and Walmer

The weather was bitterly cold throughout the Easter holidays, snow having fallen heavily in East Kent on the Wednesday before Good Friday, and on the evening of Easter Sunday there was a severe hail storm, however on the Monday the weather was fine, though a sharp N.E. wind was blowing.

Band Sergeant T. Steele has joined the 2nd Battalion from Kneller Hall, and I hear is about to be appointed Sergeant-Drummer to one of the Militia Battalions of the Somersetshire Regiment.

Twenty-two recruits were sent to the 2nd Battalion on 1st April under charge of Captain Blackburn.

No. 362, O.R. Sergeant J. Barnes, joined Depot from desertion on 2nd April, he having surrendered himself to the Civil Power in London, and was identified by a "Young Buff" now serving in the Metropolitan Police.

Sergeants Matthews and Todd left Depot to join the Home Battalion on 22nd April, on promotion.

Corpls. Webb and Price have been appointed paid Lance-Sergeants vice Matthews and Todd.

Lance-Corpl. H. Adams, an assistant in the Orderly-room here, has been promoted Corporal, vice Matthews.

No. 1377, A. F. Isard, 1395, W. Larkins, and 2140, A. E. Austin, having been found fit for further duty joined the 2nd Battalion from Netley on 13th April.

Privates Isard and Larkins have since been transferred to the Army Reserve.

Corporal T. J. A. Ralph, and Privates Stevens and A. Fuller have joined Depot for duty from Home Battalion.

No. 2550, G. T. Earl, and 2780, S. G. Baldock, have been discharged at Netley as invalids and their claims to pension rejected.

Sergeant Instructor Toop, 2nd Vol. Bn., was discharged on 23rd April, medically unfit for further service, and has been awarded a pension of 1/- per diem for 33 months, final.

His successor has not yet been appointed.

Color-Sergeant H. Light has been appointed Sergeant Instructor to the Wingham Company of the 1st Vol. Bn., vice Newsham,

No. 1844, Private. F. Lloyd, has extended his period of service to complete 12 years with the Colors.

No. 3672, Sergt. L. Waters, No. 1827, T. Pembroke, No. 1864, C. Hall, and No. 3134, Boy F. Bartlett, arrived at Netley *ex* Crocodile on 25th April.

Color-Sergt. E. Breen has joined the 2nd Bn, on completion of his tour of duty at Depot, he is to be succeeded by Color-Sergt. Hodges.

Major C. H. Gordon has been selected to relieve Major J. B. Backhouse at Depot on 1st June, and, if rumours are true, he is to be married in October next.

The 3rd Battalion assembled for its annual training on 2nd May and proceeded the same evening to Shornecliffe: the men were I think more orderly than ever, very few of them being under the influence of John Barleycorn.

Lieut. R. H. D'Aeth is acting as Adjutant of Depot during Captain Porter's absence with the Militia Battalion, and Captain H. Blackburn is performing the duties of Quartermaster and Recruiting Officer, vice Capt, and Quartermaster Colley,

The Inspector General of Recruiting paid a visit to this station on 23rd April, and inspected minutely the whole of the recruits in Garrison,

The 1st and 2nd Vol. Bns, The Buffs go into Brigade Camp at Perry Court, Wye, near Ashford, from 20th to 28th May, and the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles also come up for their annual drills at the same time, and will be encamped in Eastwell Park. The week is expected to be a lively one as some regular troops, Artillery and Infantry, and the 3rd Bn, will also be encamped in the neighbourhood of Ashford, and some fighting is to take place between them and the Shornecliffe Garrison,

Faithfully Yours,
"Old Buff."

OLD BUFFS DECEASED.

Pte. Samuel John Wade, died at Dublin, 23rd March 1892, aged 64.

Was invalided in consequence of wound in fingers, October 1856, and granted a pension of 9d. per diem for life. Served 12 years in 32nd D. C. L. I., and 1 year and 8 months in The Buffs. Medals Indian and Crimean.

No. 2047 Color-Sergt. and O. R. Sergt. James Duffin, 3rd E. Kent, died in the Asylum near Bradford, 23rd February 1892, aged 39 years.

Admitted to pension of 2s. 3d. per diem, December, 1890, medals South African with clasp, 1879.

Pte. Amos Eastwood, died at Bradford, 30th March 1892, aged 65 years. Served in The Buffs 21 years, from 1845 to 1866, and granted a pension of 1s. per diem, Medals, Crimean and Turkish, China, and Long Service and Good Conduct.

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REGIMENTAL NEWS.

The Commander-in-Chief in India is pleased to make the following appointment, subject to the approval of His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief :—

1st Battalion East Kent Regiment.

Lieut. A. L. Lynden-Bell, to be Adjutant, vice Lieut. E. C. M. Parry resigned, dated 1st April, 1892.

The undermentioned officer has been posted to the battalion on promotion.—

Lieut. J. Hasler.

Bandmaster C. S. Birkhead has notified to the Commanding Officer that he is desirous of continuing in the service beyond 21 years.

The following absorptions will take effect as below :—

No. 1410, Sergt. J. Winter, from 2nd Battalion, *vice* Sergt. Greig promoted Color-Sergeant.

Sergt. J. M. Campbell on remand from Unattached list, *vice* Sergt. E. Turner to Permanent Staff.

No. 2549, Sergt. E. Grattan, from 2nd Battalion, *vice* Sergt. Parsons transferred to the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry.

No. 2698, Corpl. W. Arnold, from 2nd Battalion, *vice* Corpl. Rogers to Army Reserve.

No. 2941, Corpl. J. Smith, from 2nd Battalion, *vice* Corpl. Fisher discharged to pension.

No. 3052, Corpl. H. D. Sayer, from 2nd Battalion, *vice* Corpl. Hilderbrand to Army Reserve.

No. 2144, Pte. J. Else, is appointed pioneer.

No. 2989, Pte. F. Dedman, has been permitted to extend his period of Army service to complete 12 years with the Colors.

No. 821, Sergt. B. Gates, has been selected for employment in the Commissariat Department.

No. 3533, Sergt, J. George, has been transferred to the unattached list for employment in the Army Clothing Department.

The undermentioned men are appointed bandsmen :—

No. 2045, Ptes, R. Pierce, No. 1981, S. Tibball, No. 1971, F. Brain, No. 2310, J. Campbell, No. 2323, E. Wittering.

The undermentioned recruits having enlisted during the month, they are taken on the strength of the Battalion.

Oswald Arthur Templeton (G Company).
John William Lewis (E Company).

The undermentioned men were awarded 3rd Class Certificates of Education at an examination at Darjeeling.

No. 2791 Pte. L. Barton.
„ 2641 „ J. May.

Commencing on Tuesday, the 24th inst., the latest safe day for posting letters, etc., for England is Tuesday, up to 6.30 p.m. Letters for franking by the Commanding Officer should be placed in the letter box ontside the Orderly-room by 9 a.m. on Tuesdays—letters received after that hour will be delayed until the following week.

Good Conduct Pay is granted to the undermentioned men at the rates stated opposite their names :—

No.	3005	Pte. J. Whitehouse,	1d.	9-5-92,
„	2308	Dr. P. Devan,	1d. restd.	19-5-92.
„	2034	Pte. O. Kendal,	2d. granted	16-5-92,
„	2698	„ W. Arnold,	1d. resumed	17-5-92,
„	129	„ J. Dove,	2d. restd.	14-5-92.
„	2071	„ E. Askew,	2d. granted	19-5-92.
„	2088	Lc-Cpl. J. Pearson,	2d. „	15-5-92
„	1931	Pte. A. Brown,	2d. „	15-5-92.
„	1065	„ E. Wickens,	2d. „	8-5-92.
„	2966	„ W. Vaughan,	1d. „	25-4-92.
„	2336	„ E. Payne,	1d. „	1-3-92.
„	3132	Dr. C. Brown,	1d. „	23-5-92.
„	1658	Pte. C. Hatchard,	3d. „	31-5-92.
„	1657	„ J. Knight,	3d. „	31-5-92.
„	1620	„ A. Lindsay,	1d. rstd.	12-5-92.

MUSKETRY.

The following is the result of the Annual Course of Musketry for 1891 & 1892.

Battalion Figure of Merit—

Range Individual Practices	36·57
Field Practices	38·03

Figure of Merit of Companies in order of precedence—

A Company.	G Company.
37·81	38·84
42·27	34·34
B Company	F Company.
37·90	36·59
38·37	38·84
E Company	H Company.
36·73	35·25
37·57	34·94
D Company	C Company.
35·74	34·27
34·82	30·78

Prizes (honorary).

The Sergeants of letters "A" Company, which has been selected as the best Shooting Company, a badge of crossed Rifles and Crown in gold, to be worn on the right forearm.

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The Retort Courteous.

WHEN Lord—was Governor-General of India, the 117th Regt. (I put it in cypher because such a regiment never was seen in Bengal) was quartered in Fort William.

His Lordship was a very good man, probably a very great man, but he was a sad tyrant, and sometimes was apt to fancy that instead of the representative of Royalty, he was Royalty himself. This was a mistake which occasionally led him into error.

Now, Colonel S—, who commanded the 117th, was about as good an officer as ever wore a pair of epaulettes ; the regiment under his command, one of the most distinguished in His Majesty's service, were proud of him, and loved him dearly ; because, although he drilled them daily till they almost fainted, he never suffered anyone to pass a slight, or to do anything against the corps he commanded. He is now a K.C.B. or G.C.B. Few officers have better deserved this honour. Colonel S—was a soldier, as the world expressed it "a soldier, every inch of him."

My Lord, who by-the-bye was a civilian, ordered a grand review. The troops were drawn out on the Maidan ; the day was burning hot.

The Governor-General could see from his Viceregal mansion that they were awaiting him.

His Excellency chose to remain longer at tiffin. The troops, having drooped for nearly two hours beneath the rays of a tropical sun, were nearly worn out when Lord—came prancing out to look at them.

It is a great honour to be looked at by great men, so the troops presented arms, and the officers dropped their swords.

In a moment, however, the eagle eye of Lord—beheld a flag, stiff—bolt upright.

He instantly despatched an aide-de-camp to command that it should be lowered.

Colonel S—respectfully declined, on the score that it was the King's colour of the regiment, and could only do homage to Royalty itself.

"Am I not a representative of Royalty ?" said his Lordship.

"You are, my Lord," replied Colonel S—.

"Then I desire that flag to be lowered," said his Lordship.

"I extremely regret, your Excellency, that I am compelled to decline complying with your order," replied Colonel S—. "The King's ensign can only be lowered to Royalty itself."

"Sir, I insist—" commenced his Lordship.

"My Lord," interrupted the Colonel, "I will not give an order contrary to the rules of the Service, and the directions given me when I had the honour of being placed at the head of this gallant corps."

"You shall repent this disobedience," said his Lordship, "I shall instantly refer the question home, and if you are wrong I shall have you dismissed the Service."

The enraged Governor, thwarted for the first time in his life, galloped back to his palace, where his anger considerably impeded his digestion.

The 117th marched back into Fort William, well knowing they had made a dire and powerful enemy.

During the twelve months which elapsed for an answer from Europe no officers of the corps were invited to his Excellency's banquets.

Many petty slights were shown them. At length the answer came. Colonel S——was right. He had acted strictly according to the regulations, but a request was conveyed to him that in future he was to lower the King's colour if his Excellency should wish it.

Each considered he had gained a triumph, and the 117th were marched down to Calcutta again to prove before the world at large that Lord—— was to receive a bow from the King's Colour.

A review was ordered. The salute was given, and all went off well.

That evening the Governor-General gave a grand dinner.

He as usual commanded the Band of the 117th to be in attendance, it being the custom in those day's always to strike up "God Save the King," the instant the great man emerged from the drawing-room.

On the evening in question Captain C—— (the aide-de-camp), stepped out of the room and audibly pronounced "His Excellency."

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This was the signal that Lord——was handing down the first Lady of the company, and should have been followed by the opening crash of the National Anthem. But, alas! not a sound responded to the appearance of his Lordship.

"What's this! what's this?—eh?" exclaimed his Lordship. "Is there no band?"

"Yes, my Lord," tremblingly replied Capt. C——, "the Band of the 117th Regiment."

"Why don't they play? Go and see."

"These men are sadly drilled, I fear," blandly remarked His Excellency, to the pretty Mrs. P—

The aide-de-camp returned; he actually looked pale with horror.

"Well, well, why don't they play?" demanded his Lordship.

"They have not brought their instruments," replied the aide-de-camp.

"Not brought their instruments?" exclaimed his Lordship. "Stupid fools! Tell them to go and fetch them, and if they are not back in half-an-hour, I shall have them all punished. Here, you sir, you bandmaster, do you hear what I am saying? Quick!"

"Please your Excellency, I can't" replied the bandmaster.

"And why?" inquired his Lordship, "Do you presume to bandy words with me?"

"No, my Lord, but—"

"I'll have no buts. Be off Sir, and fetch your instruments. What could Colonel S— mean by sending the band here like a parcel of sticks? I don't want the men, I want the music."

"Please you, my Lord," commenced the bandmaster, "I was ordered to say the men of the band are under your command, and attend according to orders; but the instruments belong to the officers, who purchased them by subscription out of their own pockets, and they refuse to lend them to you."

"What!" roared the irritated Governor-General.

"It's not my fault, sir," ejaculated the poor bandmaster.

We will not paint the anger of the great man or the joy of the officers at finding they had fully succeeded in conferring the "retort courteous" on the proudest of men that ever landed in India.—

Church of England Temperance Society.

A SMOKING concert was given in connection with the above society, on the 6th inst., in the Regimental Theatre. The chair was taken at 7-30 p.m. by A. M. Weeks, president. After the usual opening hymn was sung, the programme was proceeded with, which consisted of sketches, songs, recitations and duets. After a few songs were sung, Mr. Gurr of Hastings kindly gave a very interesting temperance address, which was highly appreciated by all present, especially the new members, who have just arrived from England, and have commenced their temperance career in India. He strongly advised them to stand true to their pledge, and to be good workers for the great cause. Miss M. Wilson then kindly presented the honours to those entitled to them; Lance-Corpl. E. J. Grant was presented with a silver medal for the good work which he had accomplished during his term of president of the society. Bro. Grant then addressed the meeting, thanking them for the honour which he had just received and urging all present to join the temperance cause, and to try and win others who had fallen victims to strong drink; and, as he had fulfilled his term of office as president, he hoped that the members would still go on and help their new president the same as they had helped him. Great credit is due to Miss M. Wilson for accompanying on the piano, and Mr. Wilson who took a part in the evening's amusement, also to J. T. Barrett, who gave his comic whistling and step dance in costume, and lastly to the committee, who arranged the programme and made our evening's enjoyment a successful one. We hope they will soon be able to oblige again, so as to further the good cause of temperance in the regiment.

A.M.W.

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JALAPAHAR NEWS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

No doubt some of the readers of the Dragon will like to hear of our doings up here, more especially as there are so many of The Buffs at the Depot this year, over 90. We hear of the intense heat in Calcutta, but the weather here is not pleasant, as it rains every day, and most nights as well, however, it is delightfully cool, so we must not grumble.

At present no one seems to take to Cricket and Football very kindly, but during the month there have been a few matches. The depot football team went to Kattapahar on Monday, the 2nd, and played an Association match with the Mountain Battery ; the game was played in a thick fog, which rather impeded the play, the result was a win for the Depôt by one goal. Two matches have been played with St. Joseph's College, one on their ground, and one at the Depôt, both resulting in a draw—two goals each. There was some very good all round play on each side, we hope to see a third and deciding match played soon.

The Highland Light Infantry appear to take more interest in football than any other detachment, and, considering there are only 25 men here, have a very fair team, and one that would take a deal of beating by any other corps here. We are sorry the Buffs show so little interest in football, they ought to show up better considering their Calcutta reputation,

The weather has been much against cricket. On match days it is invariably wet. A match was played *v.* St. Joseph's College at Jalapahar on 6th May. The soldiers were the first to bat and made the respectable score of 161, to which Lieut. Alexander, R.A., contributed 53, but when he had made about 15 he gave an easy chance which was not taken advantage of. The college did not show themselves to be strong with the bat, only making 27 in their first innings and 50 in their 2nd for 5 wickets. The game had to be stopped owing to rain.

On the 14th May a match was played on the Jalapahar Ground with St. Paul's School ; the boys went first to the wicket and made 153, of which Hillies made 43. Unfortunately Lieut. Tizzard, who is our crack bowler, very early in the game, in attempting to catch a sharp return, dislocated his finger, thereby depriving us of his services which no doubt made a great difference in our opponent's score. As usual, after tiffin it began to rain, the home team made 20 with the loss of two wickets, and it then came down a perfect deluge, which put a stop to the game.

The Ferrel Dramatic Company are here, and have been amusing us, both here and at Darjeeling, and have had fairly good houses. The Station of Darjeeling is now very full, although there are many vacant houses, owing to the high rents asked, the hotels and boarding-houses are full to overflowing. The Amusement Club is much patronised in the afternoon, and there is a lawn-tennis handicap on, of which you shall have an account later on. Lady Elliott commenced her pleasant lawn tennis parties on Monday afternoon, and the Birthday Ball given by H.H. The Lieut.-Governor and Lady Elliott is to take place on the 3rd June in the New Durbar Hall.

Lieut. Lloyd is still most energetic, and on Saturdays many find their way to Lebong, where tent pegging, tilting at the ring, and other amusements take place. Lieut. Lloyd has issued the prospectus of the Darjeeling Sky Races for the 23rd, but we are sorry to say the races have not filled, so it will not come off, but we anticipate a pleasant day down there, as our Honorary Secretary is boundless in his resources of amusement, and will substitute something else.

There is to be a *Cafe Chantant* at the Amusement Club shortly, in aid of some charity of which you shall have an account, also there is much talk of Theatricals at Jalapahar, and Christy Minstrels, &c., so there will be plenty of amusement for all.

Cricket at Darjeeling seems to be in the dim future, the late Honorary Secretary let the funds get so low, and the Club generally to run downhill, that it seems hard to start it again, but we hope some energetic individual will come to the front and put matters straight, as last year it was always a pleasant trip from a foggy climate up here to a cricket match in the Shrubbery grounds.

The parade to celebrate Her Majesty's Birthday, will take place on the Parade-Ground at Jalapahar, at 12 noon, on Tuesday the 24th. His

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Honour the Lieut.-Govenor will be present, also Brigadier-General F. Lance, C.B., who has returned from his inspection tour to Gnatong and elsewhere; we hope to see a large force of Volunteers on parade, and that we may be favoured with real Queen's weather. There is a rumour that later on in the season we are to have The Buffs' band, and we only hope this is the case, as at present there is a great lack of music. Just as I am closing this letter, I hear of a skirt dance which is to be performed shortly by four ladies and I hope it may be true.

(*From another Correspondent.*)

There is nothing very exciting going on in Jalapahar at present, but we have been visited by the "Ferrell Dramatic Company" twice during the month. Their first performance "Confusion" drew an appreciative audience, but on Tuesday last they produced "The Butler" to a rather poor house, owing a good deal to the inclemency of the weather. We have to look forward to a Christy Minstrel Entertainment for Monday next, which is in active rehearsal, Captain Wood of Calcutta fame kindly presiding at the piano. We are promised burlesques, etc., soon, but we have not yet heard particulars. There was to have been a cricket match to-day (St. Paul's School *v.* The Depot), but, owing to the weather, again it had to be postponed. There is to be a ball on the night of the Queen's Birthday, given by the non-commissioned officers of the Depôt, and it promises to be a *burra tamasha*. Football here does not seem to have caught on yet, cricket being the order of the day whenever the weather is favourable. The town band, with our own musicians, have been here practising for the Birthday Parade. You will see therefore that everything has yet to come off.

I must not forget to mention that the Depôt Dramatic Club, in conjunction with Captain and Mrs. Kent, Mrs. Maturin, and Mr. Lloyd, gave a performance last month; the former in the farce "Retained for the Defence" and the latter in "Found in a Four Wheeler" both being well received by a crowded house. Next month after all the things that are to come off, I hope to be able to let you have a longer and more interesting letter.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Acknowledged with many thanks the receipt of the following Regimental Papers.

The Bengal Tiger Munster Fusiliers
The Maple Leaf. Leinster Regt.
The Lilywhites Gazette. 2nd Battn. East Lanc. Regt.
The XXX. 1st Battn. East Lanc. Regt.
The Lancashire Lad Loyal North Lanc. Regt.
The Nines Wiltshire Regt.
Sprig of Shillelagh. 27th Inniskillings
1st Surrey Rifle Gazette 1st Vol. Battn. E. S. Regt.

THE MAPLE LEAF.

We offer our best congratulations to our contemporary at this its first appearance, and, judging from the first number, have no doubt but that there is a long and successful career before it. The first number appropriately begins with an article on '*Esprit de Corps*' in which several interesting items in the History of the Regt. are recorded, and the various accounts of sports, Christy Minstrels, Theatricals &c., show that the paper is well supported by its various correspondents.

THE BENGAL TIGER.

The opening para of the March number amusingly describes Lieut. Oates' position in the march past before the general. Mr. Oates, like Lord Byron of old, must have got up one morning, and found himself famous. The lines to *Oonts* are capital, and we take the liberty of quoting part of the 3rd verse.

"The horse e' knows above a bit, the bullock's but a fool
The elephants a gentleman, the baggage mule's a mule,
But the Commissariat-Camuel, when all is said and done
E's a devil, an' a ostrich, an' a orphan child in one.'

ON GUARD.

By this, the organ of the A.T.A., we see that the Regiment holds a good place in the monthly returns of the society, being in the first class Order of Merit. Only two Irish Corps appear in the list at all—The Leinsters, and the Royal Munster Fusiliers, who are in the 3rd class in the Honour List. Representatives of The Buffs seem to have done very well. Corpl. Carter being at the head with a six years' bar. We observe that Major General Lynden-Bell is one of the vice patrons.

THE LANCASHIRE LAD.

We see that the regiment who are at Kamptee, send a party of convalescents to Deolali, and we are curious to hear what the result is. To most of us Deolali would hardly seem to be the place to spend a happy day in, and we can quite believe their Deolali correspondent when he writes, "nothing sensational has transpired since we have been here."

Those of us who landed with the regiment, from Singapore, in '87 and who had to stop 10 days at Deolali, will quite agree with the above remark. We have to thank our contemporary, for a very flattering paragraph, anent our March number and Colour Supplement.

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Darjeeling to Gnatong.

DARJEELING (7163ft.) is a large civil station and convalescent depôt (Jalapahar 7886), connected with the plains by a mountain railway, and a good cart road, with an average gradient of 1 in 80 ft.

From here there is, via Ghoom, an excellent road, beautifully shaded throughout, to Peshok (3675 ft.), distant 13 miles, 3 furlongs. It runs through the Rongaroon forest, and up to the Lopchuk forest bungalow at the 10th mile from Ghoom it is fairly level, after that it has a drop of 1,823 ft. in 3 miles, during which the traveller passes large tea estates, and arrives at the P.W.D. bungalow. Leaving this the road descends through open tea grounds, thence 3½ miles rapid descent through thick jungle to the Teesta suspension bridge, on the *farther* side of which is affixed a board warning troops to break step in crossing.

Near the bridge there is a forest bungalow, overlooking the river, also a small bazaar, the houses of which overhang the river in several places, being supported by wooden piles. After a climb of 3½ miles, old route, and 9½ miles, new route, from the bridge, Kalimpong (3,900 ft.), a good sized village is reached. It is the head quarters of the Forest Officer of the district, and contains a Dak bungalow, a government dispensary, and last, but not least, a church. Here a weekly fair, which is very largely attended, chiefly by Bhuttias, is held every Sunday.

From Kalimpong to Pedong (4,760 ft.), there is a fine hill road, unwooded for the first seven miles. After this the forest commences, and a mile farther two roads branch off from the main road The one to the right leads to the forest bungalow of Ressiem, which commands an extensive view of Sikkim about four miles frontal distant, and eventually to Fort Dalling and the Terai ; while the one to the left leads to the half-ruined village of Damsong. The road to Pedong is the centre one, and here commences to ascend the ridge (6,100 ft.) Passing the highest point of the ridge, which is called Hell's Gate, the road runs with an easy gradient down hill, through forest, the whole way to Pedong (4,760ft.), a straggling village surrounded by patches of cultivation. Adjacent to the village is a French Mission House, tenanted by three priests. This village is also the head quarters of the Telegraph Department in Sikkim. The climate is very mild here, even in the middle of winter. There is a small market held twice a week, the chief article of commerce apparently being oranges, twenty of which can be obtained for the munificent sum of one anna. (How would the last draft like to be there ?)

Leaving Pedong, the road winds down hill to the Rishi Chu (2,030 ft.), through forest and low jungle, mixed with bamboo clumps, to the bridge, a wooden structure on the trestle principle. The gradients on both sides of the Rishi, (which marks the boundary between the Darjeeling district and Sikkim,) are very heavy and the road consequently a succession of zig-zags. A mile from the bridge is Rhenok bazaar (3,030 ft.), above and about which lies the large but scattered village of Rhenok, interspersed with cultivated fields. The chief trade seems to be in country liquor, which is very bad.

From the forest covered ridge above Rhenok (5,120 ft.), a fine view of the adjacent country can be obtained.

The ridge crossed, the road descends through forest, by a fairly easy gradient, to Dulepchin, a pretty open spot overlooking the Rongli Chu, which is spanned by a wooden bridge. A Dak bungalow faces the river. After leaving Rongli the road varies greatly, the traveller having to climb a steep hill, only to descend on the other side.

The road now ascends a steep, called the Lingchung Ridge, for four miles, one mile of which is through forests without much undergrowth, many of the trees being from 100 to 120 feet. in height, and 14 to 20 feet in diameter.

From this there is a descent to a stream called the Lingtam, at about 4800 ft. From this river the road, rising for the most part, runs to a place called Kenlaka at an elevation of 5,654 feet. Kenlaka left, a short descent brings one to a stream, crossing which, there is another steep ascent of about 6 miles, then the road, still ascending, passes through the Great Oak Forest, between 8000 and 9000 feet, and continues through heavy bamboo jungle higher up till Jeluk is reached.

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The road for some time after leaving Jeluk, which is on an open, but rather uneven patch of ground, rises gradually through bamboo and rhododendron forest, to about 10,700 feet, to a level neck, covered with juniper &c., and connecting the ridge, along the route of ascent, with a steep pine clad hill, called Lingtu, which rises suddenly to a height of 2000 feet from this neck. Just below Lingtu is a Dak bungalow at a place called Sedonchin.

The path now goes up the hill, and at the point of crossing it is about 12,730 feet. The air is very rarified at the top, and troops marching it require to lean well on the chin strap. The upland pastures are soon reached, consisting of a succession of low rolling hills, generally covered with scrub, rhododendron, &c., and slightly depressed grassy valleys, with frequent patches of silver fir, and occasional masses of rock covered with exquisitely coloured mosses and lichens, which extend to the foot of the Jalup, and through there the road winds to Gnatong (12,028 ft.).

Gnathong, 67 miles from Darjeeling, is situated in a wide grassy valley with a stream of fresh water flowing through it. Of course the chief object is the Fort, called Fort Graham. Take the Fort away, and all that is left of Gnatong is a wooden hut, called the bazaar. It is a very cold station, and everything is extremely dear, especially alcoholic liquors, beer being nine annas a quart, and everything else dear in proportion. In fact, to quote the words of a well-known poet in the Company stationed here at present:—

"The cheapest thing is cutting hair,
Bootlaces are nine annas per pair."

Sikkim Spark.

"How do you do?" That's English & American.
"How do you carry yourself?" That's French.
"How do you stand?" That's Italian,
"How do you find yourself?" That's German,
"How do you fare?" That's Dutch.
"How can you?" That's Swedish.
"How do you perspire?" That's Egyptian.
"How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?" That's Chinese.
"How do you have yourself?" That's Polish.
"How do you live on?" That's Russian.
"May thy shadow never be less" That's Persian, and all mean much the same thing.

LIST OF BUFFS—AT PRESENT IN INDIA—BUT WHO ARE NOT SERVING WITH THE REGT.

	(Present Employ.)
Lt.-Col. A de C Rennick,	Civil Employ-Punjaub
„ L. B. Irwin,	Bengal Staff Corps
Major Spencer	17th Bengal Infantry.
„ M. A. Gray	Civil Employ-Assam.
„ A de V Alexander,	Bengal Staff Corps.
Capt. Drury	4th Gurkhas.
„ H. Ozzard,	Bengal Staff Corps.
„ W. Jameson	Bengal Staff Corps.
„ Tate,	Inspecting Officer Rajputana Force.
„ E. de Brath,	Asst. Secretary to Govt. of I.
„ Cates	Adjutant, Kolapore Infantry.
„ Middleton	3rd Bengal Cavalry.
„ Franks,	Secty. to Maharajah of Indore.
Lieut. E. C. Parry,	Adjt. Presidency Volunteers
Mrs. Cane,	Schl.-Mistress 2nd Wilts, Regiment.
Mr. Lawson,	Bhowanipore.
Mr. White,	Sculptor, Cawnpore.
Mr. Moore,	Schl.-Master R. Irish, Lucknow.
Mr. Turner,	Band-Master Manchester Regt.
Mr. Douglass,	Band-Master K.O.S. Borderers.
Cpl. Hyatt,	Warder, Presidency Goal.
Sergt. Brennan	East Indian Railway.
Corpl. Good	„ „ „
Sergt. Davis	„ „ „
Pte. Abbott	„ „ „
Corpl. Coles	North Western Railway.
Pte. Green	„ „ „
Pte Leabourne	Calcutta Police.
„ Roach	„ „
„ Croxon	„ „
„ Baker	„ „
Lce.-Corpl. Boyles	„ „
Pte. Eli	„ „
„ Stacey	„ „
„ Russell	„ „
„ Scott	Gamekeeper to the Zemindar of Mozulpore.
Colr.-Sergt. Talbot	Drill I. Kurrachee Volunteers
„ Hoare	„ Presidency „
Sergt. Leishman	„ Nowgong M. Rifles.

Any alterations or additions to the above list will be gladly welcomed by the Editor.

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Smoking Concert.

THERE was a very large gathering in the Sergeants' Mess on the night of the 21st, the occasion being one of their well known and enjoyable "smokers". The Officers turned up in full force, including several of the R. A. Officers, and amongst other friends present were our popular Chaplain the Revd. A Stone, Mr. Lawton, Mr. Hyatt, Sergt. Instr. Hoare, looking remarkably well, and others too numerous to mention. The Mess Room was very well arranged, round tables, flowers, &c., all adding to the scene. In the intervals between the songs there were greats shouts for "Topsy" "Grasshopper" and "Boxer"; these names do not convey much to one's mind, until one sees Khitmagars come running up, with decanters and glasses, and then they convey a good deal. The post of chairman was ably filled by Sergt.-Major Cook, who, in the difficult toasts, and various little speeches that a chairman on these occasions has to do, has a happy knack of always hitting the right nail on the head. His speech in proposing the health of Colonel Harrison, "who they were all sorry not to see present, but that was no reason why they should not drink his health with three times three," was good, but he excelled himself in proposing the health of Major Harley "Our Commanding Officer elect, and a gentleman and soldier of the right sort."

Major Hind replied effectively on behalf of Colonel Harrison, and said that the Colonel wished him to say that his feelings on leaving the Regiment after nearly 32 years' service in it, were such that he could not trust himself to be present that night, but that his best wishes were, and always would be, with the Regiment.

Major Harley in his reply caused great amusement by referring to an article in the *Pioneer* where "senior Majors were warned not to be too certain of getting command" he next went on to say that if he got command (we don't think there is much "if" about it) whatever he did as C.O. he would do for the good of the Regt., and in doing that, he was certain that in anything he did, he would be backed up by the Old Regiment," remarks that were cheered to the echo.

No less than 18 turns were on the card, and where all were so good it would be hard to particularise. A capital performance was given by the Band composed entirely of Sergeants, it would, however, be a surprise if it were not so, with Mr. Birkhead there to direct. Among outside friends who sang, Mr. Harris and Sergt. Instructor Eatell were very much to the front, and the song, "Annie Rooney" by Colr.-Sergt. Barron of the East Surrey, with full chorus, almost brought the roof down. Lieut. McDouall, the "New Blood," with his song of "For he had only 18 pence" showed that a songster of much promise has come among us, and after everyone had made themselves hoarse with laughter at, and shouting the chorus of "Studying Economy" sung by Mr. Hyatt, which was one of the best songs of the evening, the health of the guests was proposed by the Sergt.-Major, and replied to by the Revd. A. Stone, who in a few well-chosen words expressed the great pleasure it was to him being at the concert and meeting so many of his old Ranikhet friends. We must congratulate the guests on their spokesman, and they must have felt safe having a parson to answer for them.

An old favourite, Colour.-Sergt. Andrews, who filled the post of "*Vice*" most efficiently, with his cheerful shout of "All glasses charged," sang "Hi Jerry Ho" a capital song, with a most taking chorus, at the conclusion of which he was deservedly encored.

Sergeant Peters who was received with shouts, scored a great success, as did also Sergt. Perry, with his song of "Just a little." The Clarionet solo by Band Sergt. Roach was excellent, the song of the evening, however, was that of Sergt. Tomlin, sung in character, "Luxuries," his two encore verses about the night attack at Dum-Dum "The sweat ran free on their khaki, but it dried, it dried, for they had'nt been used to luxuries, &c.," and that on the New Drill was received with shouts of laughter and unanimous applause. Mr. Hobbs, who we hear can claim a three days' life as a Buff, presided at the piano, and deserves every credit, as only those who have

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played accompaniments at concerts, know what really hard work it is. In conclusion we can only hope that another "Smoker" is not far off, as a more enjoyable entertainment it would be almost impossible to spend anywhere.

PROGRAMME.

Chairman—Sergt.-Major J. W. COOK,
Vice-Chairman—Color-Sergt. ANDREWS.

Part I.

1.	MARCH		Band.
2.	SONG	"Au Secours"	Mr. Harris,
3.	"	"Wot Cher"	Sergt. Winter.
4.	"	"Up to Date"	Sgt. Instr. Eatell.
5	CLARIONET SOLO	"Mary Ann"	Bd. Sergt. Roach.
6.	SONG	"Blue Bells of Scotland"	Col.-Sergt. Barron
7.	"	"Annie Rooney"	Sergt. Perry.
8.	"	"Just a Little"	Mr Hyatt.
9.	"	"Studying Economy"	Lieut, McDouall.
10.	"	"Eighteen Pence"	Cr.-Sgt. Andrews,
		"Hi Jerry Ho"	

Part II.

11.	INTERMEZZO	"On the Road to Moscow"	Band.
12.	SONG	"Luxuries"	Sergt. Tomlin,
13.	"	"Sailing"	Sergt. Cox,
14.	"	"The British Lion"	Sergt. Peters,
15.	"	"The Man that struck O'Hara"	Mr, Harris
16.	"	"Let's have another"!	Colr.-Sergt. Andrews,

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN-EMPRESS.

Pianist—Sergt. HOBBS, C. V. R.
Band—Members of the Sergeants' Mess.

Football.

FOOTBALLISTS have been hard at work during the past month. A visit to the Football ground on a Thursday afternoon (when the ground is reserved for practice by the Regtl. Association team), is all that is needed to convince, even the greatest pessimist, that our team will be rather a hard nut for their opponents to crack when the football Tournament begins

As regards individuals, Lce.-Corpl. Marshall, is showing excellent form, and the result of his Gymnastic class at Lucknow, has been to make him even a nastier man than before to fall up against. Wickens' s play we admire very much and he manages to get a great pace on.

Lawrence will be invaluable as centre forward.

As regards the left wing, Witham does a lot of very useful work, but is a little slow at times.

Burns from his knowledge of the game will be a very valuable acquisition to the team, but he must learn to give up gallery play. He is an excellent dribbler, but should bear in mind that his object ought to be, to get the ball between the enemy's goal posts, and not to show how many times he can dribble the ball backwards and forwards past the same person of the opposite side.

Evans, as back, is a tower of strength, and kicks beautifully. The half backs, particulary Devan and Pocock, kick well, but we notice that sometimes they don't remember the golden rule, that a half back should *never* kick at a ball, without intending to send it to *some particular man on his side.*

The sub-committee has met weekly, and fully discussed the merits of each player, choosing men so as to make the best possible combination.

A representive team was put in the field on Saturday, the 21st inst., to play against Messrs. Whiteaway & Laidlaw's Club.

The opposition was not so strong as it might have been, and proved a win for us by 9 goals to nil. The play was satisfactory, and some good shooting at goal was shown ; Witham was fortunate enough to obtain as many as five goals.

The whole team pulled well together, and some nice passing was witnessed. It was quite a day out for the forwards, the backs not having much to do, consequently our powers of defence were not tested. The team was as follows: Chapman goal. Evans and Ward backs. Devan Pocock and McGinnel half backs. Wickens, Marshall, Lawrence, Burns and Witham, forwards.

As regards Rugby, which we hope to see in full swing shortly, the outlook is decidedly promising. Of course Hilderbrand, Adams, and others of the Rugby team, who did such yeoman's service last year, and who have since left us, will be sadly missed, but there is plenty of new blood. It is a matter for great congratulation that we still have our excellent halves, Corpls. Moth and Beeney, and Lieut. Annesley, who is a host in himself as three-quarter back; what we want are two three-quarters and a back. As regards the forwards, we shall be all there with Lieuts. Bell and Tarte, Corpl. Crumby, Lance-Corpls, Tennant, Marshall and Revell, and Pte. Jubb, and in this departure of the game we

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need only repeat a remark made to us the other night by an outsider, "The Buffs need never be afraid of getting up a strong forward team."

Appended are short notices of some Association matches played during the month, from which it will be seen that so far there is not very much to choose between the different companies.

Matches Played During The Month.

Sergeants The Buffs *v.* Howrah.

Result—a draw, one goal each.

1st goal got by Ribbins for Howrah. In the 2nd half the score was equalised by Behrens. Alderton and Stirke played well for the Sergts., who with more practice should have a strong team.

A *v.* H—
Won by A Company—1 goal to nil.
B *v.* Drums.
Draw—1 goal each.
B *v.* Howrah.
Draw—Nil.
C *v.* D—
Won by C Company—1 goal to nil.
C *v.* D, return—
Won by C Company—2 goals to nil.
D *v.* H—
Won by H Company—1 goal to nil.
E *v.* F—
Draw—Nil.
E *v.* Band—
Won by E Company—1 goal to nil.
E *v.* Hastings—
Won by E Company—1 goal to nil.
F *v.* G—
Draw—nil.
F *v.* E—
Won by F Company—1 goal to nil.
G *v.* B—
Won by B Company—2 goals to nil.
Chatham Team *v.* C—
Draw—Nil.
Chatham Team *v.* G—
Won by Chatham—2 goals to nil.
H *v.* Howrah—
Won by H Company—2 goals to nil.
F Company 2nd Team *v.* R.A. 2nd Team—
A lively game—Won by F Company by 1 goal to love.

OBITUARY.

Major Michael King Martin, 2nd Bengal Cavalry, whose untimely death has occurred this month at Allahabad, the result of an accident while pig sticking, commenced his soldiering with The Buffs on the 10th November, 1869. He served with this Battn. until after their return from the Straits Settlements in March 1876, and during this short period he had endeared himself to all ranks by his kindly acts and manners.

There are a few old soldiers in the Battalion now who remember him when he commanded a detachment of "H" Company, who were covering a working party of unarmed men, during the Perâk Expedition,' 75 & '76, and the whole party being stealthily surrounded by a far out-numbering party of Malays, in the densest of jungle, and a heavy fire suddenly being opened, will still no doubt remember that through his skilful and cool handling of the troops, the same as if he were on parade, the retirement on the Stockade was successfully carried out with only one casualty.

After leaving the Buffs he did not remain inactive very long, for in 1878, '79 and '80 he was in the Afghan war, in 1882 he took part in the Egyptian Campaign, in 1883 and '84 in the Akhi Expedition, and again in 1885 he was in the Soudan Campaign.

He was three times mentioned in Despatches and was in possession of the North Western Frontier Medal with clasp for Perak, the Afghan Medal, the Egyptian Medal with Clasps for Tel-el-Kebir and Tamai, and the Bronze Star.

He was about to be appointed to the command of the 2nd Bengal Lancers, and our heartiest sympathy is with his Regiment, in the loss of one who was not only a staunch friend and comrade, but a soldier of the best type.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

The following amusing letter was really sent, and its authenticity can be vouched for. Any one who can give any information of the dog in question is requested to do so. *(Ed.)*

Sir,

I am an inhabitant of Calcutta, and that on last Saturday at 8 p.m. One of the Military men (name unknown to me) taken away an English dog which was sitting on my door. The dog is of middle size *(Tinny)* named Bissey its four legs are white and the body of it is partly of red and white colour, and there is a star on the head, and it has a wound on the left neck, and its half tail is white, and its half tail is red, and it is female, and its thighs are red and white. and it is of 18 nails.

Therefore I earnestly pray that your honor will be kind enough to grant an order for enquiry among the troops, and if the dog be found with any of them, then I may be informed, and my dog may be restored to me. For this act of kindness I shall ever pray. The Military man also assaulted my woman who was sitting on the door with the dog which was taken away by the Troop.

In the above letter there is a very curious expression. "The dog is of 18 nails." This refers to a belief, or rather superstition among natives, which is to the effect that a dog of 20 nails has a most poisonous bite, and is consequently to be avoided. One of 18 nails however is looked upon as a great prize.—Ed.

PRESENTING ARMS TO A CAT.

Some fifty years ago a very high English Official died in an Indian fortress, and at the moment when the news of his death reached the sepoy guard at the main gate, a black cat rushed out of it. The guard presented arms to the cat as a salute to the flying spirit of the powerful Englishman, and the coincidence took so firm a hold of the locality, that up to a few years ago neither exhortation, nor orders could prevent a Hindoo sentry at that gate from presenting arms to any cat that passed out at night.

TWO EXAMPLES OF FRENCH RUNNING.

Some years ago at the Derby when the grand prize was won by a French horse, the Frenchman present cheered most vociferously, and in addition to other expressions of triumph, one of them shouted "Waterloo avenged!"

"Yes," said Sir William Harcourt, who was standing by, and whose ready wit and crushing sarcasm have so often turned the tables on his opponents. "you *ran* well in both cases."

Heard in the Regimental School.

"Did I not give you a flogging for this the other day?" said the schoolmaster.

"Yes, Sir," answered the boy.

"Well, what do the scriptures say upon the subject?"

"I dont know, sir," said the boy; "except it is "Its more blessed to give than to receive;"

Twenty years ago a well known character in this Battalion was "Ben Burridge."

While on the way from Calcutta to the Perak Expedition, Ben, one night, having obtained by some means a plentiful supply of liquor, retired below in a very hilarious condition. He by mistake, however, made his way to a naval officer's bunk and was soon comfortably snoring in unwonted luxury

The Naval Officer, on coming down, woke our hero up without much ceremony, enquiring "who the deuce he was?"

"Who am I?" says Ben, "Well I'll tell you."

"I belong to the Buffs, the best corps in the service, to 'F' Company the best company of the Buffs, and I'm Ben Burridge the best man of 'F' Company.

One of our Benedicts recently visited the Dispensary, Fort William, complaining of being out of sorts generally, and especially of sleeplessness.

The apothecary gave him a sleeping mixture and a few days after, noticing he looked much better, asked him how many doses he had taken "Sure," said the man, "I did'nt take it at all, I just gave it to the baby."

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 63, **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, JUNE 30th, 1892.** Price 2 As.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

EATON—At Jalapahar on the 27th inst., the wife of Sergt.-Instructor Gymnasia G. Eaton of a daughter.

HOLLAND—At Canterbury on the 21st April 1892, the wife of Sergt. C. Hollands, of a daughter.
Alice Louisa.

ONGLEY—At Canterbury on the 30th April 1892, the wife of Color-Sergt. E. Ongley, of a daughter.
Eva May.

Deaths,

COLEMAN—At Calcutta on the 23rd inst. of "Heat Apoplexy"
No. 2338 Pte. G. Coleman.

NOTES.

LAST month we said good-bye to our late Commanding Officer Lieut.-Colonel H. D, Harrison, this month we wish success and a long life as Commanding Officer to our new Colonel—Lieut.-Colonel G, E, Harley. His services are as follows,

Ensign 3rd Foot, 4th October 1864

Assistant of Musketry 3rd Foot, October 1865 to May. 1867.

Instructor of Musketry 3rd Foot, 15th May 1867 to 6th May 1875.

Lieut. 3rd Foot 7th December 1867.

Lieut. Instructor of Musketry, Hythe, 1st May 1875 to 15th July 1875.

Captain—The Buffs, Regt. 7th May 1875.

Lieut.-Instructor School of Musketry 14th August 1875 to 26th August 1875.

Major—The Buffs, 23rd December 1881.

Captain.-Instructor of Musketry, Hythe, 20th February 1882 to 31st December 1885.

D.A.A.G. for Musketry, N. British and N. Districts 1st January 1886 to 10th March 1889

D.A.A.G. Instructor of Musketry, Hythe 11th March 1889 to 11th August 1891.

Command of 1st Battn. The Buffs 22nd May 1892.

From the above it will be seen that there are few men in the Army better qualified to give an opinion on that most important branch of a soldiers education—Musketry, than our present Commanding Officer, and we feel sure that his long and successful career on the Staff, will prevent the smaller fry of the Army Staff, such as Station Staff, Garrrison Quarter-Master &c., this of course does not refer to the Fort

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William Staff, whose courtesy is proverbial, from worrying the Regimental Staff and Regiment generally. "*Le Roi est mort Vive Le Roi.*"

... ...

The final of the Officers' Billiard Handicap, played on the 3rd, between Lieut.-Colonel G. E. Harley—scratch, and Lieut. E. C. M. Parry, 45 points, resulted in a win for theColonel (who played a very steady game throughout) by 26 points. The winner was at once chaired round, amid great shouts and cheers. Mr. Parry, did not "come off," he was probably upset by the number of ladies who were looking on.

... ...

The out-door concert on the 9th, thanks to the exertions of Capt. Holme, Mr. Birkhead, and Sergeant Clifton, was very successful, in spite of the difficulties which happened at the last moment, *i.e.*, the cyclone, the fear of which kept a great many people away, and the site having to be changed from where it was originally decided to hold it. The special feature of the programme was, no doubt, the Blondin Donkey and Private Barrett's whistling and imitation of birds.

... ...

At last some of the long promised Rippingille's stoves for the use of the married families have arrived. Several complaints however have been made about the eccentricities of these stoves; in one case a lady found that her potatoes after four hours' boiling were still raw, and in another, the meat, undergoing the same process, had become perfectly black with smoke. But in spite of these little worries, they are of great use, and now the once all-powerful cooks of the Queen's Barracks are grovelling at the feet of their mistresses.

... .

During the storm on Tuesday last, the 28th inst., the Station Hospital was struck by lightning, and one of our men, Private Turner, had a very narrow escape, being slightly grazed, he is now, we are glad to say, well on the road to recovery, and may think himself very lucky that he is so.

... ...

We may expect to hear in August something definite about our move to Jullundur. Probably we shall still be in Calcutta in December, eating our Xmas dinners, and congratulating some of our bald-headed veterans of subalterns on their promotion, which, owing to expected changes, &c., among the higher ranks, may come before they are quite toothless.

... ...

With reference to the order lately issued by the Commander-in-Chief that "publicans refusing to sell beer to soldiers were to be proceeded against," the law on this subject is somewhat curious, as a marked difference is made between an "Inn" and a "Tavern." At the latter no one has the right to insist on being served any more than in any other shop. An "Inn" however is a "place instituted for passengers and wayfaring men," these legal quibbles are somewhat difficult to understand when a soldier is thirsty.

... ...

Lieut. Annesley has gone for two months' leave to Mussoorie. We hope however he will be back in time to play for the Rugby team, as his place there cannot easily be filled up. Now he is gone, we have only the Chaplain to say grace at mess table.

... ...

As most of our readers know, every draft on arrival has a nickname given it, the two best known so far, being the "Jubilee" under Captain Allen in '87, and the "Ticca" under Captain Holme, which arrived only the other day; the draft of '90 under Lieut. Eales, was called the "Water Draft," from their having been sent round by sea from Bombay to Calcutta, and a draft in olden days, under Captain Parnell in '69, was called the "Dhoolie Draft." from so many arriving in dhoolies. Can any of our readers tell us the nicknames of the other drafts—Captain Blackburn's in '89, and Lieut. Eustace's in '91 ?

... ...

At the Athletic Sports of the East Surrey, held at Dum-Dum on the 4th inst., the Strangers' race was won by Private Else, in the ½ mile (closed to the Buffs), Private Burns was 1st and Witham 2nd. In the open hundred, after a capital race, Private Martin of the East Surrey just beat Private Else. The Officers' mile caused much amusement. Colonel Hart who ran his mile to the "bitter end," and Mr. Grant, whose shirt got into the shape of a balloon, being the chief features of the race.

... ...

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The 1st Ties for the Trades' Association Cup have now been drawn, and the Buffs are to play the Royal Irish, the winners of the cup last year at Simla. If our team goes on improving as it has done, we ought to have a chance of not only beating the Royal Irish, but also of getting the cup once again. The mistake we made was ever letting the cup get out of our hands at all.

... ...

The Athletic Sports, to take place on the 4th, 5th and 6th July, promises this year to be even better than last. Ptes. Else and Hasler are going strong, and Burns and Wherle of our young blood should show up well. We don't expect to see anyone beat Private Wardle's throw of 105 yards with the cricket ball, but Corporal Leek should go somewhere near. The Tug of War is always well contested. E Company has somewhat fallen from its high estate (in the Signapore days, when the Company team used to beat the remainder of the Regiment), and we expect that C Company will repeat its victory of last year.

... ...

The prizes to be competed for are well worth winning, and here we must not forget to thank our Calcutta friends for the numerous prizes they have given. The Hon. Mr. Justice Norris, the Calcutta Football Club, Messrs Hamilton, Cooke and Kelvey, Walter Locke, Mr. Madan, and Captain Alderton have all given capital prizes, cups, watches, &c. General Raines, the Colonel of the Regiment, has very kindly sent out Rs. 50, our old friends, Khar Mahomed and Babu Mundle are giving prizes, and last but not least the Ladies of the Regiment are presenting the prize for the Officers' race.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

Will you be good enough to include the name of Colr.-Sergt. A. Carpenter among those of Old Buffs at present in India. I might say that Colr -Sergt. Carpenter was on the Staff in Fort William previous to his discharge from the Regt., and is now living in Madras, and doing very well indeed.

I might say also that there is a Pte. Banks some where in the N.W.P. who belonged to Letter "C" Company.

Yours faithfully,
W. Lawton.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Sir,

With reference to your paragraph in *The Dragon* for month of April, asking for names of Buffs now in India, who have served in the regiment, I beg to state that, having so recently left the Battalion, it was considered by O.R. Sergt. Parsons and myself quite unnecessary to send our names, thinking they would be sure to appear, especially as we are contributors to the Regimental paper and receive it monthly.

As we are proud to own to having served in the Old Buffs, will you kindly insert in your next issue the names of

O.R. Sergt. A. F. Parsons, } Bombay Un-
O.R. Sergt. E. A. Beilby, } attached List.
Transferred to the 2nd Battn. } Deolali Depot.
K.O. Yorkshire Light Infantry. }

Yours faithfully
E. A. Beilby.

Mistakes will happen, even in such a well-regulated paper as The Dragon. Ed.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Sir,

Another addition might be added to the list of Buffs in India not serving with The Colours. I served with the Regiment from November 1881 until September 1891, and had the honor of leaving the Regiment with the Rank of Sergeant. At present I am serving as Drill Instructor to the Bengal Military Police.

I remain yours faithfully,
W. Hunt, Sergt. (late The Buffs).

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

In reply to your notice in your issue of the 30th April, but with more special reference to a letter in your issue of the 31st May from a previous Old Buff, viz :—my mother, Mrs. E. A. Cane. late Mrs. E. A. Allen, Schoolmistress of The Buffs, I hope you will be good enough to insert my name in your list of Old Buffs. It is hardly necessary to say that I was born in the Regiment as there are still one or two old hands (Perak men) who will remember me, and moreever I had the pleasure of seeing the Old Regiment again last year during a short visit to Calcutta, and was very kindly received by the few who knew me in the old days.

Wm. C. Allen,
Engineer, Contractor and Builder.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Sir,

It is with regret I have to inform you of the death of an Old Buff under painful circumstances, No. 1847 Pte. E. Noble, Pensioner, late C Company ; when in the Army, he was a steady man and respected by all ; he, with then Major Morley, passed the Higher Standard in Hindustani. He was discharged with five good conduct badges and the medal for long service and good con-

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duct, was a Proficent in Telegraphy, left the Regt. in 1880 in Merrut. But four years ago, he took to drink, I did all a comrade could do for another, I got him his last situation 8 months ago on conditions. I did all I could to keep him sober, he used to come to me every Sunday this he did until three weeks ago, when he fell back to his bad habits, and at 6.30 on Sunday last was found dead. It is painful to me to write this of an Old Buff and a man that served so many years in the Army Temperance Society. He was buried by me, no one to read the last rites. I did all I could for him, and Dear Sir this is a very common thing, five men in Cawnpore in 1888 were in one month all carried to paupers' graves, three of them I know has good service records, it is a great pity that this should be so after so many years of good and faithful service. I fear Dear Sir you will think my letter a Temperance lecture, you will excuse me I know. I am dear Sir, yours faithfully.

V. White.

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

The weather during the past fortnight has been exceedingly fine, and warm, which was most fortunate for the Regular Troops, Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers, who took part in the manœuvres in the neighbourhood of Ashford last week and which wound up by an inspection of H.R H. the Commander-in-Chief, in Eastwell Park, on Friday the 27th May.

The 3rd Battalion proceeded by rail from Shorncliffe to Ashford on 23rd May, and marched to Perry Court, near Wye, where they were encamped with the 1st and 2nd Vol. Battns. The Buffs, and returned to Canterbury by special train on the 28th idem, having completed their 27 days' annual training.

The 2nd Battn. marched down from Chatham to Ashford and took part in the week's fighting, returning to their station by rail after all was over.

Color-Sergeant E. Green proceeded to join the Home Battn. on 2nd May on completion of 3 years' service at Depot, and has been succeeded by Color-Sergeant Hodges.

Quarter-Master Sergeant G. Dunster, and Lance-Corpl. R. R. Allen, have been awarded First Class Education Certificates.

No 252 Pte. J. Barnes, has been posted to Home Battn. for duty.

Lance-Corpls. E. Hartley, W. G. Hills, and W. Blackborrow, Privates M. Kane, F. G. Greenslade, E. Hogben, E. Price, J. Webb, G. Bryan, J. Hunt, P. O'Connell, J. Gray, J. Etherington, A. Barton, H. Richardson, A. Hutchings, A. Newing, R. Scott, P. Slattery, W. Sheppard, and R. Price, have arrived home *ex* Serapis and been transferred to Army Reserve,

No. 2575 Lance-Sergt. E. Price, has been promoted Sergt. in the 2nd Battalion from 1st May, *vice* Steel transferred to Permanent Staff, 4th Battn. Somerset L.I.

The undermentioned non-commissioned officers and men were discharged at Netley on 17th May, medically unfit for further service :—

Sergeant L. Waters, pension 1/- per diem for 12 months, conditionally.

Private R. Miller, pension 7d. per diem for 12 months, conditionally.

Private J. E. O'Connell, pension rejected,

Private W. H. Streaton, pension rejected.

42 recruits were sent to Chatham under Captain Blackburn on 21st May, to join Home Battn.

Major H. C. Gordon relieved Major Backhouse here on 23rd May.

No. 2299, Private E. Aldridge, has joined Depot for duty from 2nd Battn., *vice* No. 1775 Private F. Sutton, transferred to Army Reserve.

No. 1864 Private C. Hall, having been found fit for further duty, has been sent from Netley to the 2nd Battalion.

Corporal J. W. Berryman has joined Depot for duty *vice* Price.

2nd Lieut. Cobbe has paid the Depot a visit.

Privates J. Stredwick, W. Barter, J. Franklin, and R. Walker have arrived at Netley and are still under treatment there.

"OLD BUFFS" DECEASED.

No. 45 Brigade 208 Pte. John Boyland, 1st Battalion The Buffs, found drowned near Bellfast, 13th April 1892. aged 53 years.

Admitted to pension of 8d. per diem, after 21 years' service, May 1879.

No record of any Medals.

No. 595 Pte. Robert Hodges, died in London from Lockjaw, caused by an accident 14th April 1892, aged 52 years.

Invalided after 18 years' service May 1876, and granted a pension of 1s. per diem.

No record of any medals.

No. 349 Private Henry Gardiner, 1st Battalion The Buffs, died in London 29th January 1892, aged 52 years.

Invalided after 19 years' service, June 1878, and granted a pension of 8d. per diem.

China Medal.

Private George Crossley, 2nd Battalion The Buffs, died at Keighley, Yorkshire, 4th February 1892, aged 56.

Was invalided after 18 years' service, June 1876, and granted a pension of 1s. per diem.

No Medals.

No. 4056 Private William Johnston, died at Willesden 28th April 1892, aged 60.

Discharged to pension of 10d. per diem after 21 years' service, April 1876,

Medals—China with clasp for Taku.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An amusing letter describing a Ballroom incident is not inserted—all anonymous correspondence being rejected.

"One of the Ticca Draft."—Try again, and make it shorter, some of the verses are decidedly original, and show that the poetical instinct is as strong in you as doubtless the martial instinct is.

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"One of the Six Hundred."

I wish to tell, of what I as a private soldier, in the ranks of one of its Regiments, saw of the Light Brigade in its memorable, and glorious charge, and what befell in our Russian captivity my comrades and myself, who had the ill fortune to become prisoners of war.

Of the manœuvring of the early morning I shall say nothing, and but little of the glorious charge of the Heavy Cavalry, a good deal of which, with muttered anger at being restrained from striking in on the Russian flank, we Light-Bobs witnessed from our position near the hither end of the Causeway Ridge. We saw the straining gallop of the red-coated troopers, and their swords flashing in the air, we heard the wild shouts of the Inniskillings, and the hoarse roar of "Scotland for ever" from the throats of the Greys, and we, envious yet admiring gave back a cheer and the brotherly shout of "Good old Heavies."

After the Heavies charge, the Light Brigade was moved a little way "left back," and then forward, down into the middle of the upper part of the outer valley, and fronting straight down it, the Heavies remaining a little in advance to the right about the crest of Causeway ridge.

As we stood halted here, Captain Nolan of the 15th Hussars, whom we knew as an aide-de-camp of the Head-Quarter Staff, suddenly galloped out to the front, through the interval between us and the 13th, and called out to Captain Morris, who was directly in my front, "Where is Lord Lucan?" There replied Morris pointing, "there on the right front." Then he added "What is it to be Nolan? Are we going to charge?" Nolan was off already in Lord Lucan's direction, but as he galloped away he shouted to Morris over his shoulder "you will see, you will see." Just then we had some amusement. Private John Vey, who was the regimental butcher, and had been slaughtering down at Balaclava, came up at a gallop on a troop horse of a Heavy, who had been killed, and whom Vey had stripped of his belt, and arms, and accoutred himself with them over his white canvas smock frock, which as well as his canvas trousers, tucked into his boots, was covered with blood stains, and his shirt sleeves were rolled up above his elbows, and his face, arms and hands were smeared with blood, so that as he formed up on Lee's right shouting (he had some drink in him) that "he'd be damned if he was going to be left behind his Regiment, and so lose the fun." He was indeed a gruesome yet laughable figure. Mr. Chadwick, the Adjutant, ordered him to rein back and join his own troop in the 2nd squadron, and I saw no more of him, but afterwards knew that he rode the charge, had his horse shot, but came back unwounded and was given the distinguished conduct medal.

I cannot call to mind seeing Lord Lucan come to the front of the Light Brigade, and speak with Lord Cardigan, though of course I know now that he did so. But I distinctly remember that Nolan returned to the Brigade, and his having a mere momentary talk with Cardigan, at the close of which he drew his sword with a flourish, as if greatly excited. The blood came into his face—I seem to see him now, and then he fell back a little way into Cardigan's left rear, somewhat in front of, and to the right of Captain Morris, who had taken post in front of his own left squadron, and I remember as if it were but yesterday Cardigan's figure and attitude, as he faced the Brigade, and in his strong hoarse voice gave the momentous word of command "The Brigade will advance, first squadron of 17th Lancers to direct." Calm as on parade, stately (calmer indeed by far than his wont on parade), square and erect, master of himself, his Brigade and his noble charger, Cardigan looked the ideal Cavalry leader, with his stern firm face, and his quiet soldierly bearing. His drawn sword was in his hand at the slope, and never saw I man fitter to wield the weapon.

As I have said, he gave the word of command and then turning his head towards his trumpeter, Britten of the Lancers, he quietly said "Sound the advance," and wheeled his horse, facing the dark mass at the farther end of the valley, which we knew to be the enemy. The trumpeter sounded the "Walk." After a few horse lengths came the "Trot." I did not hear the "Gallop," but it was sounded. Neither voice nor trumpet so far as I know ordered the "Charge." Britten was a dead man in a few strides after he had sounded the "Gallop." We had ridden barely two hundred yards, and were still at the trot, when poor Nolan's fate came to him. I did not see him cross Cardigan's front, but I did see the

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shell explode of which a fragment struck him. From his raised sword-hand dropped the sword, but the arm remained erect. All the other limbs so curled in on the contorted trunk as by a spasm, that we wondered how for the moment the huddled form kept the saddle. It was the sudden convulsive twitch of the bridle-hand inward on the chest that caused the charger to wheel rearward so abruptly. The weird shriek, and the awful face, as rider and horse disappeared, haunt me now to this day, the first horror of that ride of horrors.

As the line, at the trumpet sound, broke from the trot into the gallop, Lord Cardigan, almost directly behind whom I rode, turned his head leftward towards Capt. Morris and shouted hoarsely "Steady, steady Captain Morris." Later, when we were in the midst of our tortures, and mad to be out of it, and have our revenge, were forcing the pace, I heard again, high above the turmoil and din, Cardigan's sonorous command. "Steady, steady the 17th Lancers," and observed him check with voice and outstretched sword. Captain White, my squadron leader, as he shot forward abreast of the stern disciplined chief leading the brigade. But resolute man though he was, the time had come when neither the commands nor the example of Cardigan awaited to restrain the pace of his brigade, and when to maintain his position in advance, indeed if he were to escape being ridden down, he had to let his charger out from the gallop to the charge, for hell had opened upon us from front and either flank and it kept open upon us during the minutes (they seemed hours) which passed while we traversed the mile and a quarter, at the end of which was the enemy.

The broken and fast-thinning ranks raised rugged peals of wild fierce cheering, that only swelled the louder as the shot and shell from the battery tore gaps through us, and the enfilading musketry fire from the Infantry, in both flanks, brought down horses and men, yet in this stress it was fine to see how strong was the bond of discipline and obedience. "Close in, close in," was the constant command of squadron and troop Officers, as the casualities made gaps in the ragged line, but the order was scarcely needed, for of their own instance, and as it seemed mechanically, men and horses alike sought to regain the touch. We had not broke into the charging pace, when poor old John Lee my right hand man on the flank of the Regiment was all but smashed by a shell, he gave my arm a twitch as with a strange smile, on his worn old face, he quietly said "Domino-Chum," and fell out of the saddle, His old gray mare kept alongside of me for some distance, treading on, and tearing out her entrails as she galloped, till at length she dropped with a strange shriek.

I have mentioned that my comrade Peter Marsh was my left hand man, next beyond him was Private Dudley. The explosion of a shell had swept down four or five men on Dudley's left, and I heard him ask Marsh if he had noticed "What a hole that b—shell had made on his left front." "Hold your foul-mouthed tongue," answered Peter, "Swearing like a blackguard when you may be knocked into eternity next minute"! Just then I got a musket bullet through my right knee, and another in the shin, and my horse had three bullet wounds in the neck. Man and horse were bleeding so fast that Marsh begged me to fall out, but I would not, pointing out that in a few minutes we must be into them, and so I sent my spurs well home, and faced it out with my comrades.

It was about this time that Sergeant Talbot had his head clean carried off by a round shot, yet for about 30 yards further the headless body kept the saddle, the lance at the charge firmly gripped under the right arm.

My narrative may seem barren of incidents of the charge, but amid the crash of shells and the whistle of bullets, the cheers and the dying cries of comrades, the sense of personal danger, the pain of wounds, and the consuming passion to reach an enemy, he must be an exceptional man who is cool enough and curious enough to be looking serenely about him for what painters call "Local colour." I had a good deal of "Local colour" myself, but it was running down the leg of my overalls from my wounded knee.

(To be continued.)

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A FEW WORDS ON CONDUCT AND DISCIPLINE.

There are many officers old enough to remember times gone by when it was one of a subaltern's duties to read portions of the Regimental Standing Orders every pay-day. The practice had much to recommend it, although the subalterns, as well as N.C.O.'s and men, reading or hearing the familiar sentences week after week and year after year, generally knew most of the text by heart. The standing orders of one distinguished corps commenced as follows :—

"Private soldiers should always remember that the honour of the best Army in the world is in their hands ; their happiness depends upon their own manly, sober, and obedient conduct, which surely leads to reward and the respect both of their officers and comrades, whilst thoughtless or vicious conduct as surely lead to disgrace and punishment.

It would be difficult to improve upon the above simple and concise sentences, which include the whole duty of the soldier. If a man is proud of his profession, and acts always as if remembering that the honour of the Army as well as that of the regiment is at stake, and his own also, it can scarcely happen that he will fail to prove a better soldier in quarters and in the field than if he forgets or ignores such sentiments. Every private soldier should desire of all things to be the cleanest and best-behaved man in his company, and by careful attention at drill to avoid being "checked" on parade, not because he fears the petty punishments which follow minor offences, but because failure to do credit to himself hurts his pride and self-esteem. The prouder a soldier is of himself and of his regiment, the more likely he is to convince others that he has reason for it, provided his conduct shows nothing to be ashamed of. That regiment which has the greatest number of officers, N.C.O.'s and men who are ever mindful of its honour, will assuredly have the shortest guard reports at home and the most brilliant records on service. Men cannot too often be reminded that outsiders judge a regiment as they see it. If the regiment drills in a slovenly half-hearted manner, the fact is noticed and commented upon, as also if the men are seen drunk in the streets or making themselves objectionable by using bad language. There are blackguards in every corps who drag its good name through the dirt ; but the soldiers themselves can far more easily deal with such cases than the colonel. In the old days a good "hiding" in the barrack-room had much greater effect than ten days' C.B., and many a rank-bad soldier has been made a good one by such rough-and-ready means as the buckle-end of a "bed-strap." Barrack-room discipline, for some reason or another, has gone greatly out of fashion, and people are accustomed to say that this, as well as other changes, are due to short service.

There are a few things which mark a good Regt. so much as the manner in which N.C.O's and men salute officers of their own and other corps. The spirit of the age is to deny respect to superiors—in fact, to deny the superiority. This however ought not to affect soldiers, When a soldier salutes an officer, he does not necessarily show his respect for the individual. but for the Queen's uniform as the emblem of the Army to which both officer and soldier belong. The soldier in paying due respect to an officer does honour to himself as much as to the person whom he salutes, recognising in him the whole idea of discipline, without which an army is merely an armed mob. If a soldier salutes in a slovenly manner or pretends not to see the officer, he does not hurt the officer personally, he only hurts himself ; in one case by making it appear that he has been too stupid to learn a part of his drill, and in the other by showing that he has no pride in being a soldier. If a a man is such an ill-conditioned fellow that he does not care what people think about the Regt. to which he belongs or about himself, then the manner of his saluting, or avoiding the necessity to do so, will not concern him. But happily such cases are very exceptional. With the majority of soldiers it is otherwise, although no doubt many go wrong in this matter simply for want of thought. A bad parson may preach a good sermon and lead others to follow a strict rule of life, though he himself may be far from doing so. In the same way soldiers must remember that though a certain officer may be no better socially, than many of themselves, or may perhaps have something much more important against him, say from a moral point of view, the same officer may be a skilful leader, or at any rate a plucky one.

N. & M. Gazette.

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Seven Years with the Colours

Or a Tale by a Dog.

Mr. Dragon

THINKING that some of your readers would like to hear about the "Life & Adventures of a Dog," I take this opportunity of letting them know a little about myself.

My birth place was Malta, and in the pleasant month of February. I have never seen such sights as those that first met my eye, and I often think to myself that life at that time was worth living.

My master, who was a kind hearted Old Soldier of Irish extraction, was at that time serving in a distinguished Old Regiment and stationed at Malta. The first part of my life was of no importance, only having to pass through the drill the same as any other puppy. Having passed through the form of christening (by being thrown into the sea) I develop into a full grown dog by the name "Nancy."

Our first move was from Malta to Singapore. I shall never forget my first voyage on a Trooper. Before leaving we were informed that only so many dogs would be allowed to proceed with the Regiment; then you should have seen us walking round as if to catch the eye of the Quarter-Master, who had to perform the duties of allotting passages to us poor creatures. This was settled in a very fair way indeed. All owners and dogs were paraded and only 16 of us got the lucky tickets, you should have seen this meeting all sorts and all sizes. From a Blood-hound to a Toy Terrier. We embarked and set sail about the middle of September, all went well for the first three days. When nearing Port Said we encountered a storm and then came trouble for all hands, even us poor dogs. I was one of the lucky ones who managed to slip my collar and look after myself. Some of the others were killed by articles flying about the deck, and some even starved. Our journey finished up very pleasant and no more casualties during the remainder of the voyage.

The Regiment having settled down in Barracks, things were begining to get nice, and I was just beginning to know a thing or two, and was looked upon by the *Tommies* as a Regimental Pet.

Of course there is bound to be a little trouble in the best of families. I thought there was going to be trouble in our little circle, which consisted of a Tom Cat, a Poll Parrot and myself. My master not having much to do thought he would add a Monkey to his collection of Pets. I can assure you *Mr. Jock-ho* saw a very rough time of it for the first few weeks, but finding that I could not drive him away I had to give in and make the most of a bad job. Now this little chap turned out very clever and proved himself good company. Now came a course of training which we had to undergo, under the keen eye of our master. Tricks was the order of the day, they could not expect much from me I was too big. I forgot to tell you that I am a retriever, but could just manage to jump through a hoop which was held by *Jock-ho*. We learned a lot of tricks and was quite a circus in a small way. And this is the style I was brought up. I feel ashamed of myself when I think I should have followed the profession for which such dogs as me are intended. To tell you the truth I did not hear a gun fired off until I was about four and half years' old, and then I ran for my life, thinking I might get the next round.

After staying at Singapore for 16 months we were ordered to Ranikhet, and I served my first summer in India at that delightful Hill Station.

You will see that I have seen a lot in my time. Having marched I can safely say hundreds of miles with my Regiment.

I have served in Malta, Singapore, Ranikhet, Bareilly, Lucknow, Calcutta and Dum-Dum.

At the latter station is the place where our little circle got broken up completely. My master being ordered home to England to join the Militia Staff, I was handed over to an old comrade of his, who promised to give me a good home and look after me, which I am sure he has carried out to the very letter.

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I have now left off those tricks and have followed in the ways of my new master taking things very easy.

The last time I had the pleasure of seeing the old corps, on parade, was a few days before leaving, on that occasion they were receiving *New Colours*. How I did look at those worn and tattered rags and the flag poles when they were saluted for the last time by the Regiment on Parade. Us dogs do hear some funny talk at times, on this particu'ar afternoon, I heard a gentleman (who I know well) say that he had the honor of seeing the Old Colours presented to the Regiment. I think a few words from this gentleman would be appreciated by your readers.

Now Mr. Dragon, I am sure you will think I am entitled to this well earned rest after serving seven years' good and faithful service. I have travelled half the world and been through Bengal, from one end to the other. But must not complain, my days in the service has been happy ones, and I advise any dog who is on the look out for a good home to go at once to some Barracks, and there he will be treated and cared for.

There is no living creature in this world better off than a "*Tommy's Darg.*"

Should you be passing our way (which is a nice quite station on the road to Darjeeling), you will find me here, either asleep, dreaming of the days gone by, or having a walk up and down the verandah. I am not allowed to go faster than a walk, and other dogs in this station tell me that there is a reward of Rs 10 for anyone who sees either my master or me going faster than the usual quick step.

It is only fair that I should let you know that I have left several sons and daughters in the Army, and some of them prefer the Cavalry and some the Artillery. But give me my time over again and I would serve with pleasure with the Infantry of the Line. I am still residing with my master who has lately left the Regiment to take up an appointment of the Indian Volunteers. He is doing well and is hale and hearty taking things as they come and in the hottest day in summer he still remains a—*Snowball.*

OUR HOME BATTALION.

Sir,

After such a protracted silence, I hardly know how to recommence communicating again to you, but the most stolid man could not remain indifferent or unmoved at your inquiries, *re* Nobby, so after doing a sort of penance I determined to write again and if possible make amends by giving you regularly a heap of the latest and most brilliant (six) Paras.

I suppose some sort of excuse is necessary for my silence but I have none, except that I have turned Benedict and through strict attention to conjugal duties, I forgot The Dragon and then after several *forgots* I had'nt pluck enough to write, but I've managed at last and this time with good intentions of not failing you again.

I think Dr. Johnson once said, that the road to a certain hot place was paved with good intentions but I'm not on for paving that road, and now to news.

FOOTBALL—We wound up the season which was very successful but unfortunately we've lost a good man, viz:—Burns, several prominent Clubs wanted to buy him out, but he was so attached to the Regiment, that he invariably answered "Avaunt Friends" but as they avaunted not he did to fresh fields and pastures new, to escape their importunities, some people will say different, but this is the correct version, for corroboration ask him.

CRICKET—We played our first match of the season against the Rochester Club last week and although previously they had beaten the marines easily, we lowered their colours.

I can't give scores as our team don't like to appear in print, at any rate I can't give the detailed result although I believe they have a scoring book.

CYCLING—Nothing much has been done in way of cycling, but a few runs have been made to Ashford, Sittingbourne and Gravesend, the numbers being small but we have a lot of Colts coming on.

MANŒUVRES—The Battalion is now at Ashford encamped with all branches representing the E.K. Division of our Territorial Army, rather a unique thing. The march on Saturday the 21st, to Maidstone (1st day), requires no comment, being only eight miles distance.

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After resting over Sunday at the Depôt Royal West Kent, where the Regiment was very hospitably entertained, they marched to Ashford, a distance of 18 miles, *and no man fell out* on the way *which speaks volumes* for our Kentish Lads, although the day was a very hot one.

They started at 9.30 a.m. and arrived about 6 p.m. *which speaks volumes.*

They don't seem consistent as I believe they did the distance between their tents and the Canteen (100yds) in 10½ secs; Some of the Sergeants got to the Mess Tent (105yds) inside 10 secs.

SHOOTING—A match amongst the Sergeants took place at Gravesend last week, several good shots did'nt turn up, as they require a siesta after lunch, so the scores must not be taken as representing the shooting qualities of the Sergeants. As there were six married and six single Sergeants we had a married and single match with following result.

(Married)		(Single)
Mr. Carter 59	200 500 600	Sergt. Barrett 58
Q.M.S. Roberts 89	7 shots	,, Wyborn 45
Sergt. Armistead 60	each distance.	,, O'Malley 47
,, Bradley 42		,, Lomax 62
Col.-Sgt. Coulby 69		,, Hopps 70
S.I.M. Johnson 65		,, Snashall 91
Total 384		Total 373

Lieuts Geddes, Sparrow, & Finch-Hatton also fired at 600 (arriving too late) with following result.

Lieut. Geddes	22
,, Sparrow	17
,, Finch-Hatton	15

NOBBY.

Football.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

THE past month has been principally devoted to Association Football, there having been only one or two Rugby practice games. Next month however will be a busy one for Rugby players, as after the Association Cup Ties are over, all hands will, we expect, turn their attention to the Rugby game.

The first important Association match of the month was against the East Surrey Regiment. There was one great lesson to be learnt from this game, which was "never under-rate your *adversaries.*" Our team evidently came on the ground expecting to have a walk over, and played so slackly at first that the East Surrey (who played up with great determination) got two goals in about ten minutes. This put our men on their mettle, and they played up well for the rest of the game, but they only just succeeded in pulling the match out of the fire and making a draw of it.

The next game of importance was against our old opponents, the Dalhousie. In this game the play of the team was very satisfactory, for the team they beat was a good one. Burns who played in brilliant style, has not yet quite given up playing for the gallery. The backs and half backs played exceedingly well. Our draw with Calcutta is also a subject for congratulation, as the Calcutta Club this year has a very strong Association team and our men showed up very well playing against them. The "*Englishman*" was however hardly fair in its description of the match, as McGinnell was so hurt that he had to leave the ground. Playing one man short, especially in the last half of the game, is as every player knows, a severe handicap. This coupled with Burns also injuring himself put our men at a great disadvantage, and they did well in preventing the Calcutta team from scoring further. The whole team played so well that it is almost impossible to name any man's play as being better than the rest. A special word of praise is due to Hasler for his excellent goal keeping.

As regards the Association Company Cup Ties, the first round has just been finished. A beat H after a good game, D beat C, G beat F, E beat B. As to the match between A and H, won by the former by a goal, which was disputed by H Company, we would remind H Company that the referee's decision cannot be disputed on a point such as "whether the ball touched a player before going between the posts or not," or "whether so and so was off side or not when he kicked a goal." On such points as these the decision of the referee is absolutely final; but if when the referee's *interpretation of a rule*

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is questioned, then of course an appeal can be made to the Football Association.

The few Rugby practice games have shown us that there is lots of young blood in the Regiment. Chapman promises to make a full back, and Wherle's pace and style ought to make him a useful three-quarter. Arms, Williams and others will be a great addition to the forward team.

The opening match of the Rugby season was according to custom, between Officers and Sergeants, and if not productive of much science (although there was a Royal Engineer Officer playing), caused great fun. Some of those who had done yeoman's service in the past were of course to the front, amongst them being Major Hind and Captain Holme for the Officers, the Sergt.-Major, Quarter-Master Sergeant, and Colour-Sergeant Andrews for the Sergeants.

The feature of the match was undoubtedly the "collar" of the Quarter-Master in the last half. Sergeant Tomlin had the ball, and having managed to elude the Officers' three-quarter, was careering towards their goal, when a hand was stretched out, and down came Sergeant Tomlin amid great shouts of "well collared Cumber." Sergeant Tomlin did not look so pleased with himself after as before that fall, we suppose because "he had'nt been used to luxuries." Towards the end the Officers were getting very done, and the ball was close to their goal line at call of time.

Next month we hope to be able to record some Rugby Regimental Matches.

ASSOCIATION.

Sergeants *v.* Dalhousie, lost by 2 goals to nil.
" *v.* Whiteway Laidlaw & Co., lost by 3 goals to nil.

"A" Company.

A Coy. *v.* B Coy, Draw—2nd Teams.
" " *v.* Band—Draw.
" " *v.* B Coy., lost 1 goal to nil.

"B" Company.

B Coy. *v.* A Coy., won by 1 goal to nil.
" " *v.* F Coy., won 3 goals to 1—2nd Teams.

"C" Company.

C Coy. *v.* F. Coy., Draw 2 goals each.
" " *v.* Band E. Surrey, lost 3 goals to one.

"D" Company.

D Coy. *v.* B Coy., lost 2 goals to nil.

"E" Company.

E Coy. *v.* Drums, won 2 goals to nil.
" " *v.* G Coy., draw, 1 goal each.
F Coy. *v.* La-Martinere, won 3 goals to 1.

"G" Company.

G Coy, *v.* Artillery, draw.
" " *v.* La-Martinere, Draw.

"H" Company.

H Coy. *v.* C Coy. won 2 goals to 1.
" " *v.* A Coy., won 1 goal to nil—2nd Teams.

ASSOCIATION.

Regimental Cup Ties.

A Coy. *v.* H Coy. won by 1 goal to nil.
D Coy. *v.* C Coy. won by 1 goal to nil.

RUGBY.

Officers *v.* Sergeants, draw.

Right & Left Half Battalion won by Right Half 2 tries to Nil.

D Coy, *v.* F Coy. lost 1 goal and 2 tries to nil.

D Coy. *v.* Armenians, draw.
F Coy. *v.* La-Martinere lost by 2 goals to nil.
E Coy. *v.* Telephone Club, lost by 1 try to nil.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regimental Papers.

The Lilywhite's Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lanc. Regt.
The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.
The Bengal Tiger.—Royal Munster Fusiliers
The Nines.—Wiltshire Regt.
The XXX.— 1st Battn. East Lanc. Regt.
Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskillings Fusiliers.
The Maple Leaf.—Leinster Regt.
The Army Service Corps Journal.—
1st Surrey Rifle Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E. S. Regt.
16th Lancers Gazette.—16th Lancers.

These papers can be seen at the Institute, Fort William, where they are kept in the Reading Room and we should advise those who have not yet done so to read the last number of the xxx, which is about "as good as you make them."

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Jalapahar News.

(From our own Correspondent.)

OWING to the rainy weather during the past month, little has been done at the Depot in the way of cricket, several matches were commenced but had to be stopped. The five enthusiastic football players we have appear to have had enough of the game, as a match now never comes off, and a football being kicked about is a rare sight. It is astonishing considering the cool climate that men should be so very lazy. It is bad enough having to remain indoors when it rains, and one would imagine men would take every advantage of a few fine hours to take exercise of some sort, Of course many do, but the majority seem to prefer the canteen and its enjoyments. much beer and little exercise cannot be a good thing.

The different dance clubs at the Depot generally provide a dance on Wednesday night, and by the good attendance at them shows how popular they are. Those that we attended have been most enjoyable, and the hospitality of our hosts unbounded. We look forward to many more pleasant evenings at the Depot Theatre.

An entertainment was got up by Lieut. Tizard of the Munster Fusiliers, on Friday the 17th inst., for the members of the Army Temperance Society, which was a great success. A song by Mrs. Tizard, "The moon and I," from the Mikado, quite brought down the house, and she responded with "Love's old sweet song," which was equally appreciated. In the interval between the parts, Mrs. Ommanney presented medals to two men of the South Wales Borderers. The A.T.A. seems to be in a flourishing condition at Jalapahar, there are 90 members.

A Burlesque is in course of preparation and will be put on the boards at an early date.

The Brigadier-General Commanding has made his inspection of the Depot. At 11 a.m. the men were inspected on parade, after which the married quarters, gymnasium, and institute were visited. The men's and kits, barrack rooms were inspected at the dinner hour, after which the General had luncheon with the Officers at the mess.

On Tuesday the 24th May, the whole of the troops in Garrison, with the Volunteer and Cadet Corps (St. Joseph's College Cadet were unable to attend), were drawn up in line on the Depot parade ground to fire the usual *feu-de-joie* in celebration of the birthday of Her Majesty the Queen-Empress. It was a fine day for a wonder and the number of spectators was very large. H.H. the Lieut-Governor and the General Officer Commanding the District were present. The troops were under the command of Major Ommanney, The Buffs, Commandant Hill Depot. The troops marched past after the *feu-de-joie*, and afterwards the Mountain Battery were closely inspected by H.H. Lt.-Governor and the General Officer Commanding, when it marched back to Katapahar. We were sorry to see such a small muster of Volunteers, but were told the tea season was at its height and many could not get away; however we think more could have been present had they strained a point to do so.

The "Sky Races" were held at Lebong on Monday 23rd May, and were extremely well attended, all the Station being in fact there.

Till close upon 4 o'clock, the weather was beautiful, seemed as if made for the occasion, then just when the "Lebong Stakes" were about to be run, the clouds and the rain descended, rendering the race almost invisible, and turning the course into a veritable "Slough of Despond"; it was heavy enough before, but now it became very slippery as well. The spectators, except those very keen on the race, sought shelter in the stand, under their umbrellas, and so obscured the view, that it was impossible to see who came in first.

The Jalapahar Bracelet, presented by Officers of the Depôt. The start was a difficult one, Captain Curries' mount being particularly hard to manage, and it was not till after several false starts, that all got off. "*Lady Mary*" got away with a good lead at a cracking pace, but was passed by "*Peter*" at the first corner who won easily from "*Jack*" second, and *Lady Mary* third. Everything went swimmingly till entering the straight for home when Mr. Wilkins Sanders' mare "*Wild Rose*" swerved badly, with the result that her rider was thrown, and fell on his head. It was generally thought that the next horse must have kicked him in

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passing, as he lay on the ground stunned for some minutes.

Luckily his brother-in-law Docter Coulter and also Doctor Moffatt were on the ground, and they soon put him on his legs again, little the worse for his fall. He is one of the best riders in the district, and appeared to be well in front when the accident happened.

Lieut. Lloyd was the winner of this event, his nominator being Mrs Maturin ; the win was evidently a very popular one.

The Jalaphar Bracelet, turned out to be *not a Bracelet*. but a handsome set of Toilet requisites, consisting of Silver shoe-horn, glove stretchers and button-hook.

2. Mrs. Landale nominates Mr. C. P. Andrews.
"Jack" Ridden by Owner,
1. „ Maturin „ Mr. Lloyd's
"Peter" „
„ Warner „ Mr. Wanless Smith's
"Jinny" „
3. „ Ritchie „ Captain Currie
"Lady Mary" „

The last item in the programme was the *Mule Race*, ridden bare-backed by the men of the Battery. It was the best fun of all. The men rode as if glued to the backs of their steeds ; away they went, helter-skelter into the darkness- for the clouds came down again revealing here and there the flying form of mule and rider, sometimes the mule without the rider, and *vice versa*

One of the mules disposed of his rider very early in the race, but kept his place, arriving at the winning post first. This concluded the Races. Lieut. Lloyd the Honorary Secretary, who was the main spring of the whole affair is to be congratulated on its success.

We learn that this indefatigable amusement provider is already trying to arrange for our "Second Spring Meeting."

On Wednesday May 25th, a Variety Entertainment was given at the Amusement Club, it commenced with a farce "Breaking the tie," in which Mrs. Warner and Captain Currie quite surpassed themselves, it certainly was most amusing, then there were several songs and a banjo chorus, after which an adjournment was made to various rooms where refreshments were served. Tommy Dodd was also much patronised. A skirt dance performed by four ladies was much appreciated. We are glad to say that Rs. 600 was made by this entertainment which is to be given towards providing a child's cot at the Eden Sanitorium.

We have had a most excellent performance of "Engaged" at the Darjeeling Station Theatre, space and time do not allow of my going into many details, but our leading amateurs quite surpassed themselves, Mrs. Warner as Belinda Tuberne, and Mr. F. B. Taylor as Cheviot Hill being exceptionally good. We are glad to learn that "Dandy Dick" is being got up by the French Company, assisted by amateurs.

There have been two Lawn Tennis Tournaments (handicap), the first for gentlemen and ladies, doubles, which was won by Miss Hue and Mr. McLeod ; the second, gentlemen only, was won by Messrs Alexander and Beaumont.

The Birthday Ball at the Shrubbery was thoroughly enjoyable, and the new Durbar Hall made an excellent ball room. There have been several other balls and dances, but the Fancy Ball given by two old Carthusians was a perfect success, the dresses were excellent, and the decorations perfect, we have never seen the Amusement Club Rooms look so well. Dancing was kept up to a very late hour in the morning, and everyone went away having thoroughly enjoyed themselves. There is to be a domino and masked ball shortly, given by a few bachelors, of which Dear Editor you shall have an account next month.

(*From another Correspondent.*)

The weather here still continues to be unfavourable for any out-door sports, there have been one or two attempts at cricket matches, which had to be abandoned.

There have been numerous Quadrille parties. Sergeants—N.C.O.s' "Depot Dance Club"—and Corporals each giving an evening's hop, all of which are fairly well patronised.

In the way of things theatrical nothing has been done since our Christy Minstrel performance, which drew large and appreciative audiences, both here and at the Town Hall, Darjeeling.

On Friday last we had a concert, the proceeds of which I am told went into the coffers of the A.T.A. The sum realized however would not amount to much, as the prices of admission were purely nominal. Part I. consisted of the following items, which were all very well rendered, especially the duet for banjo, Mr. and Mrs. Tizard, as was also Mrs. Tizard's song from the Mikado, "The moon and I." "The skipper and his boy," Private Lewis, "What a blessing,"

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Gunner Nicol, R.A. Duet "Not really." Mr. Tizard and Sergeant Eaton, and a recitation by Lance-Corpl. Cochrane, entitled "House to let," brought the 1st part to a termination. Mrs. Ommanney next kindly presented medals to two staunch advocates of temperance principles, after which there followed Part II., consisting as in Part I. of songs, &c., all of which were well rendered.

We have in active preparation "Creatures of Impulse," which is to be produced early next month, to be followed by "The Blind Beggars," and "More Blunders than One." "Bluebeard" is also being talked of as the next likely thing to come on, and now I think I have got through all the news likely to be interesting to your readers.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

Lieut.-Colonel H. D. Harrison, having completed 4 years in command of the Battalion on the 22nd inst., he is struck off the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly.

Consequent on Lieut.-Colonel H. D. Harrison having completed 4 years in command of the Battalion on the 22nd inst., Major G. E. Harley, assumes command of the Battalion from this date inclusive:

Leave in extension is granted to the undermentioned Officer, from the 26th April to 26th May 1892, on private affairs.

Captain P. F. Brine.

No. 3673 Colr.-Sergt. T. Hoar, having been transferred to the Unattached List for employment in the Administrative Battalion, Presidency Volunteers, with effect from the 1st March 1892, he is struck off the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly.

Territorial numbers have been assigned to the undermentioned N.-C. Officers on transfer from 1st Battn. The Buffs to 2nd Battn. K. O. York. L.I.

O. R. Sergt. E. A. Beilby, 3793-Y.L.I.
" " A. F. Parsons, 3794-Y.L.I.

Good Conduct Pay is granted to the undermentioned men at the rates stated opposite their names:—

No. 2523 Pte. J. Butler, 1d. Granted 23-6-92.
No. 2042 Pte. W Sharp, 2d granted 21-6-92
" 3109 " R Austin, 1d " 19-5-92
" 2066 " A Wilkins 2d " 14-5-92
" 2070 " G Steele 2d " 2-6-92
" 3097 " W Brown 1d " 25-6-92
" 3135 Boy W Hiefnan 1d " 28-5-92
" 2662 Pte. W Gale 1d " 14-6-92
" 2983 " H Nossiter 1d Restored 24-6-92
" 1823 " J Pilbean 1d Granted 16-5-92
" 3138 " G Clarke 1d " 12-6-92
" 2489 " W. Church 1d. " 2-5-92
" 1522 " M Cronin 1d. Restored 24-4-92
" 2255 " G Smith, 1d. Granted 4-6-92

MUSKETRY.

Proposed Scheme of Distribution of money Prizes for the Musketry Season 1892 & 1893.

	£ s. d.
Say 800 men @ 2s. 6d. each.	100 0 0
(*A*) To 10 per cent of best shots of each Company, Band or Casuals, including Attached men, 80 men @ 10s. each.	£ s. d. 40 0 0
(*B*) To the best shots of each Company, or party of 50 or more Casuals, including Band, in addition to 10s. received in "A" 10 men @ 15s. each.	7 10 0
(*C*) To the two best sections of each Coy. or party of Casuals in Section Attack, say 14 men in each Section @ 2s. each. 18 Sections £25-4-0 Section Commanders 8s each.	32 8 0
(*D*) To the best Section of each Company or party of Casuals in Rapid Volleys, say 14 men in each Section @ 2s. each, 9 Sections £12-6-0, Section Commanders 8s. each.	15 18 0
Balance to meet contingencies	£ 95-16-0. £ 4-4-0
	£ 100 0 0

LOST:—A small white fox terrier pup, eight months old, with black patch round left eye, ears slightly spotted, nose black, wore a brass studded leather collar, answers to the name of "BOH." Anyone bringing the same to the Station Staff Office, will be liberally rewarded.

NOTE.—Owing to want of space, we have not been able to publish the Promotions and Appointments, which will appear next month.

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Trooping The Colours of "The Buffs."

WE reprint the following from the "*Englishman*" which always gives such capital accounts of our doings both on the Parade Ground and the Football Field, "but the time was slow and not quick as stated in the account,"

"The Regimental Parade Ground at Fort William presented on Friday the 1st July, a most animated appearance, a large number of ladies and gentlemen having assembled to witness the "Trooping of The Colors" of the East Kent Regiment. The occasion was the 320th anniversary of the raising of the regiment, and trooping had only been rehearsed once before in the East, namely, at Singapore, in 1886. At 6.30 a.m., punctually, seven Companies came on to the ground their white uniforms showing to advantage against the dark green surroundings. The guard for mounting and trooping the Colour was then told off by the Adjutant of the day, Lieut, Lynden-Bell, and formed in column with unfixed bayonets, the senior Sergeant of each guard taking command of it. Points were placed for marching past, and the guards formed into line by the Adjutant, a Sergeant being on the left of the line. The Colour was placed at a distance of two guards in front of the left of the line in charge of Colr.-Sergt Patterson with double sentries. The band was formed in front of the right of the line and at right angles to it, the drums being in front of the left of the line, and a short distance in front of the Colour, turned towards the band. The drums then beat the assembly, marching across the parade ground, through the intervals and halting in front and rear of it. As the assembly commenced, the officers, Captains Holme, Philips, Dauglish, and Brine, and Lieutenants Eaton, McDonall, and Trollope, under the command of Colonel Harley, fell in three paces in front of the Sergeants, and about three paces from each other with carried swords. The Adjutant, Lieutenant Lynden-Bell, then delivered the parole and countersign to the commander of the guards, and handed over the duties to Colonel Harley, who, having asked the permission of Colonel Skinner, commanding the station, who was among the spectators, proceeded with the guard mounting. The band then played a slow march the "Garb of Old Gaul." The field officer took his post nine paces in front of the centre of the line with his back to it, the band and drums playing the slow march "May Blossom" from the right to the left, and on arriving near the Colour, they changed front, halted and ceased playing. The Grenadier or first Company marched down to escort the Colour under command of Lieut. Eaton, the band playing the "British Grenadier," Lieut McDonall marching behind to receive the Colour. The escort and band filed through the open ranks of line, the troops coming to the "present" and Lieut. Mc Douall the Lieutenant of the Colour, saluting, then tenderly took the colour from Sergt.-Major Cook. This was so quickly done that it is not unlikely that many of those present missed the most important part of the ceremony. Lieut. McDouall after receiving his charge marched round the lines with it under a general salute, the escort going along the front of the files on parade. On Friday for the first time in India, the ceremony was performed to the Quick March, and although some people seemed to think that stateliness was lost by the alteration, there is no doubt that time was gained. At all times the spectacle is most important, rather, perhaps, because of its associations, than its intrinsic dignity. After the "troop," came the march-past, when the Colour was escorted to the guard-room, the band playing a lively march. This brought the ceremony to a close. Among those present were Colonels Chatterton and Skinner, and Lieuts. Eales, Adamson, and Cumber; the three latter, though belonging to the Regiment, but not being on duty, nevertheless appeared in full uniform,

It will be recollected that in January last the New Colours were presented to the regiment by His Excellency the Viceroy owing to the indisposition of Lady Lansdowne, and it is interesting to note that the Old Colours were sent home per steamer Rosetta to be deposited in Canterbury Cathedral, which will be the occasion of another imposing ceremony, details of which are anxiously looked forward for by the men and officers of the regiment alike. It is gratifying to think that the Old Colours, which have successfully braved so many a battle, will at last find a fitting resting place within the walls of so time-honoured and traditionary an edifice."

MOONLIGHT CONCERT.

A most successful Moonlight Concert was given on the 9th inst. under the able management of Captain Holme and Mr. Birkhead. It was not so well attended as it would have been if the weather had been more promising, but the "great danger" signal had been hoisted all up the Hooghly, in anticipation of the cyclone paying us a visit, consequently people were very careful about leaving their houses. It is needless to say the band played in their usual brilliant style. The songs were all very well rendered. The comic element was greatly to the fore, Private Burgess singing "A moving job," Private Lever "Biddy McGinnis" and "Mary-Ann O'Grady," Sergeant Tomlin "He had'nt been used to Luxuries," Sergt.-Major Eattel, C.V.R., "Mary is Mashed on Me." Captain Wood, R.A., sang "Tom Bowling" in his well-known style, and was loudly applauded.

Private Barrett's bird whistling and imitations were very good indeed, particularly his supposed drawing of a cork out of a bottle of beer, and also the sounds as if he were drinking it were no doubt very natural and seemed to speak volumes.

Privates Tibball and Burgess caused great amusement with their Blondin Donkey, and in conclusion we can only hope that Captain Holme, who according to the "*Englishman*" is a recognised musician, will, with the help of Mr. Birkhead, get up another as quickly as possible.

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3 VIOLINS.—*APPLY TO EDITOR.*

Printed for the Editor at The Buffs' Press, Fort William, Calcutta.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 64, **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, JULY 31st, 1892.** Price 2 As.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Domestic Occurrences.

Deaths,

BULL.—At Calcutta, on the 2nd inst., No. 1577 Private W. Bull, of abscess of liver, associated with Dysentery.

NOTES.

THE chief excitement in the past month has been our Athletic Sports Meeting, an event which is always looked forward to with the greatest interest by all ranks, and the result we are sure did not fall short of their expectations, as a more successful meeting has rarely been held. The unusual large number of cups that our Calcutta friends presented, the rivalry between the companies for the Tug of War Cup, the uncertainty as to who would be the champion athlete, all combined to keep up the excitement and interest to the end.

... ...

Private Else, winner of the Champion Athlete Cup, thoroughly deserves the trophy, as a better all round athlete it would be difficult to find. We are glad to see that his brother, Sergeant Else, keeps up the family name, as a first in the Veterans' Handicap, and second in the 120 yards' Sergeants' Race, is by no means a bad performance for the older blood.

... ...

The whole of the Sports went off with great eclat, the heartiest laugh we have heard for a long time was, when Private Nicholson on the steps came down with a run, steps and all, and the bucket of water he was filling for his friends in tilting of the ring, came all over himself. The Christy Minstrels were very well got up. Another good show was the boxing of the brothers Carrol. In the Tug of War—Officers and Sergeants, the former had the advantage of having the Quarter-Master at the end of the rope; what stores and necessaries he had as well we do not know, but we feel certain that the result of the tug was in a great measure due to his skilful handling of the rope.

... ...

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In conclusion, we can only say that one of the chief causes of success of the Sports was due to the untiring energy, tact, and good arrangements made by the Honorary Secretary, Lieut. & Quarter-Master Cumber, our Pop Quart, and he deserves every credit, and more, for the excellent way in which the show was run.

... ...

In this month's number is concluded "One of the Six Hundred." One of our contemporaries has accused us of inserting stale stories, and said that the above had been the round of all the papers. Whether it was stale or not, may be judged from the fact of a paper, so well known as the *Indian Planters' Gazette*, copying the story word for word, the week after, and what is more, having the politeness to acknowledge where they got it from. Not many men have the chance of reading the 19th Century Magazine, hence the reason of inserting the above story, so as to bring it to their notice, and the fact of its being again copied from us shows that the charge of staleness falls somewhat flat.

... ...

Letter "A," or the Old Grenadier Company, has been doing well lately. Winners of the Association Football Challenge Cup, and the Cricket Shield, the best shooting Company, and runners up in the final for Tug-of-War Cup, all this is an excellent performance for one Company, and we offer our best congratulations to Color-Sergt. Cheal and the Company on the result of their efforts. We hear that the Officer Commanding the Company, Capt. Tylden-Pattenson, is also going strong, inasmuch as he is engaged to be married, but we hope to have more particulars shortly. With the August number will be inserted a photograph of the Company Association Team along with the Challenge Cup won by them.

... ...

We wish to call the attention of our readers to a letter from a correspondent, suggesting the idea of raising a memorial tablet to the memory of those in the Regiment who have died during our stay in Dum-Dum and Fort William. As this suggestion is one that is worthy of every support, we propose opening a list of subscribers for the above object, and will publish from time to time in The Dragon, the names of subscribers, and the result of the subscriptions.

... ...

We have been favoured with a copy of "Intantry Sword Exercise," by Captain B. F. Holme and Sergeant Stirke of The Buffs, and printed at the Buffs' Printing Press. A most modest and unassuming little pamphlet, if taken up by the authorities, and embodied in the Regulations, will almost revolutionise the old "Officers' Sword Exercise." It furnishes a want that has long been felt of combining the sword and bayonet exercise, and of making the officer take his proper place in front of his men, and showing by his example, how the exercise should be done instead of, as at present, standing in rear doing nothing. We hear that Colonel King-Harman, one of the best authorities on the subject, has written his warm approval, and in conclusion we can only say that we hope Captain Holme and Sergeant Stirke will have the pleasure of seeing their efforts embodied in the Regulations, and become part and parcel of Infantry Drill. ... ...

The first Rugby Match of the season against the Black Watch, came off on the 30th and resulted in a draw, a result highly creditable to our team, as the fast ground exactly suited our opponents. The result of the Tent Pegging Competition held on the same day at the Calcutta Light Horse Gymkhana was not so satisfactory as The Buffs' team was out of it. A Fort Team however took the first prize, 2nd Lieut. Eaton being our representative in it, which in a small measure reflects credit on us.

... ...

We have much pleasure in publishing the following remarks by the Commander-in-Chief in India on the inspection of the Battalion at Fort William, in January last :—

"I inspected the 1st Battalion The Buffs at Calcutta last January. It is composed of particularly nice looking, smart, clean, well set up men. Their conduct is good. This no doubt is owing in a great measure to the admirable system which prevails in the Battalion, and to the N.-C. Officers being well selected and knowing their duties. There has been a falling off in Musketry, the Battalion being 27th on the Figure of Merit List against 7th last year, the result of the Battalion being quartered seven miles from the Range, and to the impossibilty of the men practising frequently. The report, however, shows that the Battalion is efficient in Musketry in the

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broad sense of the word."

. . ..

A very interesting little incident occurred in number seven Company recently.

The Company having held and won the Rugby Cup for three consecutive years, it accordingly became their property. The members of number seven's Football Club unanimously concluded that it should grace the table of their Color-Sergeant, in due appreciation of his excellent supervision of the club, and of the energetic qualities he had displayed during the well-contested matches which had been played for the Cup's possession.

The unique ceremony of duly presenting the above addition to the worthy Color-Sergeant's family plate was very solemnly carried out under the able management of the Captain of the Club.

... ...

OBITUARY.

We regret to have to announce the death, in Florida, on the 1st July 1892, at the age of 32 of George Graham Hughes D'Aeth, formerly Lieutenant in The Buffs, and brother of Mr. D'Aeth now serving in the Regiment. The deceased entered the service in August 1880 and served with the 2nd Battalion in Singapore, Hong Kong and Egypt, retiring in 1886 to try his fortune by orange cultivation in Florida. Those, who were in the 2nd Battalion with him, will remember what a good sportsman and athlete he was. He always pulled No. 1 in the Regimental Tug of War Team, and his strength was so great, that he generally received credit for holding up an opposing team by himself. We tender our sincere sympathy with his family, who are well known to many members of the Regiment.

Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee,

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor.

Time rolls quickly on, another month having nearly passed since I last wrote to you.

The Depot Cricket Club is in rare form this season, they have played several matches, in all of which they have been victorous. I enclose you the result of the matches.

No, 2924 Pte. H Cork and 1713 Pte. R. Walker have been found fit for further duty and sent from Netley to the Home Battalion.

No. 1481 Pte. G. Lehane who arrived at Discharge Depot Gosport, ex-Serapis, on 2nd May, was transferred on 12th idem., to the Army Service Corps.

No. 1833 Pte. W. Palmer and 1842 Pte. H Weaver have been transferred to the Army Reserve.

No. 2464 Ptes. C Fidge, 2577 H Norvell, 1827 T Davis and 1677 W Barter were discharged at Netley on 21st June, medically unfit for further service.

Pte Barter has been awarded a pension of 7d per diem for 12 months, conditionally, the claims to pension of the other three being rejected.

I hear that Capt. A. H. Tylden-Pattenson who is home on leave is shortly to be married.

Quarter-Master G Boon of the 2nd Battn. was here today and is looking extremly fit and well.

No. 2225 Pte. J. Still, and No. 3447 C. Williams, have joined Depot for duty from Home Battalion.

The following "Old Buffs" survivors of the Crimean and other Campaigns, prior to the year 1860, have been awarded special pensions from 19th April 1892, under article 1163 of the Pay Warrant.

No. 1270 Pte. Simon Kelly, discharged 14th December 1853, 10d. per diem, in lieu of 4d., deferred pension granted him on 15th August 1882

No. 2159 Pte. Elijah Hanley, discharged 26th April 1860, 10d. per diem, in lieu of 4d. deferred pension awarded him 12th February 1878.

No. 3615 Pte. W. Stanton, discharged 8th January 187?, 1s. per diem,

Faithfully yours,
"Old Buff."

OLD BUFFS DECEASED.

No. 747 Pte. Robert Johnstone, 2nd Battn. East Kent Regt., died in the Workhouse at Farnham, 25th May 1892, aged 37. Discharged at Chatham 15th September 1891, after 21 years service, and granted a pension of 11½d per diem for life. Medals Perak & Clasp.

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To the Editor, The Dragon.

Sir,

I notice an error in your issue of the 30th ult. which is likely to cause a great deal of misunderstanding.

The Royal Irish did not win the Association Football Tournament in Simla last year, but were on the contrary beaten in the "Semi-final" by the East Lancashire Regimental Team.

The winners of the Durand Challenge Trophy, which by the way is a Silver Football, were the K. O. S. Borderers last year.

I am
Yours faithfully,
A. R. Brown,
Honorary Secretary,
Trades' Challenge Cup

Dear Mr. Editor,

Your stay in Bengal is drawing to a close, I have not the least doubt that it has been a very enjoyable one both to Officers, N.-C. Officers and men, a good many of whom will never have the pleasure of seeing Calcutta, or the friends they may leave behind again. I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken in addressing you. What I wish to propose is, that the Regiment be asked to leave a monument behind, in the shape of a Memorial Stone in the Burial Ground at Bhowanipore, and, if agreeable to you, I would suggest that it should include both Officers, Non.-Com. Officers and men, who died in Calcutta during your stay in 1874 & 1875, and your present stay both in Dum-Dum and Calcutta. Should you think the suggestion worth consideration, I hope you will allow me to subscribe towards it.

Yours faithfully,
T. W. Lawton.

We thoroughly agree with the above idea, but suggest the Church in Fort William as being the most suitable place for a Memorial Tablet. [Ed.]

Dear Mr. Editor,

Having received your Regimental paper "The Dragon" for some time, I must inform you of the kindness shown to the Superintendent, the Officers and the Boys of the Kent County Industrial School, by the Officers, Non.-Com. Officers and men of The Buffs during their stay in our neighbourhood in May last. Must also inform you the band of the School had the honour and pleasure of playing the Half Battalion, under the Command of Major Hickson, into Camp after a long and fatiguing march from Maidstone to Ashford, and that it also played in "The Buffs" Camp.

Before leaving, Major Hickson personally thanked the Superintendent for the band, and promised them a present, which arrived in the shape of a "Bumping Hamper," which they enjoyed very much.

I beg to enclose you a copy of our local paper on the May Manœuvres.

Wishing you health, happiness and success to The Dragon.

I beg to remain
Faithfully yours,
E. Clinton,
Bandmaster

Extract from Kent County Examiner

"Lord William Seymour, Commandant of the S.E. District, and his Staff at the Kent County Industrial Schools, at Kingsnorth, where he made his headquarters.

The troops here assembled included the 24th Company, Army Service Corps, the 30th Field Battery, Royal Artillery, with four guns, and half a Battalion East Kent Regiment. The latter marched from Chatham on Saturday, and were billeted in Maidstone till Monday, when they marched to Kingsnorth. As the Regiment marched through Ashford, with their drums and fifes and brass band, their soldierly bearing and smart appearance, after a long and dusty march, were much commented on. The men were armed with the new magazine rifle, and each carried entrenching tools. The defending force was now mobilized. Colonel Hobson, 3rd Regimental District was in command."

In answer to our enquiries last month, the following interesting information regarding nicknames of drafts has been been kindly furnished by Correspondents :—

Sir,

With reference to your paragraph in the Dragon for the month of June, asking for names of drafts who have arrived in India, I thought I would send you a couple of bars just to let the Regiment know that there are still a few of the Lucknow Draft left.

The name of the Lucknow draft who joined the Regiment in 1888 is "Jack the Ripper's Draft," and the first draft that arrived in Dum-Dum was named the "Maybrick Draft."

Yours truly,
"Young Buff."

The last draft that joined The Buffs in the Crimea was called the "Cease Fire Draft," because they joined after peace was proclaimed.

One that joined from the Depôt at Limerick, when the Regt. was in Sheffield, was always known as the "Big Coat Draft," because they came in their great-coats in the month of July.

One that joined at Meerut end of 1868 was called the "Gentleman Draft," in consequence of the Colonel telling some sergeants a few days before they arrived, he would reduce all the old sergeants as he had a draft of gentlemen coming out.

One that joined at Fort William in 1874 was called the "Sir John Moore's Draft,' because they came into the Fort without the band playing them in, having missed each other on the road.

A Regimental Poet wrote some verses, the following are the first lines :—

"Not a drum was heard, nor a musical note,
As they marched thro' the Water Gate."

These names are not merely nicknames given to the drafts for the time being, but are spoken of years afterwards. For instance, one man asks another "When did Johnson come out?" "Oh, he came out in the Gentleman Draft," and this is the only way the time they joined the Regiment is thought of.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:

NOBBY:—Send the account of the March, will find room if possible

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OUR HOME BATTALION.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Since my last, the Battalion has again been on the war path. This time to the Isle of Sheppy to resist an invasion (supposed), but really for a kind of picnic and country ramble with a few rounds of blank thrown in; at any rate the idea looked well on paper, and, as we accomplished our object, I suppose the nation can breathe freely and say it is safe.

Our lads again proved themselves grit, and altho' there was a heavy downpour of rain for 12 out of the 17 miles marched, there was no serious case of sickness, the only thing being a few attended the Doctor the next day with blistered feet. The same might also be said of the march back, the time taken each way was about 7 hours, which included a stoppage half way for beer and pork pies, so the marching was certainly good.

We encamped at Minster, a quiet little village, and what with cricket matches with, and our band playing to them, we became quite popular and I should be surprised if we didn't get a recruit from them by next year.

The next move is Hythe where we go about the middle of next month for our Musketry, but I think we shall train it.

CRICKET:—Our team has again been victorious on two occasions, but on Friday sustained defeat at the hands of the Depot. I have enclosed results.

CYCLING:—Runs are of frequent occurrence and I am glad to say a greater number have turned out than was anticipated at the beginning of the season, generally a dozen take part each time.

NOBBY.

Cricket.

BUFFS *v* EASTCHURCH (SHEPPY), AT EASTCHURCH

Buffs.		Eastchurch.	
1st Innings	67	1st Innings	42
2nd „	64	2nd „	64
	131		106

Buffs won by 25 runs.

BUFFS *v* ROYAL ENGINEERS AT CHATHAM.

Buffs.		R. Engineers.	
1st Innings	121	1st Innings	118
2nd „	(Nil.)	2nd „	(Nil.)

Won by 3 runs.

2ND BATTN. THE BUFFS *versus* DEPOT.

Won by Depot by 51 Runs.

DEPOT.

1st Innings		2nd Innings.	
Mr. Colley Junior, c Vertue b Wyborn	27	st, Baimbridge b Reynolds	3
C. S. Ongley, l b w Cook	0	st. Baimbridge b Wyborn	0
Capt. Porter c & b Reynolds	2	c Aherne b Reynolds	6
Lieut. D'Aeth c & b Cook	10	c Cook b Reynolds	0
Corpl. Pringle c Dillon b Cook	3	c Finch-Hatton b Reynolds	2
Pte. Gammon b Reynolds	4	b Reynolds	8
Sergt. Hobson c Cook b Reynolds	13	b Reynolds	11
Pte. Humphries c Dillon b Cook	21	not out	4
Pte. Garside c & b Wyburn	4	c Issard b Reynolds	0
Capt. Colley l b w Cook	5	c Issard b Reynolds	7
Colr.-Sergt Quinn not out	12	c Cook b Reynolds	7
Extras	9	Extras	15
Total	110	Total	83

2nd Battn. THE BUFFS.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings	
Sergt.-Major Aherne c Pringle b Garside	19	c Hobson b Garside	9
Sergt. Cook run out	6	c Hobson b Garside	1
Lieut. Vertue b Garside	3	b D'Aeth	7
Lieut. Baimbridge b D'Aeth	0	b D'Aeth	0
Sergt. Reynolds c & b Colley Junior	0	c Quinn b D'Aeth	7
Lieut. Geddes b Garside	2	c Humphries b Garside	0
Pte. Issard c Gammon b Garside	6	c Ongley b Garside	10
Lieut. Finch-Hatton b D'Aeth	2	b Garside	2
Corpl. Wyborn b Hobson	4	not out	12
Sergt. Ritchie not out	2	b D'Aeth	7
Sergt. Dillon c Colley Junior b Hobson	2	b Garside	3
Extras	7	Extras	11
Total	53	Total	69

Depôt The Buffs v. Chartham Paper Mills C.C.

The first match of the season was played on the Buffs' Ground on June 4th, and resulted in an easy victory for the home team, Mr. Colley playing a magnificent innings of 63 (not out). Pte. Gammon's 33 was faultless. The following was the score :—

The Buffs, Total (for 6 wickets) 125.

Chartham Paper Mills, Totals 35 and 41.

Sergt.-Instructor M. Hemsworth, Sergt. Rye, Sergt. Ker, Sergt. Hudson did not bat.

Innings declared closed.

Buffs v. Chilham.

This match took place on the Buffs' Ground on June 9th. Chilham played one man short. Score :

The Buffs, Total 146.

Chilham, Total 44.

Sergt.-Instructor M. Hemsworth, Color-Sergt. Barton, Sergts. Ker, Hudson and Rye did not bat.

Innings declared closed.

Buffs v, L.C.D.R., Faversham.

Played on the Buffs' ground on July 11th, and ended in a victory for the home team, owing to the effective bowling of Colley, who took seven wickets for thirteen runs. The following is the score :—

Buffs, Total 66,

Faversham, Total 48.

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The Buffs' Athletic Sports.

(320th Anniversary.)

THE Sports, to celebrate the 320th Anniversary of the raising of the Regiment, were held on the Regimental Parade Ground, Fort William, on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of July. Although held in the midst of real monsoony weather, the rain held off on each day sufficient to allow of the Sports proceeding unchecked, but, owing to the rather heavy state of the ground, no records were broken.

The greatest interest was taken in the different events which came off on the Monday & Tuesday, but Wednesday, the 6th inst., was the "Great day" and the Fort was *en fete* for the occasion.

Every accommodation had been prepared for our guests, who turned up in large numbers, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy the afternoon's procedings.

During the afternoon the Band played an excellent programme, and a Christy Minstrel Troupe composed of Sergt. Clifton, (Conductor) Sergt. Else, Corpls. Dillon, Hawkins, Goldfinch, Ptes. Paramor, Hewer, Lever, Barnes, Hobbs and Drummer Breen caused an immense amount of amusement.

Private Burns, who at the close of the second day had scored highest marks for the "best athlete" prize, was beaten easily by Private Else on the third day, the latter having proved himself a splendid athlete, and thoroughly deserving of this, the chief prize of the Sports, a magnificent cup, presented by the Officers of the Regt. Private Hasler came second.

The Tug of War, pulled for by Companies, was won, in the final, after a magnificent pull of 9 minutes, by "H" Company, from "A." The best pull, during the ties, was between "C" (last year's winners) and "E," lasting 9½ minutes. Prizes: 1st, Cup presented by Calcutta Football Club and *Rs.* 50. 2nd, *Rs.* 20.

The other events were:—Throwing the Cricket Ball. Won by Private Wickens of "E" with a throw of 94yds 6in. while Private Golder's throw fell only 6 inches short of this. Prizes: 1st, *Rs.* 7, 2nd, *Rs.* 4.

The Pole Jump was won by Pte. Nash of "A" Company, while Corpl. Revell and Pte Else were second and third respectively. Distance 8ft. Prizes: 1st *Rs*7, 2nd *Rs*4.

Pte. Burns won the long jump, by covering a distance of 18 ft. 10in.—a good performance. Else came next with 18ft. 8in. and Nash third with a jump of 18ft. 6in. Prizes: *Rs*10, 2nd *Rs*5.

For the Corporals' Race, 220yds, Marshall was favourite; Corpl. Wilson however accomplished the distance first, but only one foot ahead of Farrell, Marshall coming third. Time 25sec. Prizes: Cup presented by Walter Locke & Co. and *Rs*12, 2nd *Rs.* 6.

The Boy's Race, 100yds, was won by Lees, with Culmer second and Beazley, who made a bad start, third. Prizes: 1st *Rs*7, 2nd *Rs*4.

The Tilting at the Ring caused great fun when the committee had, at last, discovered the exact angle at which to place the can of water so as to give the competitors, who missed the hole with the bamboo, its full benefit. After a long competition it was finally won by Pte. Horne who was mounted on Ptes. Hardwick's shoulders, Pte Cox & Hedges coming second. Prizes: 1st *Rs*5, 2nd *Rs*3.

The Children's races, one for boys, and one for girls, proved at least very interesting to the competitors, as they were all prize winners, having to run a certain distance to a "bran pie" and dive for their prizes.

In the Girls Skipping Rope Race, Emily Hammond was the winner.

In the Band Race, 120yds, Pte Hasler breasted the tape first, while Corpl. Wilson and Boy Lees came in 2nd and 3rd respectively. Time 13sec. Prizes: 1st *Rs*10, 2nd *Rs*5

The Drummers' Race, 120yds, proved an easy win for Corpl. Manville, with Pte Mewitt second. Prizes 1st *Rs*10 2nd *Rs*5.

The Bicycle Race was somewhat of a failure owing to the heavy state of the ground and the few starters—only four. Colr.-Sergt. Andrews won by half a lap from Pte. Hasler. Prizes: 1st *Rs*15, 2nd *Rs*8.

In the Putting the Shot no one stood a chance against Lce.-Corpl. Revell, who is considered the second best in the Army at this particular event. Pte. Comley of "C" came second. Distance 29ft, 6in. Prizes: 1st *Rs*7, 2nd *Rs*4.

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The High Jump was won by Pte, Hasler, with a jump 5 ft. 2 in., Lance.-Corpl. Wilson coming second. Prizes: 1st *Rs*10, 2nd *Rs*5.

The Mile Race brought out no less than 18 competitors, and was won in splendid style by Pte. Burns, with Pte. Todd 2nd, and Pte. Galvin 3rd. Time 5min. 6sec. Prizes: 1st Watch and Rs. 10, 2nd *Rs.* 10, 3rd *Rs.* 5.

The 120 Yards, Sergeants' Race was won by Sergt. Smith, Lce.-Sergt. Else being 2nd, and Lance.-Sergt. Crumby 3rd. Time 15 sec. Prize Cigar Case.

The 100 Yards, Veterans' Race was competed for by 6 old soldiers, and was won by Lce.-Sergt. Else, Pte. Clarke being 2nd, and Pte. Ball 3rd. Prizes: 1st *Rs.* 15, 2nd *Rs.*10, 3rd *Rs.* 5,

The ¼ Mile Race was won by Pte. Else, with Costin 2nd and Witham 3rd. Time 57 sec. Prizes: 1st A. T. A. Cup and Rs. 15, 2nd *Rs.* 10, 3rd *Rs.* 5.

The Three Legged Race, 100 yds, was well contested, Pte. Nash and Templeton being first, with Lce.-Corpl. Manville and Pte. Carrol 2nd, Prizes: 1st *Rs.* 10, 2nd *Rs.* 5.

The 120 Yards Hurdle Race for Native Troops was run off in heats, and, notwithstanding the lowering of the hurdles, the competitors, with two notable exceptions, simply *ran* over them. The favourite—a jumper, who was known by his colours, unfortunately fell at the 1st hurdle in the final, thus only coming in third. Winners: 1st Soba Sing, 17th B.I, 2nd Ghazarat Sing, 17th B. I. 3rd Azurdoola Khan, 3rd B.I. Prizes: 1st *Rs.* 6, 2nd *Rs.* 3, 3rd *Rs.* 1.

The Sack Race, 80 yds, was won by Private Macallan 1st, Pte. Todd 2nd, and Pte. Hardwick 3rd. Prizes: 1st *Rs.* 5, 2nd *Rs*, 3.

In the 120 Yards Race, Pte. Else was the winner with Pte. Hasler 2nd, and Lce.-Corpl. Wilson 3rd. Time 12 sec. Prizes: (General Raines Prize) 1st *Rs.* 15, 2nd *Rs.* 10, 3rd *Rs.* 5.

In The 220 Yds Race for Royal Artillery, Gr. McKallan was 1st, Gr. Lawrence 2nd, and Sergt. Jolliffe 3rd. Time 25 ⅙ sec. Prizes: 1st *Rs.* 20, 2nd *Rs.* 10, 3rd *Rs.* 5.

The 100 Yards race was the opening event on the 3rd day, and as preliminaries had been run, only six started in the final. Pte. Else repeated his last year's performance, winning from Hasler by a couple of feet, with Lce.-Corporal Wilson 3rd. Time 11 sec. Prizes: 1st Cook and Kelvey's Cup and *Rs.* 10, 2nd *Rs.* 10, 3rd *Rs.*5.

The 150 Yds' Race for European members of the Calcutta Police Force was here inserted, several Old Buffs being among the competitors. Constables Goss, Herne and Tweedale 1st 2nd & 3rd respectively. Time 18¼ secs, Prizes: 1st *Rs*20, 2nd *Rs*10, 3rd *Rs*5.

The 120 Yards Hurdle Race, 10 fights, was run off in heats. Pte. Hasler won this, jumping in splendid style, with Pte. Nash 2nd, and Pte. Burns 3rd. Time 16¼ secs. Prizes: 1st, Babu Mundle's Cup and *Rs.* 8. 2nd, *Rs.* 8. 3rd, *Rs.* 4.

A 220 Yards Race for Volunteers was won by Mr Pritchard, Mr. Perdrian and Mr. Lemondine being 2nd and 3rd respectively Time 25¼ sec. Prizes: *Rs.* 20. *Rs*, 10, *Rs.* 5.

½ mile Race. Those who had seen Burns win his mile on the previous day thought this a sure thing for him, and were rather disappointed to see him fall out early in the race. It was apparent that Costin and Else had it all their own way after this, and it certainly appeared as if the latter could have come in first had he spurted. The winners were Pte. Costin 1st, Pte. Else 2nd, Pte. Witham 3rd. Time 2 min., 15 secs. Prizes: Mr. Madan's Cup and *Rs.* 10. *Rs.* 10, *Rs.* 5.

The 125 Yards Officers' Race was undoubtedly the event of the afternoon, and, owing to the handicapping, according to the length of service, was rather an uncertain thing. Those who saw the Colonel run will know where to put their money next year. Colonel Harley's win, with 27 yards' start, was certainly a popular one with the troops. Captain Dauglish (11 yds.) 2nd, and Lieut. Parry (7 yds.) 3rd. Prize presented by the Ladies of the Regiment.

The 220 Yards (closed to East Surrey) brought out ten competitors, and was won by Pte. Martin. Lance-Sergt. Baldwin being 2nd and Drummer Robinson 3rd. Time 23¾ secs. Prizes, *Rs.* 20, *Rs.* 10. *Rs.* 5,

The Mile Obstacle Race will be remembered as about the most difficult ever seen in the Regt.

On starting the competitors ran some distance, when they had to climb a tree, and get from this to an adjacent tree by means of a rope. On reaching terra firma, a further run brought them to six ladders placed diagonally against trees,

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these they had to go up and down. Three ordnance carts placed in the most difficult positions were next to be climbed, then a tarpaulin spread on the ground had to be crawled under, after which they were faced by a string entanglement. This passed, a hurdle, behind which was a ditch of water 16 ft. wide, had to be leaped, and barrels swung on ropes, covered with paper heads, and containing colouring matter, were to be got through, and finally, before reaching the tape, a flight of ten hurdles had to be leaped.

Out of 20 who started only four finished, each obstacle, en route, lessening their numbers. The winners were Pte. Mayton, Pte. Todd and Pte. Nash, who deserved all they got. Prizes: (Honourable Justice Norris' Prize) 1st, Watch and *Rs.* 10, 2nd *Rs.* 10, 3rd *Rs.* 5.

The $\frac{1}{4}$ Mile, Open to District, drew a large number of competitors. Two representatives of the Regt. took first and second place, while Pte. Waldren, East Surrey Regt. was third. Winners; Pte. Else 1st, Pte. Costin 2nd, and Pte. Waldren, East Surrey, 3rd. Time 57 sec. Prizes: *Rs.* 20, 2nd *Rs.* 10, 3rd *Rs.* 5.

The 220 Yds. Consolation fell to Marshall, with Crumby second. Marshall deserved some consolation after running unplaced so often.

During the afternoon of Wednesday some good exhibitions of boxing with the gloves were given, the brothers Carrol especially distinguishing themselves.

Tug of War—Officers *versus* Sergeants, This was the last event and did not take place till after the distribution of prizes as the pull was over a ditch of water. With one strong jerk the Officers sent the first sergeant into the water and the remainder followed after a good resistance. To equalise matters all the Officers pulling were given an impromptu bath by the defeated team. Prize: Capt. Alderton's Cup.

At the conclusion of the sports Mrs. Harley presented the prizes to the successful competitors. The money prizes were done up in dainty "buff & blue" bags, and these with the number of magnificent cups made quite a display A Challenge Cup given by Messrs Hamilton&Co., and which had been shot off for and won by Color.-Sergt. Greig with 56 points, was presented with the remainder of the prizes.

A great deal of trouble had been taken by the Hon. Sec. and his energetic Sub-Committee to get the parade ground into ship shape, and much skill was shown in the way that the various courses had been marked out and sites arranged, as the ground was none too big. The assistants (of whom Pte. Jubb with a big hammer and Nicholson with a watering pot were conspicuous) were very much to the front, and we may safely say that, judging from the way in which the events were contested, the Sports of '92 were about as popular as they could be, and the greatest praise is due to Lieut. and Quartermaster Cumber, the Hon. Sec., with "a smile here, a smile there, and everywhere at the same moment," for the excellent way in which the show was run.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

The undermentioned Officers have been posted to the Battalion for the reasons stated opposite their names.

Lieut.-Colonel G. E. Harley, on promotion.

Major R. A. Hickson (as 2nd in command.)

Major R. A. Hickson embarked for India about 4th July 1892.

Lieut. L. G. N. Eales has qualified for the appointment of Acting Paymaster to the Battalion.

The undermentioned N.-C Officers passed the Professional Examination for promotion to Sergeants and Corporals, at an examination held at Fort William, on the 4th inst.

To Sergeants.

No. 3073	Lce.-Sergt.	W. Tozer,
,, 234	,,	A. H. Baker,
,, 2973	,,	J. Stevens.
,, 1860	Corpl.	C. Aitken,
,, 2586	,,	J. Else,
,, 2899	,,	G. Veitch.

To Corporal,

No. 2096	Lce.-Corpl.	H. Hamilton,
,, 2272	,,	T. Knight,
,, 1937	,,	T. Croucher
,, 2404	,,	T Tennant
,, 502	,,	G F Sheed,
,, 2188	,,	W Skinner,
,, 817	,,	A H Dillon,
,, 407	,,	J Wilson,
,, 1249	,,	J Seager.

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No. 3852 Lance.-Corpl. J. Allen,
„ 1598 „ H Marshall.
„ 1825 „ A Featherstone
„ 389 „ E Carter
„ 2598 „ H A Ellis
„ 1621 „ T Manville
„ 1749 „ G Marsh
„ 1385 „ H Anderson.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments.

To be Color-Sergeants.
No. 1178 Sergt. G Cork
„ 2884 „ G H T Sale.

To be Sergt.-Orderly Room Clerk
No. 436 Sergt. W Winstanley.

To be Sergeants.
No. 3073 Lce.-Sergt. W Tozer
„ 2973 „ J Stevens
„ 155 „ E Bing
„ 1084 „ J Harlow,
„ 234 „ A H Baker
„ 1568 Corporal P Aherne
„ 874 „ T Latter
„ 1860 „ C Aitken
„ 2574 „ J Seath
„ 1622 „ F Dann
„ 2889 „ G Veitch

To be Paid Lance-Sergeant.
„ 342 „ R Golds

To be Lance.-Sergeants.
No. 1587 Corpl. E A Wynne
„ 1214 „ E Gouge
„ 1920 „ C Crumby
„ 2084 „ J. G Smith
„ 2586 „ G Else
„ 1190 „ J Willis.

To be Corporals
No. 1715 Lce.-Corpl. G Leek
„ 197 „ W Reese.
„ 2058 „ D Revell
„ 1546 „ A Pelling
„ 524 „ J Pickett
„ 1794 „ W Marsh
„ 2072 „ W Clarke
„ 1598 „ H Marshall
„ 2404 „ T Tennant
„ 1840 „ W Castle
„ 1464 „ E Cross
„ 2344 „ H Wood
„ 2587 „ J Towers
„ 329 „ E Carter
No 817 Lce.-Corpl. A H Dillon
„ 422 „ W Hawkins
„ 1199 „ C Newport

To be Paid Lance.-Corporals.
No. 1937 „ T Croucher
„ 2096 „ H Hamilton,
„ 2152 „ E M Dungey
„ 2272 „ T Knight
„ 2188 „ W Skinner
„ 3852 „ J Allen
„ 2088 „ J Pearson
„ 1249 „ J E Seager

To be Lance-Corporals.
No 1564 Pte. R Worthington.
„ 2940 „ G Bail
„ 3454 „ W Shevlin
„ 1831 „ D Saunders
„ 2265 „ W Holliday

The undermentioned N.-C. Officer was awarded a Certificate as Assistant Instructor in Army Signalling at Kasauli, on the 28th June 1892, and is appointed Junior Assistant Instructor of Army Signalling to the Battalion.

No. 2609 Lance-Corporal W Wall.

The undermentioned N.-C Officers having been transferred to the 2nd Battn. Yorkshire Regt. with effect from the 30th June 1892, they are struck off the strength of the Battn. from that date accordingly.

No 149 Color-Sergeant R. J. Montgomery,
„ 786 Sergeant H J Pay

The undermentioned men have been granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates stated opposite their names.

"A" Company.
No. 3147 Pte. Worthington J. 1d.
„ 2713 „ Wood H. 1d.

"C" Company.
No. 3476 Pte. Croft J. Restored 2d.
„ 3679 „ Wilson P. 1d.

"F" Company.
No. 3148 Pte. Chantler J. 1d.

"G" Company.
No. 1562 Lce.-Cpl, Farrell W. Restored 2d.

"H" Company.
No. 2685 Pte. Hales F. 1d.
„ 2848 „ Watts, C 1d

O. R Sergt, E. A. Beilby, late The Buffs, has been permitted to re-engage to complete a period of 21 years' service with the Colours.

Authority:—Officer Commanding 2nd Battalion Yorkshire Light Infantry, dated 24th June 1892.

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One of the Six Hundred.

(Continued.)

WELL, we were nearly out of it at last, and close on those cursed guns. Cardigan was still straight in front of me, steady as a church, but now his sword was in the air, he turned in the saddle for an instant, and shouted his final command "Steady—steady, close in," and immediately afterwards there crashed into us a regular volley from the Russian cannon. I saw Captain White go down, and Cardigan disappear into the smoke. A moment more and I was within it myself. A shell burst right over my head, with a hellish crash that all but stunned me. Immediately after, I felt my horse under me take a tremendous leap into the air. What he jumped I never saw or knew, the smoke was so thick that I could not see my arm's length around me.

Through the dense veil I heard noises of fighting and slaughter, but saw no obstacle, no adversary, no gun or gunner, and in short was through and beyond the Russian battery before I knew for certain that I had reached it. I then found that none of my comrades were close to me, there was no longer any semblance of a line. No man of the Lancers was on my right; a group was a little way on my left. Lord Cardigan must have increased his distance during, or after passing through the battery, for I now saw him some way ahead, alone in the midst of a knot of Cossacks. At this moment Lieut. Maxse came back out of a tussle, and crossed my front as I was riding forward. "For God's sake, Lancer, don't ride over me. See where Lord Cardigan is" pointing to him, "rally on him." I was hurrying on to support the Brigade Commander when a Cossack came at me, and sent his lance into my right thigh. I went for him, but he bolted, I overtook him, drove my lance into his back and unharnessed him just in front of two Russian guns.

When pursuing the Cossack I noticed Colonel Mayow deal very cleverly with a big Russian officer. He tipped off his shako with the point of his sword, and then laid his head right open with the old cut "sever."

The chase of my Cossack had diverted me from rallying on Lord Cardigan, he was now nowhere to be seen, nor did I ever again set eyes on the chief, who had led us down the valley so grandly. We were now through and on the further side of a considerable body of Russian Cavalry, but we were all wearied and weakened by loss of blood, our horses wounded in many places, there were enemies all about us, and we thought it was about time to be getting back. We forced our way through ring after ring of enemies, fell in with my comrade, Peter Marsh, and rode rearward, breaking through party after party of Cossacks until we heard the familiar voice of Corporal Morley of our Regiment, a great rough bellowing Nottingham man. He had lost his lance and hat, and his long hair was flying out in the wind as he roared "Coom 'ere! Coom 'ere! Fall in lads, fall in." We fell in with the handful, this man of the hour had rallied to him, and then joined us, also under his leadership, Sergt.-Major Ranson, and Pte. John Penn of the 17th. Penn, a tough old warrior, who had served with the 3rd Light in the Sikh War, had killed a Russian officer, dismounted, and with great deliberation, accoutred himself with the belt and sword of the defunct, in which he made a great show.

A body of Russian Hussars blocked our way. Morley roaring Nottingham oaths, by way of encouragement, led us straight at them, and we went through and out at the other side as if they had been made of tinsel paper. Presently we were abreast of the Infantry, who had blazed into our right as we went down, and we had to take their fire again, this time on our left. Their firing was very impartial: their own Hussars and Cossacks, following close on us, suffered from it as well as we.

Not many of Corporal Morley's party got back. My horse was shot dead, riddled with bullets; one bullet struck me on the forehead, another passed through the top of my shoulder. While struggling out from under my dead horse, a Cossack standing over me stabbed me once in the neck near the jugular, again above the collar bone, several times in the back, and once under the short rib, and when, having regained my feet, I was trying to draw my sword, he sent

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his lance through the palm of my hand. I believe he would have succeeded in killing me, clumsy as he was, if I had not blinded him for the moment with a handful of sand.

Fletcher at the same time lost his horse, and it seems was wounded. We were very roughly used. The Cossacks at first hauled us along by the tails of our coatees and our haversacks. When we got on foot, they drove their lance butts into our backs to stir us on. With my shattered knee, and the other bullet wound on the shin of the same leg, I could barely limp, and good old Fletcher said "get on my back chum." I did so, and then found that he had been shot through the back of the head. When I told him of this, his only answer was, "Oh never mind that, its not much." But it was that much that he died of the wound a few days later, and here he was, making light of a mortal wound and carrying a chance comrade of another Regiment on his back. I can write this, but I could not tell of it in speech.

When we reached the Tchernaya the Russians were as kind to us as the Cossacks had been brutal before. We found there a number of comrades, and for some of us water was fetched, to others was given vodki. We were soon conveyed in bullock carts to a village, a little distance in rear, where our wounds were attended to. About four that same afternoon, when we were all very stiff and sore, General Liprandi, the Russian commander, was so good as to pay us a visit. He was very pleasant, and spoke excellent English. "Come now men," he asked, "what did they give you to drink? Did they not prime you with spirits to come down and attack us in such a mad manner?" William Kirk, of the 17th Lancers, was leaning against the door when Liprandi spoke. He had been punishing the Russian vodki a bit, and he stepped up to the general and said "You think we were drunk. By God, I tell you, that if we had so much as smelt the barrel, we would have taken half Russia by this time."

Sergt.-Major Fowler of the 4th Light Dragoons, who had been run through by a Cossack lance, was sitting in a corner. He was a fine dignified soldier, a gentlemen born I believe, and one of the handsomest men in the Light Brigade. To give more room in the carts to his comrades, he walked every step of the fifty miles to Simferopol, his wound mortified, and he died within a week after his capture.

Soon after the general was gone, the surgeons entered, and set about amputating a leg of each of four men. They did not use chloroform, but simply sprinkled water on the poor fellows' faces. It seemed a butcherly job, and certainly was a sickening sight, nor was any good purpose served, for each of the sufferers died immediately on the removal of the limb.

On the 3rd November the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael paid us a visit in hospital. They asked us if we were comfortable and could do anything for us. We laid aside shyness in the presence of so great personages, and bluntly complained of the food served to us. The Grand Duke said he was aware that it was not English soldiers' diet, but it was exactly the same ration on which the Russian soldiers were marching and fighting.

Plenty of visitors came to see us daily.

The wounded Russians brought here after the battle of Inkerman died like flies. They looked anything but pleasant at us Englishmen. I felt greatly relieved when we became so far convalescent as to be able to quit this Hospital and be sent on the march further into the interior. Our men and the escort were very friendly together, they used to march along singing and laughing, linked arm in arm.

Our Veronesel quarters were very comfortable. We had a large house assigned to us, specially furnished for the occasion; we had the liberty of the whole town, and received many invitations to Russian houses. At the end of three months we got the route for Odessa, which we knew meant restoration to liberty. We returned in a very different style to our upward journey, travelling in comfortable spring carts at the rate of 50 miles a day.

Two days march from Odessa we met a large batch of Russian soldiers, who having been exchanged as prisoners of war, were on their way home. They greeted us with great warmth. "Very good stout, very good beer. Brighton very good, Russia got no Brighton" were their exclamations. Ten days after we reached Odessa H.M.S. Agamemnon came in under a flag of truce to take us off. Thirty-six men of the Light Brigade had been taken prisoners of war on the day of Balaclava. Of these only 15 came

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out of captivity. We reached the camp of our Regiment to all appearance perfect Russians, and were not at first recognised, but, when we were, we received a hearty welcome from officers and men. But alas, what a mortality among the Old "Deaths !"

My two chums and I are now settled down near to each other, and at our annual "Commemoration Banquet" we three old comrades fight our battles o'er again, and thank God that we are alive to do so.

J. W. Wightman,
(late) 17th Lancers.

JALAPAHAR NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Another month has gone and the date in my diary reminds me that you will be expecting some news from Darjeeling in your issue of the 30th. What news can I send you ?

Perhaps the Meteorological Observations taken at St. Paul's School, Darjeeling, would do for some of the readers of the Dragon, but I can't spare you it.

I am told that the rainfall of Darjeeling is some 20 inches above the usual average to date. The saying "The rain it raineth every day" is certainly most applicable to Darjeeling this year.

There was a terrific storm on Tuesday the 12th inst., trees blown down in all directions and a deluge of rain—the numerous landslips testify to the amount of it. There was a very bad landslip near Mrs. Ezra's house, in which three coolies were killed and two injured. Several houses in Darjeeling have suffered more or less. As I write this, the rain still pours down—but enough of the weather.

Cricket and football at Jalapahar are at a standstill, but there are numerous dances at the Theatre. The Sergeants generally give one every fortnight, and most enjoyable they are. The Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Algar know well how to entertain their friends.

Mr. Tizzard, of the Munster Fusiliers, has been entertaining us with "The Blind Beggars," and "More Blunders than One." It is needless to say the house was a good one and all enjoyed themselves.

A burlesque, "Bluebeard," is in course of preparation, and I hear is shortly to be put on the stage at the Jalapahar Theatre. All the leading talent of Darjeeling and Jalapahar are to be in this piece, and it is expected to be very good.

There have been entertainments of all kinds during the past month in Darjeeling, but the Masked Ball given by four gentlemen was certainly one of the most successful Balls given this season.

Another dance was given by four "wave-tossed souls." Much trouble was taken in decorating the rooms, which displayed the greatest taste. The dance was a most enjoyable one.

There have been concerts and afternoon parties, and one or two small dances in addition to above, so nobody can complain of a dull season.

I have almost forgotten to give an account of the Ladies' Rifle Match. It took place at the Shrubbery.

The prize was two silver salt cellars, presented by Brigadier-General Lance, C.B., with a second prize presented by Mr. Paul, for the highest score made by unmarried ladies.

Mrs. Warner obtained the much coveted first prize, with the very excellent score of 34 out of a possible 35, 7 shots at 50 yards. Mrs. Wanless Smith also made 34 in her first seven, but lost first place in firing off. Miss Oppenheim became the lucky possessor of the 2nd prize, with the very good score of 33.

The following is the list of the highest scores:

1. Mrs Warner, 34–9.
2. „ Wanless-Smith, 34–8.
3. „ Risley, 33.
3. Miss Oppenheim, 33.
5. „ White, 32.
6. Lady Elliott, 30.
7. Mrs. Henry, 30.

There were 20 competitors.

The Lieutenant Governor left us on the 30th June, and with his departure began the usual exodus which takes place on the breaking of the rains on the plains. We have lost our Deputy Commissioner, Mr. Ritchie. Our loss is your gain, as he has gone to Calcutta to succeed Mr. Lee as chairman of the Municipal Board. He will be much missed in Darjeeling, where he has done so much for the improvement of the place, and has entered so heartily in all amusements.

In Calcutta, football seems the all absorbing

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topic. We hope "The Buffs" may come to the front, and if not able to take one or both the cups may be well up towards the finals.

Your sports seem to have gone off with the greatest success, the Colonel winning the Officers' Race, was as it should be, and shows that he carries his 27 years' service well.

The Darjeeling Standard informs the public that it is nearly definitely settled for "The Buffs" band to come up for September—may it be true! but the Darjeeling public appear to forget that the band cannot walk up, and that it is an expensive business, taking 40 men a long railway journey.

By the notice in the Englishman "The Buffs" are not put down for the Calcutta Camp of Exercise, so it appears likely that the Battalion will leave Calcutta early in December. You should soon have the orders of march, or rail.

Major Hickson is to be second in command and posted to 1st Battalion. It is some years since he has been with the 1st Battalion, but he will be welcomed by all his old comrades.

It is rumoured that two hundred men from the Presidency District will be sent to Jalapahar about 15th September, for a month or six weeks. These men will be in addition to those at Depôt, and will be selected from those for whom the Medical Authorities think a change beneficial. If the rains have then ceased those men will thoroughly enjoy this delightful climate.

"*Jalapahar.*"

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regimental Papers :—

The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.
16th Lancers Gazette.—16th Lancers.
The Queen's Own Gazette.—2nd Bn. Royal W.K. Regt.
The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.
Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.
The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.
I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.
The Nines.—Wiltshire Regt.
St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.
The Bengal Tiger.—Royal Munster Fusiliers
1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E.S. Regt.
The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.

The Young British Soldier.

When the 'arf made recruity goes out to the East.
E'acts like a babe an'e drinks like a beast,
An'e wonders because 'e is frequent deceased,
Ere'e's fit to serve as a soldier.

Now all you recruities what's drafted to day
You shut up your rag box, an' 'ark to my lay,
An' I'll sing you a soldier as far as I may,
A soldier what's fit for a soldier.

First mind you steer clear o'the grog sellers huts,
For they sell you fixed bay'nets that rots out your guts,
Ay, drink that'ud eat the live steel from your butts,
An' it's bad for the young British soldier.

The worst of your foes is the sun over'ead
You *must* wear your 'elmet for all that is said,
If 'e finds you uncovered 'e'll knock you down dead,
An you'll die like a fool of a soldier.

If you're cast for fatigue by a sergeant unkind,
Don't grouse like a woman, nor crack on, nor blind,
Be handy and civil, and then you will find
That it's beer for the young British soldier.

Now if you must marry take care she is old,
A Troop Sergeant's widow's the nicest I'm told.
For beauty wont help if your rations is cold,
No, love ain't enough for a soldier.

If the wife should go wrong with a comrade, be loath,
To shoot, when you catch'em, you'll swing on my oath;
Make'im take'er and keep'er—that's hell for them both,
An' you're shut o'the curse of a soldier.

When first under fire, an' your're wishful to duck,
Dont look, nor take 'eed at the man that is struck,
Be thankful you're livin' and trust to your luck,
And march to your front like a soldier.

If your Officer's dead, and the Sergeants look white,
Remember it's ruin to run from a fright,
So take open order, lie down and sit tight,
And wait for supports like a soldier.

When you're wounded an' left on Afghanistan's plains,
And the women come out to cut up what remains,
Jest roll to your rifle, and blow out your brains,
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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Football Notes.

THIS month has been the advent of the Rugby Game and by rapid strides raw material, and some of the old hands, have become a very fair team, which takes the field for the first time together on Saturday 30th July *versus* "The Black Watch."

From watching the practice games it appears that the three-quarter backs and halves are more at home than the forwards. This is somewhat extraordinary as such a short time ago as a month, the cry was "Where shall we get men for outside the scrimmage." Our two halves Moth and Farrell are showing up extremely well; Moth has improved since last year. They are playing a capital game, in fact *the game*. Jubb one of our best forwards of last year, has developed into a very sound three-quarter and not only can shift a bit himself, but looks well after his helpmates, Else and Wherle, giving them every opportunity, by good passing, to run round the opposite team. Else has lots of pace and cunning and we have witnessed some gallery runs from both of them during the last month. They must all three bear in mind though, that getting too near the scrimmage is fatal against fast forwards on anything like a greasy day. Back's place is not filled yet, but will be after an outside match or two; we have two or three likely ones which includes Evans and Wickens who are both good kicks.

In the last practice game the forwards were doing very much better than previously, were quicker on the ball, but up to date they have been rather a rabble. Among the hard players are Beer, Parker, Marshall, Tennant and Crumby who know the game. The others will soon make with a little more play a strong quick lot. We shall lose the service of Mr. Bell in the middle of August, who has gone through all the "dirty work" of working the team up to such a creditable pitch.

The association team has played three outside matches since last issue of this paper, the match with the Dalhousie shewing the best display of talent. The weather throughout the game was against the play, for it rained in torrents. The goal keepers on both sides did some remarkably fine work in defence. Our backs were well on the mark, especially Manning. The shooting of the forwards was unlucky, and was often within an ace of scoring; on time being called we stood the winners by a goal. The Howrah Team last Wednesday lowered our colours by beating us well, and thereby shewing that more practice is necessary to enable us to take the field in the form which our friends expect. The "Lancashire" have not yet displayed their form, so are still regarded as a "dark horse."

The Calcutta F. C. are the "pick of the bunch," amongst the teams entered for the Trades Cup and ought to win.

They are a cut above all comers and are always in good form when the final tussle comes.

The Royal Irish and South Wales Borderers both entered and were coming down but, we are sorry to say, they have scratched.

COMPANY ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CUP TIES.

(Presented to the Battalion by Major Newnham-Davis.)

First Round.

A Company *v.* H Company.—Won by A, 1 goal to nil.
B „ *v.* E „ —Won by E, 1 „ „
C „ *v.* D „ —Won by D, 1 „ „
F „ *v.* G „ —Won by G, 3 „ „

Second Round.

A Company *v.* D Company—Won by A, 1 goal to nil.
E „ *v.* G „ —Won by G, 1 „ „

Final.

A Company *v.* G Company—Draw, 2 goals each.
A „ *v.* G „ —Won by A, 1 goal to nil.

Other Matches.

A Company *v.* Howrah—Lost by 2 goals to nil.
C „ *v.* Dalhousie—Lost by 4 goals to Nil.
C „ *v.* Naval Volunteers—Draw, 1 goal each.
Attached Bungalow *v.* 2nd team of Artillery—Draw, 1 goal each.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

E and F Companies *v.* Calcutta—Lost by 1 goal to nil.
D Company *v.* Armenians—Draw.
D „ *v.* Medical College—Draw.
E „ *v.* La-Martiniere—Lost by 1 goal to nil.
E „ *v.* Medical College—Lost by 1 try to nil.
G „ *v.* Medical College—Draw.

Charitable Fund.

Few of the readers of *The Dragon* now serving, are aware of there being such a fund at the disposal of the Officer Commanding the 1st Battn. "The Buffs," but it must not be confused with the present Liquor Bar Fund, or the other Regtl. funds peculiar to India.

The Charitable Fund is the balance of the old Canteen Fund, which had accumulated during the Crimean war to the amount of about £800. This sum, after due consideration as to the best means of investing it for the benefit of the Battalion, was deposited with the War Office authorities, who allow interest at the rate of 3¾ per cent per annum. This interest comes to £30 a year, and is allowed to be expended by the Commanding Officer as he thinks fit; usually donations to old soldiers, or widows are given, the amount being regulated by their service, character, age, etc.

No. 1225 Lance-Corporal A. Featherstone was awarded a First Class Certificate of Education at an examination held at Fort William on the 29th March 1892.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

A story is told of a sentry with an incurable propensity for rhyming. Asked to deliver over his orders to the new relief, he replied that his duties were to—"Safely guard all shot and shell; and all the water in the well," The corporal of the guard being a matter-of-fact, unromantic individual, with no more taste for poetry than is possessed by a tadpole, sternly bade him to be careful who he was a "foolin' of," and deliver over his orders in a proper manner, and with less levity. He was an unconscious poet, this sentry, and so he complacently retorted that—"Them's the orders I received; from the cove what I relieved." The unlucky wight was incontinently placed under arrest, and was later on informed that poetry and sentry duty did not run well together.

The following true incident occurred at a place not a hundred miles from Kasauli, during a muster parade:—

Captain of Company (to smart non-commissioned officer just arrived from England), "You might get those bhisties and bullocks in line, Sergeant."

Smart Sergeant.—"Bhisties and bullocks right dress." (Getting rather confused.) "Dress back that bhistie with the crumpled horn."

HOW PATSY GOT THE STRIPE.

It was afther this manner, said Patsy, with a grin: "We was in China, an' the atin' we had been afther having for a long toime was that bad, there was no livin' on it. Wan avenin' whin we had camped out on a farrum, wid pickets surroondin' the house an' the shtables, pertictin' the inimy, ez the boys was sayin', the giner'l sint for me, fer the giner'l an' mesilf was from the same town, an' Oi had worked in his garden many an' many the day.

"Phwat is it, ginerel?" sez Oi, comin' to a salute in his tent.

"Patsy," sez he, "how air yez falin' this avenin'?"

"Foine, gineral," sez Oi, "but bad luck to the boardin' we're gettin'."

"That same here, Patsy," sez he, shmilin' loike, for the ginerai was boardin' in the same place wid his men.

"Tishn't fathenin' at ahl, at ahl, is it, gineral?" sez Oi, shmilin' loike mesilf.

"It's ruinin' me conshtitution intoirely, Patsy," sez he.

"Bad luck to us, if we be afther losin' the loikes av yez, gineral," sez Oi, "mebbe we could be afther gettin' a change at the farrum house, gineral," sez Oi, hintin'.

The gineral looked harrud and sthern and I saw a schowl on his face.

"Patsy," sez he, "phwat is the foorst dhuty of a sojer?"

"Gineral," says Oi, comin' to a salute, "It is to be afther gettin' a foine pig fer the commandin' officer whin he has been livin' on harrud tack an' salt pork fer four wakes."

"That will do, Patsy," sez he, luckin' harruder than iver, an' Oi saluted ag'in an' went out, an' the gineral had fat pig for breakfasht, and Oi was a corporal inside of sixhty days."

ACROSTIC.

Ages ago at Thebez gate.
A woman dropped a heavy slate,
And all to brake the conqueror's pate.
A woman much more recently
Did a much homelier missile shy,
And all to bunged the statesman's eye.

---

1. The prophet called him forth and took a sword
   And made minced meat of him before the Lord.
2. The King looked on the table and aloud did call
   "Great art thou, and in thee is no deceit at all."
3. The hymn describes it as a coral stand:
   It really is a vast and hideous land,
   A dismal howling desert full of sand.
4. They say that hares in March are this, and hatters,
   Why I don't know—not that it greatly matters.
5. Drink not to this; to-morrow when you rise
   You'll wish you'd drunk to me "only with thine eyes."
6. The cargo should be all inscribed on this
   Yet if the ship be on it, 'tis amiss.
7. Should you o'er night in food or drink exceed
   My aid next morning you will surely need.
8. Uneasy lies the head (we're told) that bears it,
   Tis but a quarter of the man that wears it.
9. These letters twain are often used in brief
   To indicate the Viceroy, or the "Chief."

J. B.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

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1898.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 65, **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, AUGUST 31st, 1892.** Price 2 As.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

CLIFTON.—At Calcutta on August 16th 1892, the wife of No. 593 Sergt. E. Clifton of a son.
Edgar George Latham.

NOTES.

WE are presenting this month a phototype of "A" Company's Association Football Team, winners of the Regimental Challenge Cup for 1892, and we feel sure that our readers will agree with us, in saying that the likeness of each member of the team, especially Colour Sergt Cheal, is excellent. Our best thanks are due to the photographers Messrs Kappe & Sons, for the loan of the negative, with which the phototypes were produced.

... ...

The ties for the Rugby Challenge Cup, have just been drawn, and should be productive of some good games next month. Our promise holds good, to present a phototype of the winning team along with the current number of the Dragon. As far as can be judged at present, "F" Company, with its well known company smile, seems to have about the best look in.

... ...

The two matches against the East Lancashire were productive of much excitement, and noticeable for the excellent goal keeping of Hasler, and in the first match, for a splendid long shot, resulting in a goal, by Burns. The E. Lancashires are certainly splendid kicks, and we should like to see them carry away the Cup. Burns was too well watched in the 2nd match, and his play was somewhat smothered.

... ...

We hear that Captain Holme and Sergeant Stirke's little pamphlet on sword exercise, has been sent to the Home Authorities, and most favourably recommended. It remains to be seen now what becomes of it: if it is pigeonholed in the War Office, or brought to the front formally establishing Captain Holme and Sergt. Stirke in their position of military authors.

... ...

Two Old Buffs, Orderly-room Sergts. Beilby and Parsons *(vide Lancashire Lad)*, have been

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lately distinguishing themselves on the Deolali stage, the first with his song "My pretty Jane," and the latter with several recitations. The report says that "Orderly-room Sergeant Parson's elocutionary powers were exceptionally good." This is as it should be.

... ...

Our second-in-command having just arrived from home, was taken out by a friendly subaltern for an afternoon's amusement, fishing in the Havildar's tank. Having been well primed with true stories as to the size of the fish, he prepared himself for a day's sport, but as his partner only caught a large eel, and he himself nothing, besides being considerably scared by an enormous snake (20 feet long the Major declared), he has given up fishing for a time and taken to wearing Panama hats.

... ...

We quote the following extract, but mercifully withold the name of the paper :—

"The Buffs, who are in India, have given a commission, to be executed in England, for the purchase of a piece of plate, which is to be presented to the East Kent Regiment."

... ...

This month has seen a great departure for the hills : Colonel and Mrs. Harley, Major and Mrs. Hind, Lieuts. Bell, Swetenham and Trollope, all for Darjeeling. Lieut. Eustace to Pachmari, and 2nd Lieut. Adamson to Shillong. The band left on the 20th also for Darjeeling, under Lieut. & Quarter-Master Cumber, and they thoroughly deserve a rest. The Colonel, Adjutant and Quarter-Master were thus all away together for a short time ; the Regiment has not collapsed yet.

... ...

Extract from the Maidstone Kentish Journal.

Captain Arthur Henry Tylden-Pattenson, of The Buffs, has been appointed to the Adjutancy of the 1st Volunteer Battalion, East Kent Regiment, in succession to Major F. Smith who vacates that appointment on the 1st November next. The adjutant-elect, who is the second son of Captain Tylden-Pattenson, of Dashmanden, J.P. and D.L. for the county of Kent, has seen fourteen years' service, nearly the whole of which he has spent on foreign duty. He served in the Zulu war, 1879, and was present at the action of Ginginhlore and the relief of Ekowe. The new adjutant comes with a reputation of being a very energetic officer in his distinguished regiment, and the selection from a territorial point of view should be regarded as a happy one, as he is a direct descendant of two of our oldest East Kent families—the Boys' and Tylden's.

... .

The first snipe presented to the Mess this year were shot by Lieut Booth, who got five couples at Sodepore on the 18th; a few days later, shooting with Capt. Holme, eighteen couples were killed, a very good bag for August.

... ...

There was a large entry for Pigeon shooting for the Cup presented by Mr. Arbuthnot at the Gun Club on the 20th. Several of the local cracks were competing, and, as the competition was not closed to the members of the Club, one or two officers of the East Surrey—Major Harris amongst them, Major Hickson, and Lieut. Booth, representing The Buffs, entered. The first prize was won by Capt. Dundas, Lieut Booth who shot his first six birds, but had bad luck with his last, taking 3rd place—by no means a bad performance.

... ...

At a shooting match, held by the 2nd (Weald of Kent) Volunteer Battalion The Buffs on the 4th July last, the undermentioned Old Buffs came to the front. Distance 200 and 500 yards.

1st	Sergt.-Major	Harris	46 points	30s.
2nd	Sergt.-Instructor	Dundas	44 ,,	25s.
3rd	,,	Kesby	43 ,,	20s.
4th	,,	Parker	42 ,,	15s.
5th	,,	Parfitt	40 ,,	10s.

... ...

The chief excitement in the coming month will be our Rugby match against the Calcutta Club, 2nd round of the Rugby Ties, and if we beat them, we shall be able to play Bombay. Our team has been strengthened by the arrival of Lieut. Annesley, who has returned from Mussoorie looking the picture of health, and we hope to hear that Lieut. Bell is coming down from Darjeeling to play with Lieut. Tarte, who we are glad to see again in the football field. Our team should be able to give a very good account of themselves not only against Calcutta, but we hope against Bombay as well.

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From the *Kentish Gazette* and *Canterbury Press*, to hand, we see that the Canterbury week this year was most successful, the attendance on the Ladies' Day being 11827 as against 7121 of last year. The shooting match at Maidstone on 29th July between the Staff Sergeants and Sergeants, 3rd Regimental District, and the Warrant Officers, and Staff Sergeants of the R.W: Kent R. District seems to have been attended with great success, and, as the paper justly observes, it is pleasant to notice such gatherings, tending as they do to create good feeling amongst corps, and we are glad to hear that the R. W. Kent are shortly to visit Canterbury ; the Band too, of the 2nd Battalion appear to have given much satisfaction at the Canterbury week.

... ...

Colonel Kerr, who has been appointed to succeed Colonel Hobson in command of the 3rd Regimental District joined the 3rd Foot on the 23rd March 1858, and was appointed Lieut.-Colonel 10th December 1886. When in command of the 2nd Battalion at Aldershot in 1890 (where he was said to be one of the few Commanding Officers that had not been sworn at on field days), he was addressed by Sir Evelyn Wood as being "a mere boy," although over 50 years old at the time. We wish to offer here our best congratulations to Colonel Kerr in having got the Depot.

... ...

Not many of our readers are aware that our County of Kent can boast of possessing the heaviest British subject in the world, a Mr. Thomas Longley "Mine Host" of the Star Inn Dover. His weight is 42 stone, height 6 feet $\frac{3}{4}$ in. measurement of chest 70 inches, waist 85 inches, and calf of leg 26 inches. A year or two since the directors of the Westminster Aquarium offered him terms to come to London and be exhibited there, but he was not to be tempted as he has no desire for that kind of notoriety. As a youth there was nothing striking in his appearance, but it was only after his marriage that he began to increase in size and weight.—*Kent Gazette and Canterbury Press.*

... ...

Apropos of the recent General Election, some of our readers may not know the following stories, which will anyway bear repeating :—

While Professor Thorold Rogers was engaged in canvassing for votes for himself, an elector roughly informed him that he "would vote for the devil first." "Very good, Sir, very good," replied the professor, "but in the event of your friend not coming to the poll, may I hope to be favoured with your support ?"

Sir Henry Meux was told by a farmer, whose vote he had asked for "I would vote for you Sir Henry, only you are such a fool." "Fool am I," replied Sir Henry, "then I am the very man to represent you."

... ...

We kept the first column of page 4 open to the last moment, in hopes of receiving the budget of news from our 2nd Battalion. Nothing however arrived by the mail of the 31st, and we could not possibly wait longer. We trust "Nobby" has not forgotten us again.

... ...

Just before closing our columns, the semi-final for the "Trades' Challenge Cup" was played off, between Calcutta and the East Lancashire, the latter winning by one goal to nil.

The East Lancashire have now to play the winners of the other semi-final Dalhousie *v.* Howrah United.

OBITUARY.

Lieut.-Colonel L. B. Irwin, whose death from apoplexy took place at Mean Meer on the 20th ult., obtained his first commission in The Buffs as ensign on 16th May 1865, and served with the Regiment till 8th September 1871, when he joined the Bengal Staff Corps. He had seen a good deal of war service, having been through the Jowaki expedition of 1877—medal, with clasp, mentioned in despatches. The Afghan War of 1879, Capture of Ali Musjid and Forcing the Khyber Pass—medal with clasp. Waziri Expedition of 1881, where he was Provost Marshal—mentioned in despatches. Egyptian Expedition of 1882—Tel-el-Kebir—medal, with clasp and bronze star. Hazara Campaign of 1888.

"*Requiescat in pace.*"

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Regimental Polo Club Sports Programme.

1. Polo Ball Race. 15 entries.
   1st heat, Lieut. Tarte, Mr. Bates,
   2nd heat, Mr. Graham Mr. West.
   Final, Lieut. Tarte.

2 Tent Pegging. Sections of 4.

1st. Barrackpore Major Gastrell 8th B.I., Capt. Short A.V.D., Lieut, Douglass 8th B.I. and Lieut. Broome R.A. Points 48.

2nd, The Buffs—Lieuts. Eales, Annesley, Tarte and Dyne. Points 37.

3rd, Calcutta Polo Club—Messrs. West, Graham, Bates and Capt. Currie. Points 36.

4th, Calcutta Light Horse—1st Team.

5th, Officers, Fort William.

6th, Calcutta Light Horse—2nd Team.

3. Performance by Gymnastic Staff The Buffs.
Sergts. Stirke and Aitken, Lce.-Corpl. Marshall, Pte. Cash (clown,) Guthrie, Sherron, Smith, White, Carroll, Hutchins, Ford, Mayton.

4. Pickaback race for Native Troop

5. Ladies Nomination Race.
Prize: Silver scent bottle.

1.	Mrs. Latham Hamilton	nominates	Capt. Philips
2.	„ Saunders	„	Mr. Ezra.
3.	„ Thomas,	„	„ West
4.	„ Graham,	„	„ Graham
5.	„ Ogilvie,	„	„ Eales
6.	„ Gladstone,	„	„ Dyne
7.	„ Williams,	„	„ Butler
8.	„ Morrison,	„	„ Tarte
9.	„ Forsyth,	„	„ Eaton
10.	„ Lambert,	„	„ Bailey
11.	Miss Abbot,	„	„ Barrow
12.	„ Empson.	„	„ Becher,

Won by—1 Mr. Eaton, 2 Mr. Eales, 3 Mr. Graham

Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee,

To the Editor The Dragon.

Sir,

I notice in your July number a proposal that a monument be erected in the Military Cemetery Bhowanipore to the memory of the Officers, Non -Com. Officers and men of the Regiment who died in Calcutta in 1874-75 and at Dum-Dum and Calcutta in 1890-92. May I take the liberty of expressing a hope that your counter suggestion of a Memorial Tablet in St. Peter's Church may commend itself to all concerned. A visit to the Cemetery will convince anyone how quickly monuments, however well constructed, fall into decay when exposed to the climate of Bengal.

Moreover, there are already in the Church two small tablets, side by side, in memory of officers of the Battalion, one recording the death of Major W. Kerr at Calcutta in 1875, the other that of Lieut. & Adjutant G. A. Colville and Lieut. T. F. C. Armstrong in 1876-7 at the Straits Settlements and Lieut. E. P. Ventris in Afghanistan in 1879, the latter three being on active service. A convenient space immediately above these two tablets could, I think, be alloted to the larger memorial now proposed.

I am,
Yours truly,
Arthur E Stone,
Chaplain of the Fort

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Sir,

Having noticed in your last issue a suggestion to erect a memorial stone or tablet to the memory of the men of the Regiment who died in Calcutta, and Dum-Dum, I venture to suggest that in the event of a memorial stone being erected, the names of men of the Regiment who died in Ranikhet, Bareilly, and elsewhere since the arrival of the Regiment in India may also be inscribed thereon.

A. G. Wilton.

Dear Mr. Editor

I notice in your June issue the announcement of the deaths of two old soldiers who were quite "celebrities" while serving with this Battalion. There are, no doubt, a great many of

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your readers who will call these old soldiers to memory if they peruse this

No. 349 Pte. Henry Gardiner, better known as "Harry Gardiner," was always to be seen at the Regimental Sports or Gymkhanas got up in quite correct style as a London shoe black, complete with box, brushes, bottle of blacking &c., and in spite of resistance on the part of the victims, all officers from the Colonel down to the last joined sub: had to go through the ordeal of having their boots polished, after which, as a matter of course, they had to pay up; if they had not the cash with them "Harry" would call next day, before the Canteen opened. Of course the Sergeant-Major's boots were always polished on these occasions for love, and if he did not pay on the spot he was *not* worried next day. It did not make the slightest difference what coloured boots the victims wore, patent, white, or brown they all had to be brushed and the trousers brushed down as well.—Poor chap, he had many a good soldier's failing, and that was all his pay was shared with his comrades at the Canteen; but, in spite of this little weakness he was a thorough good fellow and well liked by everybody.

No. 4056 Pte. William Johnson, better known to all ranks as "Doctor Johnson" was another celebrated character. First of all he was the most corpulent man in the Regiment, and no doubt your readers will class me with Ananias when I say that two waist belts and two pouch belts had to be sewn together to make a decent fit as regards accoutrements for him. Of course all his clothing had to be made up regimentally, much to the Master Tailor's disgust. He was a very good elocutionist and always assisted at the "Penny Readings" of those days, and I have no doubt there are still a number left yet who have often heard him recite the "Spanish Champion" "Charge of the Light Brigade" and a great favourite amongst The Buffs viz:

"Last night amongst his fellow roughs
He jested, quaffed, and swore."

The "Doctor" was a very good scholar and was invariably employed in one of the Regimental offices, usually the Orderly-room, and was an invaluable clerk.

Robert Johnstone, whose death is announced in the July Dragon, is, I think, "Bobby Johnstone." (no relation to the last mentioned man.) He enlisted at Dagshai in 1871, and was for a number of years in the 1st Battalion Band.

About 20 years ago there were four Johnstones in the Battalion, and all distinguished by nicknames; in fact amongst the rank and file it was the only way they were spoken of.

First "Doctor" Johnstone, nicknamed on account of his being a fairly good scholar.

Second "Spider" Johnstone, nicknamed because a spider was down the barrel of his rifle when being inspected by the Officer Commanding his Company on parade.

Third "Bones" Johnson, who used to be the bones at nigger entertainments.

Fourth "Bobby" Johnson (whose death is announced in the July Dragon), nicknamed to distinguish him from the others.

I think three of these namesakes were soldiering with the present Captain Colley in "E" Company.

Yours Faithfully,
"Doolie Draft."

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

On Monday next the annual Cricket Carnival commences in this city.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 1st, 2nd and 3rd, are allotted for the first match—Kent *v.* Gloucestershire, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, for the second match—Kent *v.* Nottinghamshire.

The "Old Stagers" will perform in the Theatre Royal on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, and the usual "Grand Balls" take place in the Music Hall on Wednesday and Friday.

The Dane John is to be illuminated, and on Thursday there will be a lantern parade by bicycle clubs. It is to be hoped the weather will be fine, also that it may be warmer than it has been for the past week, or sealskins and top-coats will be required.

The Band of the 2nd Battalion The Buffs will play in the cricket ground on Tuesday and Thursday.

Captain A. H. Tylden-Pattenson has been selected for the Adjutancy of the 1st Vol. Battn. The Buffs, *vice* Major F. Smith, and will take up his duties on 1st November, 1892.

Major F. Smith has been posted to the 2nd Battn. on promotion.

Privates B. Blissett and J. Crouch, old 1st Battn. men, who have been at the Depôt a number of years, are to be discharged to pension.

30 recruits under the command of Captain and Quarter-Master Colley were sent to join the Home Battalion at Chatham on 7th July.

The 2nd Battalion on leaving Chatham are now to proceed to Athlone instead of Londonderry and Enniskillen.

They will be succeeded at Chatham by the 2nd Battn. The Leicestershire Regiment from Warley and the Tower.

The mention of this battalion reminds me that Captain V. T. Bunbury, their Adjutant, paid us a visit a few days since and is looking very fit and well.

No. 2316 A. Gilbert, and No. 3134 F. Bartlett have been found fit for further duty and sent from Netley to the Home Battalion.

No. 3061 Lance-Corpl. H. Patterson has been promoted Corporal *vice* Hall, 2nd Battalion.

The undermentioned men have been discharged at Netley as invalids:—

No. 1796 Private T. Brasier. (Pension 7d., 12 months, conditional.)

No. 3220 Private J. Stredwick. (Pension 6d., 12 months, final.)

No. 2607 Private J. Franklin. (Pension not yet known.)

H.R.H. The Commander-in-Chief visited Canterbury on 18th July and inspected the Troops in Garrison. The Depôt The Buffs paraded in Review Order and were seen by His Royal Highness on his way to the Barracks from the Cavalry Drill Field.

Major-General Lord W. Seymour, Commanding the South-Eastern District, made his annual inspection on Wednesday, 20th July, and expressed himself well pleased with all he saw.

I am very pleased to see by the June issue of "The Dragon" that "Nobby" has come to the front again.

Colonel W. F. Kerr has been selected for the command of the 3rd Regimental District.

Yours faithfully,
"Old Buff."

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The Art of Fencing.

THERE is one point in which the officers of the British army require much better instruction than they presently receive, and that is in the handling of their weapons. The infantry and artillery officer, as a rule, knows nothing, in short, about the proper use of his sword ; nor is the cavalry officer much in advance of his line and gunner comrades. A sword is put into the hand of a young officer when he receives his commission, and he is supposed to acquire a skill and dexterity in its use by intuition. It is true he is taught a little fencing at Woolwich or Sandhurst, and he is required to go through the "sword exercise" at the General's inspection and on such grand occasions : but, for all that this foolish exercise could avail him if pitted against a trained swordsman, it might just as well be left unpractised. Few men will be found to rival Peter Simple's champion, O'Brien, who knowing nothing whatever of fencing, while his French adversary was an expert in that art, broke through the latter's guard with an unexpected rush and then made mince meat of the Frenchman.

Our officers are the worst fencers in Europe. They are taught to handle a rifle, why should they not be as systematically taught to use the weapon which is at once the badge and symbol of their profession ? A certain skill in fencing should be insisted upon, officers being graded according to their proficiency, and prizes given for competitive excellence in the mimic duel.

It is worthy of consideration whether the present infantry sword should not be replaced by a stout rapier. In a hand-to-hand contest the point is infinitely more effective than the edge. An opponent may take a great deal of hacking about before he is placed *hors de combat* whereas a rapid, well-directed thrust cannot fail of disabling him in a moment. "I have often been surprised," writes a military correspondent, "at seeing so few officers attend the gymnasia in England, where they had every opportunity of practising with mask and foil. When I attended the gymnasium at Dover for a course of fencing, I never saw any other officer come there for the same purpose, though there was the usual garrison of three full regiments on the heights and a brigade of artillery in the castle.

Now, considering that an officer's life may depend upon his expertness in the use of the sword, for the Afghan Campaign has shown that the days of single combat are not yet over, the present indifference of the British officer to acquiring a knowledge of the use of his *blanche arme* seems, to say the least, remarkable.

Then, again, how few officers understand the rapid and effective use of a revolver, and with either hand.

Revolver shooting has been introduced into some of the rifle meetings in this country, but it does not occupy the prominent position, nor receive the support which its importance deserves. In a hard-fought *melee* between two detached bodies of combatants, otherwise fairly matched, a skilful use of the revolver by one or two officers might have the effect of deciding the contest and securing the victory. A revolver of select pattern ought to be made part of every officer's equipment, and practice in its use insisted on. We observe, however, that the revolver is about to be replaced by the metrailleuse pistol, which has the advantage of never jamming, as a revolver too often does, at the critical moment. If a weapon of the sort were to be used at close quarters by a cool-headed, firm-handed, determined man, what havoc he might create in the ranks of an enemy !

There is no reason why the Englishman, and more especially the English officer, should be a worse swordsman or a worse pistol shot than anyone else, and there is indeed every reason why he should be a better. What, as a matter of fact, is the training of the average officer in the use of his arms ;—

"When a young man joins the army, it is still occasionally said of him that he has adopted the profession of arms ; but watch the young man througout his career up to the time that he leaves the service, and see then how much he knows about arms practically. If in the Infantry he will probably know all about the rifle with which his men are armed, and will probably be a fair shot with it himself ; but he will

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almost to a certainty know nothing about the effective use of the bayonet which forms a not unimportant part of the soldier's equipment, and which in spite of its foreign name is essentially the weapon for the British soldier; a weapon which in past days has in their hands decided more than once the fate of Europe; and which if we still maintain our faith in it and our pride in its use, will probably, indeed I may say will certainly, decide the fate of India in the not far distant future. Though not, strictly speaking, an officer's weapon, yet it is one which he calls on his men to use, and which therefore he should be able to use himself. At any rate he ought to know how to best defend himself with his sword against an attacker armed with a bayonet."

Furthermore what practical knowledge has he of the use of the sword? "Why, to begin with, he almost hates the sight of the weapon on which his life may any day depend; he never wears it except when he is absolutely obliged to do so. He neither knows nor cares anything about its quality or its capabilities, and, as a rule, so long as it is properly cleaned for parade, and the sword knot as neatly rolled round the handle so as to be perfectly useless to him, he neither knows nor cares anything about it; though if you ask him he will probably tell you with an air of pride that it is one of Wilkinson's best..... If you talk to a young man, and try to reason with him, as I have often done, on the folly of being unable to use his weapon, or on the desirability of cultivating a little better acquaintance with them, he will generally answer somewhat to this effect. "Oh! it is a nuisance, and I hav'nt time for practice, and so on.

"Up to a certain age, say 35 or in some cases, even up to 40, it is never too late for an Englishman to commence to learn; but it is obviously most advantageous for him to commence as young as possible; therefore I say all boys should be taught boxing, fencing, or single stick, or all three, while they are at school.

For instance, if a man can gain a possible 1,000 marks for scanning a Latin verse, or extracting the cube root of ·01, or any other scholarly performance, I would give him 2,000 marks for being able to cut out the ace of spades six shots in succession at different distances, or for any other similar soldierly performance.

I am strongly of opinion, moreover, that the commanding officer of a regiment should be held responsible that constant and systematic practice in the use of arms is kept up by all officers under him; and indeed, I would go so far as to advocate the addition of foil and bayonet fencing and revolver shooting to every course of garrison instruction, a trained instructor being attached for that purpose to each school."

"BELTS."

There was a row in Silver Street, that's near to Dublin Quay,
Between an Irish Regiment an' English Cavalree.
It started at Revelly, an' it lasted on to dark,
The first man dropped at Harrison's, the last fornaist the Park.
For it was belts, belts, belts, 'an that's one for you!
An' it was belts, belts, belts, an' that's done for you!
O buckle and tongue, was the song that we sung,
From Harrison's down to the Park.

There was a row in Silver Street, the Regiment was out,
They called us "Delhi rebels," an' we answered "Three's about,"
That drew them like a hornet's nest, we met them good and large,
The English at the double, and the Irish at the charge.
Then it was belts, &c.

There was a row in Silver Street, an' I was in it too,
We passed the time o' day, an' then the belts went whirraru!
I misremember what occurred, but subsequent the storm,
A "Freeman's Journal Supplement" was all my uniform.
Oh it was belts, &c.

There was a row in Silver Street, they sent the Polis there.
The English were too drunk to know, the Irish did'nt care.
But when they grew impertinent, we simultaneous rose,
Till half o' them was Liffey mud, an' half was tattered clothes.
For it was belts, &c.

There was a row in Silver Street, it might ha' raged till now,
But someone drew his side-arm clear, an' nobody knew how.
Twas Hogan took the point an' dropped, we saw the red blood run,
An' so we all was murderers that started out in fun.
While it was belts' &c.

There was a row in Silver Street, but that put down the shine,
Wid each man whispering to his next "Twas never work o' mine."
We went away like beaten dogs, an' down the street we bore him,
The poor dumb corpse, that could'nt tell the bhoys were sorry for him.
When it was belts, &c.

There was a row in Silver Street, it is'nt over yet,
For half of us are under guard, wid punishments to get.
Tis all a merricle to me as in the clink I lie,
There was a row in Silver Street, be God I wonder why?
But it was belts, &c.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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Calcutta to Jalapahar.

More sickly looking lot it would be hard to find than left Calcutta on the 20th August for the hills. The party consisted of 1 officer, 34 N.C.O.'s and men, 2 women, 2 children, and about 7 dogs. The transport for the lot and their baggage was composed of ambulance carts, transport carts, ticca gharries, and country carts, and all it required to complete the convoy was a commissariat cart and a jingling Johnnie (Ekka).

We arrived at Sealdah station (Eastern Bengal State Railway) after sundry breaks down, and then the troubles again commenced: baggage had to be packed in the brakes which was done by the men with a will. I forgot to say that the 34 men were all Bandsmen and all seemed very pleased for a change out of Calcutta, which was fearfully hot. Carriages were reserved for the men and also for the families by the Railway authorities. We were all very comfortably situated and left punctually at five minutes to four p.m.

Just prior to starting I recognised an old familiar face on the the platform, and on asking who it was, it turned out to be the Band Sergeant of the Viceroy's Band in 1874. He is now a police inspector on the railway and very comfortable, having an easy berth, good wages, and not much to do. It is very pleasant to come across old soldiers doing well.

We arrived at Damukdia Ghat about 9 p.m., and immediately went on board the steamer "Dolphin" and a flat, which had to convey us across the Ganges. The Parsee purveyor on board seemed very disappointed when I would not order tea, &c., to be supplied to the troops, he said it was the custom to get orders from Calcutta for the supply. However the men got a bottle of beer or a cup of tea on payment, and all seemed to enjoy it.

A little incident occurred on board: a bearer declared he had lost a cup which had been supplied to one of the men with tea in it. He accused the man of keeping the cup. "I don't want your blooming cup," says Thomas, "we ain't used to luxuries, we ain't." "I've forgotten how to drink out of a cup long ago, and if you don't *jao* and *jaldee*, I'll set this dog on to yer." This seemed to check the argument, and the bearer went as ordered accordingly.

We arrived at Sara Ghat at 10 o'clock, and found everything very nicely arranged for us again, lots of room for the men, two or three to a carriage. The line we were now on is called the Eastern Bengal State Railway, Northern Section, and is a much narrower gauge than the other side of the river, it is what is called a metre gauge, I believe. We all made snug for the night, but found it so hot that sleep was almost impossible. On waking up next morning it appeared very clear towards the hills, and, after passing Domar, we got our first sight of the hills, and a few miles farther on we could see the snows quite plainly.

At a place called Haldiban an enterprising khansamah had made several cups of tea on the off chance of selling it, but such vile stuff I never tasted in all my life. Of course his sale to The Buffs was nil.

Siliguri was reached in due course and here was another change of trains. We found the little train of the Darjeeling Himalayan Railway waiting for us. At first sight it puts one in mind of the switchback railway at Margate or Brighton, or one of the People's Palaces (Crystal or Alexandria). Again we found all our carriages labelled for "British Troops only." We managed to find time to get some breakfast here, or at least some of us did, but about half a dozen of the slowest eaters and also our two Sergeants' wives, carefully contrived to get left behind when the train started, but by the signallers frantically waving flags and howling, the driver stopped the train and we got them packed away at last. What a funny little line this is to be sure—it is a very narrow gauge. I should say the distance between the rails is not more than 2 feet; the carriages hold six people who are very cramped indeed. Our train started with about fourteen carriages all full up with luggage and passengers. The parcels that one carries into the carriages are packed under the seats and all sorts of places, and as all the carriages are open with only an iron rail about a foot high running right round, one's goods are very apt to fall out. I noticed a Native guard sitting behind with a long string

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in his hand, and on enquiry found that he was in connection with the engine driver and if anything fell out he pulled this string and the train was stopped by the driver.

The first Station we came to was called Sukna distant 7 miles from Siliguri. Here the train was divided into two parts, and, after about five minutes interval between each, we, being in the rear half, started. Then commenced our upward journey and a more wonderful sight I am sure cannot be seen. First we would skim along the edge of a deep precipice, then the next moment under an overhanging rock, and so on, from one side of the road to the other and always at a very good speed, I should think about 12 or 15 miles an hour, exclusive of stoppages. The different elevations are marked by boards on which are painted the height in feet; the first one I noticed was 2000 feet and the last at Ghoom, where you get out for Jalapahar, is 8000 feet. Several places along the route are decidedly sensational and nervous people should certainly avoid looking ahead or down the Khuds. One place in particular it looks all space ahead and it appears to the traveller, who is making his first journey, that his last hour has come, when just at the time the smash should take place, you wheel gracefully round the corner and find comparative safety again for a short time. This sort of thing goes on until you reach your destination. The cold gets very intense when you get about 7000 feet up, and as we left Calcutta with the glass at about 94 in the shade, we were very glad to get into our great coats.

On arriving at Ghoom we found the Station Staff Officer and also a baggage fatigue awaiting our arrival. It did not take much longer to get the party off and comfortably housed, the men enjoying the bright fires which had been lighted up ready for them.

Our champion gaffer was awaiting very anxiously the arrival of the Band, and I am not quite sure but what they were not heard singing and playing the chorus in Blue-beard the evening they arrived, but I am sure they were next morning as I heard them myself.

One peculiar thing I noticed as we journeyed upwards, was at a village where we halted; a Bhootia woman was dressing her daughter's hair, The mother (I presume she was the mother) of the child had a very stunted Mehtar's broom with which she brushed the little one's hair. After plaiting the hair and tying it up, the child got up, took the broom from her mother, and then knelt down and kissed her mother's right foot. I was told that this was "dustoor" or custom and I thought it a very touching custom too.

If any of your readers have not yet had the good fortune to make a trip on the Darjeeling-Himalayan Railway, all I can say is do so before we leave Calcutta. P.Q.

Sergeants' Quadrille Party.

A very enjoyable Quadrille Party was held by the Sergeants in the Outram Institute on Friday 12th inst. and although the evening was a 'trifle' warm, the punkahs kept the room very cool. Colonel G. E. Harley, Major R. A. Hickson, Capt. Philips and a number of other Officers were present and seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly, although they left at an early hour. There was also a good attendance of our civilian friends, and the dance was in every way a great success, which is very creditable to all concerned, as these enjoyable little parties are so few and far between that the Presidents etc., do not get a chance of gaining experience The music was provided by 12 men of the band under Corpl. Borland, the manner in which they performed being greatly admired by all.

We hope the Sergeants will see their way clear to hold at least one quadrille party a month during the remainder of our stay at Calcutta.

Great credit is due to the President, Color.-Sergt. Cork also to the M.C., Color-Sergt. Featherstone for the success of this 'Dance'

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regimental Papers :—

The Army Service Corps' Journal.
The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.
The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.
I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.
The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Royal Munster Fusiliers
The Queen's Own Gazette.—2nd Bn. Royal W.K. Regt.
The Lilywhite's Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lanc. Regt.
The Nines.—Wiltshire Regt.
The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.
1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E.S. Regt.
Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.

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An Amusing Incident.

ON the 15th March, 1879, while marching through the Doomar Kakar Pathan Country, a force consisting of 1 squadron 8th B.C., 2 Guns Peshawur Mountain Battery and "Coke Rifles" under command of Colonel Keen were encamped at Obuski. On the 16th the force advanced into the Doomar Kakar country. A reconnoitring party was sent in advance and when near Spiraragha found its road barred by 12 men and a donkey. It was a ticklish position, as our men were all cavalry, however we advanced cautiously as far as the boundary of the Doomar Kakars. The 12 men and that irrepressible donkey again appeared and to add to our excitement we heard calls from the hills all round us. It was impossible to advance under these circumstances so we threw out vedettes and sat down to lunch not however without experiencing some trepidation on account of a little joke played by our Staff Officer on two of us who had climbed a hill, safely to our rear, to look for the enemy. Just as we reached the top, he shouted to us to mount our horses. Now our nags were at some distance, and the hill was pretty steep, aud to see two respectable gentleman rushing down a steep incline in a violent hurry, stumbling over unaccustomed swords and spurs was a sight which commended itself to the advanced guard.

However we had lunch, and then the Infantry appearing, we formed in order of battle and advanced and commenced the "Battle of Chiri Mooman." Now Chiri Mooman is the Doomar boundary aforesaid, and we found it was held in force by the enemy, who waved his drawn sword frantically and vowed we should never enter his country.

We had taken the precaution to bring some Maliks with us, who had to explain to this unbelieving Kakar the benevolent intentions of the Sircar; and these Maliks, appreciating the critical state of affairs, stole round the flank and rear of the enemy and suddenly springing on him, forced him to the ground. Then ensued a violent struggle, but numbers won the day, the sword was captured and the victorious Maliks jumped upon the prostrate Kakar till I thought the breath was knocked out of his body for ever. The Maliks begged us to excuse the Kakar race, who really had no intention of resisting the Sircar and to think nothing of the fallen hero who was merely a madman! The one true patriot in the land willing to shed his blood for his country, only a madman!

After advancing for about two miles we found a conical hill just over the road held by about 200 of the enemy who waved swords and beat tom-toms. The guns were brought into action and the infantry formed for the attack. At this moment we saw a commotion on the hill, the body of the enemy swayed to and fro and gradually melted away, while two Maliks came running down the hill with extended hands shouting "Aman, Aman" "grant us peace." The reason of this was that "our madman" who after recovering from the pummelling he had received, had accompanied our advance Guard and, as soon as he saw the Kakars on the conical hill went at them in great wrath and rained blows on them all round "I held the pass," said he, "I defended the boundary of our country, but at last was overcome and do such as *you* dare to resist the Sircar." His indignation was grand and he probably saved much of his country's blood, and so ended the Battle of Chiri Mooman. On our return to camp we found our Doctor sitting on a stone with the most utterly woe-be-gone expression of countenance. We thought he was ill and attempted to condole, but he sadly muttered "St Pathrick's day, and not a drop of whisky."

"A KIND OF A SINTRY."

—:o:—

One day a veteran officer of United States regulars known among the volunteer troops as "Fighting Dick, Richardson," came across an Irish soldier at an advanced post—a 'lost sentry,' in fact,—about two hundred yards from the enemy. Pat was quietly sitting, crooning a song, as he polished the barrel of his rifle, which he had taken asunder. Fighting Dick petrified with astonishment, stared at him. At last he found voice. 'What, in Heaven's name are you, my man?' Pat looked up, "What am I, is it? Begor, I'm a kind of a sintry. What are you?" Fighting Dick stared at him again. "I'm a kind of a gineral,' said he". 'Well, if you jist stay there till I get this together again I'll give you a kind of a presint,"

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REGIMENTAL NEWS.

Major R. A. Hickson, having landed in India on the 9th inst., he is taken on the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly.

Consequent on the departure of Lieut.-Colonel G. E. Harley on leave, the command of the Battalion devolved on Major R. A. Hickson, the next senior officer, with effect from 15th inst,

Lieut L. G. N. Eales, having qualified for the appointment of Acting Paymaster, is appointed Acting Paymaster of the Battalion.

Lieut. A. R. Eustace proceeded to School of Musketry at Pachmari during the month.

Lieut. W. H. Booth passed the lower standard examination in Hindustani on the 4th July 1892.

2nd Lieutenant W. H. Trevor has been posted to the 1st Battn. The Buffs.

The undermentioned non-commissioned officer was granted a Warrant and N.C.O.'s Certificate of Musketry at the School of Musketry, Pachmari, on the 29th July 1892, and he is qualified for the appointment of Sergeant Instructor in Musketry to a Regiment or Battalion :—

No. 3828 Color-Sergeant H. E. Featherstone.

The undermentioned N.C.O.'s and men were awarded 3rd Class Certificates of Education at an examination held at Fort William on the 22nd inst. :—

No. 2943 Lce.-Cpl. E. Hill,
„ 1589 „ G. Curry,
„ 2671 „ L. Taylor.
„ 2265 „ W. Holliday,
„ 3499 Private A. Town.
„ 1831 „ D. Saunders,
„ 3268 „ B. Draper,
„ 2599 „ W. Clark.
„ 3896 „ J. W. Lewis,

The undermentioned N.C.O.'s have passed the professional examination for promotion:—

To Sergeant.

No, 1544 Corpl, W, Hurrell,
„ 2954 „ H. A, Jones,

To Corporal.

No. 2677 Lance-Corpl, J. Matthews.
„ 2597 „ T. Williams.
„ 1516 „ G. Briggs.
„ 2502 „ W. Joy.
„ 547 „ C. James.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments :—

To be Sergeant.

No. 342 Lance-Sergt. R. Golds

To be Paid Lance Sergeant.

No. 1587 Lance-Sergt. E. A. Wynne.

To be Lance-Sergeant.

No. 1544 Corpl. W. Hurrell.

To be Corporals.

No. 1937 Lce.-Corpl. T. Croucher.
„ 2096 „ H. Hamilton.

To be Paid Lance-Corporals.

No. 547 Lce.-Corpl. C. James.
„ 1516 „ G. Briggs.
„ 1052 „ J. Cafferty,

The undermentioned are appointed Drummers :—

No. 2921 Boy W. Culmer,
„ 2286 Pte. F. Cox.
„ 2591 „ A. Sherman.

The undermentioned N.-C. Officers have been permitted to re-engage for such further periods of Army Service as will make up total continuous services of 21 years :—

No. 436 Sergt. (O.R.C.) Winstanley.
„ 874 „ Thomas Latter.

The undermentioned recruits having enlisted during the month are taken on the strength of the Battalion and posted to the Companies stated opposite their names :—

John Campbell "F" Company.
Henry Miller "F" „
William Arthur Bell, "G" „

Jennie Holloway, step-daughter of No. 1588 Private T. Pollard, is appointed Monitress to the School of the Battalion from the 7th August 1892.

The undermentioned N.-C. Officers having been transferred to the Unattached List for employment in the Ordnance Department are struck off the strength of the Battalion.

No. 322 Sergeant W. Levason.
„ 363 „ G. E. M. Brewin.

The undermentioned men are granted G. C. Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names.

"A" Company.

No.	1771	Pte.	Murr J.	1d. Restored	24-7-92

"B" Company.

No.	2787	Pte.	Guthrie G.	1d.	8-8-92
„	3362	„	Long M.	2d. Granted	28-7-92
„	1659	„	Wiseman J	3d, Restored	14-8-92
„	1867	„	Cheseeman C	5d, Granted	10-7-92

"C" Company.

No.	2767	Pte.	Abery	1d. Granted	25-8-92

"D" Company.

No.	3167	Pte,	Prescott C,	1d. Granted	11-8-92

"E" Company.

No,	2824	Pte,	Smith G. C,	1d.	6-8-92

"F" Company.

No.	3019	Pte.	Elliott F.	1d.	2-8-92

"H" Company.

No,	2062	Pte.	Scott F.	2d.	18-8-92
„	2221	„	Neville J:	1d.	16-7-92
„	2482	„	Tomsett H.	1d.	6-8-92

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Jalapahar News.

MY letter this month will be but a short one as both at Jalapahar and Darjeeling things during the last month have come to a stand-still.

The rain at Jalapahar has stopped games of all kinds and the men have had a poor time of it, as even taking walks is not much of an amusement, with the certainty of getting wet through. The great-coat is not the best sort of garment for the Darjeeling rains—nothing but a thick waterproof keeps the rain out.

The Sergeants of the Depot gave a picnic at Senchal on August 11th. The morning was a fine one and all left in the highest spirits, most riding, some of the riders not looking particularly happy however. I have not heard if there were any upsets, but some hill ponies thoroughly enjoy taking it out of a nervous rider. The picnic was a decided success ; unfortunately the return home was wet, but most of the fun was over before the rain set in.

Great preparations are going on for Mr. Lloyd's "Burlesque" and great things are expected.

I am sorry to say that Mr. Lloyd has been on the sick list with a bad face, but he is now well enough to be about again.

The first performance of the "Burlesque" is to take place at the Jalapahar Theatre on Friday August 26th. The stage is small for Mr. Lloyd's large company, but all in Jalapahar are looking forward to it.

The programme of entertainments, sports, etc., for the Poojah Holidays, commencing on the 27th September, is not yet settled, but I hear the committee of the Amusement Club will soon meet to decide matters.

It is to be hoped that the weather may be fine, as Darjeeling is just full up at that time with hard worked men from Calcutta, and a fine ten days at Darjeeling puts new life into all.

The Darjeeling folk are all highly pleased at the idea of the band coming up. It is not as yet settled, how often, and where it will play in Darjeeling, but probably once a week at the Chowrasta and once at the Amusement Club.

Government has paid back the money, some Rs 15,000, which was spent in making the polo ground at Lebong (the money was raised by subscriptions), and this ~~Rs~~ 15,000 is to be devoted in making a covered tennis court, at the Amusement Club, on the same plan as the one at Simla. It will be the greatest boon during the rainy season. The work is to be commenced at once and the court will probably be ready by next season. I think, however, that a racquet court would be preferable to a tennis court.

The Officers of the Buffs are in great force up here, and the well-known "buff and blue" colours are seen everywhere. It is reported that gaieties are to recommence next month with an "At Home," given by the Officers ot the Convalescent Depôt at the Town Hall. Ladies must be dying for a dance, as since the Governor went down there has been little gaiety ; no doubt there will be many dances when once a start is made.

I am sorry to see that the Buffs lost their match with the East Lancashires in Association ties, but it was not a great defeat—only by one goal.

I hope to send you a longer letter for your next issue.

"JALAPAHAR."

BALL ROOM INCIDENTS.

There was a young sub,
An impertinent cub,
Whose passion was dancing for ever ;
But when told by his major,
A reg'lar old stager,
To dance with his aunt, replied "Never !"

Now the major was wrath,
Cleared his throat with a cough,
And replied that such answers were rude
For a junior to make
To a senior sedate.
He did not understand how he could.

Said the young'un, that's true,
I apologise too,
For I see that I made a mistake,
"So hand in your aunt,
And I'll dance till I can't,
You tyrannical elderly rake." *(Whispered.)*

The major was pleased,
His anger appeased,
And accepted a split which was cold.
For to soften a major,
Though he be an old stager,
There's nothing like whisky I'm told.

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Football Notes.

THIS last month football under both rules has been in full swing and the Third Round "Trades' Challenge Cup" and the First Round "Rugby Union Challenge Cup" have been played off. Our match with the East Lancashire was one looked forward to with great interest, as we were both known as strong teams. We met on the 15th on the Calcutta Ground, and the result being a draw. one goal being scored by each team.

The East Lancashire played the same game they did last year, their kicking being as good as ever. A slight change had to be made in our team at the last moment, which did not, however, as it might have done, make much difference. The goal scored for us was by a splendid long shot by Burns; it has been referred to as a fluke in the local papers, but anyone knowing his "shooting" powers thinks differently. The East Lancashire's goal was scored from a mistake made by one of our men just in front of goal in spite of the efforts of Hasler, who played a capital cool game throughout.

The Teams played again on Friday 19th, and again the public turned out in great numbers to see the game. In the first half the East Lancashire obtained a goal and this was the only point scored throughout the game. Our strong forwards did not have any good chances and the kicking of our backs was not as good as our opponents. Our tactics of keeping the ball down were not adhered to throughout and thus gave the other side the chance of getting in their strong kicks, but of which they did not take advantage for their shooting at goal was anything but good. The tackling was capital on both sides and in consequence there was no very noticeable individual play.

The Team was composed as follows:—

The Buffs—Hasler goal; Evans, Manning, backs; McGinnell, Tennant, Devan, half-backs; Wickens, Golder, left-wing; Marshall, centre; Lawrence and Burns, right-wing.

The East Lancashire now play the Calcutta Football Club in the next round and I am not too sanguine as to the former's chance of a win. The drawing of the ties did not give an even distribution of strength, as three of the strongest teams out of the 17 entries viz., Calcutta Football club, East Lancashires and ourselves, have, or will have to meet, whilst the Dalhousie Football Club have more or less an easy task before them to ensure their playing in the final.

We heard from an onlooker at a practice match, Calcutta Club *v.* Dalhousie Football Club the other night, that it was the roughest game which he had ever seen in Calcutta, and "talk about soldiers playing rough why it was'nt in it,' so if the two local clubs do meet in the final we shall see a stiffish game.

The Rugby match, Buffs *v.* Black Watch (a local team), on 30th July was a hard game and for us the opening one of the season; the play throughout was fast, our three-quarter backs did very well and in fact the whole team shaped well; the ground was not wet enough for our forwards and the game ended in a draw.

On the 6th August we met the Calcutta Football Club and with them played a capital practice match. Mr. Bell, with quick forward play, secured a try, which was the only one scored during the game. Moth was doing lots of work. Our three-quarters did not get any good chances, but the Calcutta not scoring shows that our men outside the scrimmage did their work well. The forwards were all playing well and proved a nice quick lot.

The Buffs.—Evans back; Else, Jubb, Wherle, three-quarter backs; Moth and Farrel half backs; Mr. Bell, Crumby, Marshall, Tennant, Parker, Saunders, Beer, Adsley, Arms, forwards.

On the 13th August we put the team in the field to play the Telephone Club for the 1st Round "Rugby Union Challenge Cup," and the match proved a walk over for us, the goals and tries amounting to about a dozen. Our opponents besides being too light did not play the spirited game they might have done.

The best game of the month was on the 23rd August, against the Black Watch, who had got together the strongest possible local team that they could get in Calcutta, barring the Calcutta Club players.

We were within an ace of scoring on two or three occasions, but, owing to their extremely

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quick play on their own goal line, managed to touch down in self defence. During the first half nothing was scored, but in the second, towards the end of the game, by some good passing they managed to catch our team napping and secured a try. Our team was a little changed, Color-Sergt. Cork playing instead of Wherle, Shoesmith in place of Farrel. Marshall also had to stand down as the East Lancashires had rapped his shins a bit.

Early next month we play Calcutta, 2nd round Cup Tie, and the match ought to be a good one.

The South Wales Borderers are also coming, and Bombay will send their team to play the winners of the final, as the distance is so great which they have to come, and as they are the holders of the cup, it has been decided that they shall only play the one match as above.

MATCHES PLAYED DURING THE MONTH.

ASSOCIATION.

Regtl. Team *v.* Scratch Team, won, 4 goals to nil.
" " " " " " 1 " " "
Sergts. *v.* Dalhousie, lost, 4 goals to nil.
" " Howrah, draw.
" " Calcutta Police, lost, 1 goal to 2.
"C" Coy. *v.* 2nd Team, R.A., won, 2 goals to nil.
" " *v.* Whiteaway, Laidlaw & Co., won, 2 goals to nil.

RUGBY.

"A" Coy. *v.* Telegraph, draw
" " " Armenians, lost, 1 try to nil
" " " Black Watch, lost, 2 goals & 2 tries [to nil.
" " " Union Club, lost, 2 goals and 1 try [to nil,
"B" Coy. *v.* Union Club, won, 1 try to nil.
"E" Coy. *v.* Armenians, lost, 1 goal and 2 tries [to nil.
"F" Coy. *v.* La-Martiniere, won, 1 try to nil.
"G" Coy. *v.* La-Martiniere, won, 1 goal and 1 [try to nil,

The ties for the Regimental Rugby Cup were drawn for on the 28th inst. and will be played for next month, *(September)*.

First Round.	Second Round.	Final.
1 A *v.* H.	X 2 *v.* 3	X *v.* Y,
2 D *v.* E	Y 1 *v.* 4	
3 C *v.* F		
4 B *v.* G		

Regimental Polo Club Sports.

THE above sports were held near the Fort Polo ground on Saturday the 27th August, and although the rainy weather somewhat spoilt the sport, if regarded as a show, yet as far as the sport was concerned, there was nothing to complain of. For the first event, the Polo Ball Race there were fifteen entries, necessitating two heats, the final of which was won in capital style, by Lieut. Tarte, The Tent pegging was somewhat of a novelty, as the two half sections had to start from opposite ends, taking their pegs simultaneously in the middle, The Barrackpore station team were easily first in this event. The Buffs, Lieuts. Eales, Annesley, Tarte and Dyne, being a poor second; for a wonder the Calcutta Light Horse were right off the peg, and were about last out of the six teams.

The performance of Sergeant Stirke and the gymnastic staff on the horse and parallel bars was excellent, several feats on the latter being quite out of the ordinary run. A good deal of fun was caused in this by Private Cash as clown, who did his part uncommonly well.

The race for Native troops brought out a large field, all of whom seemed to come in a bunch together at the winning post. While this was going on, Private Jubb had been busy in putting up as firm as possible a couple of jumps for the Ladies' Nomination Race, an event which brought out 15 starters. The pond, under the skilful management of Private Clarke, looked most inviting with parcels picturesquely strewn about. After forming up at the starting post, the unruly field were let go by the starter, Lieut. Annesley, with an "Are you all ready? then get along."—somewhat of an innovation in starts, and led by the well-known "Flat catcher," boldly charged the first jump, which collapsed under their furious onslaught.

Arriving at the pond, it was very amusing to watch the horses and ponies stretching over the canvas sides of the pond, probably imagining it was a feeding trough, and to watch the various expressions on the faces of the riders (while engaged in trying to hook up a parcel), from the strained expectancy on that of Captain Philips, to the somewhat languid (probably he was tired) curiosity of Mr. Dyne. Finally Lieut. Eaton was first away, and his mare jumping in her usual style, carried him first past the winning post, and so to the feet of his nominator, where, absolutely blushing with pride at having won his first race on horseback, he deposited the prize.

The Fifes and Drums, whose playing has so greatly improved lately, performed several pieces in the intervals, and their bugle marches and marching up and down, were quite one of the features of the afternoon. As usual the Rev. A. Stone officiated in his usual place as judge, where he will be much missed at our next station, as a strong judge and one who knows how to judge tent pegging is not always to be easily found.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

A COOL REJOINDER.

EVER since the first guard was mounted there have been funny stories connected with the "sentry-go," but it would not be fair to assume that any but a small proportion of them were true. Our comrade, the militiaman, is made responsible for a good share of them; but then the militiaman, rightly or wrongly, is the butt of the great majority of the jests recounted by civilians at the expense of the military element.

Who has not heard of the militiaman who, while on guard during the Egyptian War, requested a venerable-looking old gentleman to "Come off that grass, old'un?" The only notice taken was an astonished, angry glare by the "old'un." "D'year," shouted the enraged sentry, "Come off the grass, mister, or you'll get what for." The venerable one approached nearer, and asked for an explanation of such an unmilitary proceeding. "Well, you see, it's this way, mister. My duties is to see as nobody walks acrost that grass, and I'm going to do it." "Indeed! and do you know who I am?" was the next question. "No," was the reply. "I am the officer commanding this district." "Oh, are you?" was the cool rejoinder. "Then you've got a jolly good job if you can only keep off the booze."

SAVED BY HIS COOLNESS.

Some years ago the Duke of Wellington was sitting at his library table, when the door opened and without any announcement in stalked a figure of singularly ill omen.

"Who are you!" asked the Duke, in his short and dry manner, looking up without the slightest change of countenance upon the intruder.

"I am Apollyon, and must put you to death."

"Kill me? very odd."

"I am Apollyon, and must put you to death."

"'Bliged to do it to-day?"

"I am not told the day or the hour; but I must do my mission."

"Very inconvenient; very busy; great many letters to write. Call again, or write me word. I'll be ready for you."

The Duke then went on with his correspondence. The maniac, appalled probably by the stern, immovable old gentleman, backed out of the room, and in half-an-hour was in an asylum.

2nd Lieut.—Inspecting company at kit inspection for the first time.

"What is that man doing with a library book on his cot, Sergeant?"

Sergeant (grinning), "That is'nt a library book, Sir, that's his small book."

(Collapse of Officer.)

ACROSTIC.

This English game will never die.
They run! they shout! they turn about,
And "Surrey" is the cry.
From earliest times, we have judged, and to-day,
No sportsman our verdict will ever gain say.

LIGHTS.

1. I might have been as Malta, had England tried to work me,
   I'm rather small, I own I am, but close to dear old Turkey.
2. Jacob's Oil is the cure, which of course you all know,
   To this aching disease, that attacks high and low.
3. It acts as a charm, to attract a man's eye,
   When gracefully curved, and abnormally high.
4. My bribes have succeeded, at last I've been raised,
   I'm a judge among judges; well, Allah be praised!
5. Sometimes by water's edge, it stands forlorn,
   A flash of blue and red, it's come and gone.
6. It's rising and falling, disturbs all the nations,
   And fortunes are made, by its' stocks and quotations.
7. A powerful argument, in conjugal dealings,
   In grief and in sorrow, a relief to the feelings.

"BUFFKIN."

Answer to last month's Acrostic.

A g a G
B e L
I ndi A
M a D
E xces S
L is T
E n O
C row N
H——E

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Printed for the Editor at The Buffs' Press, Fort William, Calcutta.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 66, **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, September 30th, 1892.** Price 2 As.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

OMMANNEY:—At Jalapahar. Darjeeling, on the 25th September, the wife of Major A. E. Ommanney, The Buffs, of a son.

GREIG:—At Calcutta on August 31st 1892, the wife of Colr-Sergt J. Greig, of a son.
Edward James.

JOHNSON:—At Chatham on 21st July, wife of Sergeant Instructor Musketry Johnson, of a son.

TURNER:—At Chatham, on 17th of July, wife of Sergt. Turner of a son.
Augustus Percival Bertie.

HOLMES:—At Calcutta on the 25th August, the wife of Corpl. G. Holmes, of a son.
Reginald George.

Deaths.

HARTFIELD:—At Calcutta, on the 3rd inst. of Tubercle of Lung.
No. 1211 Pte W. Hartfield.

NOTES.

OUR best congratulations to the Rugby Football Team on having won for the Regiment, the Challenge Cup for 1892, and we take this opportunity of thanking our numerous friends for the hearty congratulations received on all sides; congratulations, which have very much increased the pleasure which the possession of the Cup has naturally given us.

... ...

The arrival of the Cup into the Fort, was made the occasion of a great demonstration, the team having shouldered the officers, and with Pte. Jubb in front carrying the trophy, marched, headed by the Fifes and Drums, and escorted by a large and enthusiastic crowd direct to the Canteen, where the ceremony of christening the Cup was gone through with all the honours—nothing being omitted.

... ...

Most cordial telegrams and letters were received from the S. W. Borderers, our old friend Capt. Astley, of the 24th, the Unceremonials, the Editor of "The Nines." and from Colonel Harley, who was kept well informed by urgent telegrams after each match.

... ...

Some excellent photographs of the team (a phototype of one is presented with this number,) and also of the ground on the day of the final match, have been taken by Messrs Kappe. Of the latter, one photograph is especially good, representing a scrimmage close on the goal line of Bombay, and giving capital likenesses of Mr.

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Coley, the referee, with his eye on the ball, Mr. Walpole, standing apparently unconcerned and closely shadowed by Corpl. Marshall, the forwards, their whole heart and soul in the scrimmage, and Lieut. Annesley, this an almost speaking likeness; it is a photograph, which in a word, gives one a capital idea of the game.

... ... —

Lieut. Lloyd, whose doings never cause surprise, as one never knows what next he will be doing, has, we are glad to hear, scored a great success with his burlesque of "Blue Beard," at Darjeeling; and considering that the whole show, dances, songs, etc. were planned by him, the success that has crowned his efforts must be very gratifying. We hear great things of Sergt. Eaton's song, which appears to be one of the chief hits of the piece, and of Lieut. Lloyd's dancing, which is as good as you make them.

... ...

Lieut. Bell, who in the most sporting way gave us ten days of his leave to come down here and play for the football team, and who helped so much to our victory, has blossomed forth into an actor of a very high class, as he is taking the part of "Selim" in "Blue Beard," and his acting and singing, appear to be on a par with his football, which is saying a good deal. To some people however this gift is given.

... ...

Major Hickson, Capt. Holme, and Lieut. Booth have had some capital sport lately with snipe; as taking into consideration the hot and trying weather experienced this month, 37, 36, and 33 couple may be considered as very good bags. One of the above sportsmen, rumour has it is adding a pea gun to his armoury, of what mark it is we know not.

... ...

With reference to the suggested Memorial to the memory of those in the Buffs who have died, it is proposed to hold a meeting in October, after the leave season is over, and to thoroughly discuss the matter, whether in the event of a memorial being put up, it should contain the names of those who died at Dum-Dum and Calcutta, or the names of all who have died up to present date.

... ...

"Panama hat" has written a very interesting letter (which will be found further on,) recalling old times and faces in the Regiment, and we are glad to welcome a correspondent whose contributions in olden days to this paper, did so much to help it on it's upward journey. It may not be out of place here to say that we are still rising "upwards," as a thousand copies a month, sufficiently testifies, and we doubt if many other Regimental papers can show as good a record.

... ...

Our Home Battn. have been making themselves so popular at Chatham, that, according to the English papers, the inhabitants have petitioned the War Office to allow the Regt. to remain another year. This is a very high compliment, and we are glad to be able to record it in these pages.

... ...

The first signs of our departure for Jullundur were to be seen on the 16th of this month, when Lieut. Booth, and Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Nicholas left to take over the various institutions there. They will probably be away about a fortnight.

... ...

Now that the excitement of the two Challenge Cups is over, there is not much going on. Polo, owing to the weather and lack of players, is played in a very half hearted manner, and cricket has scarcely begun, though we are taking on our staff some trustworthy reporters in anticipation. Football is not however dead yet; the ties are being played off for the Rugby Challenge Cup, and the games are played with a thoroughness (not roughness) that is most refreshing to watch.

... ...

Sergt.-Major J. W. Cook, whose departure we regret to have to announce, left the Regiment for England on the 25th inst. He was entertained at dinner by the Officers on the 22nd inst., and his health proposed by Major Hickson, who in a few well chosen words, expressed the general regret felt at his departure. At the Sergeants' Smoking Concert held on the 24th, he was presented with a very handsome gold watch, subscribed for by the members of the Sergeant's Mess as a mark of their esteem and goodwill. We cannot do better than quote the Regimental Order published on the 24th inst.

"Major Hickson, in the absence of Lieut.-Colonel Harley, regrets to record the

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approaching departure of Sergt.-Major Cook for England to take up the appointment of Sergt.-Major at the Depot.

He has now served continuously for 23 years with the Regiment, and for 9 he has held his present very honourable and responsible position with all credit to the Battalion and himself.

Major Hickson feels sure he is joined by all ranks in wishing him a hearty good-bye, a pleasant voyage to the old country, and success and prosperity in his future career."

... ...

Through an oversight it is not mentioned that the accounts of the two football matches, Calcutta *v.* Buffs, and 24th S. W. Borderers *v.* Buffs, were extracted from the "*Englishman*."

... ...

OBITUARY.

General Sir Charles Van Staubenzee G.C.B., who died on the 10th August, served for some time in The Buffs. He obtained his commission in 1828, in the 39th, the Dorsetshire Regt. of which he was honorary Colonel at the time of his death, and exchanged into The Buffs as a Major in 1843. He was in command of the Regt. in November 1851, when it proceeded to Malta. He commanded the British forces in Greece in 1854, and was in command as Brigadier-General of The Buffs, 31st & 72nd Regts. in the Crimea. He commanded the land forces at the capture of Canton, in the China war, and was Governor of Malta from April 1872 to March 1878. After a long and brilliant career, he was put on the retired list in 1881, and for his distinguished services was made a G.C.B. "*Requiescat in Pace.*"

... ...

An exciting cricket match, Time Expired *v.* Regiment, was played off on Friday the 30th inst., resulting in a win for the Regiment.

This result was almost entirely owing to the splendid batting of Pte. Templeton. His score of 49, not out, was made in faultless style, and he will undoubtedly be as valuable in the cricket field as he has been at Rugby lately.

... ...

The following is an account of a cricket match played at Upnor, August 26th, resulting after a close and exciting finish in favour of the home team by eight runs. Sergt. Cooke batted well, and the Band of the Regiment, by kind permission of the Colonel and Officers, played a fine selection of music during the afternoon.

Hundred of Hoo—Total 138. Buffs—Total 130.

... ...

Our heartiest congratulations to "G" Company on their having won the Regimental Rugby Cup for the year 1892. The last Rugby Cup became the property of "G" Company, having been won three years in succession, and they have now made an excellent start toward securing the new cup. "C" Company, who were beaten in the final, played a good game but stood no chance against such a strong team as "G" Company put in the field.

... ...

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CURLY.—We quite agree with your idea. No doubt the Drums will have a chance of going to some Hill Depot from Jullundur.

EDITOR "QUEEN'S OWN GAZETTE."—We will rectify the error mentioned, in our next issue.

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor

The Canterbury cricket week passed off most successfully, the weather being beautifully fine.

The band of the 2nd Battalion played on the Tuesday and Thursday, and most of the officers of the Battalion were down.

The Permanent Staff of the 3rd Battalion have been going in big licks with their Martini-Henry's since I last wrote to you, viz :—on 29th July at Maidstone, by a very exciting match with the warrant and non-commissioned officers of the 50th Regimental Depôt, which they won by 2 points; and again on 22nd August at Canterbury, against the 50th Regimental Depôt, which The Buffs lost by 44 points; also at Ashford on 8th August, when they fired for a silver cup and money prizes presented by the officers of the battalion; Sergt.-Major Bennell was the fortunate winner of the cup.

I enclose you particulars of each of the above matches should you have room to publish them.

The following non-commissioned officers and men have joined Depôt for duty from the Home Battalion :—

No. 2914 Corporal A. J. Baker, No. 2410 Private G. Gutsell, No. 2827 Private W. Barber, No. 3766 Private A. Blackman, No. 2920 Private A. W. Hollands.

No. 1139 Private B. Blissett, was discharged on 14th

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August and has been awarded a pension of 1s. 3d. per diem.

No. 1849 Private J. Crouch, was discharged on 28th August, award of pension not yet known.

31 recruits proceeded to Chatham on 22nd August to join the Home Battalion.

Captains Blackburn and Porter and Lieut. R. H. D'Aeth are each away on a month's leave.

No. 1481 Lance-Corpl. G. Lehane, who was transferred on probation to the Army Service Corps from Discharge Depôt, Gosport, in May last, rejoined Depôt on 17th August and was transferred to Army Reserve on 25th idem.

No. 2864 Corpl. H. Hepworth, has been promoted Sergeant *vice* Wyborn reduced, and sent to join the Home Battalion.

No. 2150 Sergeant W. Foster, has extended his service to complete 12 years with the Colors, and hopes to be included in one of the drafts to be sent this trooping season to join the 1st Battalion.

No. 2780 Private F. Baldock, who was discharged at Netley on 5th April last as medically unfit, but retained in the Royal Victoria Hospital as a "free patient," died on 31st July of "chronic abscess."

No. 3021 Private T. Russell, late of The Buffs, and who was discharged therefrom on 17th April 1863, has been awarded a pension of 9d. per diem from 1st April 1892, under the provisions of Article 1183 of the Pay Warrant.

No. 1310 Private Frank Hart, 1st Class Army Reserve, committed suicide by jumping into the Thames at Westminster on 16th July, his body was not recovered until 22nd idem.

The following report of an inquest held at Salford, Manchester, refers to Robert Williams, who was employed as a clerk in the Quarter-Master's Office when the battalion was at Shornecliffe, and afterwards for several years in the Orderly-room at the Depôt.

He took his discharge, as a Sergeant, on completing 12 years' service.

TERRIBLE DEATH ON THE RAILWAY AT PENDLETON.

To-day Mr. F. Price, Salford borough coroner, held an inquest on the body of Robert Williams, 30 years of age, who resided at 13, Linton-street, Harpurhey. Deceased was a police officer in the employ of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, and was on duty at Brindle Heath goods sidings, Pendleton. At an early hour yesterday morning he was found lying on the metals in a terribly mutilated condition. A short time before the discovery two coal waggons had been detached from a goods train, and they ran along the metals. The presumption is that the deceased was crossing the line at the time, and was knocked down and run over by the waggons. Both legs were completely cut off, but he was alive when found, He was conveyed to the Salford Royal Hospital, and died at that institution shortly after admission. Deceased was a married man, and leaves a widow and one child. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death. Mr. Eli Winterbottom, goods superintendent, attended the inquiry on behalf of the railway company,

CRICKET.

The Buffs *v.* Chilham.

This match was played at Chilham on the 11th inst., when the visitors were victorious. Scores: Buffs, 77 (Mr. Colley, 46). Chilham, 32.

Faithfully yours,
"Old Buff."

SHOOTING MATCH.

The Staff Sergeants and Sergeants, 3rd Regimental District, paid a visit to Maidstone on the 29th July to shoot a match with the W.O. Staff and Sergeants of the 50th Regimental District. The visitors won a very exciting match by 2 points. The following were the scores:—

3rd Regimental District.

	200yds Points.	500yds. Points.	Total
Colr.-Sergt. Bovenzer	40	37	77
„ Ward	38	36	74
S.-M. Bennell	36	37	73
Sergt. Cook	34	38	72
Colr.-Sergt. Vile	38	33	71
Colr.-Sergt. Keeler	28	41	69
Colr.-Sergt. Quinn	30	39	69
S.I.M. Hemsworth	28	40	68
Colr.-Sergt. Stroud	30	35	65
Colr.-Sergt. Braham	27	34	61
Grand Total			699

Sergt. Osborne, 50th Regimental District, register keeper.

50th Regimental District.

Sergt.-Major Barrow	38	40	78
Colr.-Sergt. Murphy	38	40	78
Q.-M. Sergt. Fury	39	38	77
Sergt. Hurle	33	37	70
„ I of M. Daykin	36	34	70
Sergt.-Major Jackson	37	31	68
Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Pike	34	31	65
Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Redmond	34	30	64
Colr.-Sergt. Maynard	30	33	63
Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Dicker	35	29	64
Grand Total			697

Sergt. Swindell, 3rd E.K.R., register keeper.

After the shooting match the visitors were most hospitably entertained. The Buffs are loud in their praises of the excellent reception accorded them, and of the camaraderie of the "Queen's Own," to whom they give great credit for having so successfully arranged and carried through the entire proceedings. It is pleasant to notice such gatherings, tendingas they do to create good feeling amongst corps, and we are glad to hear that the West Kent are shortly to visit Canterbury for the return match, being sure that nothing will be wanting on the part of The Buffs to make their visit to the Cathedral City a pleasant and reciprocal one.

The return shooting match took place on Monday afternoon 22nd August on the Garrison Range between the 50th Regimental District and the 3rd Regimental District. The weather was fine, and a light wind blowing from the left rear. This, however, did not interfere with the scoring, which was considered very fair. It will be seen from the score below that the visitors were victorious by 44 points. After the match they were hospitably entertained by the representatives of the 3rd Regimental District at their mess, the chair being taken by Sergt.-Major Bennell. Great credit is due for the excellent arrangements made and carried out by Colr.-Sergt. Stroud as regards the reception of the visitors, and to Sergt.-Instructor in Musketry Hemsworth, as far as the ranges were concerned. The conditions were, 10 rounds at 200, and 11 at 500 yards, and the scores as follows:—

50th Regimental District.

	Total.
Q.M.S, Fury	84
Sergt.-Major Jackson	82
Colr.-Sergt. Murphy	80
S.I.M. Daykin	79
Sergt. Maynard	78
Sergt,-Major Barrow	76
Sergt. Osborne	75
Q.M.S. Redmond	74
Sergt. Newman	73
Colr.-Sergt. Pike	72
Total	773

Register Keeper, Sergt. Swindell 3rd (East Kent).

3rd Regimental District.

	Total
Colr.-Sergt. Stroud	82
Colr.-Sergt. Ward	81
Sergt.-Major Bennell	80
Colr.-Sergt. Vile	79
Colr.-Sergt. Bovenzer	78
Sergt.-Cook	67
Colr.-Sergt. Hodges	67
Colr.-Sergt. Keeler	65
Colr.-Sergt. Quinn	65
S.I.M. Hemsworth	65
Total	729

Register Keeper, Sergt. Stanley "Queen's Own."

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Buffs' Shooting Competitions.

On Monday, 8th August last, the Permanent Staff of the 3rd Battn. The Buffs (East Kent Regt.) proceeded to Ashford, for the purpose of competing for a silver cup, kindly presented by the officers of the battalion, and money prizes in addition. A start was made from the barracks at about 8.30 a.m. in brakes, and the weather being exceedingly fine a delightful journey was made. There being a very choppy wind on the range, high scoring was not the order of the day. The following are the names of the winners, their scores, and prizes:—

	Points	Prizes.
Sergt.-Major J. Bennell ...	77	Silver Cup and 10s.
„ F. Cook	73	20s.
„ E. Turner	70	15s.
Colr.-Sergt. E. Keeler	70	10s.
„ „ W. Braham ...	68	5s.

The drummers also competed for prizes, with the following results:—

	Points	Prizes
Drummer W. Smith	61	10s.
„ H. H. Andrews ...	54	7s. 6d.
„ E Smith	45	2s. 6d.

The distances were 200, 500, and 600 yards in each match. At the termination of the competition the party proceeded to the Market Inn, where an excellent luncheon was provided by the kindness of Captain Porter, Adjutant of the Battalion, who presided. After the usual patriotic and other toasts, the members of the Staff amused themselves by perambulating the town and visiting the places of note and interest in Ashford. Starting for the return journey at about 7.30 p.m., they arrived home at a little before 11 o'clock, having spent a most pleasant and enjoyable day.

OUR HOME BATTALION.

Dear Mr. Editor,

We really could not find time to forward any news last month, as we were hard at work on the Hythe Ranges, and as we were using those belonging to the School of Musketry, it was nothing but shooting from early morn till night, in fact you can tell how much time was wasted when we were only a month exercising the Battn. and 100 recruits, also including the two days preliminary drills.

I have enclosed result of shooting and must tell you that the "Figure of Merit" is slightly lower than last year, but the P.C. of 2nd and 3rd class shots is much lower also, so considering the youth of our 2nd Battn. men, one can only say the shooting is satisfactory.

Last Easter we had the 1st E.S. Rifles attached to us for the Review, and of course entertained them at a smoker, or rather they did us, (as it was nothing but *Surrey Vocalization* of every description and all good) at any rate they afforded us such a pleasant evening, that a little while ago a deputation came to Chatham to entertain us again, and with them brought an arrangement which looked something like a large sized edition of an infernal machine, and having an idea it was for our Champion Funereal Comic "Nobby" or else our heart-rending Barrowtone "Willy," the two gentlemen in question were almost absent from a most enjoyable function.

The 1st Surrey Detachment after partaking of tea, began to talk disjointedly and convey furtive glances at the "Machine," and our gallant S. M. arriving on the scene and ejaculating (good man) Whiskey and Sodas, and Cigars, *ad lib*, the secret was out. The 1st S. Rifles' spokesman in a very neat speech called us all sorts of good chaps, and on behalf of himself and everybody else connected, presented us with a very handsome Clock. Of course they got a lot of the inevitable back, and then a most enjoyable evening was spent. The barytone got his pet one in, and Nobby was invited but unfortunately he got spoilt by a fellow singing the only one he knew. I think they left us with "Surrey fire," but I should say it was a good sample of earthquake as there was a lot of headache the next morning.

We are to have a move to Athlone, and as usual there are not more than two dozen dates given by those "In the know you know," so I'll not try to be in the know till we are there.

Our cricket reporter is away again, so I'll simply say we've won and lost some excellent matches, and in fact our cricket season has been much more successful than last season.

SHOOTING OF BATTALION.

"A"	35·40	3rd	"E"	36·11	6th.
	49·42			45·04	
"B"	36·50	2nd	"F"	37·95	4th.
	50·65			46·39	
"C"	31·27	8th	"G"	38·68	1st.
	36·12			52·28	
"D"	34·00	5th	"H"	35·93	7th
	49·11			41·41	

Figures on right denote the Figure of Merit, viz. 1st, 2nd, &c.

Battn.
35·67
45·68

In the Field practices, upon which the Figure of Merit is based, Long Range Volleys at 1,400 yds. were fired, also Company F.F. as executed at the School of Musketry.

"Nobby."

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAGON.

My dear Draco,

I did expect a heartier greeting from you, on our renewing our old aquaintance than that more suitable for a last joined griff, ready to swallow all sorts of yarns and stories. As to the panama hat, I hear that you have taken a sneaking likeness to it, and have ordered one out from home—it will become you exceedingly.

You appear to have quite forgotten the many pleasant days and hours we spent amidst the brawling streams, and on the deep blue lakes of the happy vale of Cashmere, how we reclined in the shadows of those grand old Pepul trees on the edge of the lily covered tombs of the sacred city of Benares, but I recall the lines of old Jo' Chalkhill :

There we sit
For a bit
Till we fish entangle,

We sit still
And watch our quill
Fishers must not wrangle.

Do I not well recall your infant days, when, nurtured and dandled by one who has gone to join the great majority. Many and oft were the consultations I assisted at, as to the momentous question as to how your budding tail should be curled and nurtured in the way it should go. Right well we succeeded, for tho' you winged your way aloft, and disappeared into the blue ether for some years, I find like the erring child you have returned to your fond parents, and that your step is as elastic, and your warblings as sweet as in the days of your youth.

As I sit dreaming in my easy chair fanned by the softening breezes of the punkah, the ghosts of our old times march past me.

Where are all those happy faces who saw your natal day? Vanished like the leaves of autumn, drifted here and there. Some we leave behind us in "God's acre" of this vast city. Tread lightly, as you march up country, crush not the grass which waves over the last resting place of many a gay comrade gone to the better land. And where are all our boon companions? Ask the winds to bring you tidings, "We are but three" who remain, and one of these, the youngest, will before many hours have past have bid us farewell—our kind wishes and thoughts go with him.

You quizzed me about the snake in the Havildar's Tank, "I abhor the nasty creepy things with reason," but S—— was of of a different opinion, he doted upon snakes, he had a snake and a half. I will not say how long it was you might not believe me; I think the half was the longest. It was at Dagshai in '70 before you were born and thought of. He was a true follower of Frank Buckland was S——in his love of animals. Dogs, chickens, two cats and the snake and a half—a python—were the partners of his joys and sorrows, and lived happily and peacefully together in "The Burlington Arcade" bungalow. It was an amicable arrangement. If S——wanted an egg for *chota hazri*, he had only to seek one in the basket under his bed, if the python, had not proved the early bird. S——was granted 2 months leave, locked up the bungalow, put the key in his pocket and went into the hills to collect some more curiosties, leaving the family to cater for themselves. "Might is right" is generally the law on such occasions, and was now well exemplified—the python cleared the board.

"Murder will out," is also a good old English saying, and thanks to the sharp eyes of a prying Sub the state of affairs was discovered.

A Python Shikar was suggested, and the plain of campaign was drawn out. It is not every day that a sporting Sub gets such a chance of covering himself with glory. Our armament was peculiar—the front rank grasped stout prongs, the rear rank, of which I was one, wielded their trusty tulwars—we knew our drill in those days, and countermarched on the centre through the door. The onslaught was vigorous, but our valiant pikemen were invincible—the great writhing worm was soon held tight between the prongs—fire shooting from his eyes and his jaws rattling like castenets. I will draw a curtain over the finishing scene—it was a tough job.

I forgot what S——said on his return.

We moved soon after this to Seetapore, in Oudh. It was a goodly land for cobras in those days—the place even crawling with them, as Tim Dooly said when we asked if there were any chronometers in the bog near Tralee. One night a bet was made as to how many could be brought to bag in the afternoon. The compound of our worthy assistant surgeon proved the best preserve. His "fish" was so, neither more nor less—if my memory does not play me false. I stayed at home that afternoon, it was rather too hot to go out; I told old Bamie my bearer to *bundkurro* all the doors and windows and stop up the bath room drain—as I did not want any visitors that day.

But as I dream the shadows fall—old Sol is disappearing in the West, wrapped in a garment of silver and gold which only the looms of nature can weave. I must abroad and enjoy the wondrous sight under the kindly shadow of my old

"PANAMA HAT."

Sergeants' Smoking Concert

A S a farewell to Sergt.-Major Cook, the Sergeants gave a most successful Smoking Concert on Saturday the 24th inst. There were a goodly number of our civilian friends assembled from the commencement, and just as things were in full swing, Major Hickson, with most of the officers of the Regiment, together with Colonel Chatterton, Captain Wood, and Lieut. Kennedy arrived.

Proceedings were to have commenced at 8-30 p.m., but there was a fatal hitch : in the absence of Mr Hobbs, who is unfortunately very ill, two or three good pianists were all *going* to be present, but when the time arrived none had put in appearance. Messengers were despatched for Mr. Lobo, or any other professional they

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could lay hands on, and things were beginning to look glum when our old friend S. Sergeant Taylor, of the Ordnance Department, walked in, and was greeted with great enthusiasm. He was at once provided with a 'peg' and seated at the piano, and from that moment the harmony proceeded without intermission.

After the toast "The Queen," Mr. Lowman, who has a splendid barytone voice, opened the ball with his song "Lighthouse Tower;" he was followed by Quarter-Master Sergt. Wilson, and then Mr. Ferrell brought down the house with "Faderland." Of course an encore was inevitable, and "The Whistling Lady" was given in Mr. Ferrell's well-known style.

Color-Sergeant Andrews obliged with "Hi Jerry, Ho," and then Colonel Chatterton, by special request, sang "Tommy this and Tommy that." An encore being insisted on, Colonel Chatterton delighted everyone with "The Old Black Horse."

The toast of the evening, Sergt.-Major Cook, was next proposed in a very neat speech by the chairman, Color-Sergt. Featherstone, who at the same time presented him with a gold watch, subscribed for by the members of the Sergeants' Mess.

While the Sergt.-Major was preparing his answer, Sergt. Tomlin obliged with "Luxuries." This is still a great favourite, but the topical verse about football was unfortunately forgotten in the middle.

The Sergeant-Major returned his thanks in a short speech, being too affected to say much, but it was plainly seen how keenly he felt leaving the Regiment after his 23 years' service in it, of which 20 had been spent as a member of the Sergeants' Mess.

The health of the officers was next drunk with musical honours, and was responded to by Major Hickson in a very amusing speech, which unfortunately for want of space we are compelled to omit.

After "Botany Bay" by Sergeant Peters, our civilian friends were toasted. In his response Mr. Lawton took the opportunity to present Sergt.-Major Cook, on behalf of the Sergts, The Buffs, with a magnificent Illuminated Address, subscribed for by a number of civilians of Calcutta, as a mark of esteem for the Buffs' Sergts. Mr. Lawton explained that it was intended to have invited the Sergeants to a 'Smoker' at the Volunteer Drill Hall, and there presented it, but owing to Mr. Hobbs' illness and other unforeseen circumstances, this opportunity had been taken instead.

The address is most artistically finished, and did the greatest credit to the artist, Mr. Brown, who was present, and whose health was drunk with musical honours. Mr. Brown suitably responded, and stated that although he had prepared similar addresses for Her Majesty The Queen, the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and the different Viceroys, none had ever give him greater pleasure to execute.—Good Old Brown!

As Colonel Chatterton was seen making his way for the door, owing to some other engagement, he was brought back while he was toasted, and he treated the company to a very amusing speech, after which the gallant Colonel was allowed to depart.

Captain Woods was heard to perfection in "Come where my love lies dreaming."

After an interlude, Color-Sergeants Patterson and Andrews gave the well-known duet "Larboard Watch," and was followed—owing to time being very short—in rapid succession by Mr. Cumber's song "Good Evening," Mr. Eaton's song "Gone for Evermore," rendered with great pathos, S.-Sergt. James, Ordnance Department, "On Top of an Omnibus," and Sergeant Else in a capital "Bones" solo.

Mr. Cumber on leaving said a few words, and then Mr. Lowman obliged with two more songs, splendidly sung, "Philadelphia" and "Vicar of Bray."

Before closing, Mr. Farrell again highly amused everyone with his song "Wax Works," in which he made some grand "hits." After his song he told the company why he considered himself part owner of the Rugby Challenge Cup. In 1861 he was a Volunteer in Canterbury, being a Kentish man, or 'Man of Kent,' and therefore considered himself an 'Old Buff.'

After being chaired round the room, the Sergt.-Major gave another short speech, and one of the most pleasant evenings ever passed in the Fort was closed with "Auld Lang Syne," sang with evident feeling, followed by the National Anthem.

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The Rugby Football Cup

THE BUFFS *v.* CALCUTTA.

A match under Rugby Rules, in the second round for the Cup, was played off between these two teams on the 30th inst, on the Calcutta ground, and resulted in a win for The Buffs by one goal and one try to only a try for Calcutta. The heavy rain, which had fallen for some days previously, altogether precluded the possibility of anything like a fast game, and before the ball was started it was found necessary to throw a quantity of sand into the ruts and hollows where the water had lodged. Notwithstanding the fact that the weather looked threatening, a very large crowd of spectators of both sexes was present, and evinced an unusual amount of interest in the game. The two teams were fairly well matched in point of weight, The Buffs having slightly the advantage, but in combined play and passing the home team showed themselves the better of the two. The Cup, a splendid piece of silver, was displayed on the table, and no doubt. was an incentive to both sides to play their best. Calcutta won the toss and chose the river side goal, thus obtaining the advantage of a moderate breeze. Lieut. Bell kicked off, and the Military forwards, following the ball up well, made a determined attack on the Calcutta goal. Stawell got hold of the ball, but before he could go very far he was collared, and a scrimmage resulted, the ball being gradually carried into dangerous quarters. Watson relieved the pressure, but not getting a very good chance he did not succeed in sending the ball very far. From a throw in Else got it, and attempted a run, but was caught almost immediately, and just as the Calcutta forwards succeeded in getting it into neutral ground a free kick was claimed for off-side by The Buffs and allowed by the referee. The kick, which was a very difficult one, was essayed by Evans, who however failed to score. The kick-out was again muffed, and the ball remained on the Calcutta ground. Their backs with some good passing runs carried the leather to the middle of the field, when Watson getting hold of it made a splendid run, and on being collared passed to Steel. But it had to be taken back, the referee having decided that the ball had been taken out of a scrimmage. The ball was again carried back, Calcutta losing ground decidedly in the scrimmages.

Their backs however relieved the pressure. and the game was transferred to a safer part of the field. Ryland made an effort to get away with the ball, but Tarte obtained possession of it, and succeeded in getting as far as the 25 yards. Here a desperate scrimmage right in front of the Civilian goal ensued, and the Military, who had decidedly the best of it, looked like scoring, when Calcutta obtained a free kick. The home team had no luck, and Watson again muffed the ball, which went out of touch on the Fort side close to the 25 yards flag. The Buffs gradually worked the ball to near the goal line, and Lieut. Bell getting hold of it from a throw in, ran in and secured the first try for his side. From the corner kick which resulted, Evans very neatly shot the first and only goal for his side Soon after an excellent opportunity occurred, giving Calcutta a chance of somewhat equalising matters. One of The Buffs' men was ruled off-side, and the Civilians were allowed a free kick from a distance of about 30 yards, but Watson, who made the attempt, kicked wide. On the ball being brought into play, Pugh got hold of it, and made an excellent run, but he was dispossessed just in front of the Military goal. Another desperate scrimmage ensued, and The Buffs were obliged to touch down in self defence, just before the whistle sounded. The rain, which had up to this point held off, now fell and continued to the close of the game.

With a change of sides Calcutta played up much better, although it was apparent that the state of the ground was not favourable to some of their best players. Jubb picked up from near the Military goal, and made the best run of the evening. He got away splendidly, there being no one to oppose him but Dobbie, who, however, caught him very neatly. Bartholomew, Ryland, and Coley, by means of some excellent passing runs, succeeded in carrying the leather into The Buffs' territory, where Calcutta obtained another free kick for a foul, but the ball fell short, and another opportunity was lost. It may however be stated that it was by no means an easy kick. Soon after Jubb dribbled to near the Calcutta

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post, and another desperate scrimmage resulted.

From a throw in Lieut. Bell again obtained the ball, and falling on it secured another try for his side, which Evans, however, failed to convert. Some desultory play followed, but just before time was called Dobbie, who had, during the last few minutes changed places with Coley, ran in from the left wing and secured the first and only try for Calcutta. Ryland made the attempt, but the ball passed just outside the post, The Buffs thus winning by one goal.

The Buffs *v.* South Wales Borderers.

The match between The Buffs and South Wales Borderers, which had been looked forward to with great interest, come off on Saturday, and the result fully justified expectation, as the game was one of the fastest that has been played on the Calcutta ground this year. The ground, though somewhat slippery, was in good condition, and luckily for the spectators the rain kindly kept off. The Buffs having won the toss kicked off from the Calcutta end, and the ball was at once carried into the Borderer's half. Here a series of scrimmages ensued, in which The Buffs were decidedly superior, the tackling of their forwards, especially Lieut. Bell and Corpl. Marshall, preventing all attempts of the Borderers' three-quarters to get away. The advantage thus gained by the forwards was, however, somewhat neutralised by off-side play, the penalty kicks for which by Lieut. Jones was taken full advantage of. The ball, however, was always well returned by Pte. Evans, and remained in the Borderers' 25, whose goal line was often seriously threatened. Relief for a short time was given to the Borderers by the excellent play of Pte. Webb and Lieut. Cobb, but to no avail, and half-time was called with nothing having been scored. Encouraged by this, the Borderers by a good rush, carried the ball, into The Buffs' 25, where for a time their goal line was threatened. All attempts, however at scoring was frustrated by The Buffs' forwards, who were always on the ball. The passing of the Borderers at this juncture was very pretty, but in numerous cases the ball was given as "Thrown forward," and in our opinion this part of the game is carried to excess by the Borderers. Lieut Jones whose apparel was found hardly strong enough for some of the collaring he had to go through, here disappeared for a short time behind a screen of polite "Tommies." His reappearance on the ground in a pair of blue "togs" was the signal for great cheering. Good rushes by The Buffs forwards, conspicuous among whom were Corpl. Crumby and Pte. Arms, relieved their half of all danger, and the ball was kept for the rest of the game in the Borderers' 25.

A clever run on the part of Corporal Moth secured a try for The Buffs, the attempt at goal by Evans just going over the post. A series of scrimmages ensued, all close to the Borderers' goal line, which however, was splendidly defended by the good kicks of Lieut. Jones and collaring of Pte Webb as half-backs. Soon after time was called, leaving The Buffs victorious by a try to nil. The result of the game showed that outside the scrimmage The Buffs are not so weak as has been made out. They have two excellent half-backs in Moth and Farrell and a reliable back in Evans—their three-quarters if not fast are good tacklers.

The Borderers' forwards, though out-classed, played a most determined game, and in Pte. Webb they have one of the best half-backs that we have seen play this year. Lieut. Lindsay as half-back also played a capital game, but the brunt of the attack fell on Lieut. Jones, who as centre three-quarter was a tower of strength to his side ; and what a good plan it is to have a reliable man in that position, as most of the nasty work, having to stop the rushes of the scrimmage, &c., falls to the centre three-quarter back. The average weight of the two teams was somewhat of a contrast, that of The Buffs being 11st 4lbs. and of the Borderers 10st.

Final Tie—Buffs F. C. *v.* Bombay.

Play began at ten minutes past five. As the rival gladiators filed past out of the club enclosure, amidst the applause of the spectators, it was seen at once that the visitors were far the lighter team ; but the recollection of the great things that Bombay had done last year helped to gain for them many supporters, who refused to believe that they could be beaten. Playing from the riverside goal, Bombay kicked

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off, the ball going into touch. On its being thrown out, a scrimmage ensued in the neighbourhood of the Buffs' territory ; and it soon became evident that, in point of physical strength at any rate, the soldiers had the advantage, slight at first, but growing perceptibly stronger. The Bombay forwards were driven back step by step, until, at last, just as the struggle seemed to be going altogether against them, Ruck-Keene got the ball out of a scrimmage, and took it away to the middle of the field, where he was collared by Marshall. Another series of scrimmages ensued, in which Walpole came to the front by attempting runs ; but in each case he was stopped before he had gone very far.

Shortly afterwards, on the ball being thrown out of touch, Farrell for the Buffs, got hold of it and ran with it to the Bombay side, but was collared on the way by Bell, who kicked it back into the enemy's ground. Then occurred the prettiest piece of play of the evening. A scrimmage having ensued about the middle of the ground, Walpole, who had throughout been playing a very smart game, picked up the ball, and, after a short run, passed it to Ruck-Keene, who, in turn, tried to carry it further, but, slipping, fell with the ball in his hands. While in the act of falling, however, he threw it to Donaldson, who, making a brilliant dash, in the course of which he eluded half-a-dozen of the other side, ran in with the ball, and secured a try right behind the posts.

The feat was hailed with tremendous applause by the majority of on lookers, though it was clear that the military element among them was somewhat disheartened by this slashing exhibition of form, which secured Bombay a decisive advantage within ten minutes of play having commenced. Walpole then came to the front and kicked a goal.

The military team, however, were not to be outdone. Nothing daunted by this reverse, they played with redoubled determination ; and it may be at once said that, from this moment, Bombay never had a chance against them. The Buffs pressed them unceasingly, and the visitors were unable to do more than play on the detensive.

Playing with curiously persistent bad luck—which was as noticeable in the failure to secure any advantage from numerous drop and place kicks from capital positions, as in allowing Bombay to wrest the ball from them when a try seemed inevitable—the Buffs gradually worked the ball down, in spite of tremendous opposition, to within a few feet of the Bombay goal line, and here, with brief intermissions, a long struggle took place. Finally, however, Bombay managed to get the ball away to a place of safety, relief being secured, now by a touch-down, again by Walpole coming to the rescue, and once at least the Buffs losing their chance by attempting to pass along a circuitous chain of players, instead of trusting to a neat drop kick. It was no doubt very tantalising to them to see the ball hovering for so long on this side of the line—so close to it, indeed, that sympathetic bystanders were willing to make oath that it had actually gone beyond. But fate, in the person of Mr. Coley, the referee, was inexorable ; and the Buffs had to wait.

At last it looked as if a successful run in was certain. On the ball being thrown out of touch, within twenty yards of the Bombay goal, Else got hold of it, and made a smart run ; but, even while the soldiers in the crowd were raising a cheer, he was collared by Walpole. This disappointment was, however, compensated for, shortly afterwards, by Marshall running in with the ball and securing a try, which was converted into a goal by Evans.

Half-time was now called ; and, as the game stood at 'one goal all,' the excitement among the spectators was very keen. On play being resumed, however, quite a different face was put upon the character of the contest, for while the Buffs were eager and full of staying power, the visitors seemed to have gone to pieces. They made little or no resistance in the scrimmages ; they were constantly offside ; and altogether, they played a very weak game. To add to their misfortunes, St. John, their full back, in trying to save the ball, got a nasty kick on the head from a Buff forward who was following up hard, which necessitated his retiring from the field, thus leaving his side to play, for the remainder of the game, a man short. After this the game lost all interest, the Bombay men being nowhere.

Evans kicked the second goal that was obtained by The Buffs, at five minutes after six; and within the next few minutes—until play ceased—they secured two further goals, besides

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nother try. The Buffs thus won the cup by four goals and one try to a goal.

(*Extract from the Statesman.*)

Football---A Retrospect.

NOW that the football season is practically over, it is interesting to look back and compare the present players with those of the past. Taking first our old opponents, the Calcutta Club. In 1875 three matches were played by the Buffs against the Club, the first of which was won by the Club, being played in March, when it must have been extremely hot, the latter two in the rains, resulting in draws. Very few of those who then did battle for the Calcutta Club are now to the front. Some of the survivors are Mr. W. K. Eddis, who as three-quarter back did yeoman's service for his side. Mr. J. W. Buckland, Mr. H. Lee, now chairman of the Calcutta Corporation, who if he was as much a "broth of a boy" as he is now, must have been a hard nut to tackle. Mr. L. E. Rose (Messrs McKenzie Lyall & Co.), Mr. R. B. McPhaun, who history relates turned out a real hard hat, anyhow, he must have been a good football player. Mr. J. Atkinson of the Financial Department at Allahabad, Mr. Rothney (captain of the team), and Messrs. H. R. King, C. J. Henty, and F. Short, gone over to the majority. Of The Buffs' Officers who then played for the team Major Ommanney is Commandant at Jalapahar, Major Kekewich, Military Secretary to the C.-in-Chief, Madras. Major Hind, who by his play in the match Officers *v.* Sergeants, this year, showed that his playing days are not yet over, and Capt. Drury, who was severely wounded lately when fighting at Manipur with the 2nd Gurkhas. Lieuts. Leslie and Ventris have joined the majority. Of the N.C.O.'s and men who have played, not many, even of those who played in last year's team played in this.

Last year, and before, when the Regiment lost such good forwards as Corpl, Hilderbrand, Pte. Adams, Want and Davis, and outside the scrimmage—such good players as Lieuts. Bayard and D'Aeth, Corpl. Davis, Gallagher, and Corpl. Smith, one thought, it would be indeed hard to start a fresh team ; that this was done, and as the Cup sufficiently shows, was done right well, speaks volumes, not only for the officers who got the team together, but also for the material we have to chose from in the Regiment.

This year again we shall be losing several of our crack players, Corporals Tennant, Farrell, Moth, Pts. Evans and Jubb. The latter two years ago, was barely known as a football player, this year he was one of the chief props of the team We have noticed lately several big men, who have taken to playing Rugby, Payne of the Drums, Hedges of "E" Coy., Comley of "C" Coy. and are glad to see it, as a good big man is always preferable to a good little man. La Martineire appears to have been the only other club played against by the Regiment in other days, and the schooi must be decidedly stronger now than it was then, as the 2nd team of the Regt. seem to have easily beaten them.

Without appearing to boast at all, we may safely say that there are very few Regiments, who could have put two such strong teams in the field at one time as our Rugby and Association teams of this year, and we cannot better end this letter than by quoting the two verses sung with great applause in "Erminie" the other night.

Upon the Maidan the other day,
How great the roar and rattle !
As met those tried and trusty teams
To fight the football battle.
How stern they looked as there they came
Their craft and strength to measure !
But different quite they look to-night
Amidst the scene of pleasure.

(Chorus.)

To the victors we bend the knee, my boys !
They deserve the cup we agree, my boys !
They fought the fight
With all their might,
And the struggle was something to see, my boys !
And in spite of Dame Fortune's decree, my boys !
Still the very best friends they'll be my boys !
For the Buffs and Bombay
Here's a hip ! hip ! hurray !
And you take the time from me, my boys !

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Sergeants' Quadrille Party.

A very enjoyable dance was held on the 23rd inst. in the Outram Institute by the Sergeants, The Buffs, at which most of the Officers of the Regiment and Garrison, as well as many of our civilian friends from Calcutta, turned up in full force, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves.

Dancing commenced at 9.30 p.m. sharp, and was kept up with spirit until 2 a.m. next morning, nearly everyone staying to the very last dance. The music was provided by Mr Lobo's Orchestra, who acquitted themselves excellently.

The greatest credit is due to Colour Sergeant Featherstone for the admirable way in which everything passed off.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

The undermentioned officer has qualified for promotion to the rank of Lieutenant :—

2nd Lieut. R. Swetenham.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments :—

To be Lance-Corporals.

No.	2731	Private	W. Kemp.
,,	3186	,,	J. Lever.
,,	558	,,	C. Osborne.
,,	3564	,,	E. Keats.
,,	1803	,,	A. Smith.
,,	2125	,,	C. Beer.
,,	2313	,,	J. Geddes.

The undermentioned non-commissioned officers and men were awarded 2nd Class Certificates of Education at an examination held at Fort William on 22nd August 1892 :—

No.	1640	Lance-Sergeant	C. Burrows.
,,	2597	Lance-Corporal	F. Williams.
,,	1769	,,	W. G. Fyles.
,,	2617	,,	J. Tester.
,,	1516	,,	G. Briggs.
,,	1996	,,	W. Harryman.
,,	1507	Private	A. Weeks.
,,	3405	,,	C. Canning.
,,	2698	,,	W. H. Arnold.
,,	2354	,,	T. Hammond.
,,	3093	,,	J. Fraser.
,,	2731	,,	W. Kemp.
,,	2013	,,	E. J. Grant.

No. 332 Colr.-Sergeant M. Talbot, employed as 1st Class Sergeant Instructor to the North Western Railway Volunteers, has been permitted to re-engage for such further period of Army Service as will make up a total continuous service of 21 years.

No. 1545 Corporal Albert Pelling, has been permitted to extend his period of Army Service to complete 12 years with the Colours.

The undermentioned recruits having enlisted during the month, are taken on the strength of the Battalion and posted to "E" Company :—

Charles Robinson.
Joseph Boardman.
Martin Donnelly.
Sidney Albert Thorne.

The undermentioned men have become entitled to G.C. pay at rates and from the dates specified: —

No.	2857	Pte.	E. Mockett	1d.	21-8-92
,,	3732	,,	G. Harrington,	2d. Restored	24-8-92
,,	3190	,,	H. Fry,	1d.	10-9-92
,,	3201	,,	W. Beale,	1d.	15-9-92
,,	2735	,,	R. Dixon,	1d.	1-9-92
,,	3202	,,	A. Ford,	1d.	16-9-92
,,	2113	,,	W. Girt,	2d.	27-9-92
,,	3197	,,	W. Hinkley,	1d.	15-9-92
,,	2681	,,	C. Fraser,	1d. Restored.	13-8-92
,,	3361	,,	J. Loftus,	1d. ,,	18-8-82
,,	3308	,,	C. Bloomfield,	3d. Granted	12-8-92
,,	3180	,,	H. Ashby,	1d. ,,	28-8-92
,,	3203	,,	G. Clarke,	1d. ,,	16-9-92
,,	3186	,,	J. Lever,	1d,	2-9-92
,,	2796	,,	J. T. Snare,	1d.	8-8-92
,,	1214	,,	E. W. Gouge,	1d.	8-9-92
,,	3310	,,	H. Hughes,	1d.	20-9-92
,,	3305	Dr.	J. Hanney,	1d·	6-9-92
,,	3151	Pte.	C. Brown,	1d.	9-7-92
,,	3159	,,	F. Eales,	1d.	22-7-92
,,	3177	,,	J. Hayes,	1d.	18-8-92
,,	1940	,,	J. Keeler,	1d. Restored	12-9-92
,,	3168	,,	S. Brice,	1d.	8-8-92
,,	2696	,,	H. Brocklehurst,	1d. Restored	5-8-92
,,	2325	,,	H. Saker	1d. ,,	5-9-92
,,	2109	,,	F. Wilkins,	2d.	18-9-92

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regimental Papers :—

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.
St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.
Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.
The Nines.—2nd Battn. Wiltshire Regt.
The Army Service Corps' Journal.
The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.
I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.
The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.
The Lilywhite's Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lanc. Regt.
The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers

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"Troopin'."

(OUR ARMY IN THE EAST.)

Troopin', troopin' troopin' to the sea,
Ere's September come again, the six year men are free,
O leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot come away
To where the ship's a coaling up that takes us 'ome to-day.

(CHORUS.)

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome !
Our ship is at the shore,
An' you must pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.
Ho, dont you grieve for me
My lovely Mary Ann,
For I'll marry you yet, on a fourp'ny bit,
As a time expired man.

They'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in cold an' wet an' rain,
All wearin' Injun cotton kit, but we will not complain,
They'll kill us of pneumonia, for that's their little way,
But damn the chills and fever man, we're goin' 'ome to-day !

Troopin', troopin', winter's round again,
See the new draf's pourin' in for the old campaign.
Ho, you poor recruities, but you've got to earn your pay!
What's the last from Lunnon, lads ? We're goin' there to-day.

Troopin', troopin', give another cheer,
Ere's to English women, an' a quart of English beer,
The Colonel an' the Regiment, an' all who've got to stay.
Gawd's mercy strike 'em gentle, whoop ! we're goin' 'ome to-day !

(CHORUS.)

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome, &c., &c.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Dear Little Snowflake.

There is a dog in Sikkim,
That is unknown to fame.
His coat is black as any coal,
And Snowflake is his name.

Oh, Snowflake, you're a wonder,
Oh, Snowflake, you're a dear,
You are, I think, not much, but wait,
Let's get a drink of beer.

Now, Snowflake, I am ready
And fit to tell you off,
Now what about your mis-deeds?
Aha—that makes you cough.

Now what about that gosling,
You stole the other day?
And tore the poor thing all to shreads,
Now, what have you to say?

Whenever there is snow here,
You think it is great fun,
But let old Sol just show his face
And in you quickly run,

You start off up the mountain,
And then commence to puff;
And when you get a few yards up,
No doubt you think it rough.

And when you travel downwards,
You're very near as bad,
Your legs and ears they fly about,
You certainly are mad.

Oh, Snowflake, you're a wonder,
Oh, Snowflake, you're a dear,
You are, I think, not much, I'm done,
Another drink of beer.

Sikkim Spark.

TIME EXPIRED.

The undermentioned N.C. Officers and men, Time Expired, will proceed to England by H.M's Troopship "Serapis" on 18th October 1892 :—

1657 Pte. J. Knight.
1658 ,, C. Hatchard,
1806 ,, G, Kluckner,
1473 ,, P. Dyer
1472 ,, J. Chapman.
1486 ,, J. Crouch.
1487 ,, C. Hardwick
1480 ,, E. Appleton,
2404 Corpl. J. Tennant,
1492 Pte. J. Hewer,
1493 ,, H. Mewitt,
1496 ,, J. Foster,
1507 ,, W. Hollingdale,
1497 ,, W. Beeslee,
1500 ,, C. Costin,
1502 ,, J. Waters,
1505 ,, F. Rankin,
1506 ,, W. Hooker
1510 ,, C. Carroll,
1522 ,, M. Cronin,
1509 ,, A. Spicer,
1512 ,, F. Hamilton,
1513 ,, C. Weathersby,
1514 ,, H. Drury,
1516 Lce.-Cpl. G. Briggs,
1520 Pte. F. Shirville,
1527 Pte. G. Piper,
1525 ,, J. Funnell,
1532 ,, F. King,
1531 ,, G. Millham,
1535 ,, W, Benge,
1536 ,, G. Debley,
1537 ,, D. Williams,
2403 ,, G. Bailey,
1509 ,, J. Colvin,
1543 Corpl. J. Hall,
1549 Lance-Corpl. F. Nicholls,
1550 Pte. C. Marsh,
1544 Lce-Sergt. W. Hurrell,
1551 Pte. G. Cook,
1552 ,, W. Roberts,
1547 ,, C. Burton,
1555 ,, W. Percival,
1556 ,, E. Court,
1559 ,, J. Impett.
1563 Lce.-Corpl. W, Farrell,
3073 Pte. E. Hamshar,
1563 ,, F. Santer,
1564 ,, R. Worthington,
1565 ,, G. Hatcher,
1566 ,, J. Hobbs,
2455 ,, W. Jubb.

Waiting men :

1567 Pte. C. Cowlard.
1575 Pte. F. Chambers.

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Company Rugby Challenge Cup,

FINAL TIE—"G *v.* C."

The above match was played on Thursday the 29th September, and resulted in a somewhat easy win for G Company by 2 goals and 5 tries to nil.

After kicking off, the game for a short time was confined to G Company's half, but a good run by Else relieved the pressure. Shortly afterwards, Crumby getting the ball made a good run, and passing to Else, that player got the first try for G after only six minutes play. Owing probably to the greasy state of the ball, the place kicks were time after time a failure, this being somewhat of a surprise, as in Templeton G Company have a brilliant place kick; his goal in the match La Martiniere *v.* Calcutta Club being almost a record feat. Do what they could C Company could not obtain any advantage, though Comley, Marshall, and Kemp did some good collaring. As long as the ball was in the scrimmage the sides were fairly evenly matched, but Else, Templeton and Saunders are a trio quite beyond the ordinary company team.

At half time the score stood 4 tries to nil in favour of G Company, and the second half was more or less a repetition of the first, except when owing to a faulty pass by a G Company's three-quarter, Marshall got the ball and seemed very nearly getting a try with it, but there it remained, and "very nearly" was the only score C Company made.

The game was played throughout in capital temper, though some of the Calcutta Club would be rather surprised at the way Tommies collar one another—when a man is "held" or "down" there is no mistake about it.

At the conclusion of the match the cup was presented to the winning team by Major Hickson, who, after congratulating both teams on their play in an appropriate speech, expressed the pleasure he felt in handing the cup to such an A 1 team. This is the fourth year that the cup has been won by G Company, and they deserve every praise for their feat.

The following are names of the players:—

"*G*" *Company.*—Corpl. Anderson (Captain), full back; Ptes. Saunders, Templeton, Else, ¾ backs; Lance-Sergt. Smith, Lance-Cpl. Farrell, ½ backs; Sergt. Crumby, Corpl. Beer, Ptes. Harrison, Fagg, Burstow, Pretty, Gear, Howse, Golder, forwards.

"*C*" *Company.*—Ptes Comley, back; Ptes. Ford, Corpl. Marshall (Captain) Pte. Hutchins, ¾ backs; Ptes. Frost and Hardwick, ½ backs; Lance-Corpl. Kemp, Ptes. Wilton, Horne, Goodban, Brown, Fricke, North, Howland, Sadler, forwards.

OBITUARY.

Another of the few remaining 21 years men passed away on the 3rd of this month in the person of Pte. William Hartfield, better known to all as "Billy." He enlisted in The Buffs some twenty years ago and joined the Battalion from England in 1874, was posted to "H" Company, then under the command of the late Major Leslie, and has remained in the same Company ever since. He served with the Battalion in the Perák Campaign in 1875 and 1876, for which he received the medal and clasp. "H" Company was with the head quarters at Qualla Kangsa during the whole time the Expedition lasted, and several officers and men of different branches of both services (Sailors, Marines, Buffs, R.A., &c) were either killed or died from disease, and "Billy Hartfield" of his own free will, and without any recompense whatever, cut down trees and made crosses out of them, and cut an inscription on each cross himself, then, with the assistance of a comrade or two, erected them over every man that was buried at Qualla Kangsa, where they stand as good as ever to this day.

"Billy" was a fairly educated man and could have been a N.C.O., but preferred to look after the G. C. Badges, of which he had four. He also received the Medal for long service and Good Conduct, with the gratuity of £5.

We deeply sympathize with his widow and child in their great loss.

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Jalapahar News.

Dear Mr. Editor,

An ominous '30' on the almanack in front of me reminds me that if I don't pull myself together to day I shall lay myself open to a severe editorial wigging for being late with my Darjeeling letter. I have unpleasant recollections of one or two exceedingly bad quarters of an hour passed in your august presence in consequence of slackness on former occasions, so I am determined to tear myself away from Poojah gaieties for an hour or so, and let you know how the world has been treating us up here since I wrote to you last.

Let me begin please by having the usual growl at the weather, which, during the last week has been viler than ever. The place is crammed with people come up from the plains "For the Poojahs," and it is a very sorry sight to see these would be holiday makers wandering on the Mall loaded with waterproofs and umbrellas, and trying to persuade themselves that "The rains *must* be over." But enough of such a dreary subject as the Darjeeling climate.

The first event of importance I have to chronicle is the Depot dance, which took place on September 7th. It was a prodigious success, and Major Ommanney and the Officers are to be heartily congratulated on the result of their efforts. On the 12th there was a dance given by a few gentlemen, which everyone agreed was quite one of the best things of the season. Specimens of that new *rara avis* the Kala Jaggah were on view. Ye Kalajaggah hunters come not to Darjeeling!

Before leaving the subject of dances I may mention that we had two very jolly ones at the Shrubbery on the 16th and 29th (the latter in fancy dress), and the ever hospitable Maharajah and Maharani of Cooch-Behar entertained their friends at the Town Hall on the 27th. Darjeeling is, as is usual at this time of the year, crowded with Amateur Theatrical Companies. We have companies playing "Bluebeard," "Our Regiment," and several other pieces, besides our excellent Snowdrop Minstrels. Bluebeard is a very good show indeed. The whole piece has been got up by Mr. Lloyd of whom all we, The Buffs, felt proud as we sat and watched the first performance of the burlesque. He has written the words of every song in the piece, arranged every dance, and is responsible, I believe, for nearly all the dialogue.

The part of Blue Beard is, needless to say, taken by Mr. Lloyd himself, and he has rarely if ever been seen to better advantage. Miss Keeble, as Irene, looks very pretty and sings most beautifully. Mr. McDouall takes an old woman's part very funnily, and the inimitable Sergeant Eaton as a valet is simply killing. The love scene between these last two is one of the most excruciatingly amusing things it is possible to imagine, and what shall I say of our charming Fatima, Mrs. Maturin, her dancing is something to dream of, her—but no I shall not enter into descriptions, I know you are an enthusiast on the subject of dancing yourself, so let me recommend you to take 10 days and a ticket to Darjeeling, and come and see the show for yourself, there is time yet.

There is very little Depot news. The Buffs Section is only just recovering from the effects of rejoicing over winning the Rugby Cup. By the way we all think the photos of the Team excellent, and everyone is clamouring for copies so as the Baboo says "Please arrange and tell Mr. Kapp to hurry up." The Band in spite of their many wet walks to Darjeeling and back are looking very well and playing most beautifully. They play on Tuesdays on the Chowrasta, and on Fridays at the Amusement Club, and everyone comes in from miles to hear them. We are getting a team for the Tug-of-war at the Shrubbery next Tuesday, but we have so many of our men sick just now that we can hardly hope to win, but we must hope for the best. We hear terrible accounts of the heat down below and are not at all looking forward to our return which sad to say cannot be deferred much longer.

Yours Faithfully,

"Chowrasta."

ACROSTIC.

The members of one
Compete in the other,
I shan't say any more,
It's far too much bother.

1.
If you want to kill me, you want a good horse,
And sooner or later you'll get one, of course.

2.
This is only a small word, and I have said it,
If your curiosity's roused, I hope that I've fed it.

3.
A thick kind of mud, a description of clay,
And just a bit sticky on a nice rainy day.

4.
I am but two letters, that's all, but enough;
If you don't know, ask Mason, he'll swear I'm good stuff.

5.
Both myself and my crock of it I like to be lacking,
When the latter has got it, it is rightly called 'hacking.'

6.
When you're 'cutting it heavy' and doing the swell,
Some folks will by me express you right well.

7.
A question at home much talked about now,
But it to be broken we will never allow.

8.
A town in South Wales, a very nice spot,
If you'll give me the dibs, I'll be off like a shot.

E.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S ACROSTIC.

C orf U.
R heumatis M.
I nste P.
C ad I.
K ingfishe R.
E xchang E.
T ear S.

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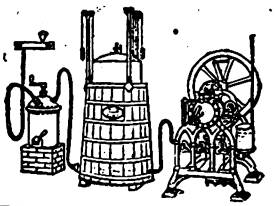

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Printed for the Editor at The Buffs' Press, Fort William, Calcutta.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

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1898.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 67. **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, October 31st, 1892.** Price As. 2

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

EDWARDS.—At Jalapahar, on the 3rd inst, the wife of Sergt. E. P. Edwards of a daughter.
Enid Violet,

BREWIN.—At Calcutta, on the 22nd inst., the wife of S. Sergt. G. E. Brewin, Ordnance Dept. of a daughter.

Marriages.

WARD—SIMPSON.—At Calcutta, on the 11th inst., Sergt. T. Ward, to Mary Donaldson, daughter of the *late* Conductor Simpson, M. W. D.

NOTES.

THIS last month we have had to bewail the loss of nearly a hundred time expired men, and every year it will be the same until the common sense idea of sending men home after five or six years abroad, for six months, furlough, becomes law. Instead of getting lads—fine ones though some of our drafts are—we should be getting back men, and both the sick list and general efficiency would show a great improvement.

... ...

We wish to call attention to the circular, which will be found further on, regarding the employment of old and time expired men in the Buffs. The idea is an excellent one, but without any intention of cavilling, we should have thought that Canterbury, and not Chatham, would have been the most fitting place to chose as head-quarters. Full details will be found in our home Battn. correspondent's letter to which we refer our readers.

... ...

Captain Holme and Sergt. Stirke's little manual is still pushing ahead, the Army and Navy Gazette having given it a notice and a very flattering one too, in its opening paragraphs. Now that the two leading service journals, the Army and Navy Gazette and The Dragon, have taken it up, comfortable staff billets for the two authors is only a matter of time.

... ...

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Beginning with this month a series of double acrostics, the uprights being well known Regimental characters, will be produced by the facile pen of our Acrostic Editor. This month the acrostic is somewhat easy, but the solution of some of the lights will, we fancy, take some little thought.

... .

In referring to the accompanist at the Sergeants' Smoking Concert last month as Staff-Sergeant Taylor, we were not aware that he had been promoted to Sub-Conductor in April last. He being an old friend in our Sergeants' Mess we take this opportunity of congratulating him on his promotion.

... ...

The 2nd Battalion was well represented at the Kent County Polo Club Sports, held at Snodlands, about 6 miles from Chatham. Mr. Price winning two events, the Saddling Race and the Polo Ball Race. Mr. Sparrow getting 3rd in the Hurdle Race, the winner by the way turning up in an old pony of Captain Connellan's "Snapdragon," and Mr. Marriott 3rd in the Tandem Race. The fields were large and the racing keenly contested.

. . ..

The band have returned from Darjeeling looking remarkably well after their two months stay there. Everybody in Calcutta have been looking forward to their return, and no doubt the Eden Gardens will be crowded next Friday evening.

... ...

Now that the rains are practically a thing of the past, and the band have come back, we venture to suggest to the band president that it is about time to get up another of those delightful moonlight concerts. If arrangements are commenced at once everything should be ready by next full moon.

... ...

Our first cricket match of this season has resulted in a win. We are no doubt very weak in cricket, but up country we hope to improve in several things, amongst others cricket and shooting.

... ...

At the conclusion of the Annual Musketry Course of the 2nd Battn. at Hythe, a match was fired by the Officers with the new Cordite Powder at 500, 600, and 700 yards, and was won by Mr. Sparrow, Major Backhouse being second.

... ...

A very interesting event took place in St. Peter's, Fort William, on the 11th inst., when Sergeant Ward, Officers' Mess Sergt. was married to Miss Simpson. The 'Dragon' offers his best congratulations to the happy pair.

... ...

The firing of "G" Company in their annual course has been exceedingly good, and Color Sergeant Watts' score of 227 will be hard to beat.

... ...

We are publishing this month a phototype of "G" Company's Rugby Team, the winners of the Regimental Rugby Challenge Cup. They have now for the fourth year in succession won this event, and this year their team showed themselves to be far and away the best in the field.

... ...

An extract has been sent us from the High Peak News, containing an interesting account of the gallantry of an Old Buff, Sergeant Alexander, who left the Battalion in Dum-Dum two years ago.

He is now employed as Inspector to the Sunlight Soap Company, and recently while driving near the river Derwent he heard screams proceeding from the river, and at once made his way to the bank where he saw a man and woman struggling in the water, having been upset from a pleasure boat.

Although Mr. Alexander's efforts to save either of the drowning couple were fruitless, he was highly complimented by the Coroner at the inquest, and the facts of the case has been forwarded to the Royal Humane Society.

... ...

We are glad to hear that Captain C. P. Lloyd remains with this Battalion on promotion, we can ill afford to lose such an accomplished gaffer, more especially as a Dramatic Author-in-Chief.

Major Newnham-Davis is shortly going home on leave.

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... ...

As will be seen in the Jalapahar News, which is published this month, the Darjeeling public showed their appreciation of the Buffs' Band by publicly presenting Mr. Birkhead with a mounted Baton. The following is the address read by Mrs. Maturin on the occasion :—

"At the universal request of the public, amongst whom ladies have been the foremost, I have been asked, Mr. Birkhead, to present a small token of their appreciation of your talent on the eve of your departure from Darjeeling with the Band of the Glorious Regiment to which you have the honour to belong.

On an occasion like this I won't say much, it is more a question of feeling than talking when referring to music, and in this noble and soul-inspiring art you have shewn yourself to be a worthy disciple of the past masters. Under your able direction the sweet music discoursed by the Band on the Chowrasta has pleased all tastes. Lovers of classical music have been gratified, as also those who revel in the lighter varieties.

I now, in handing you this baton, wish you and the members of the Band "God speed," and may you live long to wield the baton as ably in the future as you have done in the past.

... ...

OBITUARY.

Throughout all ranks of the Battalion the greatest sympathy is felt for Lord and Lady Frankfort in the terrible bereavement they have sustained in the loss of their eldest daughter, from typhoid fever at Dalhousie.

Lady Frankfort and her daughter always took the greatest interest in the welfare of the married women and their families, and expressions of regret are universal.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOBBY—Many thanks for the cuttings, we shall always be glad to have a second correspondent in our other Battalion.

Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee,

ARMY TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

(To The Editor The Dragon.)

Sir,

I have much pleasure in forwarding the following for insertion in your valuable columns, should space permit.

It has been arranged during the trooping season that the time-expired members of the Army Temperance Association leaving for England, should get a dinner, also package for the train, on leaving the battalion.

Our first party, numbering about 17, sat down to a most sumptuous repast on Saturday, 1st inst. About one o'clock they turned up, eager and ready for the fray, and it is useless to mention that justice was done to the good things set before them, especially to the *Blighty* ham, of which there was an unlimited supply, after which our worthy president, Sergeant Burrows, then made a few encouraging remarks on the temperance cause, telling of the benefits received by being a "Bun Struggler," both at home and abroad, to which several of our time-expired members responded, bearing out the fact that they had received many advantages by being a teetotaler both as regard health and pocket. I may here add that we have lost some of our most energetic workers of the Society, especially Friends Piper and Foster, who were each presented with a very massive gold ring, as a token of the regard and esteem in which they were held by their fellow members. I may also state that Sergeant Ward, who has taken unto himself a partner in life, was presented with a handsome timepiece for his past services in our Society. In conclusion I trust I have not taken up too much of your space.

And beg to remain,
Yours, etc.,
"Nessir."

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(*The Editor of The Dragon*)

Dear Sir,

I was asked this morning why it was I never wrote anything for the Dragon. Now Mr. Editor I am not good at conunduums, so like our time-expired men did with soldiering, I gave it up, and with a determination not to be "caught napping" again, I take this opportunity to let that "Noble Animal" know that we are still alive in Deolali.

The bands of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment and King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry have departed to their respective head-quarters, and therefore Deolali is not now so lively as it was some months ago.

Sergt.-Major J, W. Cook passed through here a week ago *en route* to England, and now we have 52 of The Buffs here. Old familiar faces bring many pleasant recollections of times gone by, and it cheers one's heart to again meet with a "Comrade in arms." I noticed among the number at present here some of the men who played in the Football Match for the Challenge Cup, lately won by the Regiment. It is a great loss to the Battalion to lose such fine sportsmen, but we hope that during the present trooping season we shall be able to see some new blood come forward to take their places.

About Deolali itself I think I need scarcely say anything, as most of your readers have had an opportunity of studying life in Deolali themselves, although perhaps a resident of a few days may not have an opportunity to study Deolali in all its variations. Deolali in the trooping season is not the Deolali of the non trooping season, and those who have only seen it under the former circumstances onght certainly to see it under the latter. With a garrison which fluctuates from 100 to 3,000, it will be easily understood that Deolali is a Station which might leave various impressions upon different visitors. At times fully populated and gay, at others deserted and grave, Deolali might be visited one month, and not be recognised the next.

The trooping season is now well on the sway, the drafts from second ship being well on their way to join their Regiments.

Now Mr. Editor I don't want to be told that through my contribution being too long it was "crowded out," so I will conclude for the present with a promise to send you a further communication for your next issue.

Yours faithfully,
A. F. Parsons, O.R. Sergt.
Deolali Depôt.

"G" Company's Game Club.

(*To the Editor of the Dragon.*)

Sir,

Will you kindly insert the following in the next number of your paper :—

After a very successful season the above club's, games were brought to a close, at the end of September, by winning the Regimental Rugby Cup. The Company has played this year 26 Association matches, and have won 12, drawn 7, and lost 7. The Rugby matches played have been 8, and of this 7 was won and 1 lost, scoring no less than 85 points to 6.

The following are a list of Rugby matches played :—

"G" Coy. *v.* "F" Coy, won by 2 tries to nil. Points 4.
,, *v.* Medical College, drawn, nothing scored.
,, *v.* La Martiniere, won by 1 goal and 1 try to [nil. Points 7.
,, *v.* "E" Coy, won, 1 try to nil. Points 2.
,, *v.* Madrassie College, won, 3 goals and 4 tries to [nil. Points 24.
,, *v.* La Martiniere, lost, 2 tries to 1 goal and 2 try. Points 4.
,, *v.* "H" Coy. (Cup tie), won by 2 goals and 10 [tries to nil. Points 29.
,, *v.* "C" Coy. (Cup tie), won by 2 goals and 5 [tries to nil. Points 20.

It will give the Company great satisfaction if you will insert this for the information of those who have gone to England since the Cup was first won by the Company, in 1888, as I am sure it will give them great pleasure to read that the old Company still keeps up its reputation as the best Rugby Company,

Obediently yours,
"Flag."

We insert the above letter with pleasure, and those who watched "G" Company throughout the season will agree that the best Company won the Cup.—Ed.

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I am sorry I have not much news to communicate to you this time, I am, however, pleased to tell you that the Old Colors of the Battalion are to be deposited in the Cathedral in this city on Monday the 10th October,. The band and a detachment of the 2nd Battalion are coming down from Chatham to assist in the ceremony, which I am sure will be a most imposing one.

Official intimation has been received that Colonel W. F. Kerr is to succeed Colonel F. T. Hobson in command of the Regimental Depôt and 3rd Regimental District, and he will take up the duties thereof on 17th October next.

No. 1849 Pte. J. Crouch has been awarded a pension of 1s. 2d. per diem.

Pte. F. Parker has been discharged at his own request after 18 years' service and granted a pension of 11d. per diem.

Recruiting has been particularly slow this month owing to harvesting and hopping giving so much employment.

Color-Sergeant Barton is undergoing a course of instruction at the School of Musketry, Hythe.

Yours Faithfully,
"Old Buff."

OLD BUFFS DECEASED.

No. 718 Pte. James Harty, 1st Battalion, died in the Workhouse at Belfast, 11th August 1892, aged 50 years.

Admitted to modified pension of 11d. per diem December 1878, after 19 years' service. Medals none.

Pte. John Older, The Buffs, died in the Workhouse, Wisborough Green, Sussex, on 4th September 1892, aged 89 years. Born July 1803. Served in the 59th Regt. 4 years and 4 months. Invalided June 1841, and granted a pension of 7d. per diem. Enlisted 1824. Served in India at Bhanpore, under Lord Combermere. No Medals.

Was an inmate of the Workhouse 26 years.

No. 1231 Pte. John Read, 1st East Kent, died at Henley on Thames on 4th September 1892, aged 44 years.

Discharged to pension of 1s. 1½d. per diem July 1888, after 22 years' service.

Medals—India (North-West Frontier), with Clasp for Perak.

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OUR HOME BATTALION.

(To the Editor of the Dragon.)

Sir,

Being informed that your 1st Battalion readers are as interested in hearing of the doings of their home keeping comrades, as we of the 2nd are in the foreign news of the Dragon, I am induced to send you a short account of how we are getting on.

Chatham has its disadvantages as a station, but on the other hand the Outer Lines is a great God-send to us who are soldiering here. Cricket in the summer, football in the winter, and athletic sports in their due course, what would they be without the Outer Lines?

Cricket is now a thing of the past, and on reviewing our season we think we have, on the whole, to congratulate ourselves. There is no doubt that there is an improvement in the form of our Regimental team since 1891, when its performance were, to say the least of it, far from brilliant.

Space will not permit me to give scores and details, so I will merely mention that our match played against the Royal Marines on the 5th and 6th inst. showed that we have some talent in the Battalion. On that occasion The Buffs made 109, the Marines 113. Our people then went in again, and after making 190 declared the innings closed, the scores standing as under :—

2nd Lieut. Price, not out, 115,
Sergeant Cooke, c Frost, b Curtis. 55.
Sergeant-Major Aherne, not out, 17.

Unfortunately our captain did not close the innings quite soon enough, and we only succeeded in getting six of our adversary's wickets, which we did for 97 runs, leaving of course the match drawn greatly in our favour.

On the 9th, the season came to a close with the annual match between Officers and Sergeants, We all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves that day. The Royal Engineers kindly lent their ground and pavilion, and a good lunch in the latter contributed greatly to the happiness of even the keenest cricketers. Some of our old soldiers showed great form on the occasion, and the match had a most exciting finish, as the officers in their confidence of victory declared their second innings closed far too soon, and were very nearly collared on the post by the vigorous batting of Sergeant Cooke and the Sergeant-Major. The following played—

Officers.

2nd Lieut Price (Captain), Majors Jackson, Backhouse and Moody, Captain Coles, and Lieuts. Williams, Vertue, Vickerman, Bainbridge, Geddes and Finch-Hatton.

Sergeants.

Sergt.-Major Aherne, Color-Sergeants Coulby and Breen, Sergeants Cooke, Reynolds, Ritchie, Lomax, Hobbs, Price, Cornwall, and Band Sergt. Mortimer.

While speaking of this match I would beg to inform your readers that our new Armourer-Sergeant is one of the best photographers to be met with anywhere. His photograph of the players in the above match is as perfect a picture of a large group of figures as I have seen for some time, and some of those he obtained during the athletic sports were admirable.

Yes, cricket is over and our young athletics are turning their attention to the other noble game. Our football prospects are good for as much of the season as will be passed at Chatham.

We have arranged several fixtures, are confident that our team has greatly improved since last year, and we hope great things of one or two recruits, notably of our new tall Subaltern, Mr. Perkins.

"Will there be good football at Athlone?" says everyone, and rumour, this time substantially embodied in the form of Sergt.-Major Aherne, answers "No!" The Sergt.-Major recently took an opportunity of visiting Athlone, whither we are bound in January, and, from what I can make out from him, the Battalion will have nothing to do but to take to the water like a brood of young ducks, as the authorities seem to have made the grave and unaccountable mistake of allowing a garrison town to exist without a fit and proper playground being attached to the barracks. There is a theatre, however, and I believe a good one, so perhaps you will hear early next year of some theatrical stars arising amongst us under the guidance perhaps of "Captain" Lloyd, whom we hope to welcome to this Battalion shortly.

Altogether we hope to enjoy Athlone somehow or other, and some of us are not altogether sorry that the late petition from the Mayor and Corporation of Chatham, that the Battalion should be kept here another year met with no success, though all ranks appreciate the compliment thus paid us.

I think we all enjoyed our Athletic Sports which came off on September 8th. The following account from the columns of the local newspaper may interest some of your readers.

THE BUFFS' ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The annual athletic sports of the 2nd battalion of the Buffs took place on the Outer Lines, Chatham, yesterday. The enclosure was gaily adorned with flags, and the Lines presented a perfect gala appearance. There was a large crowd of spectators, who thoroughly appreciated the amusement caused by the various competitions, During the day, the brass band ot the Buffs' Regiment was in attendance, under the direction of Mr. J. Kelly, and discoursed an excellent programme of music. The committee was composed of Major Backhouse, Lieut. Vertue, 2nd Lieut. Price, Captain Coles, D.S.O., Lieut. Geddes and Quarter-Master Boon, the sub-committee, Sergt.-Major Aherne, Clr.-Sergt. Kent. Clr.-Sergt. Coulby, Sergt. Cooke, Ptes. Tapp and Phillips. The judges were—Major Backhouse and Lieutenant Vertue, while Captain Coles, D.S.O. acted as starter. Appended in a list of the events and the results:—

Throwing the Cricket Ball:—1, Pte. Wilson, 100yds. 9in.; 2, Pte. Kitchenham.

Putting 16lb shot (with follow).—Sergeant Major Aherne; 2, Pte. Morgan; 3, Sergeant Tyrrell.

High Jump:—1, Lance-Corpl. Bailey; 2, Sergeant Tyrrell.

Boys' Race:—All boys of the battalion (handicap).—1, Lowe; 2, Griffiths; 3, Warner.

Long Jump:—1, Pte. Dillan, 18ft. 1in.; 2, Sergt. Tyrrell; 3, Pte. Wilson.

Hop, step and Jump:—Pte. Dillan and Sergt. Tyrrell (tie).

Recruits' Race, 440yds:—1, Pte. Gilbert; 2, Pte. Ellicott; 3, Pte. Hayward.

Flat Race, 200yds:—1, Pte. Isard; 2, Pte. Dillan; 3, Sergt. Quinn.

Veterans' Race, 150 yds:—1, Sergt. Quinn; 2, Corpl. Frazier; 3, Pte. Smith.

Sack Race:—1, Bandsman Bloyes; 2, Bandsman Bulew; 3, Bandsman O'Brien.

Mile Race:—1, Pte. Wilson; 2, Corporal Marsh; 3, Pte. Phillips.

Hurdle Race (6 flights) 120 yds.—1, Color-Sergt. Quinn; 2, Lance-Sergt. Tyrrell; 3, Lance-Sergt. Reynolds.

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Marching Order Race:—1, Pte. Isard; 2, Pte. Taylor; 3, Pte. Stockdale.

Sergeants' Race, 150yds (handicap).—1, Sergt. Reynolds; 2, Sergt. Tyrrell; 3, Sergt. Copping.

Bally-hoohley Race.—1, Lance-Corpl. State; 2, Corpl. Frazier; 3, Pte. Sancto. In this race the competitors each sat astride a chair. On the word "go" they moved off by bounds. At a certain point each man halted, selected a parcel, and put on the dress contained in it. He then ran to a table, drank a bottle of lemonade and ate a bun, ran then to a line, ten yards from a row of baskets, into which he threw five potatoes, ran on again to where he met buckets of water, one of which he carried on his head to the winning post. The competition caused roars of laughter.

400 Yards Race (open to Garrison)—1, Gr. Lynch, R.A.; Pte. Good, R.M.; 3, Pte. Phillips, The Buffs.

Wheel-barrow Race:—1, Pte. Taylor; 2, Pte. Ellicott.

Manual and Bayonet Exercises:—This event was for a handsome shield, presented by Captain Connelan, for competition by squads of sixteen men only. Last year, B Company were successful, but this year H Company carried off the trophy.

Obstacle Race (open to Garrison)—1, Sergt. Tyrrell; 2, Pte. Good, R.M.; 3, Gaffikan, of H.M.S. Immortalité; 4, Sergt. Moss. The obstacles were of the usual kind; crawling under a canvas and through barrels, climbing over waggons and a high pole were the chief.

Officers' Race:—This event created much amusement. The competitors were mounted, some on ponies and others on donkeys, and they rode round the racing course several times; there were no prizes.

Tilting at Bucket of Water:—1, Martin; 2, Andrews.

Bayonet v. Bayonet:—1, Corporal Walsh.

100 Yards Race:—1, Bandsman Isard; 2, Bandsman Dillan; 3, Color.-Sergt. Quinn,

Band Race (handicap), (prize winners in former events, excluded):—1, Hindmarsh; 2, Hurst; 3, Tapp.

Tug of War:—B Company easily won over E Company.

A Bicycle Race took place on the previous day, from the Jezreel's tower to Newington and back, a distance of Eleven Miles. Sergeant Coppins came in first, doing the journey in 39 minutes. He was followed by Corporal Laing (second), and Lce-Corpl. Bailey (third).

The magazine rifle may be an excellent weapon, but it has its drawbacks. Where are the pleasant matches that we used to have? Where the Regimental rifle meeting, which I for one loved so well, when we all had a chance of getting some of our subscription money back again in a thumping prize from the "all comers" or some other event? Gone are those good times like last winter's snow. One wants a few miles of country, or the vast deep itself, to shoot over with the Lee-Metford gun. Old ranges are obsolete now. Funds will not carry the battalion to Hythe or Aldershot for a day's rifle shooting. Lieut. Geddes nearly killed an old Kentish dame from terror when he tried to fire his recruits at Boxley on our first arrival here, and rifle matches seem in consequence to be a thing of the past. Our annual course is practically over, and it is supposed that "G" Company will this year march at the head of the Regiment as the best shooting company, the far-famed "D" being this year the worst.

Captain Stewart-Savile will not march with his company in their place of honour, however. He has left us. His name will appear in an early Gazette, and his place in the Regiment knows him no more. 2nd Lieut. Agnew has also gone, and so has our Regimental photographer's predecessor, Armourer Sergeant Rennie, after over 13 years with the battalion. He joined us at Pietermaritzburg, before the Zulu War, and he has now gone on promotion to, we trust, a comfortable billet at Malta. The Sergeants saw him out as an old comrade should be seen. A smoking concert was held in his honour, and Rennie was presented with a purse and a walking cane, engraved with a suitable inscription.

By the time this reaches you the 1st Battalion will be in possession of the pamphlets, &c., in connection with our grand scheme for the obtaining of employment for old soldiers of the Regiment. We appeal to all your readers for hearty co-operation. The institution should and must meet with success.

It is impossible to overestimate the good it may be made to do to hundreds of individuals, and consequently to the Regiment itself as a whole. If it can be worked, as we hope it will be worked, our own comrades now serving will be made comfortable for life, and the signs of their prosperity will be the very best thing in the world for inducing the class of recruit we want to join our ranks.

To make the Employment Society a success, however, good natured superiors must harden their hearts in the matter of testimonials.

One is always inclined to stretch a point as far as it will go in trying to help an old and true friend, even if he has been "going it" a bit in his day, but too good a "chit" for him is'nt fair to the others. No. 1 gets a snug billet and if he continues to "go it" the consequence is that any number of testimonials of a similar nature won't get No. 2 a job because the employers naturally think the Association has broken faith with him. Let every Buff, however, join conscientiously in the work, and I have no fear that Kent will be thickly sprinkled from end to end with happy prosperous citizens who have spent their younger days in the Old Regiment.

I am beginning to think Mr. Editor that I am asking you to give up too much space to our affairs, this is my first letter, however, and I am quite open to any editorial hint as to the length of any other I may write, so with this apology

I subscribe myself now,

Your obedient servant,

"Secundus."

"Always space for the Home Battalion news."—Ed.

The Buffs' (East Kent Regt.) Association for providing Employment for Reserve and Time-Expired Soldiers.

1. At a meeting of the Officers of the 2nd Battalion, held at Chatham on September 8th, it was unanimously decided to form an Association for the purpose of forwarding this object.

2. It was also decided that the Head-Quarters of the Association should be in Chatham, General Bingham, C.B., Hon. Colonel 3rd Battalion The Buffs (East Kent Regiment), resident at Rochester, has kindly consented to act as president.

3. The officers of The Buffs, past and present, are cordially invited to support this Association. It is proposed to form a strong local committee of residents in Chatham, Rochester and East Kent.

4. The Officer Commanding 3rd Regimental District and the Officers in command of the 1st and 2nd Battalions The Buffs (East Kent Regt.) will be members of the committee.

5. It is roughly estimated that the sum of £70 per annum will be required to carry out the work effectively.

6. An office with a permanent clerk has been opened at Chatham.

7, It is proposed that the annual subscription should be £1 a year. Donations will be gratefully received.

8. For the present all communications should be addressed to Hon. Secretary, The Buffs' (East Kent Regt.) Association for providing Employment for Reserve and Time-Expired Soldiers, Chatham Barracks, Chatham.

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The Eiffell Tower.

OF course I was not at all afraid going up the Eiffell Tower lift, nobody was, but some of us might have been if it were not for the talk of a kind American gentleman, who knew all about lifts. He had met the elevator on its native soil, and he imparted his knowledge freely, so that all might hear, and thus fear was cast out from among us.

"Bless you," this cheerful man said, "I remember the first trip of the first elevator in New York City. Yes sir, I got off cheaply—broken leg, but it killed Joe Howard." You remember Joe? this to a friend who nodded. "Well the mistake they made was trying to haul the elevator over the pulley at the top. No elevator will stand that. But nowadays elevators are as safe as a bed. If this rope were to break, and of course it's always liable to, as the constant jarring granulates the metal, the patent catch would take hold. Say, were you ever on an elevator when the rope broke, and the patent catch was'nt feeling just right? His companion shook his head. Well, sir it's the funniest sensation you ever experienced. Crack goes the wire rope, and then the patent catch begins to get in its work, slips two or three cogs, grips, slips again, grips, slips a dozen, and takes your breath away, holds for a couple of seconds, crack! slip, grip, slip, grip, then a final smash and down you go. That was when I broke my arm—in Chicago. I tell you, gentlemen, after we had gone two stories in that jerky way it was a positive relief when the patent catch went smash, and dropped us all down in the cellar. We knew the worst then. Of course the patent wedging arrangement is a great thing. It's on this elevator. I asked the man, and he said yes. It's a first-rate thing when it works. You remember that awful elevator smash in Boston? Seven killed? Well that elevator had every safety device on it that ever went through the patent office. Yes, sir! I asked the man, who put up the elevator, how he accounted for none of 'em acting. Said he could'nt account for it, supposed each one just lay low and waited for the others to act. But the greatest thing nowadays is the air chamber. Elevator drops down as if it was sinking in a feather bed. Lovely sensation. I remember going down on a trial trip in Philadelphia. It was a new thing then. They put a glass of water, full to the top, on a chair, and the proprietor guaranteed it would'nt spill a drop. When we were seven stories up, the engineer cut the rope. And did the water spill? asked his friend. We never found that out. I expect it did, but when we got down it was'nt glasses of water we were looking for, brandy was *our* size. You see they neglected to remember that the brickwork of the air chamber had'nt had time to set. It was green—so were we. The brick walls blew out as if there had been a dynamite explosion. There were five merchants, three lawyers, and four newspaper men on board, and they were so mixed up at the bottom with bricks, mortar, and bits of elevator that it took most of us a couple of weeks before we could remember whether we were lawyers, merchants or reporters. I don't feel quite sure yet, but I made up my mind to go on any elevator but a safety one after that. However, the air chamber has been improved since then. That's what the Eiffell Tower needs. Now look at the height we're at. If we were to drop we would go clear through to China. Every man on board would have his name in big type in to-morrow's papers. I remember that awful accident in—but here happily we reached the top.—"*The Idler*."

"A Serious Aphair."

The following comprehensive editorial recently appeared in a Western newspaper:—

We begin the publication ov the *Rocky Mountain Cyclone* with some phew diphiculties in the way. The type-phounder phrom whom we bought the outphit phor this printing orphis phailed to supply any ephs or cays, and it will be phor or phive weex bephore we get any. We have ordered the missing letters and will have to wait until they come. We don't lique the idea ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best ov regulated phamilies, and iph the cs and exes hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the *Cyclone* whirling aphter a phasion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us; it is a serious aphair.

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REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

Major N. Newnham-Davis, having returned from employment in the Intelligence Branch, Quarter-Master General's Department, on the 20th inst., resumes command and payment of "H" Company from that date.

Major J. W. Hind is granted leave to England for 12 months on private affairs.

Captain R. E. Philips is granted leave to England for 12 months on private affairs.

2nd Lieut. W. P. Trevor, having landed in India on the 11th October 1892, is taken on the strength of the Battalion from that date and posted to "G" Company.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotion (*subject to the approval by the Secretary of State*).

To be Sergeant-Major—

No. 3828 Color-Sergt. A. E. Featherstone, *vice* Sergt.-Major J. W. Cook to England, 8-10-92.

The undermentioned non-commissioned officer is appointed Pay Sergeant to "D" Company, *vice* Color-Sergt. Featherstone promoted Sergt.-Major, with effect from the 8th inst. inclusive :—

No. 945 Sergeant C. H. Peters.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments :—

To be Sergeant—

No. 1640 Lance-Sergt. C. W. Burrows.

To be paid Lance-Sergeant—

No. 1920 Lance-Sergt. C. Crumby.

To be Lance-Sergeants—

No. 1. Corpl. G. Holmes.
„ 2954 Corpl. H. A. Jones.

To be Corporal—

No. 2152 Lance-Corpl, E. M. Dungey.

To be paid Lance-Corporals—

No. 2052 Lance-Corpl. W. Joy,
„ 2597 „ F. Williams.

To be Lance-Corporals—

No.	3268	Pte. B. Draper,	No.	2499	Pte. W. Frampton,
„	3733	„ J. Kilroy,	„	2690	„ A. Lacey,
„	2963	„ S. Willey,	„	2771	„ J. Collins,
„	2656	„ A. Foord,	„	2897	„ J. York,
„	3405	„ C. Canning,	„	2910	„ J. Winder,
„	3209	„ J. May,	„	2945	„ T. Osborne,
„	2898	„ C. George,	„	2962	„ J. Chapman,
„	1182	„ G. Stanford,	„	3051	„ A. Hayward,
„	2178	„ R. J. Gray,	„	3055	„ L. Robinson,
„	2233	„ C. Mills,	„	3093	„ J. Fraser,
„	2274	„ W. Smith,	„	2138	„ G. Clarke,
„	2328	„ G. Gardner,	„	3256	„ E. Chapman.
„	2352	„ S. Piper,			

The undermentioned non-commissioned officer is appointed Assistant Instructor in Gymnasia to the Battalion.

No. 1598 Corpl. H. Marshall.

No. 593 Sergt. E. Clifton, is appointed Librarian to the Battalion with effect from the 20th inst., *vice* Sergt. Winter relieved.

No. 2341 Lance-Corporal J. Smith is appointed Senior School Assistant to the Battalion.

The undermentioned non-commissioned officers obtained 2nd Class Certificates of Education at an examination held at the Convalescent Depot, Darjeeling, on the 24th September 1892 :—

No. 134 Lance-Corpl. A. Cochrane.
„ 1956 „ J. Eaton.

The undermentioned non-commissioned officer and man were awarded certificates on the 30th September 1892, for passing the examination in Supply duties, Commissariat and Transport Department, qualifying them for employment in that Department :—

No. 422 Corpl. W. Hawkins,
„ 1182 Pte. G. Stanford.

The undermentioned non-commissioned officers and men were granted certificates for Mounted Infantry on 26th September 1892 :—

No.	2327	Pte. J. Galvin,	No.	2328	Pte. G. Gardner,
„	2352	„ G. S. Piper,	„	2732	„ C. A. Faircloth,
„	1897	„ J. Simms,	„	2219	„ G. Mears,
„	2296	„ E. Street,	„	2549	Sergt. E. Grattan,
„	2255	„ J. Smith,	„	2899	„ G. Veitch,
„	2910	„ J. H. Winder,	„	2088	Lance-Corpl. J. Pearson.
„	2756	„ P. W. Johnson,			

The undermentioned men are assigned territorial numbers as stated opposite their names :—

Recruit W. A. Bell, E. KENT. 3990,
„ Jno. Campbell, „ 3991.
Sergeant G. Avis, „ 3992, on re-engagement.

The undermentioned recruit having enlisted at Fort William on the 30th September 1892, is taken on the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly and posted to "D" Company :—

Herbert McAuly Ryan.

Private Charles Henry Flint having been transferred from the King's Royal Rifle Corps with effect from the 7th October 1892, he is taken on the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly and posted to "A" Company.

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Under instructions from Army Head-Quarters, Schoolmistress Mrs. M. E. Barron, is transferred to the 1st Battn. East Surrey Regiment, with effect from 1st October 1892, inclusive.

Mrs. G. Cork is appointed Acting Schoolmistress to the Battalion.

The undermentioned men have been permitted to extend their period of Army Service to 12 years with the Colors :—

No. 1725 Private W. Loder,
„ 1709 „ C. Milgate.

The undermentioned are granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates stated :—

3247	Pte. J. Wightman	1d		15-10-92
3209	„ J. May	1d		23-9-92
2350	„ W. Bear	1d.	Granted	8-10-92
1508	„ J. Quillinan	2d.	„	11-7-92
2766	„ H, Hurst	1d	Restored	18-9-92
2328	„ G. Gardner	1d	„	5-10-92
3256	„ E. Chapman	1d		20-10-92
2132	„ W. Swift,	2d		28-10-92
2659	„ G. Franklin	1d	Restored	9-10-92
2114	„ F. Bishop	2d		5-10-92
3248	„ S. Mawhinney	1d.		15-10-92
3255	„ W. Norwood	1d		18-10-92
3240	„ A. Odd	1d		14-10-92
1897	„ J. Simms	1d	Restored	5-10 92
3241	„ G. Stewart	1d		14-10-92
3224	„ H. Walker	1d		29-9-92
3118	„ J. Lee	1d		27-5-92
2125	Lce.-Cpl. C. Beer	2d		20-10-92
2769	Pte H. Cox	1d		6-9-92
1987	„ H. Holbrook	2d		2-10-92
1696	„ J. Hattrell	1d	Restored	9-10-92

Army Head-Quarters.

Ahasuerus Jenkins of the "Operatic Own,"
Was dowered with a tenor voice of super Santley tone.
His views on equitation were perhaps a trifle queer,
He had no seat worth mentioning, but, oh! he had an ear,

He clubbed his wretched company a dozen times a day,
He used to quit his charger in a parabolic way.
His method of saluting was a joy to all beholders,
But Ahasuerus Jenkins had a head upon his shoulders.

He took two months to Simla, when the year was at the spring,
And underneath the deodars eternally did sing.
He warbled like a bulbul, but particulary at
Cornelia Agrippina, who was musical and fat.

She controlled a humble husband, who in turn controlled a Dept.,
Where Cornelia Agrippina's human singing birds were kept.
From April to October on a plump retaining fee,
Supplied of course per mensem from the Indian Treasury.

Cornelia used to sing with him, and Jenkins used to play,
He praised unblushingly her notes, for he was false as they.
So when the winds of April turned the budding roses brown,
Cornelia told her husband "Tom you mus'nt send him down."

They hailed him from his Regiment, which did'nt much regret him
They found for him an office stool, and on that stool they set him,
To play with maps and catalogues three idle hours a day,
And draw his plump retaining fee, which means his double pay.

Now ever after dinner when the coffee cups are brought,
Ahasuerus waiteth o'er the grand pianoforte,
And thanks to fair Cornelia his fame hath waxen great,
And Ahasuerus Jenkins is a power in the state.

R. KIPLING.

CYCLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Staff-Sergt. W. Ekins, of the Ordnance Store Corps, stationed at Halifax, Canada, sends us an account of his experience with a bear while out cycling only 17 miles from the city of Halifax.

"When in the vicinity of "Glen Margaret," says the Halifax *Evening Mail*, "Mr. Ekins saw something ahead which he thought looked like the figure of a man in a crouching position. Later he discovered it was bruin who stood in the way, and a little fear was not remarkable. So the wheelman turned about. the bear following. The bear could not keep up the chase and so he went into the bush. This encouraged Mr. Ekins and he decided to retrace his tracks, and went on homewards again at full speed. As he passed he saw his bearship peeping through, but he was speedily left behind. The incident was reported at Hubley's, where it was stated the bear had been seen previously prowling along the road."

In his letter to us, Sergt. Ekins says it would be well to have some good old English hunters out there to attack and destroy the bears, as it was nothing to hear farmers complaining about their sheep being killed and taken away.

Chatham News.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regimental Papers :—

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.
The Queen's Own Gazette.—Royal W. K. Regt.
The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn, Leinster Regt.
The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers
The Lilywhite's Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lanc. Regt.
The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.
The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment
The Nines.—2nd Battn. Wiltshire Regt.
St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.
Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.

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THE BULLION VAULTS.

O near and yet so far was the burden of my thoughts as I recently followed in the wake of the orderly officer to inspect the Bullion Vaults of Fort William, in order that he might certify that the locks, bolts, and ventilators were correct, and that the 2 ft. 6 in. wall (of which more hereafter) had not been tampered with.

These vaults are situated not far from St. George's Gate, Fort William, and a few days ago the writer had an opportunity of learning a little as to their contents and the means of checking and securing it.

The amount at present in the vaults is considerably lower than it usually is, several large sums having been lately withdrawn. On the day of my visit fifteen lakhs were taken out, which required thirty bullock carts and a small detachment of police to remove in safety to the bank.

The actual quantity now in the vaults is two crores, nineteen and half lakhs of rupees, *i.e.*, Rs 2,19,50,000, which in sterling at 1s. 3d. the rupee equals £1,371,875. This amount represents the value of the paper money now in circulation from the Government bank, and is held as a reserve in case of emergency.

The whole of it is in rupees, bright and fresh as they came from the mint, done up in jute bags, containing Rs 2,000 each. These bags are stowed away in huge chests, of which there are 64, the largest containing five and half lakhs, and the smallest three lakhs. The whole is thoroughly overhauled every six months; the bags are taken out, examined, counted, and replaced in the coffers, about one bag in twenty being put on one side and afterwards opened and weighed. At the last check, which was concluded on the day of my visit, it was discovered that out of nearly twenty-two millions of rupees, one was missing.

A few years ago a coolie employed in the vaults laid down in a dark corner and went to sleep. When the vault was closed he was locked inside, unknown to anyone, but when he awoke, which was not till some hours afterwards, he commenced rummaging about trying to find a way out of his prison; this of course alarmed the guard, and a regular *tamasha* followed, it being thought in the excitement that an attempt had been made to rob the vault. The poor coolie was well punished for his laziness, as he had to remain where he was until the middle of the following day, the keys not being kept in the Fort.

A few statistics may not be out of place here. The weight of the specie is 245 tons, and would require nearly 500 bullock carts to remove it. If the rupees were laid in a long line, end on end, they would reach from Calcutta to Darjeeling, and then have twenty or thirty miles to the good. If piled one on top of the other they would reach a height of 137,000 ft. or nearly five times as high as Mount Everest.

And now a few words as to the ways and means of securing the treasure:—

The 64 chests previously referred to are bound by heavy iron bands, and doubly locked and sealed. There are two sets of locks and keys for every box and door in the place, each set being in possession of a different person.

The locks used are Chubb's heavy brass padlocks. The walls are extremely thick, in some places quite 8 ft., but on the side next the bomb proof-barracks it has a thickness of 2 ft. 6 in. only.

The entrance is through a double set of wrought iron barred gates, just to the right of the steps leading to the Officers' Library, each set of gates being doubly locked and sealed, and the whole under the charge of St. George's Gate guard.

The Route.

ALLAHABAD, our stating point, is the capital of the North West Provinces and a city of much importance and interest. Among its sights are the Fort, built in 1575, Asoka's Pillar, 49 feet high, remarkable on account of its great antiquity, having been put up nearly 200 years before Christ, and the undecaying banian tree, situated underground in a

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temple near the Fort. In January occurs the great Mela fair, when many hundreds of thousands of pilgrims congregate every year to bathe in the river, but as our stay will probably be for one or two days only, we shall miss seeing the fair, and perhaps it is just as well that we should. The next place of importance is Cawnpore, distant 10 marches, which is well known from its sad memories of the Sepoy Revolt. The Memorial Church is well worth seeing, and a splendid view of the place is to be got from the belfry. The Memorial Gardens, with the beautiful figure, in white marble, of the Angel, directly over the well, where the bodies were thrown in, is a sight not easily forgotten. At Chowbeypur, the 2nd march out of Cawnpore, an expedition should, if possible, be made to Bittoor, distant 4 miles to the east, the residence of the infamous Nana Sahib. For the next twelve marches no large towns are found, but the country affords plenty of sport, and good bags should be made of duck, snipe, and possibly some black buck.

Aligurh is a town of great antiquity, and possesses a very strong Fort. Early in February an annual fair is held here, which attracts enormous crowds. A horse fair is held at the same time, and horse races, wrestling matches, &c., take place. Six marches from Aligurh, Delhi is reached, the sights of which are too well known to need description. The Jumma Musjid, an enormous Mosque, which took 5000 workmen six years to construct, would take a day by itself to properly see. At Delhi, one enters the Punjab and leaves the North West Provinces.

Paniput, 5 marches out of Dehli, is the site of three famous battles of the old world, the first in 1526 between the Afghan and the Moguls, in which the former were defeated, the 2nd was fought in 1536, resulting as before, the 3rd in 1761 between the Afghans and the Mahrattas, when the latter were completely crushed. Kurnaul, two marches out, was once the site of a British Cantonment, but abandoned in 1841 on account of its unhealthiness. An old writer describes it as "an infamous sink—a heap of every sort of uncleanliness."

The fourth march from Kurnaul brings one to Umballa, one of the largest Military Stations in the Punjab. Its church is said to be the finest in India. Ludhiana, 6 marches on, is a large town famous for its shawls and Rampur Chudders, and 33 miles further on is Jullundur, our halting place for probably the next two years.

ROUTE.

Allahabad to	Miles	Fur.		Miles	Furs.
Moofte-ka-purwa	15		Kurja	14	2
Koh	12	7	Bhoor	12	
Sainee	13	2	Secundrabad	9	4
Kotonghuir	11		Dadree	12	
Jhurraion	12	6	Ghazeeabad	12	2
Futtehpur	12		Delhi	15	2
Mulwa	11	2	Alipur	7	6½
Aony	13		Raee	10	
Maharajpur	13	6	Lursowlee	11	
Cawnpore	10	6	Somalka	10	4
Kullianpur	8	4	Paneeput	11	4
Chowbeypur	8	4	Ghuroanda	9	4
Pura	12		Kurnaul	10	4
Urwul	13	2	Buttana	11	3
Gurshaigunj	14	2	Peeplee	9	2
Chabramow	14	4	Shahabad	13	1
Bewur	13	4	Umballa	13	5
Sultangunj	14		Mogul-ki-Serai	10	
Kurrowlee	8	5	Ughana	11	
Mallaon	11	3	Bara	11	5
Etah	11	1	Khuma-ki-Seria	10	
Bhudwas	11	5	Douraha	14	1
Secundra Roa	9	2	Ludhiana	13	1
Akrabad	10	4	Philour	10	
Allygurh	14	2	Phugwara	11	6
Somna	13	2	Jullundur	12	2

TIME EXPIRED.

The undermentioned N.-C. Officers and men, Time Expired, will proceed to England by H.M's Troopship "Euphrates" on 1st Nov. 1892.

1542	Pte.	W. Wenman,	1612	Pte.	A. Cronk,
1508	,,	J. Quillinan,	1615	,,	A. Coppard,
1567	,,	G Cowlard,	1622	Sgt.	F. Dann,
1575	,,	F. Chambers,	1623	Pte.	G. E. Childs,
1576	,,	W. Mayton,	1626	,,	F. Davis,
851	,,	T. Scott,	1628	,,	A. S. Dallaway,
2177	,,	J. Bishop,	1636	,,	F. Penfold,
1577	,,	J. Stratton,	1637	,,	F. Kingsford,
1580	,,	A. Goodwin,	1642	,,	W. A. Littlemore,
1584	,,	W. Ridgen.	1641	,,	J. V. Childs,
1597	,,	J. Evans,	1649	,,	G. Ward,
1604	,,	F. Mitchell,	1693	,,	E. Pitcher,
1971	,,	F. Brain.	1667	,,	G. Ellis.
1609	,,	A. Ovenden,	1676	,,	T. Holbrook,
1739	,,	F. Bishop,	1719	,,	G. Knight,
1674	,,	W. Castle,	3307	,,	W. Morris,
1678	,,	M. Connery,	1682	,,	J. Penfold,
1753	,,	W. Dean,	1692	,,	A. Thomas,
1683	,,	A. Greenstreet,	3016	,,	T. Witham,
1696	,,	J. Hattrell,	1671	,,	E. A. Young.
1735	,,	C. Hickmott,			

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INVALIDS.

No. 2533	Cpl. G. Butcher,,	No. 3126	Pte. P. Reardon,
,, 1855	Pte. F J. Beaney	,, 2450	,, J. Reeves.
,, 2047	,, W. Clutton,	,, 2552	,, F. Rose,
,, 3350	,, F. J. Hopkins.	,, 2199	,, E. H. Sickle,
,, 2726	,, A. G. Jones,	,, 8	,, J. Smee,
,, 1620	,, A. Lindsay,	,, 2858	,, A. J. Stokes,
,, 2492	,, W. Maxwell,	,, 2420	,, J. Strood,
,, 270	,, H. Wood.		

The undermentioned (time expired) will embark for England on Troopship "Malabar," leaving Bombay on 10th November 1892 :—

No. 1749 Corporal W. Marsh,
,, 1908 Private F. Hunt,
,, 1748 ,, T. Carlton,
,, 1750 ,, A. G. Taylor,
,, 1761 ,, T. A. Rutland.

REGIMENTAL NAMES.

What is in a name ? Well not much, but the names of a battalion when sorted out contain some very curious specimens. We have published a few of them which we think are worthy of a page in the Dragon.

VARIOUS BUFF NAMES.

Birds, Animals, &c.		Color, Weather. &c.	
Fox,	Goose,	Black.	White,
Dove,	Pigeon,	Brown,	Gray,
Finch,	Goldfinch.	Green,	Light,
Swift,	Martin,	Winter,	Midwinter,
Eales,	Whale,	Frost,	Snow,
Bullock,	Hind,	North,	East,
Bull,	Bear,	West,	Raines,
Moth,	Sparrow,	May,	March.
Pointer,	Leach,		
Roach,	Salmon.		

Eatables, &c.		Clerical, Time, &c.	
Curry,	Rice,	Bishop,	Parson,
Bun,	Berry,	Priest,	Church,
Porter,	Beer,	Day,	Knight,
Veal,	Tarte,	Monday,	Weekes.
Butter,	Leek,		
Spice,			

Trades, &c.		Hardware, &c.	
Baker,	Butcher,	Lock,	Key,
Butler,	Cock,	Stone,	Steele,
Barber,	Clerk,	Cork,	Wood,
Shepherd,	Skinner,	Bell,	Ball,
Shoesmith,	Saddler,	Lever,	Winder,
Draper,	Page,	Staples,	Fyles,
Farrier,	Miller,	Pitcher,	Sand.
Dyer,	Tanner,	Sickell,	

Towns, &c.			
York,		Glasgow,	
Berry,		Newport,	
Osborne,		Worcester,	
Hamilton,		Strood,	
Kent,	Cornwall,		Devon.

Physical Geography, &c.			
Lake,	Rivers.	Fords,	Marsh,
Wells,	Bridges,	Gates,	Field,
Parks,	Hills,	Dales,	Hedges,
Shore,	Rhodes.	Reed,	Court,
Hall,	Woods,	Forrest,	

Peculiar.			
Long,	Short,	Rose,	Thorn,
Prince,	Earl, King,	Arms,	Hare,
Humble,	Meek,	Moody,	Joy,
Cross,	Savage,	Cash,	Money,
Comley,	Pretty,	Pluck,	Vertue,
Sharp,	Slender,	D'Aeth,	Dedman.
Burns,	Boyles,	Pharo,	
Hunt,	Chase,		
Slaughter,	Blood,		

Musketry.

Shooting Match, Sergeants The Buffs v. Howrah Volunteers.

As a return for the outing given to The Buffs' Sergeants last year, the Howrah Volunteers were invited to fire a friendly match with the Sergeants on Thursday the 20th inst., an invitation which was willingly accepted.

Having borrowed the Volunteers' range and a special train to take the party there, Color-Sergt. Andrews, with the aid of Sergt. Ward, who did the catering, arranged the day's proceedings.

From Howrah the whole party went by special train to Lillooah, where the Volunteer range is situated, and it seemed at first that a better day could not have been chosen, as the sky was sufficiently clouded to prevent the fierce glare of the sun making things unpleasant.

When the second distance, 500 yards, was reached, however, the rain, which had been threatening, came on and continued till the end of the match, consequently anything like good shooting could not be expected.

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The firing throughout was very even, the Sergeants leading by four points when they retired to the second distance, but in the end the Volunteers were victorious by 10 points. Color-Sergt. Andrews's score of 85 was the best, and, considering the conditions under which it was fired, was very creditable.

At the conclusion of the match the party retired to a tent, where a very pleasant two hours were spent, prior to starting on the homeward journey.

The Figure of Merit and Classification of "G" Company are as follows:—

Figure of Merit:

Individual Range Practices, 40·10
Field „ 55·15

Classification.

Marksmen	7	
1st Class Shots	18	
2nd „ „	42	
3rd „ „	9	

Total completed, 76

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with para. 174, Musketry Regulations, 1892,

Gold Guns as best marksman of Company.
No. 497 Color-Sergt. W. Watts, score 227.

Worsted Guns as Marksmen in Order of Merit.

No. 429 Sergeant J. Laing, score 195.
„ 1 Lce.-Sergt. G. Holmes „ 193.
„ 1832 Private T. Willmott, „ 185.
„ 1920 Lce.-Sergt. C. Crumby, „ 184.
„ 1470 Private J. Crowson, „ 183.
„ 3852 Lce.-Corpl. J. Allen, „ 179

Figure of Merit of "G" Company 1891.

Individual Range Practices, 38·84.
Field „ 43·34.

The Figure of Merit and Classification of "C" Company are as follows:—

Figure of Merit:

Individual Range Practices, 34·85.
Field „ 47·19.

Marksmen:

No. 1942 Pte. C. Nicholson, score 206.
(Gold Guns.)

No. 2587 Corporal J. Towers, score 192.
„ 1680 Private J. Leckie, „ 182.
(Worsted Guns.)

Figure of Merit of "C" Company 1891.

Individual Range Practices, 34·27.
Field „ 30·78.

CRICKET.

21ST. S. D. R. A. *versus* THE BUFFS.

The first Regimental match of the season was played in the Fort on the R. A. ground on Thursday the 27th inst., play commencing soon after 10 a.m. The Buffs' captain having won the toss selected to bat. In the 1st innings the Gunners were defeated, the bowling of Wickens and McCalla being very effective. The 2nd innings started and Dunham for the Buffs put together 21 with some very careful play; rain now came down pretty freely when Templeton and Manville were batting, the former running up 12 in quick time. Rain still continuing, it was decided to bring the game to a close, thus the match resulted in favor of The Buffs, the R. A. being beaten in the first innings. The scoring was as follows.

Buffs 1st Innings.		1st Innings 21st S. D. R. A.	
Capt. Dauglish c Wickens b Walsh	0	Gnr. Rogers b McCalla	9
Lieut. Cumber b Kennedy	16	„ Newington b Wickens	1
Pte. McCalla c Gadd b Rogers	8	Lieut. Kennedy b McCalla	0
Lieut. Eaton b Walsh	8	Br. Pennicott b Wickens	0
Pte. Wickens b Walsh	6	Gnr. Gadd b Wickens	4
Pte. Templeton c Wickens b Walsh	15	„ Rankin b Wickens	2
Q. M. Sergt. Nicholas b Walsh	0	Cpl. Jenkins b McCalla	0
Lc.-Corpl. Manville b Walsh	3	Br. Tapp c Wickens b McCalla	3
Pte. Dunham not out	8	Gnr. Wickens b McCalla	4
Lieut. Trevor c Pennicott b Rogers	0	„ Walsh c McCalla b Wickens	4
„ Pearson b Rogers	1	„ Trent not out	5
Extras	1	Extras	6
Total	66	Total	38

2nd Innings The Buffs.	
Pte Dunham b Pennicott	21
Capt. Dauglish b Rogers	1
Lieut. Cumber b Rogers	1
Pte. McCalla c Newington b Kennedy	19
Lieut. Eaton c Gadd b Pennicott	0
Pte. Wickens b Kennedy	4
„ Templeton not out	12
Lce.-Corpl. Manville not out	8
Extras	3
Total	69

Sergeants East Surrey Regiment *v.* "G" Company, The Buffs.

During the few days "G" Company were in Dum-Dum going through their Annual Course of Musketry, they played the above match on

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Thursday the 13th inst.

The first innings was a poor one on both sides. For "G" Company, Gear's bowling puzzled the Sergeants, and their wickets fell very quickly. In the second innings both teams made a better show, the batting of Lynch and Golder for "G" Company being very steady indeed. "G" Company played rather at a discount, with such good men as Q.M.S. Nicholas, Templeton and Lawrence away, nevertheless they secured a victory by 7 runs.

The scoring was as follows :—

Sergeants East Surrey Regiment. 1st Innings.		"G" Company, The Buffs. 1st Innings.	
Band Sergt. Hackney b Gear	7	Pte Gear b Wright	4
Sergt. Chapman b Gear	5	„ Golder b Wright	0
„ Jeffries b Gear	0	„ Lynch b Wright	5
Dr.-Major Wright b Allen	7	Lance-Corpl. Anderson b Hackney	8
Mr. Castleton b Allen c Anderson	0	„ Allen b Castleton	0
Sergt. Golding b Gear	0	Pte. Howse b Hackney	5
„ Brown b Gear	0	„ Newing b Wright	5
„ Mockford b Gear	2	„ Else b Hackney	5
„ Shard b Howse	0	„ Austin not out	0
„ Reeves b Gear	4	„ Hammond b Wright	3
„ Harris not out	2	„ Beaves b Wright	3
Extras	3	Extras	4
Total	30	Total	43

Sergeants East Surrey Regiment. 2nd Innings.		"G" Company, The Buffs. 2nd Innings.	
Sergt. Jeffries b Gear	8	Pte. Newing b Hackney c Wright	4
„ Mockford b and c Gear	4	„ Gear b Hackney run out	2
Dr.-Major Wright b Gear c Lynch	14	„ Lynch b and c Wright	23
Band Sergt. Hackney c Beaves	0	Lance-Corpl Allen b Wright	2
Sergt. Brown b Gear c Beaves	12	Pte Golder b Wright	16
„ Golding b Gear leg b wicket	20	„ Else b Golding	6
Mr. Castleton b Golder c Beaves	3	Lce-Cpl Anderson b Golding c Wright	7
Sergt. Sharp b Golder c Golder	10	Pte. Howse b Hackney	0
„ Chapman b Gear	4	„ Beaves b Wright	0
„ Harris b Gear leg b wicket	1	„ Austin not out	9
„ Reeves not out	2	„ Hammond b Wright c Castleton	3
Extras	6	Extras	6
Total	84		78

Darjeeling News.

The above heading is somewhat misleading, as the only news I can send is notices of departure, the whole place, especially the railway station, being for the last ten days in a state of packing up, people shouting for coolies, and all engaged in making great friends with the station master, to secure reserved seats for themselves.

Captain Lloyd's play of "Blue Beard" has died hard, its popularity lasting to the end. The takings exceeded Rs 4,000, a fact which speaks for itself, the expenses (which were about the same as the takings) would probably have not been so high if the ordering of the ladies' costumes, dresses, &c., had been left to a lady to arrange, no man, unless he is a second M. Worth, can do these things as well as a lady, and there were many in Darjeeling who would have probably been only too glad to have had their spare time employed.

There was a most enjoyable variety entertainment given at the Amusement Club on the 26th, proceedings beginning with a nigger troupe, Sergeant Eaton being very much to the fore. Mrs. Maturin's dancing, as usual, was a sight not to be missed, and a goodly sum was gleaned by Thomas Dodd.

Not having a card by my side I cannot give the names of the winners at the Athletic Sports held at Jalapahar on the 27th, on which occasion General Lance, C.B., and a goodly number of of the Darjeeling residents turned up. The Buffs seemed to do very well. Private Cooper, the Sailor Boy, winning the quarter mile from a large field, who seemed to have somewhat of a scramble in getting round the corners. The hurdle race showed Hasler 1st, Wilson 2nd, and Cooper 3rd; the former we hear has made quite a small fortune with his prizes, he having won several events at the shrubbery sports. In the tug of war, the team of gunners of the No. 6 M.B,R.A., simply walked away with the Depot team.

Friday, the 28th, was the last day that the Band played out at the Chowrasta, and everyone in the place turned out. Towards the end Mr. Birkhead was presented with a very handsome baton by Mrs. Maturin, who on behalf of the Darjeeling residents expressed the very great pleasure that all had experienced from hearing the Band, and the general regret felt at their departure. Mr. Birkhead's reply was drowned in "For he's a jolly good fellow," and great cheering. This is the 2nd baton that has been presented to him, the first having been given in the Straits Settlements, in 1887, and every one will agree he thoroughly deserves it. With the departure of the Band, and the general breaking up of the Depot, the different detachments starting to rejoin their corps from the 3rd November, the curtain may be drawn on one of the most successful seasons that Darjeeling has known for some time, and as far as we are concerned a long good bye must be said to Jalapahar, Darjeeling and the Puffing Billy train.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

A STORY is told of a celebrated German general, who was noted for his great kindness of heart. He was strolling in one of the public gardens in Berlin, and met a young cadet, who was walking along slowly, looking very distressed, and evidently searching for something on the ground. "What are you looking for?" inquired the general kindly. I've lost the locket off my watch chain sir," answered the lad, "and I valued it greatly, for it contained some of my father's hair." "Never mind," said the general; "I will help you to find it," and he began to hunt about for the lost treasure. A few moments' diligent search, and the general caught sight of the missing locket, and picking it up, handed it to the boy, who was so delighted at recovering his prize that he could scarcely find words to express his thanks; but when the general asked him what time it was, he blushed deeply, stammered, and had to admit that he did not possess a watch. "Come along with me, then," said the kind hearted soldier, and straight-way took the boy to one of the best watchmakers in Berlin, and, purchasing a watch, presented it to the greatly astonished cadet. "Accept this," he said, "for he who honours his parents deserves to be encouraged."

A quaint incident is narrated *apropos* of an inspection held by the famous General Hancock after the sanguinary battle of Chancellorsville:

"Captain Gleeson, of the Sixty-third New York, a typical Tipperaryman, six-feet-six in his stocking vamps, loomed up large beside a colour-sergeant, a pioneer, and a drummer-boy. 'Where's your company, cap'en?' demanded the General, hastily. 'There it is, sir,' answered Gleeson, with a vein of drollery in his voice. 'Where are the rest?' 'Killed off!' The General emitted a long, low whistle, and as he moved away was overheard to murmur 'Jee-rus-alem! a pick, a scarf, a giant, and a pair of drum-sticks."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Pop Quarts and Hythe Rifles, names that sound trifles,
You'll very soon find there's a good deal behind.

It belongs to the sea, when blown with a will
Its sound penetrates o'er valley and hill.

A place that Maxim guns had never seen before,
Till missionaries came and hammered at the door.

He worries alone, his last drawn breath
Is often gasped in awful death.

Its effect was far reaching, north, east, south and west,
Interpreters chiefly have come off the best.

The name of a river, the last from the school
Should know it once, or be called a young fool.

The Troubadors in olden times
Used this for verses or for rhymes.

SOLUTION TO ACROSTIC. IN SEPTEMBER'S DRAGON.

P i G.
O nl Y.
L oa M.
O K,
C oug H.
L a-di-d A.
U nio N.
B al A.

Singular Bill for Hanging and Boiling a Friar.

Account of the Hanging and Parboiling of Friar Stone, at Canterbury, 1539.

Paid for half a ton of timber, to make a pair of gallows for to hang him, 2s. 6d.; to a carpenter for making the same, 1s. 4d.; to a labourer that digged the holes, 3d.; other expenses of setting up the same, and carriage of the timber from the stable-gate to the dungeon, 1s.; for a hurdle 6d; for a load of wood, and for a horse to draw him, 2s. 3d.; paid for two men that sat at the kettle and parboiled him, 1s.; to three men that carried his quarters to the gates and set them up, 1s,; for halters to hang him, and sandwich cord and screws, 1s.; for a woman that scowered the kettle, 2d.; to his executioner, 2s. 8d.; total 13s. 8d.

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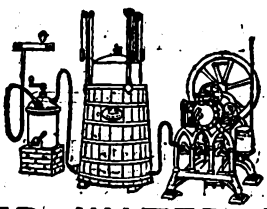

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Printed for the Editor at The Buffs' Press, Fort William, Calcutta.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 68 **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, November 30th, 1892.** Price As. 2

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ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

FREEMAN.—At Canterbury, on the 17th Oct., the wife of Colr.-Sergt. F. Freeman of a son.

TOZER.—At Jalapahar, on the 23rd inst., the wife of Sergt. Tozer of a daughter.

BLOOMFIELD.—At Calcutta, on the 23rd inst., the wife of No. 3308 Pte. Bloomfield of a daughter.
Violet Lydia.

Marriages.

JACKSON—BOOTHBY.—At St. Martin's, Canterbury, on the 25th Oct. Major Arthur Charles Jackson, The Buffs, to Louisa Jane daughter of the *late* Rev. E. Boothby.

BOVENZER—MOUNTFORD.—At Fordwich, on the 18th inst., Colour.-Sergt. Bovenzer, The Buffs, to Miss Mountford.

FOSTER—CRAYFORD.—At the Parish Church, Fordwich, on the 21st Oct., Sergt. F. W. Foster, The Buffs, to Mary Ann Crayford.

NOTES.

THIS month marks a new epoch for the Battalion, the Lee Metford Magazine Rifle having been issued to take the place of that good weapon the Martini, with which it has been armed since the year 1877. The Martini Henry, than which no better weapon existed, barring it's one fault, the recoil, which it must be allowed was rather excessive, will soon be a thing of the past as regards the British Army.

... ...

Nothing seems to have been left undone in making the ceremony of depositing our Old Colour in the Warriors' Chapel at Canterbury imposing and impressive to the highest degree. It was but fitting that their farewell oration should be made by Colonel Hobson, on the eve of his retirement from the Depot, and his speech, which we print in full, was one (and we cannot say more,) well worthy of the occasion.

... ...

At a meeting of the Officers held lately to decide as to whether a memorial should be erected or not to the memory of those in the Regiment who had died in Calcutta, it was thought that one memorial only, which would include all who had died during the stay of the Regiment in India, would be more appropriate than one, which would be only partly commemorative, and that the departure of the Regiment from this country would be the most fitting time.

... ...

The Army and Navy Gazette of the 15th Oct. notices the fact of our having lately had the four

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senior subalterns of the line; the promotion of Captain C. P. Lloyd reduced it to three, Lieuts. Williams, Bayard, and Booth. The Army and Navy Gazette has, however, overlooked another peculiarity, viz:—that the Regiment can boast of having in Lieut. A. R. Eustace the oldest subaltern in the Army, his contemporaries being mostly Majors. One more fact about the subalterns and we have done; a few months ago there were no less than 17 subalterns doing duty in the Regiment, and we doubt if this number has ever been exceeded.

... ...

Mr. Kapp is to be congratulated on the very excellent photographs he has taken for the Battalion during the last month, including a group of the Officers, another of the Sergeants, and one of the whole Battalion. For the last photograph every available man was on parade, and two splendid pictures were the result, in one the Battalion is in quarter column and in the other in column.

... ...

The annual cricket match, Officers *v.* Sergeants, was played off on Saturday, the 26th inst., and resulted in a win for the officers by 76 runs in the first innings. The details of this match, also the one between the Sergeants East Surrey and Sergeants The Buffs, we are compelled to hold over till next month, owing to want of space.

... ...

On the 23rd inst. the married families left for Jullundur under the command of Lieut. F. D. J. Annesley and medical charge of Assistant Apothecary T. W. Minty, and are by now enjoying the bracing cold of the Punjaub.

Mr. Minty is, by the way, a very old Buff, having been Hospital Assistant to the Battalion in Cawnpore in '78, and during our stay in Fort William he has made himself extremely popular with all ranks.

... .

We will pay 8 annas per copy for numbers 14 and 19 of the DRAGON.

... ...

On the evening of the 26th a very successful smoking concert was held in the Sergeants' Mess Room. This being the last "Smoker" that can be held in Calcutta, there was a large number of military and civilian friends present, in addition to Regimental and Staff Officers. With Sergt.-Major Featherstone in the chair, Quarter-Master Sergeant Nicholas as vice chairman, and Sergeant Clifton as leader of the choruses, an exceptionally good programme was performed.

The topical verses in Sergeant Tomlin's song "Luxuries" were capital, and "Faderland," sung as only Mr. Ferrell knows how to sing it, was extremely good, and had to be repeated twice.

One and all were delighted to see Mr. Hobbs presiding at the pianoforte again, after his long illness.

... ...

This year the Battalion will spend their Xmas under canvas, as we understand they move out to camp on the Maidan on or about the 22nd December.

... ...

The ties for the Regimental Cricket Challenge Shield which commences next month, December, will be no doubt keenly contested. The present holder "A" Company is the favourite.

The drawing for the ties is as follows:—

1st Round.

1 C *v.* H 3 E *v.* G
2 D *v.* F 4 A *v.* B

2nd Round.

X winners of 2 *v* winners of 4
Y " " 1 *v.* " " 3

Final.

Winners of X *v.* winners of Y.

... ...

The December number of The Dragon will be published about the 20th of the month so we shall be glad to have all contributions for our next issue as early as possible in the month.

... ...

Look out for the Xmas number of the Dragon, and book orders early.

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OBITUARY.

On the 15th October 1892, at 43 Grosvenor Road, Scarborough. Major General Francis Morley of Harrick Park, Richmond, York, aged 55 years.

A few hours after the issue of our last number, we received with deep regret the above announcement of the death of our old Colonel and friend Francis Morley. Taken with an apoplectic seizure on Saturday, the 8th Oct., he lingered in an unconscious state till the following Monday, when he breathed his last, the very day that the Old Colours, under which he had served so long, were being laid to rest in the Warriors' Chapel in Canterbury Cathedral.

A strict disciplinarian in ever sense of the word, yet kindly and considerate to those under him, he upheld whilst in command of the 1st Battn. from 10th Dec. 1877 to 10th Dec. 1882, the high state of efficiency which it had enjoyed under his predecessor, the late Colonel Talbot Cox, His heart was in the Regiment, and he earnestly strove to further its grand old reputation and name on all occasions. When the buff facings were taken from us in 1881 for some few years, he devoted much time, patience and energy to get an exemption made in our favour to no avail, the authorities of the day were inexorable—perhaps *trop de zële* militated against his efforts.

As Colonel of the Ashton under Lyne District, the members of the auxiliary forces were loud in his praise for the interest displayed in all matters connected with the Militia and Volunteer Corps under his command.

Somewhat eccentric in his private life, the humorous stories recounted of him would fill a fair sized folio. As an athlete he carried off the championship as a sprinter whilst at Gibraltar. An excellent rider, a good shot, shikar, when not professionally engaged, was his favourite pastime in India.

Joining the Buffs as Ensign in 1855, General Morley first saw service in the campaign of 1860 in China, and was present at the taking of Sinho and Tangku, and the inner Taku Fort. He commanded for some time the coolie corps, for these services he received the China medal and clasp. During the operations in the Malay Peninsula in 1875-76, for which operations the Battalion left the quarters it is now occupying, he took part in the attack on the camp at Qualla Kangsa, in the expedition against the village of Enggar, and commanded an independent force of The Buffs and 1st Goorkhas on the left bank of the Perak river, which captured a stockade, 2 guns and 2 war gongs; one of the latter now stands in the Officers' Mess. Medal with clasp.

He leaves a widow and two children to deplore his loss; they have the the deepest sympathy of his old comrades.

Sergt.-Major Featherstone has received the following letter from the Acting Sergt.-Major of the 1st Battn. East Lancashire Regt. and, although we are unable to accept their kind invitation as our Route does not take us through Lucknow, yet it shows an excellent feeling from our old opponents at Football.

Dear Sir,

I am writing these few lines, to ask you if you will let us have the pleasure of entertaining your Regiment on your arrival in Lucknow, I hear that you pass through this station. Our idea is for Sergeants to entertain Sergts.: Corporals the same; and of course the men will be dealt with in a similar manner. Hoping to hear from you soon and letting me know on what date you will arrive in Lucknow.

I remain
Yours sincerely
A. M. McAras S.-M.

The following is extracted from the Bradford Observer:—

Junius Brutus, who—if Professor Mommsen will pardon the assumption—put to death his own sons as traitors against the Commonwealth, has found a humble imitator in the person of a Kent county magistrate. Mr. Tylden-Pattenson is chairman of the Tenterden School Attendance Committee, and officially ordered in that capacity his own prosecution, having employed a boy under thirteen years of age. To make the parallel with Junius Brutus complete, Mr. Pattenson should also have officiated as magistrate and inflicted the penalty upon himself. But information on this point is wanting. All things considered, we are rather inclined to back Mr. Tylden Pattenson against the ancient Roman magistrate, as an example of civic virtue. It is true that there was no death penalty in the case, but only a money fine. But if the scale of the transaction is smaller, there are redeeming features which more than counterbalance that defect. To begin with, Mr. Tylden Pattenson is an actual entity of flesh and blood, and nobody can be quite sure that Junius Brutus was anything more than a product of Livy's highly-imaginative brain. Then again, Mr. Pattenson was virtuous at his own expense, and Junius Brutus was virtuous at the expense of his sons. That makes a considerable difference.

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Correspondence.

(To The Editor The Dragon.)

Dear Mr. Editor,

The following letter will be of interest to all our readers.

Dear Sir,

I was requested by Colonel Kelly when leaving England to visit the graves of the Old Buffs at Kwalla Kangsar on the first opportunity.

I was enabled to do the above commission on the 18th inst. when I was at Kwalla Kangsar on duty, and thinking that members of the 1st Battalion would like to know that their comrades' resting places were preserved, I therefore inform you of the matter. I am happy to say that I found the graves in good condition and fairly well kept, the names over the graves are in good order. The memorial has been erected just inside the gate and looks very well.

I had the honour of serving in the 2nd Battn. for over 5 years and have recently joined the Perak Sikhs.

Names of Old Buffs.

Lieut. & Adjutant Colvill.
Sergt. S. Julian,
Corpl. J. Clune,
Pte. E. Neal,
" W. Hobbs,
" R, Killinbeck.
" W. King.

I remain
Yours truly
A M D. Graham
2nd P. S

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor.

The Old Colours of your Battalion were deposited with great pomp and ceremony in the Warriors' Chapel of the Cathedral here on the 10th October, and having sent you a full account thereof by last mail, I need say nothing more about it now, except that I am sure Colonel Hobson must have felt it very much on that day, in taking part in placing at rest the Colours of a Battalion of the Regiment he was in a few days about to leave after a service therewith of 35 years.

Colonel W. F. Kerr joined here on 17th October, and took over command of the 3rd Regimental District.

55 Recruits were sent to the Home Battalion at Chatham on the 15th October.

No. 2293 Corpl. T. J. Ralph has been relieved at Depot by 3765 Corpl. W. Frazer. Color Sergt. A. Barton has been awarded a Hythe Certificate qualifying him for the appointment of Sergt. Instructor in Musketry.

Captain A. H, Tylden-Pattenson has taken over the duties of Adjutant of the 1st Volounteer Battalion, and Major F. Smith has proceeded on a month's leave of absence prior to joining the Home Battalion for duty.

No. 2357 Drummer W. Smith Permanent Staff 3rd Battn. has been posted to the Home Battn. for duty in the ranks.

Sergt. E. Turner Permanent Staff 3rd Battn. is now undergoing a course of instruction at the School of Musketry, Hythe, with a view to qualifying himself for the appointment of Sergt. Instructor in Musketry of his Battalion *vice* Hemsworth.

Sergt. T. Rye has extended his period of service to complete 12 years with the colours. The "Globe" states that as the Ashford Manoeuvres last summer were considered so successful, it is probable similar manoeuvres—though on a much larger scale—will be carried out next year and lasting a fortnight, in which upwards of 15,000 troops (Regulars, Militia and Volunteers) will take part.

At St. Martin's, Canterbury, on Tuesday afternoon 25th October 1892, by the Rev. Canon Routledge, assisted by the Rev. Gerald Jackson and the Rev. Leslie Goodwin, rector, Major Arthur Charles Jackson, The Buffs was married to Louisa Jane, second surviving daughter of the late Rev. Evelyn Boothby. rector of Whitwell, Derbyshire, and of Mrs. Evelyn Boothby, Barton Fields, Canterbury.

The relatives present were Mrs. E Boothby, Major R. E. Boothby, Miss Laura Boothby, Mr. Basil Tanfield Beridge Boothby, Miss Judith Boothby, the Rev. Gerald and Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Ellames, Miss Jackson, and the Rev. George Jackson. The following officers of The Buffs were present:—Colonel Kerr, commandant of the 3rd Regimental District; Capt. Tylden-Pattenson, and Capt. Maclachlan. Mr. W. A. Lochee acted as best man.

The bride who was given away by her eldest brother, Major R. E. Boothby, wore a travelling dress of pale tweed with buff cloth waistcoat embroidered with gold, and hat of buff cloth trimmed with tabac velvet and plumes. The mother of the bride was dressed in grey brocade. The bride carried a bouquet of white flowers and orange blossoms, tied with streamers of "The Buffs" regimental colours. The other ladies carried posies, also presented by the bridegroom.

The 2nd Battn. have received orders to embark at Chatham on 19th December for conveyance to Dublin, from whence they will proceed by rail to Athlone there to be quartered.

No. 794 Pte W. Lock who deserted from Dum-Dum on the 18th April 1890, surrendered himself to the Civil Power in London on 29th October, and is now at Depot awaiting disposal.

Sergeant Major Cook arrived at Portsmouth on 2nd Nov. 1892, disembarked and joined here on 3rd idem.

Yours faithfully,
"Old Buff."

OLD BUFFS DECEASED.

Sergt. Henry Healy died at Glasgow on 16th September 1892, aged 58 years. Admitted to pension of 1s. per diem, after 21 year's service. Menals—Crimean & Turkish, China and Good Conduct.

Pte. William Day, died in the Union at Lincoln on 14th October 1892. Aged 58 years. Admitted to pension of 1s. per diem, after 21 years' service, March 1877. Served in the Crimea and China. Medals—China.

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OUR HOME BATTALION.

(To the Editor of the Dragon.)

Sir,

I propose to ask you once more to grant a little of your space in which to chronicle the doings of the Home Battalion.

The most important event of the last month was, no doubt, the depositing your Old Colours in Canterbury Cathedral. It is out of my province to describe the ceremony as no doubt you have heard all about it from your Depôt correspondent. I enclose however a correct account reprinted from the local paper in case you have not seen it.

The London daily papers published a very garbled and rather amusing description of the ceremony. The Kentish Gazette has, however, now got it fairly accurately. I have only to add that the guard of honour was very creditably turned out and was extremely steady under arms, and it was really no joke standing so long at "Shun." I am pretty sure that more than one of us wished that the excellent Dean was in the habit of spurring a little more over his prayers, for we had to remain at the "shoulder" all the time as a mark of reverence, as of course we did not take our hats off.

Your Depot correspondent will no doubt be too modest to do proper justice to the profuse and splendid hospitality shown to the escort Band, Drums and Officers from Chatham after the Colours were deposited. I think we would all be quite willing to stand at the "Shoulder" again, as long as the Dean likes, if thereby we could earn such another dinner.

The Officers were entertained at lunch on which occasion several excellent speeches were delivered. Capt, Blackburn in returning thanks for the 1st Battalion gave expression to the sentiment of all by remarking that there were no such things as first and second Battalions except for duty purposes.

I have said that the function above alluded to was the most important of the previous month. I think it was to the Regiment as a whole, but by no means so to certain individuals in it. Two old soldiers who have for many years served wherever the colours of the second Battalion have been unfurled, have attended in church this month the most important ceremony of their lives. I am sure your first Battalion readers will join with their comrades here in wishing long life, happiness and success to Majors Jackson and Gordon, and a welcome to The Buffs to the ladies of their choice. We expect very shortly to express similar good wishes and hearty congratulations to Sergt.-Drummer Bisley and to Sergts. O'Malley and Matthews who will shortly follow the admirable example of their superior Officers.

While on the subject of people joining The Buffs, I would refer to the delight manifested by all ranks in this Battalion, delight which is, I am sure, reciprocated in the 'First' that our old comrade and Commanding Officer has rejoined us so to speak.

Hurrah! Colonel Kerr has got the Depot.

Fifty-six excellent young fellows from Canterbury have arrived, a draft of real good men, including a famous cricket and football player, Pte Garside; good Head Quarter recruits too are dropping in and it really seems as if the better sort of the lads of Kent are beginning to see the inestimable advantages of joining The Buffs.

Another addition to our strength comes in the form of twin sons born to Sergt. Naish on the 20th inst.

Alas! it is the way with regiments. It always happens that while we smile and congratulate ourselves on desirable additions to our corps, we have on the other hand to mourn the departure of our bravest and best; Second Lieut. Johnstone, an accomplished musician and artist, is now on sick leave, and there is danger of his never being sufficiently well to rejoin us.

Sergt.-Master Tailor Bradley has gone, being relieved by Sergt. Palmer 2nd West India Regt. Sergt. Bradley was most popular with his brother N.C. Officers and, though there are more like him, no mess likes to lose a good sportsman, a pleasant friend and a crack rifle shot. Sergt. Snashall who has gone to the Reserve is a great loss to the Battalion. He too was an excellent rifle shot and a fine stalwart, well looking man. He was assistant-instructor in Army Signalling for the last five years and was most painstaking and successful in his job, the result of the recent examination in signalling being considered "Very High" Sergt. Snashall is relieved by Corpl. Jones.

Privates Cameron, Weeks and George Batt have followed Sergt. Snashall's bad example; may they be happy and fortunate in civil life.

We dont quite know when we leave for Athlone, we are under orders to hold ourselves in readiness to move in the middle of December. I have heard the 20th mentioned as a likely date,

Our last batch of recruits 70 in number, should go to Shornecliffe to-day, to finish the course of musketry for the year.

I don't know when we shall ever fire again, for we hear that Ireland is even worse provided with ranges available for the Lee-Metford than England is, so that "G" Company seem to have a chance of marching for ever at the Head of the Regiment, as its pride of place as best shooting company can't be challenged if there are no ranges.

I mentioned in my last letter how we missed the old rifle matches we were so fond of. Since writing we resuscitated the old annual match between officers and sergeants, We may have been taking a retrograde step in firing with the Martini rifle, and our scores were certainly very far from good (as it is not easy to make brilliant shooting when you change weapons for a match) but we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves at Gravesend on the 30th September.

Below is our poor score:—

OFFICERS V. SERGEANTS.

Officers	200	500	600	Total.
Major Moody	22	24	24	70
Capt. Coles	26	9	18	53
Major Backhouse	28	22	18	68
Lieut. Virtue	29	27	18	74
,, Geddes	29	23	15	67
,, Bainbridge	18	25	13	56
,, Price	26	31	27	84
,, Boon	24	30	26	80
				552

SERGEANTS.

Sgt.-Major Aherne	24	27	8	59
Colr.-Sergt. Coulby	27	12	16	55
Sergt. Bradley	28	21	17	66
Q.M.S. Slattery	27	25	20	72
Sergt. Snashall	28	27	25	80
,, Reynolds	27	19	19	65

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„ Brush	29	20	21	70
„ Colr.-Sergt. Ellis	28	19	23	70
				537

Football is of course the game of games at this time of the year. We are fortunate at Chatham in having a good ground and the Battalion is certainly improving this year. A football shield given by the officers for Company competitions seems to have answered its purpose in giving a fillip to the sport.

The following are some of the matches recently played.

The Buffs.—2nd Battn. *v.* The Depot—Won by the Depot, six goals to three. Mr. Colley's magnificent play was certainly one of the chief causes of the result.

The Buffs *v.* H. M's S. Pembroke.—A good and well contested game resulted in a win for the Regiment, five goals to two. This was the first match in which Pte. Garside played for the Battalion.

The Buffs *v.* Depot Royal West Kent Regt.—A very jolly well contested and friendly game, won by The Buffs who made the only goal. The match was played at Maidstone and the visitors were most hospitably entertained. The West Kent are good fellows and have always proved excellent neighbours to The Buffs. There is a rumour that we are to have a common depot some day. We could not be chummed upon a better lot.

A match which had been arranged between the Battalion and the Officers Royal Engineers has had to be postponed owing to the very sudden death of one of the opposing team, but yesterday the return match between the Battalion and the Depot came off at Canterbury, the Battalion turning the tables this time and winning by seven goals to four.

I must close this long letter now for I really don't know how much of your space I ought to ask you to give me. We read the paper with great interest here as you will note from the number of those who now subscribe to The Dragon, and that the simple record of our doings at home may prove as interesting to the 1st Battn. as their daily history is to us, is the sincere hope.

of Your obedient servant,
"Secundus."

Shooting Competition.

THE Cup kindly presented by Mrs. Harley for the above was fired for on the 14th inst. at the Bullygunge Rifle Range which had been kindly lent for the occasion by Colonel Chatterton and Officers of the Calcutta Volunteers. The match was fired with the new Lee Metford Rifle, and after an exciting contest was won by Capt. P. F. Brine, the credit of "G" Company being well upheld by its Captain, and both of the Subalterns Mr. Pearson and Mr. Trevor. Nineteen Officers (all who could possibly attend) competed, and considering that it was the first time that the Officers had fired with the new rifle, the shooting on the whole was good, Capt. Brine's score being excellent and well deserving of the very handsome prize. Appended is the score of the first six in the order of merit—want of space precluding the other scores being mentioned.

SCORE.

7 shots and 2 sighting shots at each distance.

		200	500	600	Total.
1	Captain Brine	31	29	28	88
2	Lieut. Pearson	29	28	24	81
3	Captain Lloyd	26	22	29	77
4	Lieut, Dyne	22	25	25	72
5	Captain Holme	19	25	27	71
6	2nd Lieut. Trevor	20	28	22	70

POLO MATCH.

The Buffs *v* Calcutta Polo Club.

This, the opening match of the Polo season, and the first game played on the new ground, took place on Saturday the 12th inst. and resulted after a capital game in favour of The Buffs by two goals to one. Both teams were short of their full strength, Captain Philips and Mr. Parry on the one hand, and the Maharajah of Cooch Behar on the other, being absent. The play of the Calcutta team was very loose, the fatal mistake of trying to take the ball round, instead of straight hitting up and down being especially noticeable, on the other hand the hitting of Lieuts. Tarte and Dyne for The Buffs was especially good, their No. 3 Lieut. Annesley was generally found in the right place, and if it had not been for the good defensive play of Mr. West at back, the score against Calcutta would undoubtedly have been larger. The game began soon after 4-30, and after some even play was taken down to the Calcutta end where it remained some little time, till their goal line was well relieved by West, and the ball was carried on by Rawlinson, who was however dispossessed, and the ball taken into neutral territory; even play followed, the ball being kept well on the move, but so well did the respective backs defend their lines, that at call of time, nothing was scored.

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The 2nd quarter began with some good combined play on the part of Dyne and Annesley, and the ball was taken into touch in the Calcutta 25; being hit out Dyne got possession and by some clever play secured the 1st goal for The Buffs.

After the hit out by West, some rather tame play followed, the play at this period being somewhat sticky. Some long drives of Tarte's carried the ball into Calcutta's 25, where out of a scrummage near the goal, the 2nd goal was hit for The Buffs. The 3rd quarter began very well for The Buffs, as playing with great determination they kept the ball well in the Calcutta 25, but here some good hits by West and Graham relieved all danger, and The Buff's goal was for the first time seriously threatened, and in spite of Lieut. Tarte, Calcutta secured their first goal. On hitting out the ball was kept in centre of ground, where it remained till call of time.

Score: 2 to 1 in favour of The Buffs.

The Widow at Windsor.

'Ave you 'eard o'the Widow at Windsor,
With a hairy gold crown on'er 'ead,
She has ships on the foam, she 'as millions at 'ome,
An' she pays us poor beggars in red,
There's er' nick on the cavalry 'orses,
There's 'er mark on the medical stores,
An 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind be'ind,
That takes us to various wars.

Then ere's to the Widow at Windsor,
An' ere's to the stores and the guns,
The men an'the 'orses what makes up the forces,
O' Missis Victorier's sons.

Walk wide o'the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf the Creation she owns,
We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the flame,
An' we've salted it down with our bones.
Hands off o'th sons of the Widow,
Hands off o'th goods in her shop,
For Kings must come down, an' the Emperors frown
When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop"!

Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the Widow,
From the Pole to the Tropic it runs,
To the Lodge that we tile with the rank and the file,
An' open in form with the guns,

We 'ave 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor,
It's safest to let her alone,
For 'er sentries we stand by the sea and the land,
Where ever the bugles are blown,
Take 'old o' the wings o' the Mornin'
An flop round the earth till you're dead,
But you wont get away from the tune that they play,
To the blooming old rag over 'ead.

Then 'ere's to the sons of the Widow,
Wherever 'owever they roam,
'Ere's all they desire and if they require,
A speedy return to their 'ome.

"Rudyard Kipling."

THE RETIREMENT OF THE REV. J. G. BRINE.

On Monday evening last, the parishioners of Lower Hardres assembled in the school-room for the purpose of presenting the Rev. J. G. and Mrs. Brine with a splendid solid silver tea and coffee service as a token of their esteem and gratitude for the many kindnesses and sympathy experienced at their hands. The presents bore the following inscription:—"Presented by the parishioners of Lower Hardres, to the Rev. J. G. and Mrs. Brine in remembrance of the many years they spent in their midst. October 10th 1892." The presentation was made by Mr. C. Maxted, who referred to the unfailing kindness, courtesy, and sympathy of the Rev. gentleman and Mrs. Brine towards all classes of the parishioners. He had, on behalf of the subscribers, to express his sincerest regret at their departure from amongst them, and to ask their acceptance of the presents as a mark of their love and gratitude. Reference was also made by Mr. Collard (Nackington) to the kindly courtesy, sympathy, and genial affability of the Rev. gentleman, and to the respect in which he was held among all classes. The Rev. J. G. Brine, on behalf of himself and Mrs. Brine, thanked them very much for this mark of their confidence and esteem, and regretted that through ill-health he was compelled to resign his charge of the parish where for 18 years he had laboured amongst them. He would always treasure this gift, and trusted to hand it down to his children as an heirloom. *Kentish Gazette and Canterbury Press.*

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Interesting Military Ceremony

At Canterbury Cathedral.

The Buffs' Colours deposited in the Warriors' Chapel.

A CEREMONIAL of more than ordinary interest took place at Canterbury Cathedral on Monday morning the war-worn Colours of the 1st Battn. of the East Kent Regiment (The Buffs), being accepted by the Dean and Chapter and deposited in the Warriors' Chapel at the close of a most impressive service. The announcements of the impending event which have appeared in recent issues of this journal had aroused considerable interest. Inside the Cathedral the space allotted to the public was naturally limited, the whole of the central aisle of the nave being required for the representatives of the gallant regiment to which the relics belonged. A small amount of sitting accommodation was, however, provided between the pillars, and the side aisles were for the most part thrown open to the public.

The service was arranged to commence at half past eleven o'clock, and as the time drew near, the approaches to the Cathedral became thronged with spectators. Passage way was, however, kept clear for The Buffs by a large contingent of Cavalry troops, whose services had been kindly offered by their Commandant., Colonel the Hon. W. J. Stewart. There was, therefore, an entire absence of confusion when the troops from the Depot at Canterbury, together with an escort from the 2nd Battalion at Chatham, with the Colours, commanded by Major Moody, and the band, under the direction of Mr. Kelly, arrived. The great Western door of the Cathedral—only used upon occasions of note—was thrown open as the military approached, and the representatives of the regiment marched unchecked with bayonets fixed and band playing "The March of the Veteran" into the noble building. Lord William Seymour, Commandant of the South Eastern District was present, and the other Officers in attendance included Lieut.-General Mark Walker, V.C., C,B., Lieut.-General Sir Charles Pearson, G.C. M.G., Col. Sir Herbert Perrott, Bart., Colonel Hobson, Commanding the 3rd Regimental District; Colonel Stewart, Commanding the Cavalry Depot; Colonel Onslow, Colonel Kelly, Major Ridley, Major Gordon, Major Jackson, Major Backhouse, Adjutant Smith, Captain Coles, Capt. Knight, Capt. Colley, Lieut. Finch-Hatton, and other officers past and present.

Soon after the arrival of the military, the Dean of Canterbury, the Bishop of Dover, the Archdeacon of Maidstone, and other members of the Cathedral Chapter, with the layclerks and choristers, appeared in surpliced procession and took up a position on the steps leading to the choir. Lieutenants Williams and D'Aeth, bearing the tattered colours, were standing in the foreground of the troops, at the foot of the steps, together with the escort, with which were the following officers: Captain Blackburn, and Lieutenants Vickerman and Geddes. The service opened with the singing of "Lord of all power and might,"—a hymn of thanksgiving for victory and safe return from war. Nothing more appropriate could be imagined than the song of the assembled multitude,—

Grateful, we bring from lands afar,
Torn, shattered, but unstained,
Banners Thy servant blessed,
Ere the stern conflict came;
Lord let their fragments over rest,
Where dwells Thy holy Name.

A series of solemn responses and prayers for the Queen and country followed, during which time the Buffs shouldered arms and the colour bearers knelt. Then followed a highly effective feature of the proceedings, the band which was stationed in the south transept, playing the composition invariably associated with the trooping of the colours—"Maid of Athens" also the regimental "Quick March."

The Dean of Canterbury then addressed the officers and men. The interesting occasion for which they were assembled, he said, typified the course of all of us. After a life, it might be, of struggle, we at last came to the House of Peace, and he would pray that, though like the colours in front of him, we may come torn and shattered, yet may we be unstained. It might be asked why they who were the ministers of the Prince of Peace took so much interest in that military proceeding. They recognised in them the greatest force for peace that there is in our land. It was through them that this country of ours had

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not been trampled under the feet of any foreign enemy since the days of King John,and it was to them that the *pax Britannica* prevailed, and that everywhere where the British army was present, it carried with it peace and tranquillity and justice to the vast mass of the people who are the subjects of our Queen, and who knew that the British army always struggled for right and against oppression. It was through the help of the army that the peaceful people of this country could carry on their avocations and serve God and do his work in peace, and therefore they (the clergy) gratefully recognised the services of the army, and hoped and prayed that everywhere the colours of each regiment may still be not only unstained, but covered with laurels, for struggling for right and for justice.

Colonel Hobson next delivered the following address :—"I have been asked by my friend the Dean to say a few words to you on this occasion. It gives me much pleasure to see the familiar faces of old comrades of all ranks assembled here, and to be associated with a ceremony like the present in our time-honoured Cathedral of Canterbury. I well remember when the 1st Battn. received these colours in 1863, and now after an uninterrupted career of 35 years in the regiment, and on the eve of leaving it,it seems appropriate, though to me a little melancholy, that I should be the one to pronounce, as it were, their funeral oration. Some of you young soldiers may not know that the regiment, you have the honour to belong to, was formed more than 300 years ago, and is consequently the oldest in the British army ; since then it has won honour and renown in every part of the world, and the Colours we are this day appropriately laying to rest in the Warriors' Chapel of Canterbury Cathedral, represent as glorious a record as those of any regiment in the Army. The earliest existence of the regiment as a trained and disciplined body dates from the movement set on foot in this country, at the end of the 16th Century, to assist the cause of civil and religious liberty in the Netherlands, and it was called for many years the Holland Regiment. The Dragon, which is on the Colours, and which you all wear on your caps, is the crest of the City of London from whose trained bands we were formed in 1572 ; the Regimental March, so familiar to you, was given us at this time by Queen Elizabeth. Our distinction, as being the only Regiment allowed to wear buff facings, is a relic of the time when our dress was entirely buff, and is a distinction to be jealously guarded by future generations of the regiment. It would take too long to enumerate the services of the regiment since that time on the continents of both Europe and America, its proud record of the Peninsula, and, as we approach nearer to our own day, the part it bore in the Crimean war; but there are two campaigns on its record of achievements I would particularly call your attention to, as having been taken part in by the regiment since these colours were presented, and which are already mournfully and honourably associated with this Cathedral by a monument in memory of old comrades who perished in them. I refer to the Perak and Zulu wars. There is also an honoured name, commemorated here, which must be mentioned in association with these Colours, though it may only be a name to some of you, it is that of Colonel Talbot Ashley Cox.

The few words I have still to say I want you young soldiers especially to listen to and take to heart. The colours of a regiment are symbolical of what ought to be the watchword of an army, namely, duty. The Queen's Colour duty to your Queen and your country, the Regimental Colour, duty towards the regiment. In these days the material side of the profession of arms is much insisted on, but I tell you that an army without something higher than that, however well cared for in other respects, is a bad army, and that where thoughtfulness and care for the good name of the regiment as a whole is sacrificed to selfish individual advancement, that the regiment as a whole will suffer. The spirit which animated the regiments who placed those names we are so proud of to-day on those colours, was duty first, self afterwards, and it will be a bad day for the British army if that spirit is ever allowed to depart from it. In saying " Good bye " to you all as I am leaving in a few days, I cannot help hoping that perhaps some of you, now boys, may in future years, as men, in times of difficulty and danger, look back upon the solemn ceremony you have taken part in to-day, and that its remembrance may help you to emulate the deeds of those generations of loyal and unselfish men who have gone before you, remembering that there is no position in the army, however humble, where

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you may not be called upon to sustain the good name of your regiment, and to add your contribution, however small, to the success of your country in the great game of war.

The Dean then formally notified the acceptance of the Colours by the Cathedral body, and promised that they should have due care taken of them.

Balfe's "When other lips" was performed by the band, when the relics were being deposited in the Warriors' Chapel. They are to occupy a position on the right of the magnificent window erected there to the memory of the Crimean heroes of the regiment, the left side being already hung with colours deposited there about 25 years ago. A solemn benediction by the Dean was followed by performances of "Auld lang syne" and "The National Anthem," fittingly closing a service both grand and beautiful in its conception and carrying out, which will live long in the memories of those who were privileged to witness it.

In celebration of the ceremony of the day Monday was observed as a holiday at The Buffs, Depot, and extra rations were provided for the non-commissioned officers and men. The festivities were brought to a most successful termination by a dance, given by the staff sergeants and sergeants of The Depot and 3rd Battalion, in the Gymnasium.

Invitations had been sent to many of the citizens of Canterbury, of whom several attended, and amongst the guests we noticed Colonel and Mrs. Hobson, Colonel the Hon. W. J. Stewart, Colonel Halahan, Colonel Tyler, Colonel and Mrs. Reeves, Major Gordon, Capt. and Mrs. Porter and party, Captain Blackburn, Mr. D'Aeth. and the Rev. W. C. Parr, thus showing the kindly interest taken by the officers in the welfare and amusement of their men.

The room was neatly, but effectively, decorated with flags, bannerets. etc., kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. George Johnson, the work being carried out by Colour-Sergeant Bovenzer and Sergeants Hobson and Rye.

The band of the 3rd Battalion, under the *bâton* of Sergeant Drummer W. J. Smith, added very much to the enjoyment of the evening by admirably discoursing capital selections of dance music, and with a well-prepared floor and a bountiful and excellent supply of refreshments from Mrs. Gaywood's Restaurant, nothing was wanting to make a happy and enjoyable evening for the followers of Terpsichore, and, as is usual with the entertainments given by "The Buffs," one and all expressed themselves highly pleased.

The Entertainment Committee consisted of Regimental Quarter-Master Sergeant H. F. Finn (President), Sergt.-Major J. Bennell, Colr.-Sergt. C. Stroud, Sergeant W. Hobson, Colr.-Sergt. F. Bovenzer (M.C.), and Sergeant T. Rye (M.C.). Great credit is due for the admirable arrangements made and carried out by them.

Kentish Gazette and Canterbury Press.

It is not given to many officers to serve in the same Regiment for 35 years without a break, as Colonel Hobson claimed to have done when he addressed an assemblage in Canterbury Cathedral on Monday last. There was something very appropriate in his addressing the young soldiers of the Buffs on the occasion of their old colours being handed over to the Dean and Chapter for safe keeping, and his advice on duty should be repeated far and wide throughout the service. Duty he said, should be the watchword of every soldier, and they should remember that there was no position in the army, however humble, in which they might not be called upon to sustain the credit and honour of their regiment. Colonel Hobson's words were worthy of the famous regiment to which they were spoken, and were a fitting sequel to those of the Dean, who recognised in the British Army a preserver of the peace and a defender of the right. Among the old soldiers present to witness the ceremony was Colonel Cox, of Eastry, who as an ensign in the Buffs carried one of the former Colours at Sebastopol. *Kentish Herald.*

An interesting marriage took place on Tuesday afternoon, 18th October 1892, the contracting parties being Colour Sergeant F. Bovenzer, The Buffs, E.K.R. and Miss Mountford, daughter of the respected landlady of the Fordwich Arms.

The church was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens, the altar being beautified by a cross of flowers. Notwithstanding weather of the most inclement character, the event was not allowed to pass without many evidences of

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good wishes on the part of the village folk. The ceremony was arranged to commence at two o'clock, and sometime previously the church was crowded. The Rev. E. Brailsford, rector of Fordwich, officiated. The hymn, "The voice that breathed o'er Eden" was sung. The bride was very prettily attired, and was attended by four bridesmaids, who carried bouquets. The flowers were supplied by Mr. E. Kennett, Fordwich Nursery.

THE COMMAND OF THE 3RD REGIMENTAL DISTRICT.

A thorough English gentleman, a brave soldier, and an officer full of consideration and sympathy for those under his command, the retirement on the 17th inst. of Colonel F. T. Hobson from the Commandantcy of the 3rd Regimental District will be the subject of sincere regret among all ranks of the service in Canterbury garrison. The thoughtful kindly attention of Mrs. Hobson will be keenly missed in many a soldier's family. Both have faithfully and worthily fulfilled the duties of their station, and the best wishes of all will follow them in their retirement. An outline of the career of the gallant Colonel will not be inappropriate. Born on the 29th March, 1840, Colonel Hobson entered the 3rd Foot on the 30th October, 1857, as Ensign. He obtained his Lieutenancy on the 30th September, 1859, was promoted Captain on the 29th June, 1866, and Major 10th March, 1878. On the 1st July, 1881, he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the East Kent Regiment (which name the 3rd Foot afterwards took) and was made a Colonel of the Army on the 1st July, 1885. He was placed on half-pay on the 1st July, 1885, but three months later succeeded to the appointment of Commandant of the 3rd Regimental District. Colonel Hobson has seen considerable service with his distinguished regiment, taking part in the China war of 1860. He was present at the action of Sinko, the capture of Tangku and that of Taku Forts, for which he received the medal with clasp.

During his tenure of the office from which he retires on Monday, Colonel Hobson has made himself extremely popular among the officers and men under his command. He took a great interest in the instruction and training of the recruits and was always ready to do whatever lay in his power for the advancement of members of the corps. He has served the whole of his time with the Buffs and his removal will be deeply regretted by all who have come under his command. Since the retirement of Colonel Russell from the command of the Canterbury Garrison, Colonel Hobson as senior Colonel, has been in command of the Garrison, and on Tuesday evening he was entertained by the officers of the Cavalry Depôt.

On Thursday evening Colonel Hobson was entertained to a farewell dinner by the officers of the Buff's Depôt.

Colonel W. F. Kerr, the new Commandant of the 3rd Regimental District, is not unknown to Canterbury, as he did duty as a Major with the Regimental Depôt the Buffs from the 1st April 1883, to 9th May, 1885. Born on the 1st November, 1838, the gallant Colonel entered the 3rd Foot as an Ensign on the 23rd March, 1858. His career in the Army is as follows :—Lieutenant, 25th February, 1862; Captain, 16th May, 1868; Major (East Kent Regiment), 1st July, 1881; Lieutenant-Colonel, 10th December, 1886, and Colonel, 11th December, 1890. He served in the Perak Expedition of 1875-6, for which he received the medal and clasp.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regimental Papers :—

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.
The Queen's Own Gazette.—Royal W. K. Regt.
The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn, Leinster Regt.
The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers
The Lilywhite's Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lanc. Regt.
The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.
The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment
1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E.S. Regt.
The Army Service Corps' Journal.
I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.
Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.

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1st Battalion The Buffs.

The Battalion will be at these places on the dates named.

DATE	DAY.	PLACE.	Remarks {P.O. Post Office. T.O. Telegraph Office R.S. Railway Station}	DATE.	DAY,	PLACE.	Remarks {P.O. Post Office T.O. Telegraph Office R.S. Railway Station}
1892.				1892.			
Decr. 29	Thursday	Muddapore ...	P,O. T.O. R.S.	Jany. 30	Monday ...	Akrabad ...	P.O. T.O.
„ 30	Friday ...	Dinapore ...	P.O. T.O.	„ 30	Tuesday ...	Allyghur ...	P.O, T.O, R.S.
„ 31	Saturday...	Allahabad ...	P.O. T.O.	„ 31	Wednesday	Somma ...	P.O. T.O. R.S.
1893.				Feby. 1	Thursday ...	Khurja ...	P.O. T.O. R.S.
Jany. 1	Sunday ...	Halt.		„ 2	Friday ...	Bhoor near Boolandshur	P.O,
„ 2	Monday ...	Mooftee-ke-Purwah		„ 3	Saturday ...	Secundrabad ...	P.O. T.O.
„ 3	Tuesday ...	Koho ...		„ 4	Sunday ...	Halt	
„ 3	Wednesday	Sainee ...	P.O.	„ 5	Monday ...	Dadree ...	P.O. T.O. R.S.
„ 5	Thursday	Kutonghun ...		„ 6	Tuesday ...	Ghaziabad ...	P.O. T.O. R.S.
„ 6	Friday ...	Jhurraion ...	P.O, T.O. R.S.	„ 7	Wednesday	Delhi ...	P.O, T.O. R.S.
„ 7	Saturday...	Fattehpur ...		„ 8	Thursday ...	Alipur ...	P.O.
„ 8	Sunday ...	Halt		„ 9	Friday ...	Race ...	P.O.
„ 9	Monday ...	Mulwa ...	P.O.	„ 10	Saturday ...	Lursowlee ...	P.O.
„ 10	Tuesday ...	Aong ...		„ 11	Sunday ...	Halt	
„ 11	Wednesday	Maharajpur ...	P.O.	„ 12	Monday ...	Somalha ...	
„ 12	Thursday	Cawnpore ...	P.O. T.O. R.S.	„ 13	Tuesday ...	Paneeput ...	P.O.
„ 13	Friday ...	Kallainpur ...	P.O. T,O. R.S.	„ 14	Wednesday	Ghuroienda ...	P.O.
„ 14	Saturday ...	Chowbepur ...	P.O. T.O. R.S.	„ 16	Thursday ...	Kurnaul ...	P.O. T.O.
„ 15	Sunday ...	Halt		„ 17	Friday ...	Bultana ...	
„ 16	Monday ...	Pura ...	P.O, T.O. R.S.	„ 18	Saturday ...	Peeplee ...	P.O.
„ 17	Tuesday ...	Urwul ...	P.O. T.O, R,S.	„ 19	Sunday ...	Halt	
„ 18	Wednesday	Meeran-ke-Serai ...	P.O. T.O. R.S.	„ 20	Monday ...	Shahabad ...	
„ 19	Thursday	Gurshaigunj ...	P,O. T.O. R.S.	„ 21	Tuesday ...	Umballa ...	P.O. T.O. R.S.
„ 20	Friday ...	Chubramow ...	P.O.	„ 22	Wednesday	Mogul-ke-Serai	
„ 21	Saturday ...	Bewar ...	P.O.	„ 23	Thursday ...	Ugharia ...	
„ 22	Sunday ...	Halt		„ 24	Friday ...	Bara ...	
„ 23	Monday ...	Sultangunj ...	P.O.	„ 25	Saturday ...	Khuna-ke-Serai	P.O. T.O. R.S
„ 24	Tuesday ...	Karowli ...	P.O.	„ 26	Sunday ...	Halt	
„ 25	Wednesday	Mallaon ...		„ 27	Monday ...	Dowraba ...	
„ 26	Thursday	Etah ...	P.O. T.O.	„ 28	Tuesday ...	Ludhiana ...	P.O. T.O. R.S.
„ 27	Friday ...	Bhudwas ...		March 1	Wednesday	Phelorir ...	P.O. T.O. R.S
„ 28	Saturday ...	Secundra-Rao ...	P.O.	„ 2	Thursday ...	Phugwarree ...	P.O. T.O. R.S.
„ 29	Sunday ...	Halt		„ 3	Friday ...	Jullundur ...	P.O. T.O. R.S.

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REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

Major N. Newnham-Davis is granted leave to England for 12 months.

Captain C. P. Lloyd is posted to the Battalion on promotion.

Lieut. R. F. Pearson is posted to the Battalion on promotion.

2nd Lieut. A. C. Perkins is posted to the Battalion and will remain attached to the 2nd Battalion pending embarkation.

No. 798 Color.-Sergeant T. Cheal is appointed Assistant Sergt.-Major to the Battalion.

No. 788 Private R. Noble has been permitted to re-engage for such further period of Army Service as will make up a total continuous service of 21 years.

The undermentioned recruits have been assigned territorial numbers as shown opposite their names.

Private C. Robinson,	E K.	4008
„ J. Boardman,	„	4009
„ M. Donnelly,	„	4010
„ S. A. Thorne,	„	4011
„ H. Mc. A. Ryan,	„	4012

The undermentioned boys having been enlisted at Fort William on the 25th November 1892 for the Viceroy's Band, they are taken on the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly:—

Edwin Cunliffe.
Alfred Jones,
Wilkinson Wren.
Joseph Pugh.

The undermentioned men are granted good conduct pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names:—

"A" Company.

3283	Pte.	W. Clark	1d.	12-11-92

"B" Company.

3688	Pte.	F. Metson,	3d.	6-2-92
3284	„	F. Pocock	1d.	14-11-92

"C" Company.

2896	Pte.	G. Todd	1d. Restored	2-10-92
3268	Lce.-Cpl.	B Draper	1d.	29-10-92
2929	Pte.	M Clements	1d.	4-11-92
2124	„	G Rainer	2d.	19-10-92
2402	„	H Dartnell,	2d.	27-10-92
2078	„	A. Humphrey	2d.	24-7-92

"D" Company

2566	Pte.	W. Candler	1d.	14-10-92
2490	„	G. Taylor	1d. Restored	20-10-92
2742	„	W. Brereton	1d.	25-11-92

"E" Company,

3266	Pte.	E. Marsh,	1d.	30-10-92
2669	„	J. Williams,	1d.	14-10-92
2844	„	F. W. Gerkins	1d.	5-10-92
3267	„	L. Leonard	1d.	28-10-92

"G" Company.

1385	Lce.-Cpl.	H. Anderson	2d.	1-11-92
1372	Pte.	F. Hammond	2d.	1-11-92
1831	„	D. Saunders	2d.	7-11-92
3685	„	R. Walsh	2d.	9-8-92
3271	„	W. Foster.	1d.	3-11-92
3245	„	H, Layland	1d.	17-10-92

"H" Company.

2902	Pte.	G. Butter	1d.	29-10-92
2469	„	J. Manning,	1d.	18-10-92

CRICKET.

EAST SURREY REGT. *v.* THE BUFFS.

This match was played at Dum-Dum on the 9th and 10th inst., and resulted in an easy win for the East Surrey Regt.

Without doubt the Officers of the Surrey team are a splendid lot of bats, and if they could only secure bowlers equal to the batsmen I venture to say that not a team in Bengal would beat them at cricket. For The Buffs, Captain Lloyd and Lieut. Eales batted exceedingly well, the bowling of Wickens deserves great credit as this man did very nearly all the damage in the only innings played by the Surreys.

1st East Surrey Regt. 1st Innings.

Captain Hill b Wickens	1
Lieut. Longley c & b Wickens	53
Captain Dunsterville b Wickens	3
Lieut. James run out	1
Lieut. Patterson b McCalla	13
Lt. Wilson c Templeton b Wickens	59
Pte. Garland c Templeton b Wickens	2
Lieut. Haydon run out	5
Lieut. Hart b Wickens	0
Col. Maturin b McCalla	17
Lieut. Butler not out	10
Extras	9
Total	193

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1st Innings The Buffs		2nd Innings The Buffs.	
Capt. Dauglish b Garland	7	Capt. Lloyd b Garland	50
Pte. Templeton run out	10	Lieut. Eales run out.	6
„ Wickens b Patterson	1	Pte. Wickens b Maturin	21
Lt. Dyne c Longley b Garland	3	Lt. Dyne c & b Patterson	0
Major Hickson b Garland	7	Mj. Hickson c Butler b Garland	5
McCalla c Dansterville b Garland	7	Templeton c Butler b Garland	14
Lieut. Eales not out	30	Capt. Dauglish not out	13
Pte. Bourne b Patterson	4	Pte. McCalla b Patterson	3
„ Read b Patterson	0	„ Bourne run out	2
Lieut. McDouall b Hill	2	„ Read b Garland	0
Capt. Lloyd c Garland b Patterson	24	Lieut. McDouall b Patterson	9
Extras	4	Extras	8
Total	99	Total	131

East Surrey's 2nd Innings.

Lieut. Longly not out	21
Captain Hill not	18

BAND *v.* THE BATTALION.

This match was played on Tuesday the 22nd inst., between the above teams. The Band won easily, Lawrence and Cooper putting together a 29 and a 22 in capital style. No doubt the Band have a very strong eleven and would in all probability be the winners of the Regimental Cricket Shield this year were they allowed to play by themselves, and not, as at present, for their respective companies. Scoring as follows.

Battalion.		Band.	
Sgt. Carnell b Manville	0	Pettitt c Carnell b Moth	6
Ward b Manville	26	Ward b Bourne	0
Capt. Lloyd c Hasler b Cooper	1	Hasler b Read	3
Lce.-Corpl. Joy b Manville	1	Raward c Eales b Bourne	1
„ Moth c Wilson b Cooper	2	Lawrence b Bourne	29
Capt. Dauglish not out	1	Manville b Joy	7
Lieut. Eales b Cooper	3	Cooper b Joy	22
Templeton b Cooper	2	Wilson b Bourne	9
Sgt.-Major Featherstone b Cooper	0	Greaves b Read	3
Read c Wilson b Cooper	1	Dobson b Bourne	5
Bourne b Manville	0	Featherstone not out	0
Extras	1	Extras	18
Total	38	Total	103

BALLYGUNGE C. CLUB *v.* THE BUFFS.

The above match was played on Saturday the 19th inst., at Ballygunge and resulted in a very easy win for the Ballygunge C. C. Pain's 81 was a splendid performance and he seemed set enough to double that total. The Buffs at their 1st innings only contrived to put together 59 runs of which aggregate Pte. Lawrence contributed 25 in excellent style.

The Ballygunge Club won the match on the 1st innings by 138 runs.

Ballygunge Cricket Club 1st Innings.

T. H. Lawton c Manville b Bourne	5
Dr. Walsh l b w b Cooper	47
A. L. Anderson st l Lawrence b Cooper	3
F. T. Paine not out	81
L. Fox c Bourne b Cooper	2
J. H. Hechle b Eales	34
A. Shallow b Bourne	3
E. Surnhoe b Moth	0
G. Duffus b Bourne	8
H. S. Tozer b Bourne	1
D. S. Murray b Bourne	0
Extras	13
Total	197

1st Innings The Buffs.		2nd Innings The Buffs	
Captain Dauglish b Duffus	3		
Pte. Lawrence run out	25		
„ Durham b Duffus	1	not out	8
Captain Lloyd l b w b Hechle	3		
Corpl. Manville run out	10		
Templeton c Tozer b Duffus	0	b Hechle	19
Lieut. Eales b Duffus	1		
Cooper c Walsh b Duffus	0	b Walsh	3
Corpl. Moth c & b Walsh	2	b Duffus	19
Pte. Bourne not out	1	b Duffus	2
„ Greaves b Duffus	0	b Duffus	4
Extras	13	Extras	1
Total	59	Total	56

BUFFS *v.* ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE.

The above match was played at Fort William on Thursday the 17th. St. Xavier's winning the toss elected to bat and ran up 62. In the 2nd innings the College put together 161. The Buffs in the 2nd innings for 5 wickets scored 47, Templeton for The Buffs made some splendid hits, one put away for 7 being clapped by all spectators.

St. Xaviers on the strength of the 1st innings winning by 29 runs.

St. Xavier's College.

1st innings.		2nd innings.	
Lydiard b Bourne	14	b Manville	0
Corbet c Templeton b Reed	5	b Greaves	3
Power c Cooper b Bourne	6	c Templeton b Bourne	22
Sha Hla run out	6	c Eales b Templeton	33
Rev. O'Neill b Bourne	0	b Templeton	7
Hughes b Manville	2	l b W	5
Vaillant b Greaves	10	run out	26
Schimdt b Manville	9	b Templeton	0
Harris not out	4	run out	28
Br. Sabaa c Reed b Manville	1	not out	8
Grieffs c Greaves b Bourne	1	c Reed b Cooper	20
Extras	4	Extras	9
Total	62	Total	161

1st innings The Buffs.		2nd innings The Buffs,	
Captain Dauglish run out	1	c Vaillant b Harris	7
Pte. Dunham b Power	6	b Harris	5
„ Cooper b Power	1	c Vaillant b Power	4
Lieut. Eales b Power	1	b Harris	5
„ Eaton b Harris	2	did not bat,	
Pte. Templeton b Harris	11	c O'Neil b Power	18
„ Reed c Schmidt b Power	1	not out	2
Lieut. McDouall b Harris	0	not out	2
Lce.-Corpl. Manville c b Power	0		
Pte. Bourne b Harris	3	did not bat.	
„ Greaves not out	0		
Extras	7	Extras	3
Total	33	Total	47

"F" Company defeated "G" at Cricket on the 16th inst. Read and Burns for "F" Company making good scores, Read especially playing a good steady game for 31 in the 2nd innings.

"F" Coy. 1st innings 78. 2nd innings 141.
"G" „ „ 56. „ 50.

"G" Company played "H" at Cricket on the 12th inst., and as "G" turned out rather a weak team, it was generally concluded that "H" would win, but Willmott with some careful batting turned the table and "G" were victorious by 19 runs. Scoring as follows.

"G" Company 102. "H" Company 83.

HOWRAH C. C. *v.* "B" COMPANY THE BUFFS.

The above match was played at Howrah on Saturday the 19th inst. the game commenced late in the afternoon and "B" Company after losing four wickets had to draw stumps. If the game could possibly have been continued, "B" Company in all probability would have been well to the front, but as it was, ended in a draw. Hasler for "B" did very nearly all the damage having bowled or caught 8 out the 11 who batted for Howrah. The following are the scores.

Howrah C. C. 121. "B" Coy. The Buffs. 81

BAND THE BUFFS *v.* "C" COY. THE BUFFS.

Result of the above match played at Fort William on the 10th inst

"C" Coy. 1st innings 46. 2nd Innings 24.
Band The Buffs 1st innings 93

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THE MAGAZINE RIFLE.

The new magazine rifle is called the Lee-Metford, the Metford rifling having been adopted, while the breech action, invented by a Mr. Lee, was selected; this has, however, undergone many alterations and improvements before it arrived at its present state.

Some eighteen months ago, a great outcry was raised in the *Times* against the rifle, its opponents declaring amongst other things that it was manufactured in defiance of all mechanical principles, but as an officer of the Bengal Staff Corps, an undoubted authority on all small arms, declared, at a lecture given by him on magazine rifles at the Royal United Service Institution, after mentioning the severe tests to which it had been put, and out of which it emerged triumphantly, "All the worse for the mechanical principles." It was confidently predicted it must break down on service; there is no doubt there were faults such as weak springs, &c., but these were remedied, and the rifle again subjected to most severe tests, through all of which it passed successfully, and was then adopted as the rifle for the service.

The rifle is on the bolt system; the bolt action in the Austrian and Swiss rifles is rectilinear, *i.e.*, it has a straight pull-back, while in the Lee-Metford, and the magazine rifle of all other nations, it turns first before being pulled back; many authorities are inclined to a straight pull-back action, but have hesitated to adopt it.

The calibre is very small, viz :—·303 inch, but it is larger than that of any of the rifles adopted by foreign powers, except the Austrian and French, which are ·315 inch, and the German which is ·311 inch.

The rifle issued to us is Mark I., and has all the strengthened springs, &c., adopted in Mark II., which has, however, a magazine holding 10 cartridges, while Mark I. only holds 8. Mark I. is unfortunately sighted for cordite or smokeless powder, while at present, it is hoped only for a short time, we must be content with black pellet powder. Consequently the lines marked on the back sight for the several distances will not be quite correct for those distances; a few trial shots will soon put this to rights however.

The new rifle possesses one great advantage over the Martini in having little or no "kick," an appreciable benefit, especially to the young soldier.

That it shoots well there is no doubt, the Army team this year with the Lee-Metford having beaten the Volunteers in their annual match at Bisley for the first time for 14 years, the latter shooting with their favourite Martinis.

In bidding goodbye to our old friend the Martini we wish every success to the Lee-Metford, for which we predict a happy future, and we confidently hope that the old Battalion, on reaching Jullundur, with its range handy for practice, will, with the Lee-Metford, again attain to the proud position it held a few years ago with the Martini, as one of the best shooting Regiments in the British Army.

ACROSTIC.

To the taste, so dissimilar,
Two names you'll not find,
But you'll find them familiar,
If to try you're inclined.

1
My primals it cleaves,
As England it leaves.
2
And sad to relate
Meets a terrible fate.
3
This; not outside, but in,
If you guess it you'll win.
4
And if this one you dig
You're made (if its big).
5
My exit I'll make,
The reverse you can take.

Johnnie-come-lately.

The Non-Commissioned Officers of "B" Company.

Gray
in
May
sent
Canning
from
Eaton
to
York
for a
Holliday.

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Printed for the Editor at The Buffs' Press, Fort William, Calcutta.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

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1898.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 69. **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, December 31st, 1892.** Price, As. 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Death.

BURNS.—At Fort William, on the 6th instant, the result of an accident, No. 2630 Pte. E. Burns.

NOTES.

A very Merry X'mas and a Happy New Year, we, Editor and Staff, wish to all our readers—long may they live, and long may the *Dragon* live to say so! Here's luck!

The end of 1892 sees this little paper, we are glad to say, in a most flourishing condition, and here a short retrospect will not be out of place. In December 1890, 700 copies of the *Dragon* were printed, out of which 532 were actually sold (30 copies are as a rule kept back to meet the demand for back numbers). In December 1891, 800 copies were printed, out of which 716 were sold, and for this month we are printing 1,100 copies, every copy of which has been disposed of (this by the way has been the case the last four months). Our best thanks are due to our numerous correspondents to whose efforts this happy result is mainly due, especially to our Home Battn. correspondent, whose able letters are always read with the greatest interest by all.

This month we have to say goodbye to our numerous friends in Calcutta,—that we are sorry to do so, goes without saying, as seldom has any Regiment been so hospitably met, and so kindly treated, as we have been during our stay here. Not even the damp heat, and nasty weather after the rains, or even Dum Dum, will ever make us forget the very pleasant times and real friends that we leave behind us, and we wish to our successors, in the Rifle Brigade, as good a time as we have had during our stay here in the Fort.

This, our last number printed in Calcutta, must not be allowed to pass without a special

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word of kindly farewell to our friends the "Unceremonials." Always ready to compete in anything, and good at mostly everything, they have done all in their power to make things go smoothly for us. We are glad to say that the Officers' Mess has an excellent photograph of the Members of the Club, and one that will always recall good times and "boys of the right sort."

It is always sad to have to record the death of an old Buff, and doubly sad when we have, as we do this month, to record the death of one of our most promising youngsters in the Buffs, Pte. Burns, who met his death by falling over the verandah in Dalhousie Barracks; death fortunately was instantaneous. Pte. Burns came out in Capt. Holme's draft with a great reputation as an all round athlete—this he well kept up, as his prominent position in the Association XI, the Athletic Sports, and Cricket, sufficiently testifies. Popular with all ranks, by all will his loss be felt.

The "In Memoriam" lines, which will be found further on, are by far the best that Pte. Oswald Kendal has ever written, and we congratulate him, on having shown that he is capable of writing something higher and better, in every sense of the word, than what up to now he has attempted.

Our X'mas number marks a new era in the life of our little paper,—the pages of the good old *Dragon* being, for the first time, profusely illustrated. For this we are indebted to our special artist, Lieutenant Tracy Robinson of the Royal Artillery, whose sketches this month, we are sure all our readers will agree, are really A1, and we must congratulate ourselves in having secured such an artist. R. A. should (if he had his rights) also stand for Royal Academician, but he is still in the prime of life, and we feel confident with a great future before him.

We print this month the first of a series of types of various uniforms of the Buffs—all drawn from life, the one for this month being that of the Drum Major. The sketch is correct in every particular, and the attitude excellent. Whether the Drum Major is as good looking as his sketch, we must leave to our readers, but it is a fault on the right side any way. In hand are types of the Band Sergeant, Drummer, Private in field service kit, a Sergeant in review order, and Sergeant Major in drill order. The greatest pains have been taken by the artist to ensure accuracy—and in years to come, when we shall all probably be clad in some invisible armour, or covered with a bullet proof powder, these sketches will be interesting as relics of bye-gone days.

During the month we have received visits from two old Buffs, Sergt. Hunt and Corpl. West, both of whom we are glad to see are looking remarkably well.

The officers have been receiving farewell entertainments right and left this month. A dinner and dance by the Lieut.-Governor and Lady Elliott on Friday 16th, at which a most flattering speech was made by His Honour, suitably responded to by Col. Harley. A Ball on 19th, given at the Town Hall by the inhabitants of Calcutta, the arrangements for which were on a most lavish scale, and reflected the greatest credit on the ladies, to whose efforts it was due the hall was so completely transformed. Winding up with a farewell dance from our friends the Unceremonials.

We hope to learn that Pte. Hasler and Cooper, who are staying behind for one or two days, so as to enter for the Volunteer Athletic Sports, have won several prizes. Both have done well this year in the local sports at Darjeeling, and both are decidedly improved, especially Cooper, since last year.

Our X'mas this year will be spent under canvas in the rest camp on the maidan; not exactly the spot one would choose, but any how it is better than being on board a trooper as before. X'mas day in camp is naturally shorn of much of its attractiveness as decorations are out of the question, the dinners, however, will help to keep the inner man up to the mark.

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Our representatives in the B. P. R. A. have been doing well as the following scores will show:—

Match IX.—200 and 500 yards.

3 Corpl. Marshall, 65.—Top score 66.
16 Col.-Sergt. Andrews, points 61.
22 Sergt. Crumby ,, 60.

Match XIII.—200 yards.

15 Lnce. Corpl. Seager, points 29. Top score 31.
16 ,, Marshall ,, 29.

Match XV.—Bronze Medal Aggregate.

13 Lnce. Corpl. Seager, points 220.—Top score 260.

H.E. the Viceroy honoured the Officers' Mess at dinner, on Tuesday the 13th instant, and amongst those invited to meet His Excellency were H. E. the Commander-in-Chief, Lord W. Beresford and Genls. Brackenbury and Collen. The Band, under Mr. Birkhead, played excellently, and their having to play no less than five extras, sufficiently shows how much they were appreciated.

Bgdr. Genl. Lance, C. B., has very kindly presented his portrait to the Officers' Mess,—a gift that will be very much appreciated, and one that is sure to be always hung "on the line."

Of late the postal work of the *Dragon* has been extremely heavy and this month we are sending nearly 500 copies through the post. Our best thanks are due to the Postmaster of Fort William Post Office, Mr. Hippolite, for the obliging and cheerful assistance he has always given us in this, by no means easy, part of the work of the *Dragon* Staff.

A Church Parade in connection with the 2nd (Weald of Kent) Volunteer Battalion, the Buffs (East Kent Regiment) took place at the Parish Church on Sunday, 235 men being present. The Officers in attendance were Colonel Lord Medway, Commanding; Surgeon Major Joyce, Major Neve, Captain Hamilton, Captain Mace, Lieut. Appach, Lieut. Callaway and Lieut. Hirst. The men presented a smart and soldierlike appearance. After the service the men marched back to the Ball Field, where a pleasing ceremony was performed, Lord Medway presenting Sergt. Major Harris with a medal for long service and good conduct. In making the presentation His Lordship referred to the medal for the Zulu Campaign which Sergt. Major Harris was wearing, and said he was always pleased to see a good conduct medal associated with a medal for service in the field. The battalion was then dismissed. The parade was witnessed by a large number of people.

—o—

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Acknowledged with thanks the receipt of the following Regimental Papers:—

The Lilywhites' Gazette.—*2nd Bn. East Lancashire Regt.*
The Lancashire Lad.—*The Loyal North Lancashire Regt.*
The Army Service Corps Gazette.
I'm 95.—*2nd Bn. Derbyshire Regt.*
The Maple Leaf.—*1st Bn. Leinster Regt.*
The Queen's Own Gazette.—*Royal West Kent Regt.*
St. George's Gazette.—*5th Northumberland Fusiliers.*
The Nines.—*Wiltshire Regiment.*
The Sprig of Shillelagh.—*27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.*
The Bengal Tiger.—*2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.*
The Tiger and Rose.—*York and Lancaster Regt.*

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OBITUARY.

It is our painful duty to have to record one of those sad accidents which resulted in the death of Private Robert Burns, better known as "Bobbie." He was given to walking in his sleep, and after retiring to rest as usual about 10 P.M., on the night of the 6th instant, he evidently got up about an hour afterwards, no doubt asleep, and must have climbed over the railings at the top flat of the Dalhousie Barracks and fell on to the parade ground below, a distance of nearly 30 feet. Death must have been instantaneous. Poor Bobbie was the heart and soul of his Company Cricket and Football teams, and also the best man in the Regimental Association Football Team, and those that saw him bowling his opponents' wickets down like nine pins, on the day of his death, little thought they would follow him to his grave a few hours afterwards. Although only a few months in the Regiment he had endeared himself to all ranks and his genial temper was always noticeable, no matter how rough the play at football was, and when he was the victim of any rough play always came up again with a cheery smile as if nothing had happened. His loss is deeply regretted by all ranks.

POOR 'BOBBY'!

In Memoriam, Private Burns, died 6th December 1892.

We heard his lusty blythesome shout,
This very day, when full of life,
Upon the sward he dashed about
And joined in Crickets' manly strife:
We saw him chase the flying ball;
Of doom regardless, zestful, bold;
At night comes fate's relentless call,
Poor Burns lies lifeless, broken, cold!

So long, ill fated, honest lad!,
Since 'twas to be, alas, sleep on!,
This parting makes each Buff full sad,
Your like, we'll seldom look upon!:
How oft in football's eager fight,
The old Corps' play, we'll shouting, trace,
And as we mark the stirring sight,
We'll miss poor Bobby from his place!

BOGGLEY WALLAH.

Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

OUR 2ND BATTALION.

To the Editor of the "Dragon."

DEAR SIR,

I am afraid my monthly epistle will this time be of but little interest to your readers. Nothing has been going on for the last month, and why? The Battalion is enjoying itself in ways which cannnot well be chronicled owing to the difficulty of collecting information. The Battalion is on furlough. The Barracks have almost a deserted appearance. The great parade of the week, when we fall in for route-marching, shows that we can still muster one company for that important exercise, but that is all. All the officers that can be spared are of course away too, and the consequence is, as I said before, there is, this month, but very little to write about In my next letter I hope to describe our three days' yachting trip round the coast of England, and relate probably how cold, and how sea-sick we were between the 19th and 22nd proximo, between the ports of Chatham and Kingstown—between the Kingdoms of England and Ireland.

I may be also able to tell you what our first impressions of our new quarters are:—

To proceed, however, I will now unpack my diminutive bundle of news.

Owing to the furlough season being in full swing the Football matches arranged for November did not come off.

Our team is on its holiday, and the game has of course flagged tremendously.

One day, however, our energetic friend, Mr. Colley, brought down a scratch lot from London quite unexpectedly and a very good match was played.

The Buffs had not of course anything like their full team, but so much the better. Even though the soldiers were beaten (3 goals to 2), it is always well to give promising young players at any game a chance, now and then, of playing for the Battalion.

The furlough season will end with November. The new shield ought to have arrived by then. Indeed it is expected every day and a series of Company matches will, we hope, occupy the early days of December.

Our sergeants have been entertaining their friends and are going to do so again before leaving Chatham. They gave a Smoking Concert on a large scale the other day, and the place was crowded with both soldiers and civilians, including, I am glad to say, a goodly number of our depôt friends. It is a grand thing to be quartered so near Canterbury. It is like having two battalions in the county. We see a great deal of each other. The depôt officers and N. C. officers have many friends in the Battalion and we have all many old chums to look up and chat with when we find ourselves at Canterbury. There were of course many of our sergeants at the Depôt Dance last night.

Mr. Kent, one of the town councillors, made a great

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speech at the Smoking Concert, in which he alluded to the attempt recently made by the good burghers to keep the Battalion another year in Chatham. He spoke in the highest terms of the regiment and in fact if all he said may be taken as gospel, we are extremely nice fellows, and if all think as he does, we are certainly most popular here.

I alluded in my last letter to the loss we are sustaining in the person of Sergeant-Master Tailor Bradley—well he has gone and advantage was taken of the concert to bid him farewell in form. He is leaving the service after 22 years in it, the last 8 of which he was in "The Buffs." He has made himself most popular and everyone here wishes him good luck and happiness. Sergeant-Major Aherne on behalf of the Sergeants presented him with a handsome marble time-piece as a token of esteem and affection.

The entertainment to which I have alluded as being still in the womb of futurity, will come off on the 4th of December and will take the form of a big dance. It is hoped that the number of Old Buffs present will be a prominent feature of the Evening The Committee are taking great pains in hunting up those residing in the vicinity and specially inviting them to come.

It is some years since I served in the 1st Battalion, and I forget what is done with the fees young officers pay when they first have the honour of carrying the Colour, or if they pay fees at all on that occasion.

In this Battalion each officer pays a sovereign to the Sergeant-Major and inscribes his name in a book kept for the purpose. The money thus subscribed is used for buying useful or ornamental articles for the Sergeants' Mess. The Mess has just purchased a handsome centrepiece for the table with the fees collected between the years 1882 and 1892, and as more than one officer now serving in India has subscribed to this gift, I am requested to express for the Sergeants their sense of gratitude to the Officers for this addition to their establishment.

With the exception of Sergeant Bradley the Battalion has been at the loss of no old comrade this month, while it has gained recruits in the shape of Second Lieutenant Godfrey-Fausset, Pte. Fairley, the son of our old Quarter-Master, and another draft of 23 from the depôt, Major Smith, rejoins in a day or two and Privates Kluckner and McDonald, old first Battalion men, have re-enlisted. Many officers will remember the ormer who was for some time a waiter in their Mess.

Another old Buff has joined the great majority. Sergt. Williams, late of the 1st Battalion, was killed on the railway at Manchester. A substantial subscription has been collected at the home Battalion and the depôt for the widow and children who were left in straitened circumstances.

So may The Buffs past and present for ever hang together. Union is strength, and the old corps will always be the happy home it is to all of us, as long as it remains the bond by which we are all united.

Your obedient Servant,
SECUNDUS.

CHATHAM,
25th November, 1892.

DEPÔT CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—When this reaches you X'mas will be very near, and the time for your departure from Calcutta, en route to Jullundur, fast approaching. Curiously enough, this time 15 years ago, I was on the march from Muttra to Rawal Pindi, and covered a part of this route you are about to take, viz: from Delhi to Jullundur.

23 recruits were sent from Depôt under charge of Captain Blackburn on 21st November, to join the Home Battalion at Chatham, and which will probably be the last draft that will be despatched to that station

The new Adjutant of the 1st V. B. The Buffs, Captain A. H. Tylden-Pattenson, second son of Captain Tylden-Pattenson, of Dashmanden, Biddenden, is to be married early in February, to Alice Maude Mary, elder daughter of the late Mr. Cyrus Andrews, of Alverton Notts.

Sergt. Major Cook has gone on 6 weeks' furlough, and I am sorry to say he is very seedy, suffering from a severe cold.

Lnce.-Sergt. W. G. Hurrel and Corporals Hall and Tennant with 36 men, arrived at the discharge Depôt, Gosport, ex "*Serapis*" on 14th November, and were transferred to the Army Reserve on 19th idem.

Privates Knight, Hatcher and Kluckner also arrived in the same Trooper, and were discharged T. E. 1st period on 18th November.

No official intimation has yet been received as to when the draft is to be sent out from the 2nd Battalion, but it is expected it will be in February.

Recruits are coming in more freely now the cold weather has set in, and upwards of 50 have joined Depôt this month.

The N. C. Officers of Depôt and Permanent Staff 3rd Battalion, are giving a farewell dance to the N. C Officers of the 2nd Battalion in the Gymnasium here this evening.

Yours faithfully,
"OLD BUFF,"

CANTERBURY,
24-11-1892.

OLD BUFFS DECEASED.

No. $\frac{87}{45}$ Bde. Private George Taylor, 1st Batt., died at Manchester, 23rd October 1892, aged 50 years. Invalided after 20 years' service, January 1880, and granted a pension of 1*s.* 2*d.* per diem.

Served in 41st foot 14 years, and 6 years in "The Buffs."

India 14 $\frac{5}{12}$ years. Medals none.

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Sergt. Peter Ging, died at Naas, 4th November 1892, aged 76. Admitted to pension of 1*s.* 8½*d.* per diem, Nov. 1858, after 21 years' service. Pension increased to 2*s.* 3½*d.*, 1872, after serving 14 years on Militia Staff.

Only served a little over one year in "The Buffs," (1857 to 1858), but previous to that 20 years in 36th Foot. Medals none.

Sergt. Thos. Burke, died at Dublin, 14th November 1892, aged 64 years. Admitted to pension, 1868, after 21 years' service, 2*s.* 5½*d.*, probably increased from 2*s.*, after service on Staff of Militia. Medals Crimean and Turkish.

THE VERY LATEST WEAPON.

Oh the latest thing in bănduks is the Crosse and Blackwell rifle
Which will swamp all other patents and will competition stifle
It's quite simple in construction and the Gatling is'nt in it,
For it fires with much precision just a million rounds a minute.

The butt is hollowed out and holds a Tommy's packed Suleetăh,
A water bottle also boasts this composite Repeater,
Behind the backsight can be stowed in some most wondrous fashion,
Of bread and meat a pound apiece, the soldier's daily ration.

T'wixt stock and barrel snugly lurk a small book and a Bible,
Forbear then ye civilian prigs, the Government to libel,
By hinting that the Atkins' soul is shamefully neglected,
This rifle keeps our gallant lads most morally protected.

This lovely weapon has no jump, t'wont tear you all asunder,
It's far too heavy for recoil, it weighs a ton, just under!
It's other merits various I have no time to mention
It really is superb, complete, this latest gun invention!

There are a few alarmist fools who say the mechanism,
Is apt to get a little mixed, but bah, they're talking schism,
So let all foes come on say we, let war and danger threaten,
Prepared we stand to test the worth of this our latest weapon.

BOGGLEY WALLAH.

PUMP SNAKES.

N Central Dakoto, on the Missouri "bottoms" there exists one of Nature's strangest freaks, the settlers term it the "pump snake." It first made its appearance in Emmon's County in the spring time of 1826. A full-grown pump snake measures about 16 feet in length, and about 3 inches in diameter. They are of gregarious habits, roaming the prairies in large herds, as many as 300 having been counted in a single flock. In dissecting one of these reptiles there is found a tube, which extends from the root of the jaw to the extremity of the tail, and terminates in an opening: this tube is about 2 inches in diameter and lined with a tough yielding substance similar to rubber. The pump snake is easily trained to answer the call of man.

The inhabitants of this section trap them in large numbers. A farmer on Cat Tail Creek has a flock of 20 pump snakes trained to a remarkable degree of proficiency. At the blast of a whistle the snakes assemble on the banks of the creek. The leader, (there is always a leader to these herds of snakes,) who is elected by a two-thirds majority, dashes into the water of the creek leaving only the extremity of its tail on the bank. Another snake immediately grasps the end of the leader's tail in its jaws, a third snake takes a hold of the second snake's tail in a similar manner, and so on, extending to the water trough in the cattle yards 300 feet away. The leading snake begins to swallow or pump the water of the creek, which passes through the long line of snakes, as it would through a hose, and falls in a heavy stream into the trough.

The farmer told of an extraordinary circumstance, which occurred a short time ago. While working in the field near his home, he observed flames issuing from the roof of his barn. Wild with excitement, he hurried to the burning building, only to see that it was a hopeless task for himself alone to attempt to extinguish the flames. In despair he gazed on the destruction. Suddenly he heard a loud rustling in the tall grass, whence issued his herd of pump snakes on the run. The leader hurled himself into the creek, the rest instantly adjusting themselves heads and tails from the creek to the burning building. The last snake, standing on his head, waved its long and flexible body, from the tail of which issued a stream of water, that was thrown with terrific force on the burning building. Backwards and forwards dashed the tail end of the living hose, squirting the water where it would do the most good, while the loud pumping of the leader could be heard above the roar of the conflagration. Within 15 minutes the fire was out, then and not till then did the pump snakes quit work. They were completely exhausted, the leader having fainted dead away. The main part of the building and its contents were saved, thanks to the presence of mind of these wonderful snakes.

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FAREWELL TO "THE BUFFS."

We say farewell, you march away
North-west across the arid land;
Farewell, we would you might delay,
Oh, gay and hospitable band.

All thro' the year you cheered our toils,
Amused us in a thousand ways,
And on the Fort the moonlit strolls,
Were pleasant ends to April days.

The ball you gave! that was a ball,
The walls all gay with buff and blue,
Some joys we get in old Bengal
But now what will our dancers do?

They'll miss you in the coming year
And all our big-tamashas too,
And say "If now The Buffs were here"
Heaving a sigh for you, for you.

We pray that Heaven protect you all,
With all our grief some hope is bent,
We fondly trust a future day
Will bring us back the Men of Kent.

"*Englishman*," *dated* 21*st December* 1892.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

LIEUT. A. R. Eustace was granted an Officer's Extra Certificate of Musketry on the 5th inst.

LIEUT. B. K. Tarte has been declared by the Board of Examiners, Calcutta to have passed the Higher Standard Examination in Hindustani, 3rd October 1892.

The undermentioned have been awarded prizes for work done while employed in the Regimental Workshops:—

No.			Rs.
570	Pte.	Bellchambers ...	10
2328	,,	Goodhew ...	5
3439	,,	Durrant ...	10
2840	,,	French ...	11
2693	,,	Green ...	11
2054	,,	Green ...	10
2614	,,	Oliver ...	11
1931	,,	Brown ...	10
2449	,,	Pert ...	5
1996	Lce.	Corpl. Harryman ...	11
2950	Pte.	Pettit ...	11
2765	,,	Sunnick ...	5
2312	,,	Williams ...	5
2674	,,	Watts ...	5
2848	,,	Watts ...	5
2144	,,	Else ...	5

The undermentioned have been awarded "Bonus" for teaching apprentices.

No			Rs.
324	Pte.	Newton ...	25
3700	,,	McNeir ...	25
570	,,	Bellchambers	25
2840	,,	French ...	25
1996	Lce.	Corpl. Harryman	25
2950	Pte.	Pettit ...	25

MUSKETRY.

The Figure of Merit of the following Companies are as follows:—

"D" Company.

Figure of Merit { Individual Range Practices. 30·85
Field ,, 40·21

Classification.

Marksmen	2
1st Class Shots	6
2nd ,,	30
3rd ,,	35
Total completed	73

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with para. 174 Musketry Regulations 1892:—

No. 1598 Corpl. H. Marshall, score 202, gold guns as best marksman of Company.

Worsted guns as marksmen in order of merit—

No. 342 Sergeant R. Golds ... 190
,, 2215 Lance-Corpl. C. Beer ... 177
,, 1640 Sergeant C. Burrows ... 173

"B" Company.

Figure of Merit { Individual Range Practices 34·19
Field ,, 48·40

Classification.

Marksmen	3
1st Class Shots	13
2nd ,,	38
3rd ,,	29
Total completed	83

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with para. 174, Musketry Regulations 1892:—

No. 234 Sergeant A. H. Baker, score 193, gold guns as best marksman of Company.

Worsted guns in order of merit.

No. 632 Sergeant J. Smith score 173
,, 1902 Private D. Benton ,, 170

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"E" Company

Figure of Merit { Individual Range Practices 36·01
Field „ 45·83

Classification.

Marksmen	4
1st Class Shots	12
2nd „	39
3rd „	25
Total completed	80

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with para. 174 Musketry Regulations 1892:—

No. 1249 Lance-Corpl. J. Seager, score 211, gold guns as best marksman of Company.

Worsted guns as marksmen in order of merit.

No. 443 Color-Sergt. J. Greig, score 192
„ 2574 Sergeant J. Seath „ 181
„ 2838 Private W. Randall, „ 173

"H" Company.

Figure of Merit { Individual Range Practices 37·84
Field „ 56·63

Classification.

Marksmen	6
1st Class Shots	20
2nd „ „	42
3rd „ „	17
Total completed	85

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with para. 174 Musketry Regulations 1892:—

No. 1987 Pte. H. Holbrook, score 216, gold guns as best marksman of Company.

Worsted Guns as marksmen in order of merit.

No. 2274 Lce-Corpl. W. Smith score 188
„ 2796 Private H. Cox „ 186
„ 3234 „ D. Sullivan „ 175
„ 2848 „ C. Watts „ 174
„ 2076 Lce.-Cpl. G Stevens „ 173

The Figure of Merit and Classification of "F" Company are as follows:—

Figure of Merit { Individual Range Practices 34·65
Field „ „ 47·09

Classification.

Marksmen	5
1st Class Shots	9
2nd „ „	38
3rd „ „	28
Total completed	80

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with Para. 174 Musketry Regulations 1892:—

Gold Guns as best marksman of Company.

No. 244, Color.-Sergt. F. Andrews.

Worsted Guns as marksmen in order of Merit.

No. 2608 Private J. Clarke score 182
„ 2311 „ J. Hinds „ 182
„ 2187 „ J. Coppard „ 181
„ 1925 „ E. Wenman „ 178

The New Pattern Volunteer Instructor.

V. Officer anxious to become proficient in the new drill, invites the "Sergt.-Major" to his quarter, to teach him.

What shall we begin with? enquires the Officer, directly they are seated.

"Sergt.-Major" (who has espied decanters etc.)

"**Whiskeys and Sodas Sir?**"

Apropos of the new arm it may be of interest to know that at the Battle of Prestonpans, The Buffs, together with the other English troops engaged, were armed with the then newly introduced bayonet.

The Highlanders in charging with their targets and claymores, proved more than a match for their English opponents, as catching the points of the bayonets on their shields, they turned them on one side and used their swords with deadly effect.

The Officer Commanding The Buffs seeing the state of things, gave an order to his regiment that each man should thrust with his bayonet at the Highlander on his left front, leaving his actual opponent to be dealt with by his right hand man.

Strange as this order may seem, the effect was that The Buffs was almost the only Regiment that withstood the furious charges of the Highlanders in this sanguinary battle.

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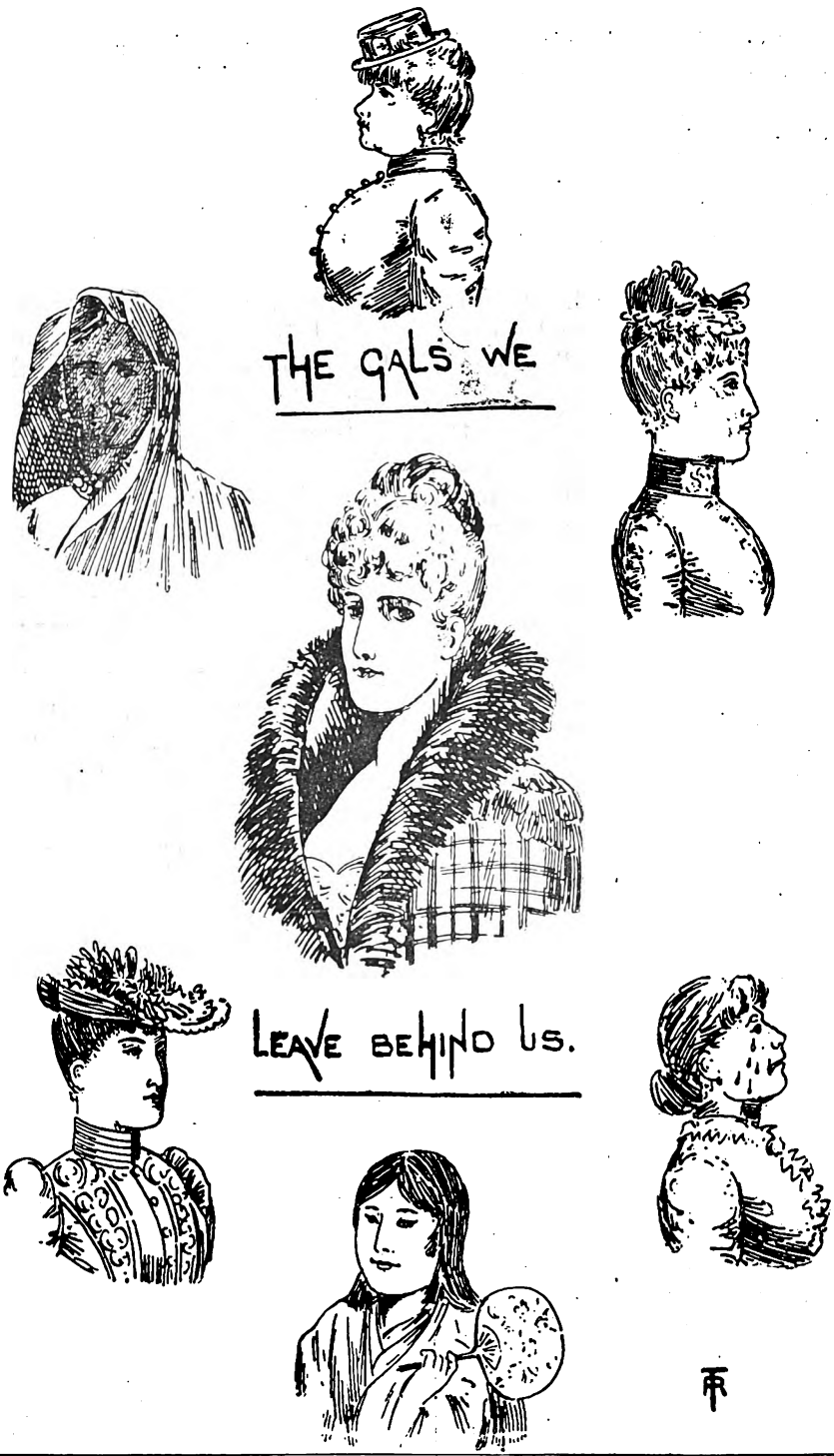

"THINK O' YER MITHER."—A TRUE STORY.

THE Rev. F. C. Young, in the memoir of his father, and extracts from his own journal, writes: The following story was told me by a gentleman whom I met in Wiltshire. I do not pretend to tell it in his own words, I only answer for the facts as I remember them:—

A widowed lady was fortunate enough to obtain for her son, a boy at Harrow, not yet 18 years of age, a commission without purchase. A few weeks after receiving it, his regiment was ordered out to the Crimea, in 1854. Many weeks elapsed, during which the mother was in great anxiety in consequence of never having received a line from her son. The first intelligence she received of him was in a letter published in one of the newspapers, and written

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by an amateur spectator who had witnessed the first engagement between the Russians and the Allied Forces at the Alma.

After giving sundry details of the battle itself, he went on to describe the cases of individual heroism which he had witnessed, and among the number he mentioned the courage of a lad of eighteen, who turned out to be the widow's son. In the pride of her heart she wrote to him in terms of praise natural to a mother, calling him "her hero boy." The letter she received from him in reply seems to have been both candid and modest. I cannot pretend to repeat with any degree of verbal accuracy a letter I never saw, and only heard recited second hand, but this was its purport:—

"Now, dear mother, that your fears about my safety are allayed, and that you have been cheered by favourable intelligence of me, I must undeceive you as to my having any right to such an epithet as you applied to me in your letter. I must confess to you that when first I saw the Russian guns open fire, and beheld the smoke wreathing itself upon the heights, I felt disposed to run away as fast as my legs could carry me. I felt I was a born coward! My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, my heart beat against my ribs like a sledge hammer, my knees knocked together. I could not resist looking over my left shoulder to see how the land lay behind me, when suddenly I was conscious of a strong hand between my shoulder blades, and a kindly voice in good broad Scotch saying to me, 'Come, laddie, forward, mon, forward! Duty—aye duty!' At that moment, had I been twitted with that must have been plain to read in my ashen face and shrinking step, I fear I should have run away. But there was something so encouraging in the tone of the friendly words, coupled with the brave bearing of our old sergeant-major, that I felt as if I had had a fresh backbone put into me.

"On I went for some little distance, till, as I drew closer to the scene of action I saw more of the hideous effects of shot and shell, and found myself once more looking over to the left; when again the same hand was at my back, and the same kind words repeated in my ear 'Eh, sir! Come, come, laddie; ye've done verra weel. Forward, then! Duty's the word—aye duty. Come, then; I'm just proud o' ye.'

"Inspired with a fresh ambition to deserve his good opinion, and the more so on account of his generosity and forbearance, I put forth all the energy and resolution that I could muster, until the man on my right, and the other on my left, were shot down by my side. This was too much for my coward heart. Nature asserted itself, and I deliberately turned round to fly, when both my shoulders were again seized in an iron grasp, and these words were hissed in my ears: 'Fie, fie, laddie! Think o' yer mither!' Then it was that, stung with self-reproach, and wrought up to resolution by the magic power of that name, I remember springing forward, rushing into the very thick of the fray, and, I hope, bearing myself as a soldier."

CRICKET.

I am afraid that in writing to you of our season's Cricket up to date I have nothing to record except a series of defeats each more crushing than the other. The first match we played was against the Gunners, whom we just managed to beat. The Gunners played a plucky game and have got a good team considering the number of men they have to pick from. Our next effort was against the East Surrey Regt., the week after, who beat us by 10 wickets. Had it not been for the steady batting displayed by Captain Lloyd in both Innings, I shudder to think of what the result would have been. We then tried our fortune against St. Xavier's College, playing on the Regimental ground, and again we were defeated, the "boys" proving far too strong for us.

After that we journeyed to Ballygunge and once more were overwhelmed; on this day I may say the fates were rather against us.

The truth is that we shall never do anything more at Cricket until we can discover some bowling talent. Whether it exists or not at present I cannot say, but if it does it is rather late in showing itself. In the Fort the game certainly does not stand a fair chance owing to the want of space and the numerous counter attractions. Let us hope that at Jullundur things will mend and that we may be able to put in the field a team in no way inferior to the splendid Football teams we have had during our stay in these parts.

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OFFICERS, "THE BUFFS"
Vs.
SERGEANTS, "THE BUFFS."

The above match was played off on Saturday the 26th inst. amidst continual cheering from Dalhousie Block. The Sergeants having won the toss elected to bat and managed to put together a decent score, 105, out of this Veitch made 43 in capital style. The Officers followed on, and it was soon to be seen from their steady batting that they were going in for a win. Before Lt. Trollope was cleaned bowled by Carnell for a splendidly put together 41, the match was in the hands of the Officers as it was evident that a 2nd Innings could not be possibly played through. Mr. Bell and Capt. Lloyd showed up well for 21 and 18 respectively.

The game was decided on the 1st Innings, Officers winning by 76 runs. Scoring as follows :

1st Innings.		Sergeants.	The Buffs.
Sgt.	Veitch ...	b Eaton ...	... 43
„	Winter ...	c Lloyd v Cumber	... 0
Clr. Sgt.	Patterson ...	b Cumber ...	... 0
Q. M. S.	Nicholas ...	b Cumber ...	... 1
Sgt. Maj.	Featherstone ..	b Cumber ...	... 12
Sgt.	Carnell ...	b Cumber ...	... 1
„	Stevens ...	b Eaton ...	... 3
„	Else ...	b Cumber ...	... 9
„	Perry ...	b Brine ...	... 15
„	Smith ...	b Hickson ...	... 3
„	Behrens ...	not out ...	... 12
„	Jones ...	b Bell ...	... 1
„	Gray ...	b Brine ...	... 0
		Extras	5
		Total	105

1st Innings.		Officers.	The Buffs.
Maj.	Hickson ...	b Carnell ...	... 11
Capt.	Holmes ...	l b. w, b. Carnell ...	... 5
„	Brine ...	b Carnell ...	... 14
„	Lloyd ...	ct Behrens, b. Patterson	... 18
Lieut.	Eustace ...	ct Perry, b. Carnell	... 0
„	Eales ...	run out ...	... 12
„	Bell ...	ct Nicholas, b Carnell	... 21
„	Cumber ...	ct and b. Carnell ...	... 5
„	Trollope ...	b Carnell ...	... 41
„	Eaton ...	b Carnell ...	... 0
„	McDowell ...	b Patterson ...	... 17
„	Trevor ...	b Carnell ...	... 17
„	Adamson ...	not out ...	... 0
		Extras	20
		Total	181

2nd Innings.		Sergeants	The Buffs.
Sgt	Carnell ...	b. Cumber ...	... 8
„	Veitch ...	b. Cumber ...	... 12
„	Behrens ...	b. Cumber ...	... 18
Sgt. Maj.	Featherstone ...	c. Bell b. Cumber	... 17
Sgt.	Else ...	c & b. Else ...	... 7
Q. M. S.	Nicholas ...	not. out ...	... 0
Sgt.	Perry ...	did not bat ...	... ...
Clr: Sgt.	Patterson ...	run out ...	... 11
		Extras ...	... 2
			75

Cricket Challenge Shield.

1st Ties for 1892.

The following resultswill show how the Companies stand up to the present in their 1st Ties, but as to how the finals will come off it is difficult to guess :—

"F" Company:—1st Innings.

Vaughan ...	Bd. Moth ...	...	4
Burns ...	Bd. Manville ...	...	0
Ward ...	Bd. Moth ...	...	14
Read ...	Ct. Pettitt Bd. Moth	...	3
Carnell ...	Bd. Manville ...	...	4
Stonell ...	Ct. Featherstone Bd. Manville		21
Bourne ...	Bd. Manville ...	...	8
Walker ...	Bd. Manville ...	...	2
O'. Grady ...	Ct. Featherstone Bd. Moth	...	6
Gingall ...	Bd. Manville ...	...	4
Sexton ...	Not out ...	...	1
	Extras	...	6
	Total	...	73

"F" Company.—2nd Innings.

Read ...	Bd. Manville ...	...	0
Ward ...	Bd. Moth ...	...	11
Carnell ...	Bd. Manville ...	...	18
Vaughan ...	Bd. Manville ...	...	4
Stonell ...	Ct. Barrett. Bd. Manville	...	25
O'. Grady ...	Bd. Manville ...	...	3
Burns ...	Bd. Manville ...	...	8
Bourne ...	L. B. W. Bd. Manville	...	18
Walker ...	Bd. Featherstone ...	...	6
Gingell ...	Ct. & Bd. Moth ...	..	6
Sexton ...	not out	...	11
	Extras	...	1
	Total	...	111

"D" Company.—1st Innings.

Skinner ...	Ct. Vaughan Bd. Carnell	...	23
Pettitt ...	Ct. Vaughan Bd. Bourne	...	0
Sgt. Golds ...	Bd Bourne ...	...	5
Lce Cpl. Manville	Bd. Bourne ...	...	26
„ Moth ...	run out ...	...	31
Breton ...	Bd. Burns ...	...	3
Sedgewick ...	Ct Vaughan Bd. Burns	...	0
Lce Cpl. Featherstone	not out ...	...	2
Osborne ...	Bd. Bourne ...	...	6
Farrier ...	Bd. Bourne ...	...	1
Barret ...	Ct. Vaughan Bd. Bourne	...	3
	Extras	...	13
	Total	..	113

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"D" Company.—2nd Innings.

Skinner	... Bd. Burns	...	1
Lce Cpl. Featherstone	Ct. & Bd. Bourne	...	0
„ Manville...	Bd. Bourne	...	12
Sedgwick	... Ct. Ward. Bd. Bourne	...	5
Pettitt	... Ct. Carnell Bd. Burns	...	1
Moth	... Bd. Burns	...	0
Osborne	... not out ...	...	10
Breton	... Ct. O.'Grady Bd. Burns		1
Farrier	... Ct. & Bd. Bourne ...	...	0
Barrett	... Bd. Bourne ...	...	5
Sgt. Golds	... absent	...	
	Extras	...	2
	Total	...	37

A Match played on the 1st December, between two good teams resulted in a victory for B. Coy. although A. Coy. showed a very good front, and the scoring on both sides was very good indeed,—the following are the details:—

"A" Company.

Sgt. Veitch	... run out	...	29
Dunham	... Bd. Hasler ...	...	58
Beale	... Bd. Cooper ...	...	34
Cpl. Leak.	... Ct. Hasler Bd. Cooper	...	6
Waller	... Ct. Cooper Bd. Hasler	...	2
Luckford	... Ct. Ford Bd. Cooper	...	14
Matthews	... Bd. Cooper ...	...	0
Freeman	... Bd. Cooper ...	...	0
Osborne	... Ct. Glasgow Bd. Hasler	...	7
Bennett	... L. B. W. Bd. Cooper	...	3
Newman	... not out	...	4
	Extras	...	2
	Total	...	162

"B." Company.

Lce. Cpl. Gray	... Ct. & Bd. Beale ...	...	42
Pte. Ford	... Bd. Leek ...	...	14
Lce. Cpl. Eaton	Bd. Luckford ...	...	60
Cooper	... Ct. Beale Bd. Veitch	...	19
Hasler	... Ct. Osborne Bd. Luckford	...	6
Clark	... Bd. Veitch ...	...	2
Lce. Cpl. Bradford	Bd. Veitch ...	...	1
Pte. Woods	... Bd. Luxford ...	...	14
„ Glasgow	... Bd. Veitch ...	...	2
„ Collard	... Ct. Beale Bd. Veitch	...	11
„ Amon	... not out	...	2
	Extras	...	8
	Total	...	181

TEA-POTS.

HEN Corfu was ceded to Britain at the general division of spoils in 1815, the troops than were first sent out to garrison the island found a melancholy destitution of all those little comforts and conveniences of life that John Bull and his wife know so little how to dispense with. Miserable quarters, every article of furniture scarce and bad, the most common utensils for cookery unattainable, and such wretched shops, that you left hope behind you, when you stepped over the threshold. In short, the shifts to which they were put were often so ludicrous, that the laugh they got at their own expense was the only consolation they had in their misery.

But of all the wants that afflicted their souls, none fell so heavily on their spirits as the want of tea-pots. Fancy any family in Great Britain without a tea-pot! Probably such an anomaly does not exist; but here there were three or four regiments—several hundreds of Christians—without a tea-pot amongst them. But we are wrong when we say without a tea-pot—there was one tea-pot, a silver one, a piece of family-plate that the owner had brought out with her to be used on grand occasions. But what a life it led! and what a life its mistress led! It was certainly a grand thing to be the possessor of the only tea-pot on the island. The position was imposing, but the glory, like many other glories, was onerous in the extreme, and many a day poor Mrs. R— was induced to wish that she had hid her light under a bushel, rather than exposed herself to be eternally pestered for the loan of the tea-pot.

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Besides, it could not satisfy all wants; when Mrs. A—had it, Mrs. B—was obliged to go without it; and when Mrs. C—sent for it, she was told that Mrs. D—'s maid had carried it away Then, of course, it only circulated amongst the officers' families; the unfortunate soldiers' wives had not even the consolation of hoping to have a turn at it; they had all heard of it—they know that the thing existed, but that was all—they never so much as got a glimpse of it.

Such was the condition of the community when, one fine morning, a small trading vessel was seen to sail into the harbour. It was a country vessel, as appeared by the rigging; and as they seldom brought anything that was useful to the unfortunate exiles there was not much to be hoped from it. However, as the smallest trifle would have been acceptable, as the beggars say, Colonel G—desired one of his sergeants to go down to the quay and inquire what they had on board. Picture to yourself, reader, what must have been the feelings of Sergeant L—on being informed by the captain that they were freighted with tea-pots!

"What have you got?" said he.

"Tea-pots!" said the captain.

"You'll have plenty of custom, then, my fine fellow," said the sergeant, and away he fled to spread the news.

"It's the most providentialist thing," he observed, "that ever happened;" and, indeed, so thought everybody. The blessed intelligence ran like wildfire. In ten minutes every woman in the garrison, high and low, and every bachelor that wanted to make a comfortable cup of tea for himself, might be seen rushing across the esplanade towards the quay pell-mell, all hurried and anxious, pushing and driving, each afraid of being last, lest the supply, being limited, should be exhausted before all wants were satisfied.

"Which is the ship?" cried a chorus of eager voices to Sergeant L——, who, flushed with conscious importance, headed the procession,

"This is her," said he, as he stepped on to the deck of the little trader, accompanied by as many of his followers as could find footing whilst the less fortunate candidates gathered to the side as close as they could, all with one voice vociferating: "Tea-pots! tea-pots! show us the tea-pots!"

"Tea-pots" echoed the captain, nodding his head affirmatively.

"Where are the tea-pots! we all want tea-pots!" cried the English.

"Tea-pots!" said the captain, with a smile and a bow—and the crew repeated after him 'tea-pots!"

But by this time the extraordinary commotion had drawn to the shore, amongst other spectators of the scene, a certain Italian cook, who happening to have a smattering both of English and Romaic, stepped forward to offer his services as interpreter. "He says he freighted with tea-pots," said Sergeant L——; "so make him produce them." "Tea-pots," replied the captain. "Ah!" said the cook, turning to the anxious expectants, "he say he bring 'tipotus,'—dat mean, in his language, 'noting!'"

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The congregation of a church at Eltham, in Kent, were once shaken out of all decorum. Dr. Beadon, the Rector, was preaching, and his text was, "Who art thou ?"

He had just repeated it, when a late-comer stopped in the middle of the aisle. This laggard was in military uniform and he strangely supposed that the clergyman addressed him personally. In haughty and pompous tones, he said :

"I am, sir, an officer of the 16th Regiment of Foot, on a recruiting party here ; and, having brought my wife and family with me, I wish to be acquainted with the neighbouring clergy and gentry."

A TALE FOR THE MARINES.

A private in the Marines, being indebted to a few of his comrades for a small sum, promised immediate payment, as he expected some "oof" from home. A few days after, the local carriers brought to the mess-room a new wheelbarrow addressed to him. No one could understand why he wanted such an article, but he blushingly confessed it came from home in place of the "oof" he expected. On the back of the barrow was a label with the following inscription : "My dear boy, I am sorry you broke the barrack's wheelbarrow, but, instead of sending you money to pay the damage, I have sent you a new one."

"FAITHFUL TO THE END." (An act of devotion to duty witnessed on the Calcutta maidan).

MASTER OF THE OCCASION.

General Gordon was a man who knew how to use the decisive moment, and resort, if necessary, to the most extreme measures in order to insure a necessary success. When he was sent to aid in putting down the Tai-ping rebellion in China he found the army of defence to be a curious body of soldiers. Every available man had been pressed into the service, sailors without a ship, deserters from the enemy, gaolbirds, pirates, outlaws, roughs, and tramps of all nations and characters. This was the self-christened "Ever-victorious Army." When Gordon assumed the command, he declared that there should be

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no more sacking and burning of towns, and when, against his orders, a city had been plundered, he removed the officer who had condoned the offence, and replaced him by a better man. At this the troops rebelled. They held a meeting, the result of which was a round robin, stating that unless their wishes were consulted there would be trouble. And there was trouble, but not in the direction they had indicated. The new commander in his turn called a meeting, and the discontented leaders growling and swearing, assembled in the barrack yard. "Now," said Gordon, appearing suddenly, "fall in!" They refused. From that moment they began to understand him. Quiet and unassuming as he had been, in an instant he rose before them the embodiment of passion and unconquerable will. "The name of the ringleader! Quick!" he cried. "Out with it, or within an hour one man in every five of you shall be shot!" This was received with a loud and savage groan. One ruffian in the crowd groaned a little louder than his fellows, and quick as a flash of lightning Gordon had him dragged from the ranks, and ordered him to be shot. Within an hour the rest of the valiant mutineers were on their knees, tendering their submission and roaring for mercy. In the fifteen following months he had broken up the rebellion, saved millions of money, and preserved countless men and women from torture and death. He had actually saved a mighty empire and a throne, and, more than that, he had won the love and absolute trust of his extraordinary army.

ACROSTIC.

Answer to October Acrostic.

C O N C H
U G A N D A
M I S E R
B A B E L
E L B E
R O U N D E L A Y

J.-COME-L.

Answer to November Acrostic.

B O A T
R O U M A N I A
I N T E R I O R
N U G G E T
E N T R A N C E

BRINE-TARTE

Acrostic.

The good old *Dragon* sailing this her second trip
In literary seas, has proved a sturdy ship
When storm and tempest threatened to o'erwhelm
She weathered all, with *these two* at her helm.

1

To witness its performance, rich orientals pay
While we ourselves perform it, to pass the time away

2

An ideal land of shepherdesses and sunshine,
Where Strephons pay their vows to Phyllisses divine.

3

A musical organ, though not instrumental,
Whose tones are emitted through ivories dental.

4

Our hands, if this, will always find,
Some mischief waiting, bear in mind.

5

An annual show, recorded in these pages,
We took them from the Romans and their sages.

JOHNNIE-CUM-LATELY.

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1st BATTALION THE BUFFS.

Route from Calcutta to Jullundur, Leaving Calcutta Wednesday, 28th December 1892.

P.O. Post Office, T.O. Telegraph Office, R.S. Railway Station, D.B. Dak Bungalow.

Authorities. Mil.	Authorities. Civil.	Date.	Place.	Distance. Miles.	Distance. Fur.	Remarks.
		1892 Dec. 29	Mudhapore. PO. TO.	184		By rail.
		30	Dinapore. RS. LB.	161		
		31	Allahabad.	220		
G.O.C. Allahabad Division.	Collector of Allahabad, Allahabad.	1893 Jan. 1	Halt			
		2	Mooftee-Ke-Purwa.	15		Small village; water and supplies plentiful. The road leaves cantonments by the branch of the Trunk road, known as the Cawnpore Road, which joins at the Subadargunj level crossing. Manowrie R.S, 1 mile from camp.
		3	Koh.	12	7	Good bazaar; water and supplies plentiful. Bharwarie R.S. 2½ miles from camp.
		4	Saince. PO.	13	2	Bazaar; water and supplies plentiful. Sirathee R.S. 1½ miles from camp.
	Collector of Futtehpur, Futtehpur.	5	Kutoughun.	11		Small village; water from wells; supplies plentiful.
		6	Jhurraion.	12	6	Bazaar; supplies plentiful; water from wells. Arrapa D.B. 1 mile from camp.
		7	Futtehpur, PO. TO, RS. DB.	12		Small civil station; supplies and water plentiful. The town of Futtephur contains over 16,000 inhabitants.
		8	Halt.			
		9	Mulwa, PO.	11	2	Bazaar; supplies and water plentiful. R.S. 2 miles from camp.
		10	Aong.	13		Small village, supplies and water plentiful. Mohar R.S. 4 miles from camp.
		11	Maharajpur, PO.	13	6	River Pundoo (bridged); small village; water and supplies plentiful. Cross the Pundoo Nuddee at 3½ miles. Sirsaul R.S. 2 miles from camp.
		12	Cawnpore. PO. TO. RS.	10	6	River Ganges; large military and civil station; supplies and water abundant. Camp near railway station, population about 90,000. Regiment stationed here in 1876, '77, '78. The Memorial Well, Church, etc., well worthy of a visit. Elevation about 580 feet. Latitude 26°28. Longitude 80°2.

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Authorities.		Date.	Place.	Distance.		Remarks.
Mil.	Civil.			Miles	Fur.	
	Collector of Cawnpore, Cawnpore.	13	Kallainpur, PO. TO. RS.	8	4	Village; supplies and water plentiful. Cross the Ganges Canal (bridge).
		14	Chowbepur, PO. TO, RS.	8	4	Small bazaar; supplies and water plentiful. Nyagunj R.S. 1½ miles from camp. Bithoor 4 miles east.
		15	Halt.			
		16	Cura, PO. TO. RS. DB.	12		Village; supplies and water plentiful. Cross the river Nona (bridge) 9 miles from camp.
		17	Urwul, PO. TO. RS. D B.	13	2	Village; supplies and water plentiful; cross the river Eesun (bridge) 5 miles from camp. The bridge is an iron girder one, with brick piers and abutments, 5 spans of 60 feet and 2 spans of 20 feet, built for road and railway traffic.
G.O.C. Meerut Division, Meerut.	Collector of Furruckabad, Futteghur.	18	Meera-Ka-Serai, PO. TO. [RS.	9	4	A Bazaar; supplies and water plentiful. The old city of Kananj in ruins is 2 miles east of the camp ground on the Kala Nuddee.
		19	Gurshaiginj, PO. TO, RS. [DB.	14	2	Large village; supplies and water plentiful. The Cawnpore and Furrukhabad railway and the Fatehgarh road branches off here. Fatehghar is distant 21¾ miles by road and 20 miles by rail.
		20	Chubramow, PO. DB.	14	4	A large straggling place; supplies and water plentiful.
	Collector of Mynpoorie, Mynpoorie.	21	Bewar, PO. DB.	13	4	Large village; supplies and water plentiful.
		22	Halt.			
		23	Sultangunj, PO.	14		Small bazaar; supplies and water procurable; about half way, the road branches off to Mynpoorie and Agra, distant 7 and 79 miles respectively.
		24	Karowli, PO.	8	5	Small bazaar, supplies and water procurable.
	Collector of Etah, Etah.	25	Mallaon.	11	3	Small bazaar; supplies and water procurable.
		26	Etah, PO. TO. DB.	11	1	Small civil station; supplies and water abundant; good encamping ground
		27	Bhudwas.	11	5	Small village; supplies and water plentiful.

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Authorities. Mil.	Authorities. Civil,	Date.	Place.	Distances. Miles.	Distances. Fur.	Remarks.
	Collector of Alleghur. Alleghur.	28	Secundra Rao, PO.	9	2	Good sized place ; supplies and water abundant. The Habras and Khasgunj road crosses close by the camp.
		29	Halt.			
		30	Akrabad, PO.	10	4	Village ; supplies and water abundant.
		31	Allyghur, PO. TO. RS. DB.	14	2	Small civil station ; cross the Ganges Canal soon after leaving Akrabad ; march through the station to the camp ground. The city of Coel lies to the left of the road. Population over 55,000. Latitude 27°56. Longitude 78°6.
		Feb. 1	Somna, PO. TO. RS. DB.	13	2	Large village; supplies and water procurable; camp grounds south of the Trunk road.
G.O.C. Meerut Division, Meerut.	Collector of Boolundshur, Boolundshur.	2	Khurja, PO. TO. RS. DB.	14	4	Large village ; supplies and water plentiful ; camp ground between the Delhi and Meerut roads, which branch off here. Meerut distant 53¾, and Delhi 45¾ miles. R.S. 3½ miles away.
		3	Bhoor near Boolundshur [PO. DB.	12		Small civil station and old cantonment ; supplies and water plentiful ; cross the Ganges canal 2¼ miles from camp.
		4	Secundrabad, PO. TO. RS. [DB.	9	4	Large village ; supplies and water abundant.
		5	Halt.			
		6	Dadree, PO. TO. RS. DB.	12		Large village ; supplies and water plentiful ; R.S. 1¾ miles away ; camp ground on both sides of road.
	C. of Meerut. Meerut.	7	Ghaziabad, PO. TO. RS. DB.	12	2	Large village ; supplies & water plentiful ; the road to Meerut branches off here. Meerut distant 29½ miles.
		8	Delhi, PO. TO. RS. DB.	14	6	A large military and civil station, situated on the right bank of the Jumna ; supplies and water plentiful. The encamping ground is opposite the race course on the Alipur road, 2 miles, 5 fur. from the church, and 3¼ miles from the Calcutta Gate. Cross the river Hindun soon after leaving Ghaziabad, and the Jumna about the 10th mile stone. The road enters the city by the Calcutta Gate, passes down the Lothian road and leaves it at the Cashmere Gate. Several places worthy of a visit, the Fort, Jumna Musjid, &c. Several battles fought here during the mutiny in 1857, and the seige of Delhi is a memorable feat of arms. Population 200,000. Latitude 28°41, Longitude 77°16.

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Authorities.		Date.	Place.	Distances.		Remarks.
Mil.	Civil.			Miles.	Fur.	
G.O.C. Sirhind Division, Umballa.	Dy. Commr. Delhi, Delhi.	9	Alipur, PO.	7	6	Village ; supplies and water procurable.
		10	Race, PO.	10		Village ; supplies and water procurable.
		11	Lursowlee, PO.	11		Village ; supplies and water procurable : country jungly.
	Deputy Commissoner of Kurnaul, Kurnaul.	12	Halt.			
		13	Somalba	10	4	Village ; supplies and water procurable ; country jungly.
		14	Panceput, PO.	11	4	Good sized town ; supplies and water abundant ; camp ground other side town, which contains about 20,000 inhabitants.
		15	Ghorundo, PO.	9	4	Village ; supplies and water plentiful ; country jungly.
		16	Kurnaul, PO. TO. DB.	10	4	Civil station and old cantonment. supplies and water abundant : th jungle near road. Cross the canal 4 miles from camp. City contains 20,0 inhabitants. Camp ground other side of city.
		17	Buttana	11	3	Small village ; supplies & water pleniiful ; country covered with dhâk jungl eross the Chowlung Nulla close to camp.
	Deputy Commissioner of Umballa, Umballa.	18	Peeplee, PO.	9	2	Small place ; supplies and water plentiful ; country as in last march.
		19	Halt.			
		20	Shahabad, PO.	13	1	Large place ; supplies and water plentiful ; nullas bridged ; cultivated h and there ; road as last march.
		21	Umballa Church PO. TO. [RS. DB.	13	5	A large military and civil station ; supplies abundant ; water sometimes scarc camp ground S.E. of station. Cross the river Markunda at 1 mile, the Ot at 9½ and the Tangree at 10 miles. First named river bridged : two last ha brick causeways over them, which are usually washed away during the rai Umballa contains about 25,000 inhabitant. Putialia, the residence of the Si chief of the district is about 32 miles west of the station.
		22	Mogul-Ke-Serai.	10	3	A small place with an old serai in the territory of the Putialia Raj supplies and water abundant ; cross the river Ghugger at 7 miles.
		23	Ughana	11		Small villiage in Putialia territory ; supplies and water plentiful ; na bridged.

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Authorities. Mil.	Authorities. Civil.	Date.	Place.	Distance. Miles.	Distance. Fur.	Remarks.
		24	Bara	11	5	Village in Putialia territory; supplies and water plentiful; nullas bridged; Town of Sirhind a short distance north of the camp.
	Deputy Commissioner Ludhiana, Ludhiana.	25	Khurna-Ke-Serai, PO. TO. [RS.	10		Village; supplies and water plentiful.
		26	Halt.			
		27	Dowraha	14	1	Village in Putialia territory; supplies and water plentiful.
		28	Ludhiana, PO. TO. RS. DB.	13	1	Small civil station and old cantonment; supplies and water plentiful. The Ferozepore road branches off at camp ground. Ludhiana contains 50,000 inhabitants.
	Deputy Commissioner, Jullundur.	Mar. 1	Philour, PO. TO. RS.	10		An old cantonment; the fort on the right bank of the Sutlej occupied by Native Infantry; supplies and water plentiful; the Sutlej is bridged by boats in the dry season, ferry in the rains. Cross it at 7 miles.
		2	Phugwara, PO. TO. RS.	11	6	Small town in the Kurpoortulla Rajah's territory; supplies and water plentiful.
		3	Jullundur, PO. TO. RS.	12	2	A large cantonment and civil station; supplies and water plentiful; pass Chara at 5 miles; cross the river Beyn (bridged) at 5½ miles and pass Rampur at 7½ miles. The town of Jullundur situated near the civil lines to the N.W. of the station contains about 35,000 inhabitants. Latitute 31°17. Longitude 75°40.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

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1893

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 70. **FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, January 31st, 1893.** Price As. 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Birth.

SUTTON.—At Calcutta, on the 1st instant, the wife of Pte. Sutton of a daughter—Olive.

Marriage.

TALBOT—BATES.—At St. Peter's Church, Karachi, by the Rev. E. Long, on the 18th December 1892, Sergt. Instr. M. Talbot, Railway Volunteers, to Miss K. Bates, of High Wycombe Bucks.

Deaths.

CULVERHOUSE.—At Assansol, on the 31st December, Sergt. A Culverhouse.

NEWTON.—At Jullundur, on the 7th instant, Pte. J. Newton, of Peritanitis.

NOTES.

THIS month sees the Regiment well on the way to Jullundur, or in the words of Rudyard Kipling "Marching in relief, o'er Injia's sunny plains"—a little more sun would perhaps have been welcome at times, as continuous rain for two or three days is not conducive to high spirits, except for bad weather occasionally, the march so far has been uneventful.

Before leaving Calcutta—a Bonfire Concert organised on the spur of the moment was got up on Monday the 26th. Outside friends, especially our naval ones, turned up in force. Colonel Chatterton (whose song—one of Kipling's we publish further on, as being particularly appropriate), Father Hopkins and Abel Seaman Moore of H. M. S. *Boadicea*, were among the chief contributors—the last mentioned's impromptu verses were much applauded, not the least uninteresting part of the performance was to see a judge of the High Court on the stage, where he seemed as much at home as on the bench; the fog, which had been hanging around most of the evening, settled down finally in a dense cloud, and most of our sailor guests stopped the night in camp.

In spite of the early hour of our departure on the morning of the 28th, and the Lieutenant-Governor's Ball the night previous, a great many friends were at the station to say good-bye to the Regiment, and amidst much hand-shaking and with every Tommy's face out at each window, a final adieu was said to Calcutta and Lower Bengal.

At the Volunteer Athletic Sports held lately in Calcutta, Pte. Cooper (sailor) was 2nd in the open ½ mile and Pte. Hasler 2nd in the 120 yds.

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open hurdles—the winner in each event being Volunteer Norman Pritchard, who seems to have won both events in capital time.

Apropos of our new rifle, the following remark of Mr. Maxim, the great inventor, who is at present engaged in constructing a flying machine for war purposes, we commend to our readers. He says : " If I can rise from the Coast of France, sail through the air across the Channel, and drop ½ a ton of nitro-glycerine upon an English city, I can revolutionize the world. If I fail, some one will come after me, who will be successful. It can be done as sure as fate. I have spent 45,000 dollars already on it, and I did not enter upon the work, until I was convinced that the idea was practical"—quite a pleasant future for an English city !

The Jullundur Detachment seem to be gogging comfortably along. A most successful X'mas Tree, an account of which will be found further on, was held on the 23rd, and a Shooting Competition for prizes is coming off shortly on the Range. All the children, in fact the whole detachment, officers, men and wives—look remarkably well, and if leading somewhat dull lives,—are at all events leading very healthy ones.

The even tenour of life at Jullundur was, however, somewhat rudely disturbed by a short but sharp shock of earthquake at 10-20 A.M., on Tuesday, the 17th instant, a shock that was severely felt, so close as Lahore, where some houses tumbled down. The shock here seems to have been most severely felt in the orderly room and pay office, where work (but only for 3 seconds) was at a standstill.

Not many of our readers are aware that of the 4 Buffs present at the Battle of Maiwand, one was recommanded for the V. C., and the other three obtained Distinguished Service Medal. They were transfers from D. Coy. to the 66th ; the names of three were Corpl. Lovell, Pte. Webb, Pte. King (who was killed), and a fourth, whose name perhaps some of old Buffs will be able to recall—the above is a good record.

The Director-General of Military Education, Col. Hart, V.C, R.E., paid a visit to the Jullundur Detachment on the 20th and 21st, and seemed very pleased with the result of his inspection. Col. Hart, who was looking very well, expressed his great regret at not meeting the Regiment, an expression that we are sure is reciprocal.

We congratulate another of our abnormally senior subalterns, Lieutenant W. B. Booth, on getting his promotion at last, *vice* Capt. Campbell Johnston seconded. As Capt. Booth will, however, shortly be seconded as A. D. C. to General Viscount Frankfort, the step will then go to Lieutenant A. R. Eustace, who will also have been waiting over 10 years for his promotion.

When we stated in our November number, that as Capt. Holme and Sergt. Stoike's little pamphlet on Sword Exercise had been taken up by the chief service papers, such as the *A. and N. Gazette* and the *Dragon*, we did not think that our expectation would be so shortly realised ; Sergeant Stoike having obtained the comfortable billet of Gymnastic Instructor at Umballa, it will now soon be Capt. Holme's turn.

A Cricket Match was played at Jullundur between the Station and the Field Battery R. A. For the former Capt. Holme, Qr. Mr. Sergt. Nicolas, Sergt. Allen, Pte. Read and Dr. Michell were playing, but their efforts, though good, were powerless to avoid defeat by 60 odd runs.

The attention of our readers, especially those who are tattoed, is called to the following remark of H. E. the Commander-in-Chief: " With a view to putting a stop to repeated desertion, and to cleanse the army of bad characters, every officer and private should be distinguished as a servant of the Crown by some indelible mark, which should be regarded as an honour, rather than a disgrace. A small Crown, or a Royal Cypher, tattoed on the arm, is suggested as an appropriate emblem of a service, which I hope to see rendered thoroughly acceptable to all classes of H. M's subjects."

We have had to get the *Dragon* printed this month at Messrs. Traill & Co. at Calcutta, as the Regimental Printing Press was so much knocked about on the journey, all the type got mixed up, and it has taken a long time to put it right. We must apologize to our readers for

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the lateness in issuing this number, as we remained open to the last minute to enable one or two important letters to be inserted.

Lieutenant Bradley Dyne, who has remained at Calcutta as A. D. C. to Brig. General Lance, C. B., was playing for the Calcutta Polo Club in the final game of the Tournament there against the Maharajah of Patiala's team. The Calcutta Club, though defeated, seem to have played excellently throughout, and to have made a capital fight against what, we suppose, is at present the strongest polo team in India.

Sergeant Major Featherstone, who was the model for the "Type of Buffs" we print this month—a Sergeant Major—undress uniform—has made an excellent model, good pose, &c., the face perhaps is not a very good likeness, but then it must be remembered—a Sergeant Major's is not easily "drawn."

We had hoped to have continued our account of the Lee Metford Rifle in our last issue, but owing to the move of the Battalion, we were compelled to postpone it until the present number. The account which we strongly commend to all our readers will be found both interesting and instructive, and most of us will be glad to hear that the size of the Bull's-eye of the 3rd class Target is going to be increased. It would appear from our little wars (Burmah, Egypt, &c.), where savages frequently come to close quarters, and are only effectually stopped by heavy bullets, or better still by a good shot gun, that the reduction of the calibre of the rifle had reached a limit in the Lee Metford, but this is a point to be argued upon by experts.

A circular has been issued by the Director of the Army Clothing Department, London, relative to the employment in his department of discharged men, and men of the Army Reserve. The men must not exceed 45 years of age, and will enter the department as temporary storehousemen in the first instance at the wages of 18 shillings a week. The pay is as follows: 4th class storehousemen 19 shillings per week, 3rd class 20 shillings, 2nd class 22 shillings, 1st class 24 shillings. On the average, there are vacancies for about 80 temporary storehousemen yearly.

SERGEANT MAJOR FEATHERSTONE.

OBITUARY.

It is our sad duty to have to record this month the death of a well known soldier in this Battalion—Pte. J. Newton. On the evening of the 6th, he was taken sick with colic, a complaint that he had suffered from on several previous occasions. He was taken to hospital on the morning of the 7th, no one anticipating any serious result, and the news of his death that evening caused quite a gloom to settle over the Detachment. Pte. Newton had been employed for the last 4 years in the Mineral Water Shop of the Battalion, and it was due to him chiefly, that that institute has always been in such a flourishing condition. He leaves an invalid wife, and three children to mourn his loss, and with these the whole Battalion sincerely sympathizes.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

ON THE TRAMP WITH THE BUFFS.

Comp Karowli, 24th January 1893.

Dear Mr. Editor,—As promised I will send you a few lines about our move.

Everything we are doing on this march is experimental, I must tell you that, even our Railway journey was an experimental one.

Besides that we have—

Experimental Tents Old Pattern Waterproof.
Do. New Pattern ,,
Do. General Service.
Experimental Ropes for Tents.
Experimental Pack Saddles.

If the above lot is not a mixed pickle lot then my name is not———

To begin, we left Howrah Railway Station at 8 A.M., on the 28th December, amid much weeping, hand-shaking, and if it had been dark a little kissing, I'm afraid, would have happened (pity it was not dark). Our journey was rather slow, and at midday we halted, got out the cooked dinners and ate them, washed down with bad beer at 4 annas a pint. We arrived at Muddapore at dark, and found Sergeant Webster had dinners ready cooked for the Battalion.

Started off next morning as usual, but minus the tears and sighs, and after two more days we arrived at Allahabad.

This day travelling is very nice if we could arrive at our next camp by day light, but to get into a strange camp after dark is a terrible muddle. Everybody sees more of India than they ever saw before, and one has a good night's rest, which it is impossible to get in a troop train, as every time it starts after a halt, the driver delights in giving you a shock which stirs up your lives if you have one.

The last day of 1892 and the first one of 1893 were pretty lively ones for the Buffs, what with making out pay statements, drawing camp equipage, public and private carriage, ordnance stores, extra blankets, &c., &c., and having a General's inspection, we were all very glad to leave next morning (2nd January for Mooftee-ki-Purwah, and after a very comfortable march of about 9 miles to find the camp. This was a pleasant surprise, as in the Quarter Master's two anna route book it was shewn as 15 ; printer's error some say, but it is measured from the Camp ground at the other side of Allahabad and not from the rest camp, hence the mistake.

Up to date the remaining distances of all the Camps have been found correct, so there has been no more pleasant surprises.

The 3rd instant saw us at Camp Kot, and then discomforts commenced, it rained hard there, and the experimental waterproof tents behaved themselves disgracefully, as they let in the water much worse than the ordinary general service tents. Everybody started on the 4th for Sainee wet and cross, and to keep up their bad humour, it simply came down the proverbial cats and dogs along the road, the coffee shop was hailed with delight, but a public-house would have been much more acceptable as a little something stronger than coffee was required by all (ATA excepted) to help us along the road. Shooting commenced with a vengeance to-day, doves, minahs, speakers, and crows all suffered, and many a degshie of mysteries was cooked at Camp Sainee, and also at every other camp en route, but "what the eye does not see" &c., certainly comes in handy on a march in India. What always strikes me as a marvel is the wonderful way in which the Company cooks get the meals ready, wet or dry, the food is always thoroughly cooked, and always in time. As no matter what time the Battalion arrives, breakfast is invariably ready, dinners at 12, and teas at 3, and then off they go to next camp, the amount of extras that are cooked is also a credit to the native cook, one sees piles of eggs, bacon, sausages and liver in each company for breakfast, then, for dinner, dozens of every variety of bird from the stately sirus to the little snippet, with now and then a pig (tame or jungle it does not matter) or a deer. At tea you'll see being cooked what the natives call a tea-cake (about the size of one of the copper lids), it is made with flour and a few currants and is really very nice.

But I am going away from my route. On the 5th we marched to Kutonghun, a distance of 11 miles, and arrived soaked to the skin, but luckily soon after our arrivel the sun shone out, and at last we got our bedding and clothes a bit dry. On the 7th we reached Futtehpur, a small civil station ; here we got our first halt much to the delight of both man and beast. Church Parade on Sunday everyone looked spick and span as possible and all as fit as could be. On the 9th we marched to Aony, a distance of 13 miles, a mere trifle now, as we are quite accustomed to a dozen miles or so. We soon got to Cawnpore where the Col. had kindly arranged a halt to enable the men to see the place Out of the whole of the officers and men who marched to Cawnpore to-day there are only 4 with the Battalion who were soldiering in the Buffs, when stationed at Cawnpore in 1866-7-8 : Col. Harley, Major Hickson, Qr. Mr. Cumber and Band Sergeant Roach. Capt. Holme is at Jullundur, and Sergt. Tozer was a boy in those days, and not enlisted. Not much change except for the better in Cawnpore, the well gardens look much nicer, and what struck me about Cawnpore keeping up to the times was the Switchback Railway. I saw Tommy enjoying himself to his heart's content on it, but he was minus one very necessary article, and that was "arrect". On the 14th we marched to Kallianpur, only 8½ miles away, simply a stroll for us now.

The 15th brought us to Chowbepur, another short march, and the 16th we arrived at Pura, 12 miles off. Everybody gets much better shooting now, and two well known shikarees (Mr. Pearson and Swetenham) bagged 19 ducks and 17 snipes in one day.

On the 21st we sighted Bewar, 13½ miles, and then came a day of rest.

At Bewar some big game was shot, a man of "A" Company (Pte. Bennett) got two deers, and Mr. Eustace bagged a boar. At this camp there is a grave of an artillery man who was assassinated while on sentry in 1869, and it's the custom of

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every party marching through to put up a small token in memoriam, we put up a nice scroll with a brass dragon on it, these mementos are all nailed to a tree near the grave.

On the 23rd we arrived at Sultanganj, 14 miles, and while there a supposed mad pariah rushed through the camp and bit 4 or 5 of the Regimental dogs. The pariah was eventually killed.

Wait till you see all our pets, Mr. Editor, we shall be able to start a miniature zoo when you arrive at Jullundur.

At present we have—

4 Pariah Pups,
6 Pariah Dogs,
1 Young Jackall,
1 Young Alligator,
3 Monkeys,
1 Young Camel,

and last,

All going strong and as fit as fiddles, must now close until next month.

Yours faithfully,
P. A.

OUR CALCUTTA LETTERS.

When you are asked to write a letter to the *Dragon* to chronicle the doings of Calcutta folk for a fortnight after the departure of the regiment, it is evidently a bad task; a place does not change greatly within that time unless there is a neighbouring volcano to put a different aspect on the appearance of it, but one must do one's best. It is needless to speak of the many regrets expressed at the departure of the Buffs, because you have heard them yourselves, and though we welcome the Rifle Brigade, we miss the "Scarlet Coats," and the Fort looks very sombre with the dark-coated riflemen.

It is good, to save confusion, to divide a letter, like the parsons do their sermons, into any convenient number of headings, so we will the mystical number 3, and begin 1st with Military affairs. Though the Camp of Instruction has fallen through for this year, of soldiering we have enough to spare, what with setting down after the relief of so many regiments, inspections and such like; and we have had one of those little trips to Dum-Dum in outport duty just to remind us that it is the Drill Season. The Proclamation Parade was the biggest on record, over 500 Blue Jackets and Marines being on parade. The line was too long for the parade ground, some of the troops having to form a second line in rear. The Royal Sussex from Dum-Dum and 10th B. I. from Barrackpore came into Camp on the Maidan for a few days to take part in the show. The Rifle Brigade looked well and marched past splendidly, they are a fine set of men and strong in numbers.

To come to our second heading, Cricket has been to the fore of late. The English teams beat Calcutta easily in an innings, but their match against the Presidency only ended in a draw. Inside the Fort games have been going on gaily, and the Rifle and Naval Brigades have played a match, ending in a victory for the former. Football is simmering, though of course there has been no open outbreak of it yet.

To come to news of general interest—The fleet has departed after a longer stay than usual; with their usual hospitality they gave us a great dance before they left. Our friends, the gunners, are off to Fulta to practise for the Commander-in-Chief's prize, which, let us hope, they will win again this year. The Assault-at-Arms is early in February; Colonel Chatterton's Volunteers are putting on the mantle of the Buffs, and are busy preparing Musical Club Drill.

All Buffs in Calcutta send greetings.

JULLUNDUR NEWS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

After a long and somewhat tedious journey the married families, under the charge of Lieut. F. D. J. Annesley, arrived here on the 28th November 1892, being joined by other parties of sick, etc., on different dates since, so that we now form a detachment some 130 strong (including sick in hospital), under the command of Captain Holme.

To every one the change from the enervating climate of Lower Bengal to that of the Punjab was very great, and for the first few days nothing but violent exercise would warm our chilled frames, but as we became more accustomed to the cold we found ourselves able to thoroughly enjoy this bracing climate.

A very noticeable feature here, and one that speaks volumes for the healthiness of the place, is the robust appearance of all Europeans we meet, in fact they quite sympathise with us poor white-faced creatures from Calcutta.

Quite recently we were treated to a slight shock of earthquake—so slight indeed that most of us imagined it was just a door slamming or something being moved overhead, yet nevertheless a real one, and accordingly noted in our diaries as such.

No doubt, all on the march are anxious to hear what kind of place they are coming to, so that a few remarks about Jullundur will, I imagine, be acceptable.

We fully expected to find this an extremely dull and uninteresting station, and although until the arrival of the Battalion things will scarcely be lively, yet most of us were agreeably surprised at the appearance of the place.

The station is well laid out and the barracks are really some of the best built in India, presenting quite an imposing appearance from the front.

They are built in echelon, this formation being understood to have its many advantages; of its disadvantages we are all fully aware, for of a dark night it's a regular puzzle to discover where one's particular apartments lie, as many of us know to our sorrow.

The Rifle Range is situated just at the West end of the Barracks, and the men of "B" Company will be almost able to fire their annual course without stirring from their rooms. The advantage of having the Range so close should have an excellent effect on the Battalion's Musketry.

The Theatre which adjoins the Canteen is in the very middle of the Barracks, and has plenty of room both before and behind the lights. On the 23rd inst., a very successful Children's X'mas Treat was given by Capt. Holme, the occasion being a school holiday given by Col. Hart, V.C., D.M.E., in India; preparations are also being made for the production of farces, penny readings, etc.

Besides the Theatre, there are good Skittle Alleys, Ball Courts, and Regimental Gardens providing plenty

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of recreation for all hands, so it will be entirely our own fault if we ever complain of dullness in this station.

The Sergeants possess a splendid mess room, with tennis courts outside in excellent condition.

On the 24th inst. we enjoyed a real English march day. The blustering cold blasts, with an occasional shower, being exactly what one might expect at home next month.

Fortunately it did not last long, and we are now enjoying the most lovely weather again, and feel, as we are sure all hands will, delighted with their new station.

Obediently yours,

M.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Acknowledged, with thanks, the receipt of the following Regimental Papers :—

The Lilywhites' Gazette.—*2nd Bn. East Lancashire Regt.*

The Lancashire Lad.—*The Loyal North Lancashire Regt.*

The Army Service Corps Gazette.

I'm 95.—*2nd Bn. Derbyshire Regt.*

The Maple Leaf.—*1st Bn. Leinster Regt.*

The Queen's Own Gazette.—*Royal West Kent Regt.*

St. George's Gazette.—*5th Northumberland Fusiliers.*

The Nines.—*Wiltshire Regiment.*

The Sprig of Shillelagh—*27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.*

The Bengal Tiger.—*2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.*

The Tiger and Rose.—*York and Lancaster Regt.*

The XXX.—*1st Bn. East Lancashire Regt.*

The Sutherland News.—*2nd Bn. Argyll and Sutherland [Highlanders.*

The 1st Surrey Rifles Gazette.—*1st Vol. Bn. E. Surrey [Rifles.*

THE "LEE METFORD"—(*Continued*).

If may interest our readers if we give the names of the rifles adopted by Foreign powers, which are as follows :—

France ...	... Lebel.
Austria-Hungary	... Mannlicher.
Germany ...	... Mannlicher.
Russia ...	... Kapit-Mosin.
Belgium ...	... Manser-in-Obendorf.
Switzerland	... Schmidt-Rubin.
Denmark	... Krag-Jorgensen.
Turkey ...	... Manser-in-Obendorf.

Comparing mark I * (the rifle that has been issued to us), as regards weight, length, &c., with the magazine rifles of other powers, we find that its calibre is slightly smaller than that of the rifle adopted by France, Austria-Hungary, Denmark, and Germany, and slightly larger than that of Russia, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, and Turkey.

The length with the bayonet is 5-14 feet, which is shorter than that of France, Rusia, Switzerland, and Denmark, but as this extra length, small in itself, is increased or diminished, when the bayonet is brought into plav, according to the length of the arm of the man using the rifle, it need not be taken into account.

In weight the heaviest rifle is the Mannlicher, 10-51 lbs., used by Austria-Hungary, and the lightest the Manser-in-Obendorf, 9-41 lbs., adopted by Belgium, while the weight of our own is 10-3 lbs. ; these weights are taken with the bayonet on.

The barrels of most of the rifles of European powers are uncased like our own, a handguard protecting the hand from the heated metal; in three only, Germany, Belgium and Denmark, have barrel casings found favour.

The twist of the grooving in our rifle is one in every 10 miles, a very rapid twist, not so sharp, however, as in most of the foreign rifles ; in only two, Denmark and Switzerland, is there a less rapid twist

The majority of the rifles have 4 grooves, while Denmark has 6, and we have 7. The bolt motton is what is called double in nearly all rifles, the only two who have adopted the "straight-pull" being Austria-Hungary and Switzerland.

Nearly every rifle except our own is loaded by means of a cartridge carrier or clip containing 5 cartridges (one, Switzerland, holds 12) each ; the clip is slipped bodily into the magazine, and when the last cartridge is used, it slips out through a hole in the magazine. The clip system accelerates the fire of the weapon for ordinary occasions, as five cartridges can be put in, in nearly the same time it takes us to put in one in single loading, but, to get off ten rounds, the soldier must put in two clips as well as the one already in, and therefore the whole process is a slower one than the pulling out of the cut-off, and the emptying of the magazine at the critical moment. With the clip system, there is not a sufficient reserve in the rifle at the best of times to meet a rush, and the soldier can never exactly know how many rounds he has to fire before he must reload. In addition to this he has to exhaust the clip he has in the rifle before he can replace it with a full one.

Smokeless powder of one sort or another has been adopted by every nation, the muzzle velo-

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city of all but Switzerland and Denmark being rather greater than our own, which with cordite smokeless powder is about 2,000 f. s.

The range of the Lee Metford is greater than that of the Martini Henry, and it has a very much flatter trajectory; with increased muzzle velocity we shall one day probably have a rifle with which we can use one sight up to 800 or 900 yds.

The Lee Metford has a fixed sight, *i.e* 500 yds., with which if aiming at the ground line an object not more than 5 ft. in height can be hit at any distance up to 500 yds. The fact of fixing the bayonet on to the lower side of the rifle, causes the bullet to lose elevation or to be pulled down to the ground; it is this fact which enables us to use the one sight (500 yds.) right up to the target, as at 350 yards the bayonet is fixed and the bullet lowered very considerably.

The rifle is sighted up to 2,900 yds.; excellent results have been obtained at 2,200 yds. by a section of men firing volleys from a hill at a screen 6 feet high placed on the beach beneath.

It is thought that the effects of small arm projectiles now adopted by the great powers will be of a modified nature; these conclusions may be said to rest on inference only, but yet not quite as we have two instructive cases which have happened in the last three years. At Aldershot in 1890, a labourer working in a field was shot through the right thigh by a Lee Metford bullet fired at a distance of 2,560 yds. *i. e.*, 1 mile and 800 yds. from him; the bullet before striking him had ricocheted from the surface of some water close to him, and also, it was thought, from the edge of the target or something near it.

The man was not knocked down and said his only sensation was as if he had been pricked through the skin by a penknife; the bullet had passed clean through the thigh; the man was taken to hospital where the wound rapidly healed, and he was out of hospital in twenty-four days. The second case was that of a man at Woolwich working at the trial ranges, who was shot also through the thigh by a bullet fired only 100 yards behind him: he rapidly recovered and was discharged from hospital in 32 days.

In neither of these cases did the bullet touch a bone; had such happened in either it would probably have resulted in the loss of a limb.

The Continental authorities have lately been discussing the calibre question and appear to view with favour the adoption of a still smaller one, somewhere about ·1968; that England will reduce hers is unlikely until she is thoroughly satisfied that the smaller bullet will do its work as well as the larger one

In some circles it is thought even now that we have gone too far in the reduction of calibre, as, although, if at war with a Continental nation, we shall all be on an equality as regards the light bullet; it must not be forgotten that the majority of our wars are against savages, and it remains to be seen if the light bullet will as effectually stop a charge as the Martini-Henry; against this must be taken the improbability of the savage ever being permitted to get within charging distance of troops armed with the magazine rifle.

In the Lee Metfords issued to us there have been a few cases in which a fracture of the full bent of the cocking piece has taken place, thus temporarily rendering the rifle unserviceable, no components having as yet been issued; had they been issued, these rifles could have been put to right bythe armourer in a few minutes.

The two Companies who have fired the annual course with the Lee Metford, have proved its power as an accurate weapon, only having had the rifle issued 2 or 3 days before commencing target practice, and standing in order of merit first and third among the Companies.

It is probable that for the next annual course cordite ammunition may be issued, and that some alterations will be made in the scoring and in the size of the bull's-eye, &c. The scoring will return to bull's-eye 4, centre 3, and outer 2, and the size of the bull's-eye and centre of the 3rd class target will be 12 in. and 24 in. respectively instead of 8 in. and 16 in., the centre of the 2nd class and 1st class target will be 4 ft. and 5 ft. instead of as now 3 ft. and 4½ ft.

The points required for a marksman will be with the cordite 175 instead of 170, but when we have had a little practice and thoroughly know our rifles, there need be no fear of any lack of marksmen; these changes will not take effect until April 1st.

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CHRISTMAS TREE ENTERTAINMENT.

A MOST successful Entertainment for the children of the Detachment took place on Monday the 23rd inst, at the Regimental Theatre at Jullundur. Proceedings began with a sumptuous tea, to which about 30 children and their mothers sat down. After tea and while the room was being cleared, games were the order of the day, Mrs. Laing being the leader of the revels; until everything being ready all sat down to watch a Magic Lantern Entertainment, which was carried through without a hitch by Mr. Steele, whose descriptions of each scene were very amusing, and at the same time very instructive. This part of the proceedings was quite as much enjoyed by the soldiers of the Detachment, who turned up in great numbers, and who all appeared to take quite a fatherly interest in the proceedings. Another event in the evening was Pte. Tibball's singing which was much appreciated, Proceedings wound up with the Distribution of Presents from off the X'mas Tree, a very popular part of the show with the children, and armed each with a tray of sweets the little ones departed, having had a most enjoyable evening. The school-master, Mr. Steele, deserves every credit for the excellent way the affair went off. Qr. Mr. Sergt. Nicolas, Sergt. Eaton.....were all there. Capt. and Mrs. Holme, Mrs. Annesley and Lieut. Eales turned up at the beginning and stopped to the end of the Entertainment, which did not conclude till after 7 o'clock.

ROUTE MARCHING.

We're marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny plains
A little front o' Christmas time an' just be'ind the rains
Ho! Get away you bullock man you've 'eard the bugle blowed
There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk Road
With it's best foot first
And the road a sliding past
An' every bloomin' campin' ground exactly like the last
While the big drum says
With its "rowdy-dowdy dow"!
"Kiko kissywarsti don't you hamsher argy gow"?

Oh there's them Injian temples to admire when you see
There's the peacock round the corner an' the monkey up the tree
An' there's that rummy silver grass a-wavin' in the wind
An' the old Grand Trunk a-trailin' like a rifle-sling be'ind
While it's best foot first, &c., &c.

At half-past five's revelly, an our tents they down must come
Like a lot of button mushrooms, when you pick 'em up at 'ome
But it's over in a minute, an' at six the column starts
While the women, and the kiddies sit, and shiver in the carts
An' it's best foot first, &c., &c.

Oh then it's open order, an' we lights our pipes and sings
An' we talks about our rations, an' a lot of other things
An' we thinks o' friends in England, an' we wonders what [they 're at
An' ow they would admire for to hear us sling the "bat"
An' it's best foot first, &c., &c.

It's none so bad on Sundays, when you're lyin' at your ease
To watch the kites a'wheelin' round them feather headed [trees
For although there ain't no women, yet there ain't no barrack [yards
So the orficers go shootin' an' the men they plays at cards
Till it's best foot first, &c., &c.

So 'ark an'eed you rookies, which is always grumblin' sore
There's worser things than marching from Calcutta to [Cawnpore
An' if your 'eels are blistered, an' they feels to 'urt like 'ell
You drop some tallow in your socks, an' that will make ['em well
For it's best foot first, &c., &c.

We 're marchin' on relief over Injia's coral strand
Eight 'undred fighting Englishmen, the Colonel and the [Band
Ho! Get away you bullock man, you've 'eard the bugle blowed
There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk Road
With it's best foot first, &c., &c.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

HOW A CHARGER SAVED AN OFFICER'S LIFE.

IN the memoirs of General Baron de Marbot, just published in Paris, is recorded a battlefield incident as remarkable as any to be found in the gory annals of war. Marbot was a French officer in the Napoleonic wars. At the battle of Eylau he was aide-de-camp to Nepoleon, and was directed to convey a message to the 14th regiment, which occupied the top of a small hill where it was surrounded by the enemy (Russians), and was being rapidly cut to pieces. Napoleon desired the regiment to retire, but it was not possible for it to do so. Seeing that escape was cut off, the Commanding Officer gave the regimental Eagle to Marbot, asking him to deliver it to the Emperor, for they could no longer defend it, and soon after the aide rode

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away. Every one of the gallant fellows perished. Marbot owed his own miraculous escape from the Russian bullets to the animal he rode. He was riding that day a beautiful mare, gentle, perfectly broken, tender-mouthed, easy in her paces, and with an extraordinary turn of speed, but a fiend incarnate in the stable. She savagely attacked anyone she took a dislike to. She had killed at least one groom before Marbot bought her for a mere trifle, as a dangerous brute. It took four or five men to saddle her, and she could only be bridled by first blindfolding her and tying up her legs. Marbot's servant had at last partially tamed her by giving her a hot roast leg of mutton to bite at; and as she found it burnt, she was afterwards more moderate, and in a little time allowed Marbot or his servant to saddle her: once mounted, she was perfectly quiet.

When Marbot received the Eagle, he found it both heavy and awkward, and he was bending forwards, trying to break the staff short off, when a cannon-shot struck the back peak of his cocked hat, passing within a line or two of his head, and partially stunning him by the concussion, as well as by the forcible jerk of the chin-stay. The Eagle fell from his hands. He was still able to see and to understand, but was deprived of all motion and speach. He remained in the saddle, but neither by hand, nor leg, nor voice, could he communicate to Lisette, the mare, his desire to be gone. She stood motionless; and the tide of battle and the terrible death-struggle raged around. As the only mounted officer, Marbot was naturally a special object of attack. Several musket-shots were aimed at him, several bayonet stabs, but only one took effect—in the arm. A Russian, endeavouring to reach him more fatally, stumbled, and stabbed Lisette in the thigh. The smart roused the sleeping devil within her, and "dashing at her enemy, in one bite she tore off the whole of his mask (skin of his face), making a bloody, living death's head. It was horrible to see! Then, plunging madly into the midst of the combatants, Lisette, kicking and biting, upset everything which she met in her passage. A Russian officer attempted to seize her bridle: she caught him by the middle, lifted him up, carried him out of the throng and down the hill, where after tearing out his bowels with her teeth, and crushing his, body under her feet, she left him, and went off at full gallop in the direction she had come."

Thanks to the hussar saddle, Marbot—all this time unable to move—kept his seat, while the mare, mad with pain and fright, tore wildly along. She ran straight at a battalion of the Old Guard, who in the mist and snow fancied she was the head of a charge of Russian cavalry and opened fire on her; she passed through it unhurt; and though her rider's saddle and cloak were cut to pieces, he himself was untouched. She "went through the three ranks of the battalion as lightly as a butterfly passes through a hedge." But the strain and the loss of blood had exhausted her, and a little further on she fell and rolled over on one side, Marbot rolling off on the other. There he lay senseless in a heap of snow. Murat's great cavalry charge swept by him, or over him, without recalling him to life; he did not become conscious till some hours after, when he found himself stark naked, with the exception of his hat and right boot, which an artillery driver was trying to pull off. When the fellow discovered that his subject was still alive, he left it, though he carried off the rest of the clothes. This proved fortunate; for afterwards, as he was showing his booty, the pelisse was recognised by one of Augereau's servants, a man who owed Marbot a debt of gratitude, and who now paid it. He went to look for Marbot's body, found him alive and brought him in, as well as Lisette. Both recovered and were together again in the Friedland campaign.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

No. 429 Sergt J. Laing was awarded a First Class Certificate of Education at an examination held in Fort William, on the 27th and 28th September 1892.

At the same examination No. 2341 Lce. Corpl. J. Smith obtained the qualifying aggregate of marks, but must be re-examined in copying manuscript.

Miss A. K. Flinter is appointed School Mistress to the Battalion.

Sergt. C. Gray proceeded to Lahore on the 28th ult. to take up the duties of Sergt. Instr to the N.-W. Railway Volunteers.

Sergt. G. H. T. Sale was left behind at Calcutta for employment in the Ordnance Department, Fort William.

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A draft under the Command of 2nd Lieut. Perkins, consisting of 2 Sergeants, 2 Corporals and 171 Privates; embarked at Queenstown in H. M. S. Troopship *Crocodile* on the 27th inst. en-route to join the 1st Battalion at Jullundur.

CRICKET AT JULLUNDUR.

THE JULLUNDUR MISSION HIGH SCHOOL *Vs.* DETACHMENT "THE BUFFS."

This match was played off on the Regimental Cricket Ground on Thursday, the 26th inst., and resulted in an easy victory for the Detachment.

The Detachment winning by an innings and 63 runs. Read put together a splendid 73 and Eldridge of the Rifle Brigade 40, these two scores together with a 16 and 15 made respectively by Else and Gammon brought the score to a very creditable total. Michell made some excellent catches.

The School, it appears, came down with a full determination of sweeping us out, as I believe they *had* done a few weeks ago, but to their surprise found that they had to face a tougher lot altogether. Their batting powers was very weak indeed, and had it not been for one of their men Ahmad Bux, making a fair stand, the match would have been a very poor one indeed.

The following are the scores:—

JULLUNDUR MISSION HIGH SCHOOL.

1ST INNINGS

Wali Mahomed	...	Ct. Allen, Bd. Michell	... 0
Moha Kasam	...	Bd. Allen	... 0
Sta Mahomed	...	Ct. Allen, Bd. Michell	... 4
Jwahir Singh	...	Bd. Michell	... 0
Ismail	...	Ct. Michell, Bd. Allen	... 1
Ikbai Moha	...	Bd. Allen	... 0
Aamad Bux	...	Ct. Michell, Bd. Michell	... 22
Mahbob Alam	...	Bd. Michell	... 1
Hatcam Moba	...	Bd. Michell	... 0
Gewardin	...	Bd. Michell	... 0
Safdar Ali	...	Not out	... 5
		Extras	... 4
		Total	... 37

2ND INNINGS.

Sta Mahomed	...	Bd. Gammon	... 4
Ahmad Bux	...	Ct. Gammon, Bd. Michell	... 17
Ikbai Moha	...	Ct Lynch, Bd. Michell	... 6
Wali Mahomed	...	Bd. Joy, run out	... 12
Mahbob Alam	...	Bd. Michell	... 11
Moha Kasam	...	Bd. Joy	... 2
Safdar Ali	...	Bd. Allen	... 0
Mahomed Hattam	...	Bd. Joy	... 0
Ismail	...	Bd. Joy	... 0
Jwahir Singh	...	Stpd. Joy	... 0
Jewardin	...	Ct. Lynch, Bd. Joy	... 1
		Extras	... 14
		Total	... 67

DETACHMENT BUFFS.

1ST INNINGS.

Wenman	...	Bd. Jwahir Singh	... 0
Sgt. Else	...	Ct. Ahmad Bux, Bd. Jwahir Singh	... 16
Michell	...	Ct. & Bd. Jwahir Singh	... 10
Eldridge	...	Run out	... 40
Gammon	...	Bd. Jawhir Singh	... 15
Read	...	Not out	... 73
Cpl. Allen	...	Bd. Ahmad Bux	... 0
Walker	...	Bd. Ahmad Bux	... 0
Hules	...	Run out	... 0
Cpl. Anderson	...	Bd. Ahmad Bux	... 1
Lynch	.	Bd. Ahmad Bux	... 2
		Extras	... 10
		Total	... 167

AN AMUSING PRISONER.

One of the many good stories told by Mr. Merry is the following:—My first experience of sentry-go at Aldershot was not encouraging. I challenged in the approved fashion a late arrival in camp. His reply was more forcible than polite, and as I was threatened with a "dot on the boko" if I ventured to molest him. I deemed discretion the better part of valour, and allowed him to proceed on his way. This was, perhaps, not quite what I ought to have done, but I felt that in that instance, at any rate, the path of duty was not the way to glory. That same night a couple of members of a Provincial Battalion wandered into the guard-room, and almost tearfully implored us to arrest them. They were promptly accommodated, and then they told us how for several hours they had wandered round and round in search of their quarters. Towards morning I was awakened from a short doze by a voice with a Whitechapelian ring in it, asking "Do I doss here, matey?" He was a member of an East End Battalion—the "Tripe Hunters" I think he called his comrades, and as bearing this out, his shoulder-traps bore the initial "T.H." This man kept the other occupants of the guard-room awake for the rest of the night. After calmly appropriating the bed of an absent sentry, he asked if "we prisoners" could take off their "trotter cases," and, receiving a reply in the affirmative, proceeded to remove his boots

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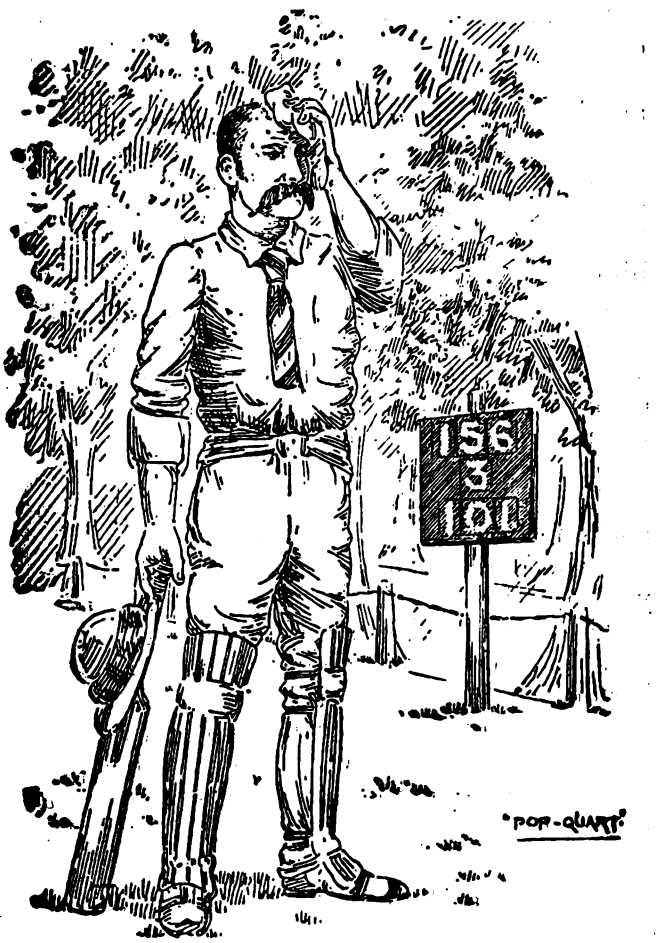
and deposit them on an adjoining dinner-plate. Then he began to soliloquise. "Such a disgrace!" he muttered to himself with a grave face: "a 'Tripe Hunter' taken prisoner. I never thought I should come to this. Such a stain on our family scutching as 'll never be wiped out Well, well, I s'pose I must make the best of it, and bear up." He made the best of it, in a thoroughly practical manner, by eating up a plateful of cake and drinking a jar of beer belonging to the guard, having done which he threatened, to make a complaint to his commanding officer of the indignity to which he had been subjected. But what amused us most of all was his description of himself and his companions in distress as "we gentlemen who have been taken prisioners." When they were paraded next morning he was still very downcast at the thoughts of the stain on the "family scutching."

The worst of a guard is that they never seem to be able to see the point of a sentry's joke. Stupid fellows that they are, they never see any fun is being called out two or three times an hour on a false alarm. I remember once forming one of a guard which was mounted over an encampment in Sandown Park, and the five fellows who were on duty with me were terribly wanting in enthusiasm and in a sense of humour. I had not been at my post ten minutes, when I fancied I descried a dark form making for the camp. In stentorian tones I demanded that it should "halt;" but it heard me not, or at least took no notice of my "Who comes there?" though I repeated it again and again, and brought my rifle to the "charge" in a ferocious manner. I peered into the darkness, and gave my imagination full play, with the result that in a few seconds the guard was awakened from a comfortable snooze, and two of its members, with fixed bayonets, made their way at the double towards the would-be invaders. Very soon they re-appeared, hurling imprecations at my head, and consigning me to regions where a prolonged sojourn would be apt to pall. I had sent them out to arrest a gate-post! Later on I called them out at different times to arrest a horse, a donkey, and a cow, and it is needless to say that during my vigil there was less sleep and more profanity in the guard-room than was the case during the whole of the remaining period we were on duty.



AGAINST ORDERS.

The Duke of Wellington was very stringent in respect to obeying orders. The "Iron Duke," as he was sometimes called, was never disposed to be lenient toward the slightest disobedience, but could reward and appreciate a strict fulfilment of directions. Lord Derby, says the *Youth's Companion*, was entertaining the Duke at one of his country mansions at a time when certain repairs and improvements were going on. Some of the walls were to be decorated, and the central hall was to be tessellated.

In order to prevent injury to the floor, Lord Derby furnished several pairs of slippers, which were placed near the door, and he directed a young man, who was at work on one of the walls, to order any one that came in to put on a pair before crossing the passage.

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"If any one fails to attend to you," he added, "you must put him out."

Soon after a party returned from hunting, and Wellington, with his splashed and muddy boots, opened the door and rushed along the hall. The young man immediately jumped off the ladder on which he was painting, and seizing Wellington by the shoulder, fairly pushed him out of the house.

In the afternoon Lord Derby summoned all the household and men at work into the study, and seating himself beside the great warrior, demanded to know who had had the impertinence to push the Duke of Wellington out of doors.

The painter, all of a tremble, came forward and said: "It was I, my lord."

"And pray," rejoined the earl, "how came you to do it?"

The man then repeated the directions given him that morning and said: "I was only obeying orders, I thought, sir."

On this Wellington turned to Lord Derby, and smiling, took a sovereign out of his purse, which he gave to the workman, saying: "You were right to obey orders."

* * * *

A story is told illustrating the rigid discipline of the Russian Army. One of the Grand Dukes told the Czar that a sentinel at the railroad crossing at Peterhof refused to raise the gate for his carriage, although the train was not due for three or four minutes. "It is against orders, your Imperial Highness," the soldier replied, the rule being that when the gate was shut it must not be opened until after the train had passed. The Czar said he was glad to hear that the soldier knew how to obey orders. The Grand Duke laughed, and said he was certain that if the Czar himself had been present discipline would have given way. The Czar did not reply, but a few days after, to put the matter to the test, he drove up with the Czarina just after the gate had been lowered.

The Czar called to the sentinel to let him pass. The sentinel, in great trepidation saluted, but did not open the gate.

"Open the gate, I tell you," cried the Emperor; "don't you know who I am?"

"Yes, your Imperial Majesty, but it is against orders, and I cannot open the gate," answered the sentinel, still saluting and turning almost blue with anxiety, but not moving an inch from his place.

"I am the Czar, and I command you to open," cried the Czar again.

"I can't do it, your Imperial Majesty," despairingly cried the sentinel still standing firm.

Just then the train passed. The Czar burst into laughter, and warmly commending the astonished sentry, presented him with a twenty-five-rouble note, and drove back to the palace.

* * * *

Appealing to Their Vanity.—During the early excesses of the French Revolution a rabble of men and women were rioting in the streets of Paris, Lafayette appeared and ordered a young artillery officer to open fire upon them with two cannon. The officer begged the general to let him try first to persuade them to withdraw. "It is useless to appeal to their reason," said the general. "Certainly," answered the officer: "and it is not to their reason, but to their vanity I would appeal." The officer rode up to the front of the mob, doffed his cocked hat, pointed to the guns and said, "Gentlemen will have the kindness to retire; for I am ordered to shoot down the rabble." The street was cleared at once; for none could brook the idea of being classed with the scum of the city. During the Agrarian riots which disturbed England in 1832, a mob, of rick-burners and machine-breakers appeared at the old mansion of two elderly maiden ladies. The walls of the hall were decorated with suits of armour and antique weapons—pikes, halberds, swords, and battle-axes. The mob clamoured for the weapons and for drink. The ladies refused their demands, and when the mob seemed ready to resort to violence, Miss Betty, the elder of ladies, went up to the leader, a hideous-looking man, and said: "You, too, of all the people in the world! I'm not surprised at these poor misguided creatures. But that such a good-looking, intelligent man as you should attack two defenceless women does astonish me. You are the man I should have looked to for protection. But you are not the man I took you for. Never again will I trust to good looks." There was no standing up against that compliment. The man took off his hat, and said, "Come, old lady, we aint

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so bad, as all that only give us some bear. We would not harm a hair of your head." "No, I know that," retorted Miss Betty. "You can't; I wear a wig." The mob roared with laughter, and retired without another word.

"I'LL COME BACK TO BE SHOT."

The Story of a Little Hero.

The scenes which attended the suppression of the Parisian Commune in 1871 were comparable in their horror to the bloody episode of the French Revolution in the last decade of the last century.

Hundreds of men and boys who, scarce knowing what they did, or, in the general confusion, to what force or agency their allegiance was really due, had joined the lately triumphant Commune, were led out upon the plain of Satory, ruthlessly shot down by files of the soldiers of the new Republic, and buried in a common trench.

This terrible period, however, was not without its humane incidents. Here is the story of one of these.

The order had been issued by the new Republican authorities that Communist insurgents who were taken with arms in their hands should be put to death immediately.

The order was being relentlessly executed when, in the garden of the Elysée Palace, a detachment of Republican troops came upon a small band of armed insurgents. Among them was a boy of fifteen years, still in knickerbockers.

The band was conducted to a larger party of Communists destined for execution. On the way, the fifteen-year-old broke out from among his companions, and placed himself in front of the Colonel who commanded the escort. Making the military salute with a great deal of grace, he said:

"Mon Colonel, you're going to shoot me, I suppose?"

"Certainly, my lad," said the Colonel, "Taken with arms in your hands; it's all up with you That is the order."

"All right," said the boy, "but look here; I live in Mironesnil-street where my mother is concierge in a house. She'll wait for me if I don't come home, and she'll worry a good deal. I just want to go home and quiet her a bit, you know.

"And then, again, I've got my watch here; I'd like to give it to mother, so she'll have as much as that, any way. Come, Mon Colonel, let me run home a little while, I give you my word of honour I'll come back to be shot."

The Colonel was struck with astonishment at the boy's demand. It also began to amuse him a good deal.

"You give me your word of honour, eh, that you'll return in time to be executed?"

"My word of honour, Mon Colonel."

"Well, well," said the Colonel, "this young scamp has wit as well as assurance. A rather young rebel to shoot, too. Well, his assurance has saved him. Go home, boy."

The youth bowed, and scampered off.

"The last we shall see of him," said the Colonel.

Half-an-hour passed by. The Colonel, who was now indoors in his headquarters, had forgotten in the press of his terrible business all about the boy, whom he regarded as having been definitely set free. But all at once the door opened, and the boy Communist popped in.

"Here I am, Mon Colonel," he exclaimed. "I saw mamma, told her, gave her the watch, and kissed her. Now I am ready."

Then the Colonel did what perhaps none but a raugh soldier would have done. He rose, came over to the boy, seized him by both ears, led him thus to the door, and kicked him out of it, exclaiming:

"Get out, you young brigand. Get back to your mother, just as quick as you can."

With a red face the officer returned to his chair, muttering to his companions, as he waved his hand towards a party of condemned insurgents:

"So they have their heroes, then—those scoundrels."

BANG WENT HOME.

The story is told in a French newspaper of Pierre Barlat, a poor labourer who lived at Sevres, near Paris, with his wife, Jeanne, and their three children. Industrious, frugal, knowing nothing of the way to the wine shop, Pierre saved all his spare money, working harder and

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harder, and at last bought the tiny cottage in which they lived. It was a tiny cottage, indeed —built of stones, with tiled roof, standing amid shrubs and covered with clematis. It always attracted the eye of the traveller, on the left, as he crossed the Sevres bridge.

Pierre and Jeanne worked and scraped and saved until the little cottage was paid for, and made a feast when it was all done to celebrate their ownership. A landed proprietor, to be sure, does not mind an occasional expenditure to entertain his friends.

All this Pierre and Jeanne had accomplished just before the war of 1870, with Germany, broke out. The conscription fell upon Pierre, who, moreover, was an old soldier and belonged to the reserves. A gunner he had been, famous for his skill in hitting a mark with a shell.

Sevres had fallen into the hands of the Germans, but the French guns were pounding away at them from the fort on Mont Valerien. Pierre Barlat was a gunner at that fort, and, one wintry day, standing by his gun, when General Noel, the commander, came up and levelled his field glass at the Sevres bridge.

"Gunner," he said, sharply, without looking at Pierre.

"General," answered Pierre, respectfully saluting.

"Do you see the Sevres bridge over there?"

"I see it very well, sir."

"And that little cottage there, at the left, in a thicket of shrubs."

Pierre turned pale.

"I see it, sir."

"It's a nest of Prussians. Try it with a shell my man.

Pierre turned paler still, and, in spite of the cold wind, that made the officers shiver in their great coats, one might have seen big drops of sweat standing out on his forehead; but nobody noticed the gunner's emotion.

He sighted his piece carefully, deliberately; then fired.

The officers, with their glasses, marked the effect of the shot after the smoke had cleared.

"Well hit, my man! well hit!" exclaimed the General, looking at Pierre, with a smile. "The cottage couldn't have been very solid. It is completely smashed,

He was surprised to see great tears running down the gunner's cheeks.

"What's the matter man?" the General asked rather roughly.

"Pardon me, General," said Pierre, recovering himself. It was my house—everything I had in the world!"

Odds and Ends.

SHAKING HANDS.

It is a singular that this custom now the sign of confidence, had its origin in distrust. Half-civilised men, strangers to each other, meeting, extended their right arms to show they had no weapons, and grasped each other's hands so that neither could have the advantage in the case of treachery. Thus the manners of barbarians are continued in the courtesies of the moderns.

LIFTING THE HAT.

The custom of lifting the hat had its origin during the age of chivalry, when it was customary for knights never to appear in public except in full armour. It became a custom, however, for a knight, upon entering an assembly of friends, to remove his helmet, signifying, "I am safe in the presence of friends." The age of chivalry passed away with the fifteenth century, but among the many acts of courtesy which can be traced back to its influence none are more direct in its origin than that of lifting the hat to acknowledge the presence of a friend.

* * * *

At the parish church of a Staffordshire village, a few years since, a strange incident took place. An appeal had been made on behalf of Sunday-schools, and, according to rule, a collection followed. One of the churchwardens presented the plate to a lady, who had gently yielded to the soporific influences of the preacher's arguments. She was scarcely awake yet, but she coolly removed the money, and said:

"All right, waiter; five pints and three papers of tobacco."

The lady was an innkeeper's wife, and fancied that she was sitting at the receipt of custom.

FACIAL PECULIARITIES.

The other afternoon I was in the studio of a well-known photographer. With me was an artistic friend, who called my attention to a peculiarity of the photographs arranged round the walls. There were pretty women in abundance, and children and men in all kinds of poses and costumes.

"Did you ever notice," said my friend, "that nine out of ten of the pictures one sees show the left side of the face?"

"No," I answered, "I never did; nor can I imagine why such should be the case."

"There is a very good reason for it, which lies in the fact that in the vast majority of cases the left side of the face is the good-looking side. Every photographer knows this and takes advantage of it. Now look round the room and see if it is not as I tell you."

A careful examination showed me the absolute correctness of my friend's observation. In the whole studio there were not more than half-a-dozen photographs showing the right side of the face, and none of them seemed to be at all flattering.

"On the other hand," continued the artist, "if you want to get at the real character of a person's face study the right side of it—the ugly side, as portrait painters sometimes call it. There you will find the lines bold and hard, with every defect

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accentuated. On the left side, however, everything is softened down, and the face is at its best.

"Whenever you suspect a man of trickery or deceit—and this rule applies equally to the fair sex—stand on their right and watch the expression closely. There never yet was an actor skilful enough to cover the marks of his real personality, which are stamped by nature, for the man who likes to read, on the right side of the face."

"Pa," said a five-year-old son, "can a rope walk?"

"I think not, my son," answered the father; "but it might if it were taut."

BOTANY IN BARRACKS.

Said the Volunteer Captain, "Ah, me!
You will ne'er use a rifle, I fear;
But to teach you to shoot I will see
That you put ten drills in every year,"
"An' begorra! the Captin's a fool,"
Muttered Pat, "for widhout anny doubt
It's meself that has learnt it at school,
That to shoot wan must put ten-drils *out*!"

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH.

Double Acrostic.

"DAVIS—EALES"

DANCE
ARCADIA
VOCAL
IDLE
SPORTS

J.-COME-L.

A poor Irishman was standing by the door of his little cabin, clothed with corduroy breeches and gray stockings. A pig was playing inside with his children. A passing Englishman said to him:

"My good fellow, why do you allow that pig in your house?"

"Hasn't the house every accommodation that a reasonable pig could require?" answered Pat.

Clergymen are not always practical, but there are times when their advice is good. Here is the latest regarding a husband's rights:

"Sir," he said, as he strode into the clergyman's study, "you are the man who tied the knot, I believe?"

"I beg your pardon," said the clergyman, looking up from his sermon.

"You performed the marriage ceremony for me, didn't you?"

"Yes, certainly, Mr. Willings. What, may I ask——"

"Then you know what the rights of a husband are?"

"Why, yes, in a general way."

"And the rights of a wife?"

"Of course."

"Well, now, sir," said the caller, drawing a chair up to the clergyman's desk, and taking a seat, "has a wife a license to torture her husband?"

"Certainly not."

"If she makes his life miserable, he has redress, of course?"

"Yes, but I should advise——"

"Never mind your advice now. We'll come to that later. My wife complains that I don't shave often enough."

"Oh, that's a small matter."

"Is it, sir? Is it? Just wait! I informed her that that was my affair, and then she told the children to cry when I kissed them, so that she could say that my rough, unshaven chin hurt them."

"That hardly showed a Christian——"

"Just wait a minute! Yesterday morning I found them playing with the cylinder of a broken music-box. You know how that seems to the touch?"

"Certainly."

"Well, she'd taught them to call it 'Papa's chin!'"

"Really, sir, I must admit——"

"Now wait till I'm finished. To-day one of them got upon my knee, passed his hand over my chin, and called it 'Papa's music-box.' Now, sir, I ask of you, as a man and as the minister who tied the knot, what shall I do?"

"Get shaved," replied the clergyman, softly, as he returned to his work.

GENERAL GORDON'S FLAG OF TRUCE.

At the surrender of Lee's army, when General Gordon determined to send a flag of truce to General Sheridan, he summoned Major Hunter of his staff and ordered him to carry a flag of truce forward.

"General, I have no flag of truce," replied Major Hunter.

"Get one," said the General, curtly.

"General," he replied again, "we have no flag of truce in our command."

"Take your handkerchief and put it on a stick and go forward."

"I have no handkerchief, General."

"Borrow one and go forward with it."

"General, there is no handkerchief in the staff"

"Then, Major, use your shirt."

"You see, General, that we all have on flannel shirts."

At last one man was found who still had a white shirt; a part of it was torn off, and with this remarkable emblem tied on a stick the Major went forward towards the enemy's lines.

SAVED BY THE BAGPIPES.

Captain James Clerk, of the Honourable East Indian Company's Service, a well-known naval officer in his day, played well on the bagpipes, and had his favourite instrument in his cabin when his ship was wrecked in the Hooghly. The Captain reached the shore with the help of the bag of his pipes used as a float or a swimming bladder. On getting to *terra firma* "he played an unco' fit," the strains not only cheering the stranded sirvivors, but frightening the tigers away. These very pipes were preserved at the family house of Glenlair, and used to be shown with other relics by the Captain's grandnephew, James Clerk Maxwell, the illustrious man of science, who inherited the property, and in whose memoir, recently published, the story is told.

PAT'S INSPECTION.

The Commanding Officer of a Corps was much troubled about the persistent untidiness of one of his men. Reprimand and punishment were unavailing. The man was incorrigible and remained as dirty as ever.

A brilliant idea struck the Colonel—

"Why not march him up and down the whole line of the regiment, and shame him into decency."

It was done. The untidy warrior, who hailed from the Emerald Isle, was ordered to exhibit himself and march up and down the entire regiment, and the men told to have a good look at him.

The unabashed Pat halted, saluted the Colonel, and said in the hearing of the whole Corps, with the utmost *sang-froid*—

"Dhirtiest regiment I iver inspected, sorr."

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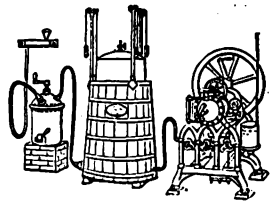
The  Buffs'

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS. 1893

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 71. **JULLUNDUR, February, 28th, 1893.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Marriage.

HUNT—ROBINS.—At St. John's Church, Meerut, by the Rev. J. J. B. Cockin, on the 10th December 1892, Sergt. W. H. Hunt, Bengal Military Police, to Miss A. Robins of Swindon, Wiltshire.

NOTES.

ON the 3rd March the Regiment finished its long march, and arrived at Jullundur, without losing a day. Everyone, we are sure, is glad to arrive, and to be under a roof again, as the daily routine gets somewhat monotonous, more especially as the weather, the last three weeks, has been of a most trying character, and from all accounts the experimental waterproof tents were somewhat of a failure.

... .

The draft under Lieut. C. C. Cobbe and 2nd Lieut. Perkins arrived at Kurrachee the 23rd inst., and will probably arrive here on 3rd and 4th March. They seem to have had a bad time on board ship, rough weather, &c., but as one never does have a good time coming out on a trooper, especially as regards the men, one hardship more or less makes no difference.

... ...

Our Rugby football team will be glad to hear that there are several capital Rugby players in the Station. Lieut. Vassar-Smith, Royal Artillery, and Lieut. Taylor of the 14th Bengal Lancers being about the best known, and we hope to often see a good strong station team turn out in the rains, to give our team practice before going down to Calcutta to defend our Challenge Cup.

... ...

The Regimental Theatre, which we soon hope to see filled with a large and enthusiastic audience, is a great improvement on that of Fort William, the stage, scenery, and all stage details being excellent. A little bird tells us that "Lalla Rook" is in course of preparation, but whatever it is, we hope that something good

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will be put on the stage soon. What is the Christy Minstrel Troupe, the immortal "Pond Lilies," up to?

... ...

A very pleasant dance was given by the Non-Commissioned Officers of the 68th F.B.R.A. in their lines on Monday evening the 20th inst. Several officers and their wives attended the dance and everyone appeared to thoroughly enjoy themselves. The room was very tastefully decorated and lighted, which reflects great credit on the Committee.

Our Sergeants with their well conducted "Quadrille parties," and "Smokers" will have to put their shoulders to the wheel, otherwise they will take second place to this sporting Battery, notwithstanding our motto, being "Invicta."

... ...

The model for the Regimental type issued this month was Private Palmer; the sketch is interesting as being, probably, the first one ever printed of a British soldier armed with the new rifle. Before our artist had time to finish the sketch, especially as regards the face, Private Palmer's arduous duties in the Quartermaster's stores called him away, consequently only his best friends would know that the face is that of Private Palmer. The type next month will be that of a band sergeant, and, having seen the proof, can promise our readers an excellent likeness of Sergeant Roach.

... ...

Not many in the Regiment will remember Captain Bridge, who joined The Buffs in 1840; his son, however, the Rev. A. Bridge, is now garrison chaplain, here at Jullundur, and we shall soon all have the pleasure of making his acquaintance in church.

... ...

During the month the detachment had several flying visits from officers. Captain Brine and Lieut. and Adjutant Bell came up for two days on 23rd and 24th, and found it as wet here as in camp, the sun, however, came out to greet Major Hickson on 26th and 27th. To judge from appearances, the discomforts of the march seem to have thoroughly agreed with them all.

... ...

A very successful Assault-at-Arms took place on the 27th, in the Regimental Theatre, which had been converted for the occasion into a miniature Agricultural Hall, and was prettily decorated with blue and buff. The Bayonet Exercise, Physical Drill and Indian Clubs seemed to go down most, but the Running Maze was the hardest test, and fittingly wound up an excellent performance. Ptes. Shircore and Tibball as the boxing kangaroo and showman, respectively, convulsed the house with laughter.

... ...

Our heartiest congratulations to Sergt.-Major Featherstone on his promotion to that position, and to the rank of Warrant Officer.

... ...

We see that a soldier's Food Committee has been started, with the object of inspecting the system of cookery in vogue for soldiers throughout India. The absence of proper cooking ranges is the chief difficulty to get over, and it is regarded as a foregone conclusion that the Committee will recommend their immediate introduction. We see no reason why soldier cooks should not be employed out here in cooking ranges, and with a proper system of ventilation and airy kitchens, men might be employed all the year round.

... ...

We have to apologise to our readers for several mistakes in the last number of THE DRAGON. Owing to the paper having been printed at Calcutta, there was no time to supervise the proofs, and two or three stupid mistakes were the result. Sergt. Stirke's name got changed into Sergt. Stoike, and in the account of the new rifle, the twist of the grooving was put down as 1 in 10 miles, instead of 10 inches.

... ...

Our bobbery pack should have some sport, as though there are not many jackals there seem to be plenty of foxes about, and the ground being fairly open, the going should be good.

— ... ...

The polo ground here at present is simply undermined by rats, and some stringent measures will have to be taken if the ground is to be played on at all this summer. The *chuprassi* has been busy (?) there the last six weeks, but without much result.

... ...

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The Station Club here seems a most sociable little place, and dancing appears to be quite the fashion. Not content with the pleasant little hops every Tuesday, when the band of the 27th Punjab Infantry plays, two large dances have been held during the month, the first on the 13th, nicknamed the Bran-pie dance, proceedings having begun with drawing for tickets for prizes in a bran pie. This was held for the good of the Church funds. Dancing was kept up with great vigour, and a programme of 21 dances speaks for itself.

... ...

The second dance held on the 22nd, having been got up for self, and no good cause in particular, was not so well attended. However, it was two o'clock before the last couple were parted. The floor, with a little trouble taken over it, is capital going.

... . .

Badminton, a game that we have not seen much of during our stay in Bengal, is in great request here, and though at first sight it appears a little tame, it is wonderful what amount of exercise it affords. The ladies especially pride themselves on their skill in the game, and their delight in this harmless little pastime is really pleasant to watch.

... ...

No letter again this month from either the Depôt or our Home Battalion. Presumably they think that being on the march there would be no "DRAGON," but our little paper, if sometimes late, has never yet lost a number, and we hope to keep this good record. Probably a very fat budget of news is on its way out to make amends.

... ...

A PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS—1893.

On the 1st March a number of guests were entertained by the sergeants of the detachment at Jullundur at an 'At home.'

Invitations were sent to the sergeants of the 68th Field Battery, Royal Artillery, and accepted, but unfortunately duty intervened, as an inspection on the following day prevented all, excepting one, attending. Notwithstanding this, a very enjoyable evening was spent. Proceedings commencing with games of cards and billiards, and winding up with harmony, to which Q.M. Sergt Nicholas (Chairman) Sergts. Eaton, Winter, and Winstanley, of the Buffs, Sergeant Bagg, Unattached List, and Sergt. Kinnaird, 68th F.B.R.A. contributed.

... .

Our Bandmaster, Mr. C. S. Birkhead, embarks in H.M's. Troopship "Serapis" on the 12th March for England. He is proceeding on six months' sick leave, at the end of which we hope to see him return thoroughly recruited in health.

... ...

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee,

JULLUNDUR NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

The detachment at Jullundur are jogging along quietly.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Our sober wishes never learn to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
We keep the noiseless tenor of our way.

The only thing unusual is the very extraordinary amount of rain which we are getting for this time of the year, and which has not helped to make things very lively, but those of us who are here, feel thankful that we are not on the march, for a dry roof overhead is a luxury indeed in this weather.

The great disadvantage here when it rains is the want of "high and dry" paths from bungalow to bungalow. There are signs where they once existed, but great gaps, which become pools of water in wet weather, make them worse than useless now. The roads in the cantonment are splendid, being kept in excellent repair, and fit for walking or driving on at all times.

To talk of the heat of the Punjab seems perfectly ridiculous to us, for it is still very cold at times, especially while raining, but I've not the least doubt we'll find our mistake out by and bye.

At the time of writing there is a good deal of excitement in the air. Preparations are being made on all hands for the reception of the Regiment, and also of the Draft, which is expected about the end of the month, consequently bed-filling fatigues, and other similar recreations, are the order of the day.

On the 9th inst. a cricket match was played by the Detachment against the Station. With the help of Captain Eardly Wilmott, who played for us, a very close and exciting finish was the result, for just as the spectators expected to see the Detachment win, the last man, Corpl. Allen, was caught out, leaving the Station the victors by one run.

It is interesting to notice Captain Eardly Wilmott's score when playing against Lord Hawke's team at Lahore on the 20th and 21st inst. In the first innings he made 9 and in the second 0.

As a full account of the Assault-at-Arms, held on the 27th inst., will, no doubt, be given in your paper, I will not refer to it here, otherwise than to say it was a welcome break in the monotony of our existence.

A very successful dance was given by the Ubique Dance Club of the 68th Field Battery, R.A., on the 20th inst. They have a splendid room, and everything was carried out in excellent style, the dance being well attended. We can flatter ourselves on having, in this Battery, such good neighbours, and ones who will help to make our different sports, etc., far more interesting and entertaining than they otherwise would be.

As the Regiment will be here by the time the DRAGON is out, any further description of the place will be quite unnecessary, so I will now subscribe myself

Yours obediently,
M.

ON THE TRAMP WITH THE BUFFS

FROM CALCUTTA TO JULLUNDUR.

(Continued.)

Dear Mr. Editor,

In your last issue you apologise for the late appearance of the paper owing to the type of the Regimental Press being "*ulta-pulta*," but really I think Messrs. Traill & Co. have been on the move as well as The Buffs, or their printers' devil must have been hard at it in mixing up the type.

In my 4th or 5th paragraph of last month's letter it reads "stirs up your *lives* if you have one," it should read "stirs up your *liver*, &c,"

Again, in the para. about Cawnpore, I see it says Tommy wanted his "*arrect*," well that should be "*'arriet*," which is a much more useful article.

Also, The Buffs lay at Cawnpore in 1877, '78 and '79, and not 1866, '67 and '68.

The writer of the article on the Lee-Metford Rifle also requested me to look for the rapid twist in the rifle, which the "devil" had put as one twist in every 10 *miles*, in place of 10 *inches*, but although I did 10 miles on the Grand Trunk road the day after we received the January Dragon, the "divil a twist at all could I find;" however, Mr. Editor, don't get cross, as you can't kick the printer or me just at present, as we are too far apart.

Now to go on with the march. We left Karowli on 25th January, and after a march of 11½ miles, reached Mallaon, a small place without a Post or Telegraph office, which I think the Orderly-room and Quarter-Master's clerks were very pleased at. The only thing noticeable about this place was that it rained nearly the whole time we were there. I regret to tell you that the owners of the dogs, that were bitten at Sultangunj, thought it best to make away with them, consequently, Captain Brine's "Snake" and Mr. McDouall's "Smith" were both shot.

Our next camp was Etah, 11 miles, a small civil station, very cold and, as usual, wet. Rudwas, 11½ miles, was reached on the 27th, a very small village.

Next camp on the 28th was Secundra-Rao, 9 miles, quite a morning stroll now for us. Here we found a Railway station and Telegraph office, which was not shewn in the Route book. Our usual luck here, rained all day long, everybody beastly cross and miserable. Akrabad, 10½ miles, on the 30th, and once again a sign of civilization on the 31st, when we reached

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Alighur, after a 14½ mile march. Here we had quite a day out, were challenged to a shooting match with the Volunteers, three cricket matches, and two football matches with a Mahomedan College, and, I regret to say, we were beaten at nearly all the events, except the 2nd eleven cricket match and the 1st team football match.

The shooting team was not composed of our best shots, as after nearly 15 miles of a march, on a wet road, some did not feel up to it.

The names of The Buffs' team were :—

Captain Brine,	Captain Lloyd,
Lieut. Pearson,	Lieut, & Q.M. Cumber,
Color-Sergt. Andrews,	Color-Sergt. Watts.
„ Cheal,	Corpl. Marshall.

The want of practice with the new rifle was no doubt the main cause of our defeat, and to show you how difficult it is to shoot with it at first trial, one of the Volunteers' best shots missed, I think, four or five shots at 600 yards with the magazine rifle, which he borrowed from our team.

Our Regimental cricket team were not defeated as they made a very creditable draw of the game.

The officers' football (Association) team were only beaten by a flukey goal. Mr. Bell captained this team.

On the 1st February we arrived at Somna, 13¼ miles, a large village, very decent camp ground, and on the following day at Khurja, 14½ miles. Here the band played three hours in the village, at the request of the Zemindar, and much to the delight of the villagers, and I also hope to the benefit of the bandsmen.

On the 3rd we arrived at a place called Bhoor, near Boolundshur, where another cricket match was played with a Native school, who provided *Ekhas* for The Buffs to ride in. The Buffs won I am glad to say.

The next day saw us at Sikandrabad, 9½ miles, where we halted for our usual Sunday rest. On the 6th we marched to Dadree, and here we had one of those pleasant surprises, as we found instead of 12 miles it was only 10, and as a messenger had been sent back with the news the night before by the Quarter-Master, we had an extra hour in bed that morning, as instead of starting at 4 we started at 5. Dadree will be long remembered by The Buffs, as a very heavy thunderstorm took place in the evening, and the tents were swamped. One officer's tent (Captain Brine's) had been very carefully pitched in a dry nullah, and when the storm burst he was simply washed out, and had to take refuge in the doctor's tent. The advance party at Ghaziabad were also caught in this storm, and got a thorough drenching, in fact the camp was that bad that some of the delicate ones put up at the Dák Bungalow for the night. The next day, the 7th inst., saw us at Ghaziabad, a very large village. Meerut is distant from this place 29½ miles, and this Battalion marched through here in 1866, en route to Meerut, where they were stationed nearly 3 years. An old standing joke against the pioneers is told about this place. When the advanced party (pioneers) left here for Meerut in 1866, they took the wrong road, and found themselves at the Fort in Delhi just as last post was sounding, had to retrace their footsteps and arrived at their proper camp ground the next morning, just about Reveille.

An Old Buff came to-day to see the Battalion, in the person of Mr. Turner, Bandmaster of the Manchester Regiment. He used formerly to be our Band Sergeant, and was, while with us, one of our best cricketers and rifle shots, and we are very glad to hear he still keeps up his reputation at both these sports. He looks very well, and no one would think he joined "G," or as it was then No. 9 Company, 29 years ago.

The 8th saw us at Delhi after a good 15 mile march, the longest we have had as yet, and only three men fell out, which speaks volumes for our fitness. Everybody that possibly could got out to-day and visited the different places worthy of a visit, such as the Fort, Jumna Musjid, &c., and not forgetting the Turkish Baths.

The next day we did the shortest march that is to be done during our two months' move, viz :—to Alipur, 7¾ miles, a small village. Race, 10 miles, on the 10th, and Lursowlee, 11 miles, on the 11th, where we were very pleased to get a halt for the Sunday. The 12th found us at Somalka, 10½ miles, where there is a Railway station and Post office, but not marked in route book.

Paniput, 11½ miles on the 14th, and Ghorundo on the 15th. On the following day we arrived at Karnaul, 10½ miles. Karnaul is an old station of The Buffs, as in the graveyard here, there are several headstones erected to departed Buffs. The following is a list as near as I could get it, and I regret very much not having gone myself to visit the graves, but we all forgot it, and Corporal Ellis, who gave me this list, went there quite accidently. The inscriptions are :—

Maurice, Son of Capt. D. M. Cameron, 1841, H.M's. 3rd Regt. of Buffs.

Mary Hill and Drummer Hill, 3rd August 1840, 3rd Regt. of Buffs,

Pte. Robinson, 27th August 1841, 3rd Regt. of Buffs.

Pte. Pagnam, 1st Company, 3rd Regt. of Buffs, 19th March 1841.

Sergt. Mullane, wife and child (10 months' old), 3rd Regt. of Buffs, 1st March 1841.

Pte. W. Colter, of No. 3 or Capt. Christie's Company, 3rd Regt. of Buffs, native of Donegal, Ireland, 31st March 1841.

We were washed out again at Karnaul and also at the next camp, Buttana, 11½ miles, on the 17th inst. We arrived at Peplee on the 18th, where we halted for the 19th, much to everybody's delight, and as you want this for the DRAGON early this month I will now close,

Up to date, all have had very good shooting, several bucks have been shot ; amongst the officers, the following have been successful :—

Lieut. Tarte,	2.
„ Pearson,	1.
„ Trevor,	1.

Geese, duck, partridge, hares, snipe, quail, teal, have all been brought into camp in large numbers, also the stately sarus and several other birds of this species. Several bucks have been wounded, but have got away.

I think the record shot up to date is one made by the Quarter-Master, on a Jheel near Khurja. He fired a wired cartridge (Eley's), No. 1 shot, at a flock of birds on the water and bagged 10 (7 ducks and 3 teal).

It is a good job there were some witnesses, or grave doubts would have been expressed as to whether it was an old soldier's yarn or not.

I hear, Mr. Editor, we are going to be photographed while in camp at Umballa, and this should make a good picture for the next number of the DRAGON, as with our General Service tents, we make a very pretty camp.

Yours faithfully,
P.Q.

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OUR CALCUTTA LETTER.

(To the Editor of the Dragon.)

Sir,

This has been a magnificent cold weather for Calcutta; here we are in the middle of February, when the summer, in spite of what Calcutta folk say, is usually beginning, enjoy-gloriously cool days. There has been a succession of showers, which have laid the dust, and a heavy snowfall at Darjeeling has made the weather abnormally cold.

Peace reigns once more; inspections and manœuvres are over, and the Assault-at-Arms has brought the military season to an end. It was a very successful show, the Race stand being crowded with people, and all the events went off well. Some new events were Alarm Posts, where squads of men, on the alarm sounding, put on accoutrements, double 200 yards and fire a volley, points being given for turn out, correct doubling and volley firing, and for time; a tug of war on horses, by the Native Cavalry, and the Rifle Brigade gymnastic display. They have an excellent squad at bar and horse, and still more excellent clowns. The Tug of War was won by the Garrison Battery at Barrackpore, after a very hard pull with the Royal Sussex. The prize for best man at arms again fell to the Volunteers, being won by Lieut. Walker of the Calcutta Light Horse.

You will be glad to hear that a Buff has been distinguishing himself at polo. Mr. Dyne played for Calcutta against the Maharaja of Patiala's team, and played splendidly. The match was a walk over for the Patiala team, which also disposed of the Rifle Brigade team still more easily.

The only cricket matches of interest have been the Calcutta Club with the Rifle Brigade and Sussex Regiment, losing the former and winning the latter.

A circus has come round, not our old friend of the donkey riding prizes; and the Maidan is dotted with various shows, among them Eve's garden, which consists of an arrangement of mirrors, in which a few roses are reflected thousands of times, making the whole place look a mass of roses; this has so tickled the fancy of the native that about 20 Rajahs are having some made for their private houses, one Rajah giving Rs. 25,000, for the existing one.

The guileless native, by the bye, is not nearly as interested in the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, as he was in the arrival of the Czarowitch, when he expected to see his future ruler. There was the same old show of course on the Archduke's arrival, all the troops lining the street, &c.

The Presidency Athletic Meeting is just over; this is a new departure, and has been a great success. I will say more about it in my next letter.

Obediently yours,
Kela.

JULLUNDUR RESIDENTS WITH ADDRESSES.

Beginning from the end nearest the Railway Station—

THE MALL.
Lieut.-Colonel and Miss Wood.
Surgeon-Major and Mrs. Langridge.
Captain Heygate, R.A.
Lieut. and Mrs. O'Bryen, 27th Punjab Infantry.
The Club.
Officers' Mess, 14th Bengal Lancers.
Captain B. F. Holme and Mrs. Holme, The Buffs.
Mr. and Mrs. Rowe.
Hotel.
Church of England.
Captain Eardly Wilmott, 14th Bengal Lancers.
Lieut. and Mrs. Trollope, The Buffs.
Captain C. P. Lloyd, Lieut. Eustace, Lieut. Eales, The Buffs.
Roman Catholic Church.
Lieut. McDouall, Lieut. Trevor, The Buffs.
Major Hickson, The Buffs.
Lieut.-Colonel Harley, Lieut. & Adjutant Bell, The Buffs.
Officers' Mess, The Buffs.
Captain P. F. Brine, Lieut. Pearson, The Buffs.

STAFF LINES.

Colonel and Mrs. Pennington, and Misses Pennington
Captain Dealy, Lieut. Craven, R.E.
Major and Mrs. Watson.
Colonel and Mrs. Gouldsbury.
Rev. A. Bridge.

NATIVE INFANTRY LINES.

Officers' Mess, 27th Punjab Infantry.
Colonel and Mrs. Swetenham, 27th Punjab Infantry.
Surgeon-Major and Mrs. Shearer, 27th Punjab Infantry.

ROYAL ARTILLERY LINES.

Officers' Mess, Royal Artillery.
Lieut. Vasser Smith, R.A.
Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Neville, 14th Bengal Lancers.
Lieut. and Mrs. Annesley, The Buffs.
Surgeon-Captain and Mrs. Keightly, M.S.
Surgeon-Major and Mrs. Whyte.

CIVIL LINES.

Mr. and Mrs. Smyth.
Lieut.-Colonel Roberts.
Mr. Turnbull.

"FALL OUT THE OFFICERS!"

—:o:—

The drill was o'er: The Colonel bold
Sat on his charger stout.
"Fall out the Officers!" he cried;
But ne'er a one fell out,

Save Jones, the Adjutant, who came
Careering round the flank,
Saluted and returned his sword
With smart and warlike clank.

"Beg pardon, Sir," said he, "we've got
No Officers to-day."
"*No Officers!*" the Chief replied,
"What's taken them away?

"Dismiss the men, please, Mr. Jones."
Said Jones: "Right-Turn! Dismiss!"
"Now come along," the Colonel said,
"Let's try and fathom this."

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He sat down in his office chair
And scratched his grizzled pate.
"It beats me, clean;" said he, "let's see
The Weekly Duty State."

"Ah! here we are—yes, Major Black,
'Commanding Pagalpore"
A two-years' billet: sha'n't see *him*
For eighteen months or more.

"Then White: he's acting A. A. G.
Been just a year away:
He'll get it *pucca* next July
When Johnson goes, they say."

"And Green?" "He's doing signalling;
'Brigade Work,' Sir" "And Gray?"
"At 'Military training,' Sir:
His course begins to-day."

"That's all the Majors; let us take
The Captains. Where's Pool?
Ah 'course of equitation' at
The Lancer's Riding School.

"H'm yes—and Rose—why's he not here?
Jones, where the deuce is Rose?"
"Out sketching, Sir: he's got to teach
A class of N.C.O's."

"Now, Wilson?" "On the range, Sir," "Oh—!
And Dickenson, where's he?"
"Started last night for Poona, Sir,
To pass in 'c and d.'"

"And Thompson's at the depôt; that's
The lot then: Now, the subs:
I should have seventeen of them,
Not counting you: where's Stubbs?"

"He's off to Poona also, Sir,
To learn to be a vet."
"And Haines?" "On duty, Sir," And Smith?"
"Paymaster, Sir" "And Brett?"

"He's Signalling Instructor, Sir,"
"Ah—yes. I see: and Pears?"
"Officiating Adjutant,
Great Western Volunteers."

"Well, James?" "Big Gun Drill, Sir," "And
Parke?"
"He's Station Staff." "And Bright?"
"Went off with convalescents, Sir,
At six o'clock last night."

"That's eight: what's got the rest of them.
"I'd like to know; where's Lee?—
Oh—'School of Musketry.' Well—Hart?"
"He's acting A.-D.-C."

"The General applied for him
When Hopkins went on leave:
He knows his father, Sir." "I know:
Well, what's become of Neave?"

"He's gone to join the Transport Class
At Poona, Sir." "And Burn?"
"Burn, Sir?—Oh yes, he's on the range:
He's Wilson's Subaltern."

"And Harrison?" "On 'training,' sir,
With Major Gray." "And Bell?
Hm, 'Simla' m' yes 'Intelligence'
Our Modern Language Swell.

'Hill?" "'Mounted Infantry, Sir." "Brown?"
"He's in the butts, Sir," "Scott?"
Recruit's drill, Sir: he'll be dismissed
"Next week." "Well, that's the lot!"

The Colonel bowed his head and gave
Three deep and heartfelt groans.
"Upon my soul this *is* too bad!
"I *cannot* stand it, Jones!

"Here's *twenty-seven* fellows' names
Upon the list appear:
We've not a single chap at home,
And none on leave out here:

"None sick and no probationers;
And yet whene'er I try
To do some drill, why not a soul
Turns out but you and I.

"Eight Companies of forty files
We stood to-day; and not
A Captain or a Subaltern
Amongst the blessed lot!

"Each week an order comes to send
Some officer to school,
To learn to make a bridge, or put
The harness on a mule.

"To ride or shoot, or wag a flag,
Load camels, doctor cattle,
In fact do any mortal thing
But lead their men in battle!

"And when they're here, they're always on
Some rotten 'slope' or other:
It really is enough to make
A monkey bite his mother!

"When I was young, our working hours
Within our lines were spent:
Our officers, when not on leave,
Were with the regiment.

"When posted to a Company
One stuck there, and could tell,
Ere long, each soldier's name and age
And character as well.

"*Our* youngsters rush from class to class
And chop and and change, when here,
From Company to Company,
Six times in their ten year!

"I doubt if one of them can name
A dozen men at sight
In all the corps: and that's the way
We train our tooops to fight.

"New drill! new musketry! and soon
New rifles we shall get.
'Tis sad that officers and men
Should still be 'strangers yet!'

"Thank God I've done my thirty years,
And have besides my pay
A little private means. I'll chuck
And take my pound a day."

"*Pioneer*".

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TWO HEROES.

The American civil war yet awaits its poet. More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the thunder of the last gun died away among the hills, and still no Tennyson arises to celebrate the deeds of the heroes who made that most wonderful page in the history of nations. He must come soon, or he will come too late, for the time-worn veterans of the vast armies whose tread shook the continent will shortly answer to their last roll-call. Even the graves of those who fell in battle are fast becoming obliterated.

One splendid act of soldierly obedience and daring, witnessed by thousands of the opposite hosts, has never, as far as I know, been recorded by any historian ; and I am inclined to doubt that it even found its way into the " newspapers " of the day. It will, however, be recalled by many now living, some of whom took part in the engagement which followed.

The siege of Port Hudson, begun by Banks late in May, had been prosecuted for more than a month with the tireless energy which characterised all the military movements of that leader ; but the enemy showed no signs of yielding.

The investment was complete, and from dawn till dark a storm of shot, shells, and rifle bullets poured into the Confederate stronghold. The Federal lines had been pushed forward until the men in the first parallels could plainly discern the faces of the gunners in the breast-works before them.

Near the centre of the position, crowning a slight elevation, and nearly surrounded by a swamp, the Confederates had erected a powerful redoubt, whose fire swept the trenches with murderous effect. It was armed with twelve 30 pounder rifled cannon and crowded with sharpshooters. This redoubt, which some wag in the Federal lines had named " Fort Infernal," gave more trouble to the besiegers than all the other fortifications on that side put together. Let as much as the peak of a blue cap show itself above the edge of the breastworks, and a hail of grape and bullets would come shrieking over the spot, flinging a cloud of earth and stones into the air, destroying everything living in its path.

Such was the accuracy of its fire and the watchfulness of its defenders that the trenches immediately in front of the redoubt were practically untenable. Such of the guns as were not dismounted were nearly useless, for loading and discharging a single piece meant sure death for one or more of the gunners. Now and then, goaded to desperation by their own helplessness, the men would spring to a gun and reply to the fire of the redoubt ; but for the most part they sat under the shelter of the bomb-proofs, sullen and disheartened, listening to the roar of the conflict going on around them. No bolder fellows ever handled a rammer or pulled a trigger, as they had proven in many a hardfought battle ; but the awful carnage, and more than all, their forced inaction, had cowed them.

General Banks had observed that no progress was being made in the lines opposite the redoubt, and on the evening of the 6th July he sent for the officer commanding the troops in that part of the trenches, Colonel Berrien.

Shortly after seven o'clock, a tall, bronzed soldier entered the General's head-quarters, which were then located at a farmhouse on a height overlooking the greater portion of the scene of action. The General was seated at a table, engaged in writing, as the Colonel presented himself, and, saluting, stood silently awaiting his superior's leisure.

" Colonel Berrien ? " enquired the General at length, laying down his pen and turning to face the officer, whom he motioned to a seat.

The Colonel bowed.

" Well, sir," said the General, sharply, " what is the matter with your men ? I examined your trenches for the best part of an hour to-day, and in all that time you only fired one gun. What is the meaning of this state of affairs, Colonel ? "

The Colonel attempted to explain, but the General interrupted him immediately.

" It won't do, Colonel ; it won't do ! " he exclaimed. " That redoubt is the real key to the Confederate's position on that side. The lines must be pushed up and that redoubt silenced."

" The men cannot work under that fire," replied the Colonel, deeply wounded by his

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superior's tone. "I have already lost a full third of my troops, and half of my guns are dismounted or disabled."

"I can't help it, Colonel," was the hasty response. "If you lose them all, that battery must be silenced. If you can't do it with your guns you must take it with the bayonet."

"Are you aware of the strength and defences of that redoubt, General?" asked Berrien quietly. "It would be sheer slaughter."

"I have heard of you, Colonel," said the General, with cutting emphasis, "as a good officer and a brave man; but I shall begin to think I have been misinformed. It is necessary that we silence or capture that redoubt I will entrust to you the duty of executing my orders; but, if you hesitate, I will relieve you of the command, and give it to someone else."

A spot of colour sprang into the thin bronzed cheek of the Colonel as he replied: "The redoubt shall be stormed, sir"

"Ah! that is better," said the General, as the frown which had darkened his features gave place to a smile. "You will attack at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. Any additional force besides your own immediate command which you may require will be placed at your disposal. Good evening, Colonel.

The two officers exchanged salutes, and Berrien returned to the trenches in a thoughtful mood. Arrived there, he summoned a council of his subordinates, and laid his orders before them. One and all protested against the projected assault.

"It is impossible," growled the senior Captain. "I should like to see Banks try it again."

"Mere useless butchery," said the Major.

"The men will not obey," said another. "They know the hopelessness of such an attack as well as we do, and they will take the chances of punishment sooner than face certain destruction under the fire of that battery."

"They must do it, sir!" responded the Colonel, sternly. "I have explained the case to the General, and, in effect, he told me I was afraid. Now, I am going to make that attack, if I go alone. Go to your posts, gentlemen, and see that the men are ready to move at nine sharp."

At half-past eight in the morning of the 7th of July the troops were mustered in the trenches. They had been informed of what was expected of them, but they exhibited none of the reckless gaiety and eager impatience common to the veterans preparing for the charge. On the contrary, they stood silent, with gloomy faces and compressed lips, and as their Colonel passed down the line, addressing a few stirring words to each company, there was not a single responsive cheer. Even the officers themselves looked disturbed and downcast.

The Colonel's face alone wore its usual expression of calm seriousness; he might have been inspecting his men on parade, so natural and composed were his manner and tone. After finishing his round, he stood quietly conversing with the Major, glancing at his watch from time to time. As the hands marked the hour of nine, he drew his sword and leaped upon the parapet, in full sight of his whole regiment.

"Men," he cried, in a voice which rang down the line like a trumpet call, "we are ordered to take that battery. Forward, and follow me!"

There was a slight stir in the ranks, and, from the mere habit of obedience, some of the men instinctively stepped forward a pace. Then they halted and looked irresolutely from their motionless comrades to the tall figure on the parapet, around which whistled a tempest of bullets from the redoubt.

"Come, boys," cried the Colonel again, "Forward and charge!"

This time not a man moved from his place, though many a head was bowed, and many a dark cheek flushed with shame.

"So be it," shouted the Colonel. "I have given my word to storm that battery, and I will do it! Cover your worthless carcasses, you cowards, and see a soldier do his duty!"

Casting a look of withering scorn at the men in the trenches, he faced about and started towards the redoubt at a measured pace. He had not taken a dozen steps, however, when the colour-sergeant, a brave fellow by the name of Whittaker, sprang over the breastwork and joined him. Then was beheld the strange sight of two figures, one in a Colonel's uniform, carrying a sword, and the other bearing a flag, marching shoulder to shoulder towards the enemy's lines.

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The fire slackened on both sides, and hundreds of heads appeared craning over parapet and bastion, gazing at the men in mute amazement. Then the significance of the scene appeared to draw upon the beholders, and a tremendous cheer went up from Federals and Confederates alike. Hardly had it died away when the refractory regiment was seen pouring out of the trenches and charging wildly across the plains.

Of those who came out of that desperate conflict, not one can give a clear description of that wonderful charge. They remembered nothing definitely until they found themselves in the redoubt, clustered round the shot-torn flag planted upon the works, listening to the faint voice of their wounded colonel.

"Well, boys, you concluded to come with us, after all."

With the fall of 'Fort Infernal,' the siege of Port Hudson was practically over. On the 9th of July, the town, fortifications, and, an immense quantity of arms and munitions of war were surrendered to General Banks.

As far as can be discovered, Colonel Berrien's reward was an empty sleeve, and two lines of honourable mention in despatches. Whittaker, the colour-sergeant, appears once again, as a second lieutenant at the engagement of Cool Harbour; after which all record of him is lost.

Detachment Assault-at-Arms.

AN excellent performance of the above (considering we are all cripples or invalids) took place in the Regimental Theatre, Jullundur, on Monday, the 27th inst.

Society, headed by Colonel and the Misses Pennington, turned up in force, occupying the seats which had been arranged on the stage, and there was no lack of enthusiasm shewn by the 'pit,' who, when composed of 'Tommies,' are always a cheery and indulgent audience.

Proceedings began with performances on the horizontal bar, at which Sergt. Eaton and Ptes. Guthrie and Wherle much distinguished themselves, Sergeant Eaton's 'Grand-circle' being loudly applauded.

The clowns, Ptes. Shircore and Tibbal, caused great amusement over this.

The bayonet exercise, done without word of command, from marching in to marching out, but simply by signals from the right hand man, Pte. Arms, was one of the hits of the evening, and the squad well deserved the praise they got.

The boxing between Ptes. Saxon and Hayes was most realistic. No question of the fight being 'put up' or of a 'frost.' Pte. Saxon showed that with a little more training, especially as to using his legs, he will be a hard nut to crack, even in good company. Both fought out the three rounds with pluck and determination, and were greeted at the end with great clapping.

The Physical Drill with Arms, like the bayonet exercise, was excellent, and seemed to take the fancy of Colonel Pennington immensely.

Captain Holme, with a sword, next attacked Quartermaster-Sergeant Nicholas, with a bayonet. After a good bout the final point was given in favour of the latter.

Musical Clubs was another hit of the evening, especially with the ladies, after which our Gymnastic Squad showed how easy it was to vault and jump in all positions over the horse.

The Fencing, on account of the light and absence of chalk and judges, was not quite the success it might have been. The final bout between Lieut. Eales (in the absence of Sergt. Eaton, who had won his preliminary heat) and Lieut. Bedford, 14th Bengal Lancers, was brought to an abrupt ending by the foils smashing.

Great laughter was caused by the Balaclava Melee, the acting horses having a sorry time of it, and were probably glad when it was over. The two clowns again showed to advantage in this, being very amusing. In fact, Pte. Shircore, with his wonderful contortions, would be an addition to any circus.

The Running Maze was received with rounds of applause, and, in response to an encore, did the last figure, an 8, over again, after which, God Save the Queen brought a very pleasant

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evening to a close.

The Band of the 27th Punjab Infantry played some excellent selections during the evening, and Pte. Mackay, at the piano, was invaluable, keeping excellent time to the Musical Clubs.

The whole affair reflected the greatest credit on Sergt. Eaton, on whose shoulders most of the details of the show fell, and Quartermaster-Sergeant Nicholas, who was a sort of master of the ceremonies, only required a whip and tail coat to make the typical 'man in the ring.'

THE SUBALTERN, FROM A YOUNG LADY'S POINT OF VIEW.

———:o:———

The subaltern is an animal that is to be found in great profusion over the whole of India. His principal occupation is defending his country. But, when he is not doing this, he has a number of smaller pursuits which serve to stamp him as a distinct species. He is devoted to stalking. He will stalk anything, from deer to young ladies; indeed, it is impossible to judge from his conversation which quarry he prefers. He will even stalk a tiger at a distance, or up a tree, of course. He makes a fair amateur banjo-player, artist, lover, rider; in fact, he is good at most of these light and airy occupations. In one thing he can beat most professionals. I allude to the art of dancing. The subaltern is easily recognized. Look carefully at the first you meet, and you will never be able to mistake him again. Note the straw hat, the dainty boots, the neat little cane, and, above all, the air of supreme satisfaction with himself, the country he is defending, and the world in general. It is an astonishing fact, but this really is the British Army, before which the world trembles. His reverence for his superiors is well known, but it is treason to laugh at the contempt with which a subaltern, who came out five marks ahead of the rest, regards his less fortunate fellows.

The subaltern is, perhaps, seen at his best if you catch him at a venture, and make him join a Shakespeare reading-society. He has heard of Shakespeare before, but has never read him. His unfeigned delight in the beauties of the play shows what a critic has been lost in the soldier. He is prolific of new readings, that could occur to no one else. We have in view one enthusiastic subaltern who made a famous passage end with a reference to his "little wife" as "rounded with a sleep." The printed texts have "life" here. The improvement is obvious. He tolerates men of other professions, but is sorry for them. His own arduous duties are over by 9 a.m., when these poor beggars are beginning their work. Nobody knows how he gets through the day. We are left to conjecture. He can't sleep. No known species can sleep for twenty-four hours in a day, though subs and cats are believed to beat the record in this. There are reasons, at which we shall only hint, for believing that he does not spend the time in reading. His fine complexion proves that he really remains in-doors. He must take refuge in the thoughts of youth, which are known to be long, and which, in the sub's case, apparently extend from 10 a.m. to four in the afternoon. At four he arises, and makes ready for conquest. A young lady can, of course, judge of the next hour's work only by the result, which is generally perfect.

We hope the foregoing has not been too hard upon the subaltern (fortunately he is not thin-skinned). For we desire to close with the remark that, of all pleasant companions, he is often the most pleasant. He is not conceited, and the young lady likes a companion who is more concerned with enjoying her society than with making her enjoy his. This the sub generally does; and she accordingly prefers him to the learned man or the young civilian. She has also a motherly feeling for him. He is so young.

If by any device or knowlege,
The sub his sweetness could know,
He'd remain a sub for ever
Nor into a major grow.

Yes: subs are delightful, and the present writer is free to confess that this hill-station, whose name she hopes the editor will impart with prudence, would be vastly improved by the arrival of a few on a well-earned holiday.

M.

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WORK FOR OLD SOLDIERS.

There is nothing of greater interest to soldiers now with the colours than to know what is the state of the labour market at home, as that is bread to them on joining the Reserve.

Mr. Giffen, Assistant Secretary, in charge of the Commercial Department, Board of Trade, has been collecting statistics relating to labour since 1886. Information is afforded showing the average rates of wages, and proportion at each rate, ina great mass of employments, which gives an approximately correct idea of the aggregate working class income. Thirty-eight separate occupations are enumerated, showing the average normal wages obtained in those occupations. But non-commissioned officers and soldiers in the Army must remember that, while with their regiments, they receive board, lodging, clothing, lighting, and fuel. When they are providing for themselves they have to defray the cost of all these; and not only that, but, if they are married, the cost of food in England is a most serious item. They may look into the butcher's shop without payment, but that is all they will know regarding meat, and they will not find it nourishing.

The average yearly wages of men engaged in railways and building trades and agricultural labour were as follows: In the case of railways £59; building trades, allowing for irregularity of employment, £70, and agricultural labour in England, £39.

As many soldiers who are married may, perhaps, desire to know what income might be obtained if their wives or daughters went out to service, I will give the information.

Domestic service engages from one-third to one-half of all the women and girls occupied, They were better remunerated on the average than women in other employments, the minimum average of large households, and public institutions being about £52 per annum [not £52 in money], but taking the mean of that figure, and the ordinary wage rate for women, £40 would not be too high a figure: £15 for wages, and £25 for board and lodging. The average wages of girls in domestic service, says Mr. Giffen, is about £28, and the mean of that figure about £23. But in my opinion £20, not £28, is about the average wages for women in domestic service, but it is yearly rising.

The average annual earnings for men, women, lads, boys and girls, respectively, would be men £60, women £40, lads and boys £23-8, and girls £23. This includes the estimated value of food, lodging, &c.; it is not payment in cash. But there can be no doubt of this. that a private soldier, who is married, would make a better livelihood (providing he has no children) by allowing his wife to go out to service, when he would be free to accept any work, and could live in one room and get his meals at a cheap eating house.

All soldiers and non-commissioned officers in the Army, recognising that they may on joining the Reserve have to provide themselves with everything, should induce their wives to learn how to cook, and instruct their daughters similarly. A man, and his wife who could cook, might get a good situation in charge of chambers. The man to do general work, of all kinds, objecting to no kind of labour, willing and industrious, and, above all things, a total abstainer, could get employment. The proportions of those employed in trades at different rates of wages. were in the case of men, under 10 shillings a week, 0·2 per cent.; from 10 to 15 shilling 2·5 per cent.; from 15 to 20 shillings 20·9 per cent.; from 20 to 25 shillings 35·4 per cent.; from 25 to 30 shillings 23·6 per cent,; from 30 to 35 shillings 11·2 per cent.; from 35 to 40 shillings 4·4 per cent.; and. above 40 shillings 1·8 per cent. Thus nearly 60 per cent. of the total numbers were between 20 shillings and 30 shillings per week, and of the remainder rather less than 25 per cent. were under 20 shillings, and 17 per cent. were above 30 shillings. The number of the manual labour classes employed were about as follows:—Men 7,320, 000; women 2,963,000; lads and boys 1,729,000; and girls 1,265.000. or a total of 13,277,000. A statement of the aggregate earnings on that basis would show the following results:—Men £439,200,000; women £118,520, 000; lads and boys £46,673.000; and girls £28, 995,000. The average earnings of each wage-earner would on this showing appear to be £48.

The Englishman.

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Regimental Items.

The undermentioned men having embarked at Karachi for England, in H.M.'s Troopship "Malabar," on the 27th January 1893, are struck off the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly :—

No. 1825 Pte. C. Ansell.
" 2985 " J. Carrington.
" 2121 " A. Comley.
" 1214 " E. Gouge.
" 1893 " G. Munday.
" 1887 " J. Saunders.
" 2572 " J. Sayers.
" 3015 " C. Stone.
" 3679 " P. Wilson.
" 3683 " C. Brierly.

His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief has been pleased to sanction the transfer to the Army Reserve of the undermentioned man, as a special case. He will embark for England by the troopship leaving Karachi on the 3rd March :—

No. 912 Dr. J. Cullen.

The Right Honourable the Secretary of State for War has been pleased to grant a Warrant for the promotion of the undermentioned non-commissioned officer to Sergt.-Major of the Battalion, with effect from the 8th October 1892 :—

Color-Sergeant H. E. Featherstone.

No. 798 Color-Sergeant T. Cheal has been permitted to re-engage for such further period of Army Service as will make up a total continuous service of 21 years.

Mr. C. S. Birkhead, Bandmaster, left Calcutta on the 25th inst., enroute to England, on 6 months' sick leave.

CRICKET AT JULLUNDUR.

THE STATION *V.* DETCH. THE BUFFS.

The above match was played off on the 9th inst. on the Station Ground, and resulted in a victory for the Station by one run, The finishing up was very exciting, and no doubt when we get our full team down here we shall be able to show a better front and give the Station something to do. The Station have with them at present one of the best bats in India, Surgeon Major White, who has been selected to play (*vide* Civil and Military Gazette) for Jullundur, against Lord Hawkes' Team, when they play the Punjaub at Lahore. Captains Wilmott and Holmes played an excellent Innings. The following are the scores:—

1st Innings, Station.		1st Innings, Detachment The Buffs.	
Sgn.-Mjr. White c Wenman b Nicholas	40	Q.M. Sergt. Nicholas b Spencer	3
Mr. Spencer c Wenman b Michell	55	Capt. Eardly. Wilmott c Thompson b Spencer	106
Mr. Craven b Wilmott	26	Pte. Pettitt c & b White	29
Mr. O'Bryen b Eales	0	Lieut. Eales b Wright	5
Mr. Vassar Smith c Joy b Eales	2	Cpl. Joy c Anderson b Wright	1
Major D'Aguilar b Eales	4	Pte. Wenman L. B. W. b Hughes	0
Gr. Wright b Wilmott	7	Pte. Michell c Hughes b Wright	0
Gr. Thompson b Wilmott	18	Capt. Holmes c O'Bryen b Wright	42
Gr. Mead c Joy b Wilmott	0	Sgt. Else c White b Wright	1
Cpl. Anderson not out	5	Cpl. Allen c White b Wright	9
Mr. Hughes b Wilmott	29	Pte. Reede not out	
Extras	26	Extras	15
Total	212	Total	211

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regimental Papers :—

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.
The Army Service Corps' Journal.
I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.
The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.
St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.
The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.
The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.
The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers
The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment
The Sutherland News.—2nd Bn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders.
1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E.S. Regt.
The 79th News.—79th Cameron Highlanders.
The Thistle.—2nd Bn. The Royal Scots.

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GOOD CONDUCT PAY.

The undermentioned men are granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates stated opposite their names :—

"A" Company.

No.	2830	Private	C. Finn,	restored 1d.
„	2621	„	W. Hobbs,	„ 1d.
„	3349	„	W. Osborne,	granted 1d.
„	2296	„	F. Lake,	„ 2d.
„	2197	„	W. Freeman,	„ 2d.
„	3700	„	M. McNeir,	„ 3d.

"B" Company.

No.	3405	Lce-Cpl.	C. Canning,	granted 1d.
„	3293	Private	W. Broadwood,	„ 1d.
„	2173	„	T. Luxford,	„ 2d.
„	3346	„	H. Mumford,	„ 1d.
„	2812	„	G. Pellett,	restored 1d.
„	3565	„	A. Oliver,	„ 1d.
„	3674	„	J. Duffy,	granted 2d,
„	2789	„	A. Jeffries,	„ 1d.

"C" Company.

No.	3712	Private	T. Cash,	granted 2d.
„	3276	„	W. Dale,	„ 1d.
„	3348	„	A. Hills,	„ 1d.
„	3273	„	A. Edwards,	„ 1d.
„	3454	Lce-Cpl.	W. Shevlin,	„ 1d.

"D" Company.

No.	2188	Lcc-Cpl.	W. Skinner,	granted 2d.
„	2210	Private	P. Joyce,	„ 2d.
„	3315	„	W. Platts,	„ 1d.
„	2415	„	G. Scott,	restored 1d.
„	3377	„	J. Kendal,	granted 1d.
„	2803	„	W. Sedgwick,	„ 1d.
„	3416	„	A. Brookson,	„ 1d.
„	484	„	A. Goodings,	„ 2d.
„	3294	„	M. Smith,	„ 1d.

"E" Company.

No.	3336	Private	W. Benham,	granted 1d.
„	2153	„	W. Bowler,	„ 2d.
„	2773	„	A. Gamble,	„ 1d.
„	3397	„	J. Haselden,	„ 1d.
„	3345	„	E. Johnson,	„ 1d.
„	1458	„	M. McCann,	restored 3d.

"F" Company.

No.	2180	Private	F. Bell,	granted 2d.
„	2187	„	J. Coppard.	„ 2d.
„	3711	„	S. Lycett,	restored 1d.
„	3399	„	J. Merritt,	granted 2d.
„	2793	„	W. Sayers,	„ 1d.
„	3285	„	A. Stonell,	„ 1d.
„	3387	„	W. Williams,	„ 1d.

"G" Company.

No.	3363	Boy	C. Tozer,	„ 1d.
„	3342	Private	W. Austin,	„ 1d.
„	2215	„	W. Cozens,	„ 2d.

"H" Company.

No,	2219	Private	G. Mears,	granted 2d.
„	2223	„	P. Reynolds,	„ 2d.
„	2324	„	T. Meopham,	„ 2d.
„	3411	„	A. Wellstead,	„ 1d.
„	3397	„	E. Ralph,	„ 1d.
„	2170	„	T. Brown,	„ 2d.
„	3323	„	G. Lee,	„ 1d.
„	3408	„	H. Wells,	„ 1d.
„	3344	„	R. Sexton,	„ 1d.
„	3353	„	F. Redwell,	„ 1d.

Shillin' a Day.

My name is O'Kelly, I've heard the Revelly
From Birr to Bareilly, from Leeds to Lahore,
Hong-Kong and Peshawur,
Lucknow and Etawah,
And fifty-five more, all ending in "pore."
Black Death and his quickness, the depth and the thickness,
Of sorrow and sickness, I've known on my way,
But I'm old and I'm nervis,
I'm cast from the Service,
And all I deserve is a shilling a day.

(Chorus) Shillin' a day,
Blooming good pay,
Lucky to touch it, a shilling a day.

Oh, it drives me half crazy to think of the day I
Went slap for the Ghazi, my sword at my side,
When we rode Hell for leather,
Both squadrons together,
That did'nt care whether we lived or we died.
But it's no use despairin', my wife must go charin',
And me commissairin', the pay bills to better.
So if you be 'old,
In the wet and the cold,
By the Grand Metropold, won't you give me a letter?

(Full Chorus) Give 'im a letter,
Can't do no better,
Late Troop Sergeant-Major, an' runs with a letter!
Think what 'e's been,
Think what 'e's seen,
Think of his pension, an'
Gawd Save the Queen.

R. KIPLING.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

"SHOT."

HESE little missiles, so important to our sportsmen, are, as most of us know, made by dropping molten lead from a great height into the water.

Formerly they were manufactured in a very different way. Great bars of lead had to be pounded into sheets of a thickness nearly equal to the diameter of the shots required. These sheets were then cut into little cubes, placed in a revolving barrel until, by the constant friction, the edges were worn off, and they became spheroids.

Watt, of steam-engine fame, being one day out with his boys when it began to rain, remarked how like beautiful round shot the rain drops were, and he began to wonder what shape melted lead would assume in falling through the air.

Next day he ascended to the top of St. Mary's steeple, and dropped slowly and regularly a ladleful of molten lead into the moat below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the moat several handfuls of the most perfect shot.

From this experiment emanated the idea of the shot tower, which, ever since, has been the only means employed in the manufacture of this article.

A French paper tells a good story of the dangers of giving gratuitous information :—

A servant wounded her hand with the prong of a fork. In reply to her mistress' inquiries, she explained that she was very nervous lest the wound should become inflamed, as she believed the fork to be nickel-plated.

"Oh, you may set your mind at ease on that score," replied the mistress ; those forks are all silver !"

The next morning forks and servant were alike missing.

DON'T STOP FOR PRAISE.

At the battle of Miani, an officer who had been doing good service came up to that celebrated General, Sir Charles Napier, and said, "Sir Charles, we have taken a standard."

The General looked at him searchingly for a moment, but made no reply, and turning round, began to talk to some one else. Upon this the officer repeated in a slightly raised tone :

"Sir Charles, we have taken a standard."

The General turned sharply round on him, and said briefly, "Then take another !" and instantly resumed his interrupted conversation.

AN ECLIPSE BY ORDER.

In the evening before the last solar eclipse in Germany, the colonel of a regiment of Infantry sent for all the sergeants, and said to them : "There will be an eclipse of the sun to-morrow. The regiment will meet on the parade ground in undress. I will come and explain the eclipse before drill. If the day is cloudy, the men will meet in the drill-shed as usual." Whereupon the sergeants drew up the following order of the day :

"To-morrow morning, by order of the colonel, there will be an eclipse of the sun. The regiment will assemble on the parade ground, where the colonel will come and superintend the eclipse in person. If the sky is cloudy, the eclipse will take place in the drill-shed."

An Irishman serving in a certain corps had during the early part of his service to go to school, at which he was greatly annoyed. One day the schoolmaster put a simple sum on the blackboard, and turning to Paddy, said ; "Boyle, take down this sum." The blackboard was similar to a drawing-board, and stood on an easle. Directly the master had gone, Paddy walked up, took down the board, and put it in a corner. The master, coming round soon after, said :

"Have you done that, Boyle?"

Paddy replied, pointing to it : "Yes, sir, I took it down, board and all."

On the first occasion of his having to harness a horse, he put on the saddle wrong end foremost. His comrade noticing it, drew his attention to the mistake, but Boyle, after gazing for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, said : "You let that saddle alone, how do you know which way I'm going,"

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Thacker, Spink & Co.

CALCUTTA.

NEW MILITARY BOOKS.

Treatise on Ammunition. 1892. Fifth Edition. 8vo. cloth. Rs. 5-2.

The Reconnoitrer's Guide and Field Book, adapted for India. By Col. M. J. King-Harman. Third Edition. Revised and Enlarged. Pocket-book Form. Rs. 4.

Instruction in Regimental Transport Duties, 1892. [Official.) As. 14.

Regulations for the Allowances of the Army, 1892. (Official.) Re. 1-4.

Royal Warrant for the Pay, Appointment, Promotion, and Non-Effective Pay of the Army, 1892. Re. 1-4.

Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army, 1892. Re. 1-12.

Army Service Corps Supply Hand-book. By Lieut'-Colonel J. A. Boyd. Rs. 2-10.

Field Telegraphs.—Manual of Instructions in Army Telegraphy. Rs. 3-0.

Equipment—Regulations for the Equipment of H. M. Army: Peace. 1890. Re. 1-4.

Equipment Regulations—Garrison Artillery, Peace. 1891, Rs. 2-10.

De Mangel's Questions and Answers on Tactics, 1892. Rs. 5-2.

Malton's Brigade Drill and Ceremonial, 1892. Re. 1-4.

Military Law: its Procedure and Practice. By Lieut.-Colonel Sisson Pratt. 7th Edition. 1892. Rs. 3-14.

Guide to Promotion: an Aid to Officers of all arms in preparing for examination in Regimental Duties. Part I. Ranks of Lieutenant, Captain, and Major. By Lieut.-Colonel Sisson Pratt, 1892. Rs. 6.

Lee-Metford Rifle Exercises. Manual Exercises and Bayonet Exercise, 1892. As. 4.

Infantry Drill (Provisional) as revised by Her Majesty's Commands, 1892. As. 14.

Regulations for Musketry Instruction—
Martini-Henry Rifle and Carbine, 1892. As. 14.
Lee-Metford Rifle, 1892. As. 14.

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The Armies of To-Day. A Description of the Armies of the Leading Nations at the present time, Illustrated. 8vo. Rs. 13-12.

Military Transport in India. By Captain W. Wickham. Royal 8vo. Re. 1-4.

Home's Precis of Modern Tactics. Revised and Re-written by Lieut.-Colonel Sisson Pratt. 1892. Rs. 3-14.

Modern Tactics. By Captain H. R. Gall. Second Edition, Revised, with Maps. Rs. 9-0.

Firing Exercise for the Martini-Henry Rifle, as taught at the Schools of Musketry. 1892. By authority. As. 4.

Siege Artillery Drill, 1891. Official Manual. Rs. 2-2.

Manual for Non-Commissioned Officers of Artillery (Horse and Field) in preparing for examination before promotion. December 1891. Re. 1-4.

Cavalry Drill, 1891—
VOLUME I.—Equitation and Foot Drill. As. 14.
VOLUME II.—Part III.—Squadron Drill. Part IV.—Regimental Drill. Part V.—Brigade Drill. Part VI.—Division Drill, Part VII.—Manœuvre, As. 14.

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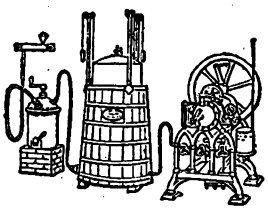
The Buffs'



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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

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1903.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 72. **JULLUNDUR, March, 31st, 1893.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

BENNELL.—At Canterbury on 9th January 1893, the wife of Sergt. Major Bennell of a daughter.

FOSTER.—At Canterbury on 25th January 1893, the wife of Sergt. F. W. Foster of a daughter.

ROBINSON.—At 25 Clarendon Street, Dover, the wife of Sergt.-Major G. Robinson, 1st Vol. Batt. The Buffs, of a son.

CORK.—At Calcutta on the 20th Feb. the wife of Color-Sergt. Cork of a son. Albert George.

CULVERHOUSE.—At Assansole on the 26th January 1893, the wife of the late Sergt. A. E. Culverhouse, of a son.

Marriages.

PATTENSON—ANDREWS.—February 1st, at the the Parish church Mersham, by the Rev. Canon Andrews, uncle of the bride, and the Rev. Hugh F. Smith-Marriott, cousin of the bridegroom, Arthur Henry Tylden-Pattenson, Captain The Buffs, to Alice Maud Mary, elder daughter of the late Cyrus Andrews, Esq., Alverton Grange, Notts, and niece of the Rev. E. C. and Mrs. Lucey, of Mersham Rectory.

Deaths.

ROE.—At Bally-Connell House, Co. Cavan, Ireland, on the 24th of February, Captain G. N. Roe, late The Buffs, (in command No. 2, or "B" Company many years ago.)

HOLMES.—At Calcutta on the 24th February, Reginald George, son of No. 1, Color-Sergt. G. Holmes.

CLUTTON.—At the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley, on the 13th December 1892, No. 2047 Pte. W. Clutton.

REVES.—At the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley, on the 3rd February 1893, No. 2450 Pte. J. Reves.

NOTES.

—:o:—

A most friendly and complimentary welcome was that which greeted the Regiment on its arrival here on the 3rd March, nearly the whole Station coming out, riding or driving to the half-way halting place. The men's healthy and bronzed faces were much admired, and in spite of some rather hard times on account of weather &c., during the latter part of the march everyone looked as fit as possible.

... ...

The draft arrived on the 5th of March and marched up from the Station about 6 a.m. under Lieuts. Cobbe & Perkins. They are a strong draft both in numbers and appearance, and out of the total of one hundred and seventy-five, one hundred and seventy are men of Kent, the sort that we are always glad to get.

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The Regiment was inspected by Colonel Pennington, C.B., Commanding the Station on 10th, 11th, and 13th; everything appeared to go off most satisfactorily, and proceedings wound up with an inspection dinner in the Officers' Mess on 15th to which the heads of Departments were invited.

... ...

Jullundur is to be lowered from its high estate, and we are sorry to say that one of the results will be, that we shall lose Colonel Pennington C.B., who goes to take up a similar appointment at Rawal Pindi. The S. S. O. Major Watson also leaves, his place being taken by a Lieut. Turner of 5th Fusiliers. Mrs. Pennington, the Misses Pennington and Mrs. Watson will be greatly missed by the Station. Losing four ladies at one blow is a serious loss to a small place like Jullundur, and we hope that they will find as many friends at Rawal Pindi, as they leave behind here.

... ...

There have been several good cricket matches played during the month. The first, played on the 9th, the Station *v.* the Regiment, resulted in a win for the Station on the first innings, and was chiefly remarkable for the good bowling of Pte. Wickens. The second on the 16th, Officers *v.* Men, resulted in a win for the officers. With the exception of Surgeon-Major White, and perhaps of Lieut. Robertson, R.A., the batting in this Station does not appear to be up to the standard of the bowling,

... ...

No time was lost in starting polo, as the day after the arrival of the Regiment a scratch game was played. The ground is of course not so good as at Calcutta, but is in a fair state. Our polo team will be considerably weakened by the departure of Lieut. Tarte, who goes home directly on 12 months' leave, and who has been a tower of strength, as full back, each match he has played.

... ...

On Wednesday, the 22nd, a most enjoyable dance (to which the officers were invited) was given by the residents as a farewell to Colonel and Mrs. Pennington. The Club had been very prettily decorated for the occasion, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves, though the *raison d'etre* of the dance was sad enough, as during their stay here both Colonel and Mrs. Pennington, ably assisted by the Misses Pennington, have made themselves extremely popular with everybody, and their departure will be very much regretted.

... .

We congratulate both ourselves and our readers in securing, this month, such a valuable and well-known correspondent as "Latakia." His story, written especially for the Dragon, will be found further on, and we hope as long as we are in the Station to have either a story or an article from his pen every month.

... .

Major-General Viscount Frankfort, accompanied by Colonel Crawley, A.A.G., and Captain Powney, A.D.C., inspected the Station on the 17th and 18th inst. The march past took place on the latter day, and a strong muster of troops turned out on parade, The Buffs parading over 600 strong. In the evening the General dined at the Officers' Mess.

... ...

Next month the detachments for the various hill stations start. "C" Company and details, strength 140, under Captain Holme and Lieut. Trollope, leave on the 4th for Bhagsu, marching the whole way, about 100 miles. Lieut. Swetenham and 2nd Lieut. Eaton go up with the parties for Convalescent Depôt and Standing Camp, at Dalhousie, shortly after.

.. ..

The cricket team from Meean Meer, that came down to play the Station on Friday and Saturday, the 24th and 25th inst., suffered a severe defeat by over 90 runs. Private Wickens again bowled well for the Station, and Lieut. Perkins and Private Lawrence batted steadily for their runs.

... ...

The model for the type of Buffs this month is Band Sergeant Roach, and our artist has got an excellent likeness. The position also is good; the well-known clarionet and all being so realistic that one almost seems to hear him playing. The only fault perhaps is that the helmet is a little too close to the head— a fault on the right side anyway.

... ...

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The Regimental Race Meeting (an account of which will be found further on) took place on Tuesday, the 28th inst., on the race course, and reflected great credit on the energetic Hon. Sec., Lieut. Tarte. We congratulate Lieut. Annesley on again winning the Regimental Cup, the third year in succession now.

... .

During the month the Regimental Theatre has been engaged by the Australian Variety Company, and Ada Maven's Troupe. Both drew good houses, the latter especially. Some of the choruses, "Good old mother" and "They're after me," as sung by the audience, nearly brought the house down. Two Buffs took part in the performance, Sergeant Else with a bone solo, which, as usual, was excellent, and Private Barrett, with his wonderful imitation of birds, both being loudly applauded. When is our Regimental Troupe going to give a performance?

... ...

We beg to offer our best congratulations to General Mark Walker, V.C., C.B., on his promotion to the rank of General, congratulations that we are sure all ranks join in.

... ...

Is it true that our Depôt is to move from Canterbury to Shorncliffe at the beginning of April, owing to the drains of the barracks at Canterbury being relaid?

We have heard this from one or two sources, but have not heard anything official about it. If the Depôt goes to Shorncliffe it will be there for probably 18 months or two years. It will not be the first time our Depôt has been stationed there, as in 1867, '68 and '69 it was there, attached to the 12th Depôt Battalion, and again in 1871 or '72 with the 2nd Battalion.

... ...

The following is an extract from the London Gazette :—

The King's (Liverpool Regiment)—Sergeant George Howard Brush, from the Buffs (East Kent Regiment) to be second lieut. in succession to Lieut. R. L. Hartley, promoted.

... ...

After the drill in connection with the "L" Company, 1st Vol. Bn. E.K.R., last Thursday evening, 9th February, the Company, headed by the band, paraded to the Town Hall, where the Commanding Officer, Lieut. Harold Finn, presented Sergt.-Instructor Woodcraft with a medal for long service and good conduct. In the course of a few remarks Lieut. Finn said it gave him great pleasure to make the presentation, and especially so as that was the first occasion on which he had command of the Company. He highly eulogised Sergt. Woodcraft's services to the Volunteers, and stated that he had served 24 years in the force, eight of them being with the Volunteers.

At the above gathering Lieut. E. S. Finn made his first public appearance since receiving his commission, and he was heartily congratulated by all present on his promotion from the ranks.

... ...

Three Dragons, Nos. 69, 70 and 71, together with the Route Book published for the march, have been returned through the post to the Editor, owing to the address having been destroyed. They can be obtained on application to the Sub-Editor.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee,

ON THE TRAMP WITH THE BUFFS
FROM CALCUTTA TO JULLUNDUR.

(Continued.)

Dear Mr. Editor.

My last letter was dated at Peeplee, where we halted for the usual Sunday's rest.

On Monday, the 20th February, we marched to Shahabad, 13 miles, a large camp with a Railway station at the camp, not shown in route book. This camp is nearly surrounded by the river Markunda, but not a sign of a bird on it, although in the evening dozens of flocks of duck flew over just out of reach of the gun.

On the 21st we marched to Umballa, distant 10 miles. This march we crossed our first river (without a bridge) since we commenced our tramp, and as if one was not enough for one march, we found two. The first is the river "Omla" and the second the "Tangree." The men had to haul on to the bullock carts and pull them through the river; only for this I think some would never have managed to get the other side. One very careful "Tommy" thought to get over clean and dry, and he got up on a native's back "Pick a back" fashion, but a little trouble was in store for him, as just as he got to to the deepest part (about 2 feet) the native very carefully tumbled down, and of course poor "Tommy" as well, with the result that the careful "Thomas" was wet to the skin, and had to put up with the derisive shouts of laughter from his 600 chums. We arrived at Umballa in due course, where we soon noticed the wind had changed and the clouds had commenced to gather up, which the weather prophets very truthfully predicted (for a wonder) that there was bad weather in store for us.

While at Umballa the Battalion and camp were photographed by Messrs. Laws & Co., and a very good picture taken. The officers were also photographed, and with a like result.

The last time the Battalion was at Umballa for any length of time was in the winter of '69 and '70, where they took part in the Durbar held for the late Amir of Afghanistan. We last marched through Umballa on our way to Seetapore and Benares, in September 1870, and the only ones with the Battalion now, who were soldiering with them then, are Major Hickson and Quarter-Master Cumber. Sergts. Roach and Tozer were with us, but not enlisted.

On the 22nd February we arrived at Mogul-Ke-Serai, a twelve mile march, and there our troubles commenced. The rain simply came down in torrents, and we were all washed out of our tents.

It is a very strange thing, but the Buffs are always washed out one camp from Umballa. There is a camp called "Labru," one march from Umballa, en route to Dagshai, and the Battalion were invariably washed clean out of it every time they were there. The first was in 1868, again in 1869, and twice in 1870. The last time, in September 1870. I remember well, we were ordered to carry our clothes and shoe brushes in our haversacks so as to have a brush up just before we arrived at Umballa, as there was supposed to be a very cranky General there, in those days, who used to come out and meet the Battalions marching in, and slang all hands if they were not "clane and dacent," which was almost impossible, as we marched in serge clothing (khaki being unheard of.) Well, of course, orders were obeyed: brushes, towel, soap, and a little brass ball were stuffed into our haversacks ready for the march next morning.

All the pegs (except the four corner ones) of the E.P. tents, were removed, so that the tents could be let go on Reveille sounding, and everybody turned in about 8 p.m., making up their minds for a good night, as the stars were shining beautifully and not a cloud to be seen. I woke up about one a.m. and found the wind blowing pretty strong, and suspected we were in for it. I quietly told the others in the tent but they absolutely refused to get up, making use of very strong language to me for disturbing them. However, I packed up my suleetah and strolled outside to see what was going on, and had not long to wait, for, in less than a ¼ of an hour, a most frightful storm was raging, and not *one* tent left standing. The thunder, lightning and rain were something terrible, and in a few minutes the camp was like a big lake. Very few officers or men were dressed, and to hear their choice language was a thing to be remembered. We could not leave for Umballa until long after daylight that morning, and our entry into Umballa was "*infra dig.*"

It rained all day and night in Mogul ke-Serai, and we could not leave for Ughana, 11 miles off, until long after daylight, as the men had to take the bullocks out of the carts and pull the carts up on to the road.

I must say they worked with a will and seemed to enjoy the whole show although wet to the skin.

On arriving at Ughana about 12 noon, we found matters worse, the camp was like a mud lake, and not a dry spot to be seen. The Colonel ordered officers commanding companies to select their ground for the company tents and pitch where they liked, which they did. This day was about the same as yesterday, rained all day and again all night, and next morning the carts had to be pulled by the men out of the mud up on the road. Our next camp was Bara, 11½ miles, still raining; we were all frightfully uncomfortable, and the doctor ordered extra rations to be served out in the shape of Quinine. I noticed also that there was a great run on Commissariat rum, and I am afraid several of Sergeant Burroughs' A.T.A's, went wrong, but I hope have since become goody again.

Our next camp was Khanna-Ke-Serai, 10 miles which we reached on the 25th inst. This camp was a very good one, sandy and sloping so that the water could not lodge for any length of time. Soon after we arrived the sun shone out, much to the delight of both man and beast, and we soon forgot the troubles of the past week. It is very lucky for us we had not the large E.P. tents, as if we had it would have been impossible to have gone on after the first two or three day's rain, as the transport animals were nearly done

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up. We halted at Khanna-ki-Serai on Sunday, and as it was a fine day everything was dried, cleaned, &c., and all ready for the Monday's march to Douraha. The next march was to Ludhiana, a large station, 13 miles, and here a surprise awaited us, as we found we had to be trained to the next camp, Philour, on account of crossing the river Sutlej.

I must try and give you a description of this 10 miles (Ludhiana to Philour), as it is the most novel way any of us have ever been moved before.

Everything is packed on the carts, camels, elephants, mules, &c., just the same as for the ordinary march, then they all move up to a narrow sloping platform (railed in on both sides) at the railway station, and at the end of this platform is a train, consisting of about thirty trucks, with high sides, and a passage from the rear to the front of the train. On getting the animals to the end of the platform, the fun commences, as the poor brutes are afraid of their lives, but by shouting, poking with sticks, and the usual tail twisting, they are induced to get into the trucks, and they have to be then guided very carefully, as there is only just room for the carts to move straight ahead ; it is a miniature Noah's Ark, and was quite a sight to see bullocks, mules, goats and sheep all huddled up together, the Commissariat mule kicking at the side of the truck to his heart's content.

When the train is sufficiently packed, off she goes to Philour, drawing up to a platform similar to the one at Ludhiana. The door of the front truck is let down, and the usual yelling, poking and tail twisting is again repeated, when they start off to the camp, distant about a mile. I think it took six trains to bring us all over. I forgot to say the Railway Company were good enough not to pack us in the trucks, but provided 3rd class carriages.

The following are a few of the animals we brought over in this miniature Noah's Ark.

Human beings, male and female.

Other Animals.

Camels, bullocks, cows, goats, sheep, horses, dogs, cats, monkeys, parrots, pigeons, fowls, pigs.

These are all the animals I saw, but there were several other articles of livestock carried over, I have no doubt, by the careful native, who, as a rule, breeds them, and is often seen searching for them.

Our next march was Phugwara, 11¾ miles, where we arrived in due course on the 2nd March, and were very pleased to think this was our last camp, as our last week's experience in the rain put quite a *damper* on our spirits.

We heard at Phugwara that great things were in store for us at the half-way coffee shop, next march, as all the *elite* and beauty from Jullundur were coming, to have *chota hazri* with us, and we were not disappointed, for sure enough all the ladies from Jullundur were there in full force, and I must say it was very plucky and good of them to rise so early and come and meet us, not forgetting a word of praise to the gentlemen as well.

We arrived in Jullundur about 10 o'clock on the 3rd March 1893, and I think all very glad to get inside barracks once again.

It did not take us long to settle down and get ready for the General's annual inspection, which took place a few days after.

About 250 men soon start for the hills, and then the balance of us will settle down to the steady swing of the punkahs and the khus-khus tatties, with the glass outside at about 160 in the sun, and inside about 95 to 100.

It might interest some of your readers to know that we travelled from Calcutta to Jullundur 1180½ miles, viz :— 565 by rail, and 615½ by road.

Yours faithfully,

P.Q.

Dear Mr. Editor,

With reference to your note in last month's Dragon about Soldiers' cooking I have no doubt some improvement might be made in the system of cooking in India, but I am afraid not very much, as I dont believe you will ever be able to teach the Native Cook the use of the cooking range, in fact their primitive fireplaces are spoken very highly of in Lord Wolseley's Soldiers' Pocket Book, and I think they are very hard to beat. Any lady who uses an oil cooking stove will tell you how the Khansamah loses some part of it, or even breaks it, or in fact spoils the dinner so as to go back to the old mud fireplace, and glad the "*Mem-Sahib*" is, as a rule, to let him have his own way, unless she can devote all her time to watch the Khansamah and the oil range.

About the soldiers being able to cook for themselves all the year round, I think it is simply impossible; ask any man in the Battalion ; first he has nothing to gain by it, and again he could not stand the excessive heat. Why, Mr. Editor, I have known the native cooks to faint while cooking in the middle of the day during May and June at Cawnpore, and have seen them carried out of the cook-houses and laid in the shade until they revived. These men always work nearly naked, and I don't think "Tommy" would care about working in the cook-house with only a small piece of cloth round his loins. The glass in a cook-house during the very hottest months would be about 150, enough to kill any European. Even the cook's orderlies who have very little to do (only to sit down) cannot stop at their work the whole day.

We have not experienced any hot weather yet during this tour of Indian service. Wait until next October, and if any man of the Battalion, who has been down here for the summer, volunteers to undertake the cooking (by himself) for his company of 90 men next May and June, then my name is "Walker."

JULLUNDUR NEWS.

(From our Lady Correspondent.)

Dear Mr Editor,

I feel just the least bit bashful in writing to you on such a short acquaintance, but you will excuse me, I know, considering the importance of having a ladies' column in any paper that considers itself worth reading.

This has been a month full of events, beginning with that delightful little breakfast when we rode out to meet the Regiment on its arrival. You may be sure I went to church early on the Sunday following, to see The Buffs march to St. Luke's for the first time.

It was quite a treat to hear a band again at Church Parade, and the band seemed to think so too, by playing an encore verse to the first hymn,

How well the men all looked after their long march to Jullundur. Such a handsome lot of men they are too—some of them—and so smart in their red coats. I shall never

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know which to prefer now, the R.A. uniform or The Buffs'.

The great society event of the month was the ball on the 22nd, in honour of Colonel and Mrs. Pennington, who are leaving Jullundur shortly for Rawal Pindi, to the very great regret of every one in the Station.

The ball was in every way a success; the decorations being in exquisite taste, the supper arrangements admirable, and the music, discoursed by the band of the 27th P.I., very well selected.

Great praise is due to those who undertook the beautifying of the different rooms. I thought the dancing room looked very pretty in yellow, picked out with whisps of green wheat; the whole according to the admirable taste of Mrs. White. The coffee room was also very well done, and the passage leading into the Club was transformed into an arbour of evergreens by Mr. Swetenham's skilful arrangement.

When I say that Mrs. Goldsbury and Major Vyse were responsible for the supper tents, I need only add that an air of comfort and geniality pervaded the entire scene. I must not leave the subject of the decorations without testifying to the great trouble taken by Mrs. Rose and Mrs. Smith to ensure the harmony of all they undertook as regards draping the wall and arranging palms and flowers.

Dancing was begun at 9-45 and was kept up with great spirit till 4 a.m.

From what I hear a second adjournment for refreshments at 4 a.m. was productive of several speeches, testifying to the mutual regret at parting between Colonel and Mrs. Pennington and their hosts; the hit of the evening being a short but telling speech by Mrs. Pennington.

Another social gathering took place on the 24th, to witness the cricket match between Mian Mir and our representative station eleven.

The 27th P.I. were 'at home' at the Club, and dispensed that pleasant hospitality which is always a feature of these pleasant reunions.

The match was apparently an interesting one, but I thought it rather slow myself, and went off for a game of badminton.

You have no doubt observed the popularity which this game enjoys among us ladies. It has lately been given the soubriquet of "Hit and Buck," which is an excellent description of its tactics.

In order to fully appreciate its difficulties, you must have a few men playing; their struggles to "smack the sparrow"—as they vulgarly call it—being extremely ludicrous.

A few days ago I saw an officer, whose manners betrayeth the A.D.C., inveigled into playing a game of badminton, suddenly extend himself on a flower bed in his exertions to reach the "Churreah."

We had some very enjoyable concerts in the evening, the distinctive features being the three violins of the Misses Pennington, and Captain Lloyd's rendering of some popular songs.

I hear that the Cantonment Committee have decided to change the name of "The Mall" to the "Old Kent Road," owing to the number of smart and stylish "turn-outs" which are appearing in Jullundur.

You must not mind my writing such a lot, I won't do so again, but one so seldom gets the chance of having a real good buck about everything, you know, without getting snubbed, and you would never do that, would you Mr. Editor?

Yours affection——no, I mean, Yours truly,

"Josephine."

HOME BATTALION NEWS.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Dear Sir,

I took it for granted that you would not be able to publish the usual issues of the Dragon whilst on the march to Jullundur, and consequently I have not troubled you with any news for the last two months. I suppose, however, that by now you must be all nearing your new quarters, and that the printing press will soon be up again. May you have a pleasant journey and enjoy your new home is the sincere wish of all your comrades here.

Since writing, we too have had our journey. We left Chatham Dockyard on H.M.S. Assistance on December 19th, all present, sober and correct. Indeed, considering that Chatham is the home of many of us, I am of opinion that our exit from that Station did us credit.

My opinion may not be worth much in itself, but it was shared by Major-General Foster, Commanding the Thames District, which is more to the point.

That officer, with several others, saw us off, and made some very complimentary remarks on the occasion of our leaving. So did many of our civilian friends, who really seemed quite sorry to lose us, and so did Captain Ravenhill, Sergt.-Major Bennell, and some of our depôt comrades, who came to see us safe out of our home county,

The Captain, Officers, and Warrant Officers of the "Assistance" are all good fellows, and we heartily wish them a better ship next time they are in a commission. The old tub may be very well for a company or two, who are good sailors, and are in no hurry, but she leaves a good deal to be desired as a mode of conveyance for a strong battalion with their wives and children.

In September 1882 the Buffs and 39th Foot went to Malta in the "Serapis," and we were crowded. In fact I, until last December, always thought we were *very* crowded, but it was a trifle to what we experienced the other day. There was no room on the decks to lie down, and men slept like sardines in a box. My groom was the fortunate man of my Company, as he could share her horse box with my old mare. As to our daily parades, they were the funniest things. My Company were fallen in on the only spot where the women and children could sit and I was jammed up with the ladies, the babies, the sergt.-major, the orderly sergeants, the watch, and my own men in one stupendous blend. I had serious thoughts of asking one lady of my acquaintance to let me sit on her knee, but I was'nt sure if her husband was fallen in on that part of the deck, or whether he was a jealous soul, so I managed to stand up somehow. Luckily, we had a very smooth passage, and the fishes of the Irish Sea did'nt have quite as good a time as some of us expected they would.

On December 22nd we landed all safe and sound at Kingstown, and were brought on by rail here at once. "G" Company, under Captain Williams, however, went on to Galway, and "E" and "H" Companies, under Major Smith and Captain Coles, proceeded to Castlebar.

The first thing we did on arrival was, of course, to prepare for Christmas, and under the circumstances we managed to arrange a pretty festive time. By the bye, turkeys and geese are wonderfully cheap at Athlone.

After Christmas we began to sample the place, and some of us thought the country looked like shooting; you can reckon yourself what your chances of a bag are if you are ever quartered here from the following data. If you can't work it out ask them to do it for you at the infant school:—

"Six subalterns shoot six hours every day for sixteen days and kill one duck, one snipe, one woodcock, and three pigeons, what is your chances of a bag?"

A party of sergeants went out one day because they fancied they wanted a change of diet in their mess, and that a little game would be good for them. They had a long day and expended some powder, explored the innermost recesses of various bog holes, and carefully examined the subsoils of the country, but there was no alteration in the bill of fare I am told, so that shooting is not altogether what it might be, for though the lake is covered with duck, they are never within range of a fowling piece, and the Artillery here don't seem inclined to lend us a field piece.

We don't know much about the fishing yet, but we hope the summer will be rather jolly here. The boating and bathing are bound to be excellent, and we may catch something though we hear the water is netted and poached in all directions, and the fish sent to the Dublin Market.

The Football Shield, given by the officers, was contested for before

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the draft left, and some very good games, and an immense amount of excitement was the result. Unfortunately the shield itself did not arrive till after the party left for India. It is a handsome trophy, and we are all sorry it came so late.

Below is the result of the competition :—

1st round-

A beat F by 11 goals to 1.
B „ D by 4 „ to 2.
C „ E by 6 „ to 1.
G „ H by 4 „ to 3.

Second round.

A beat C by 2 goals to 1.
G „ B by 3 „ to 2.

Final round.

G beat A by 2 goals to 1.

The final match was very exciting, as when time was called no one had made anything, and another twenty minutes had to be played, with the above result.

The Battalion has had a football match, and won it. We played the South Lancashire Regiment from Birr, and after a hard contest managed to get two goals to our adversary's one.

Talking of football reminds one of poor Burns. His loss is much talked of here, and we all join with you in sincere regret for his untimely fate.

Before the draft went away we seemed quite a strong battalion here, in spite of our detachments at Galway and Castlebar, and we made quite a show when we turned out, as strong as possible, to be seen by General Moncrieff, who commands the Dublin District. The General made some very flattering remarks to the Battalion as a whole, and gave some good advice to the men for India in particular. He seemed decidedly pleased with what he saw, Yes, we were fairly strong that day, but it was our last big parade. Major May of the 20th came a day or two afterwards and robbed us of 175 brisk young fellows and very soon after that all our recruits went away with Lieut. Geddes to fire on the Curragh of Kildare, where is situated, as far as I can see, the only rifle range in the island. The result is that at present the barracks have a desolate and deserted appearance. We are a battalion of course, because we have a C.O. and the Colours and the Band and Drums, and a Regimental guard, but that seems to be all except the pioneers, staff sergeants, and an officer or two.

In a previous letter I mentioned that there was a little theatre in Barracks here. It is a good little theatre and we have improved it. As Colonel Kelly was on leave Major Moody got up a play the other day, and owing to the able assistance of several local amateurs it was a decided success. Major Moody was general manager, and he was ably assisted by Corpl. Macaulay and Pte. Brown, with the result that rarely has an amateur play been better staged, the scenery being really pretty and effective.

The piece performed was:—

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

and the caste was as follows:—

Colonel Blake, ...	Major Moody.
Sir John Ingram	Major Backhouse.
Dr. Peregrin M.R.Z.S. &c.	Captain Preston Resident Magistrate.
Archie Hamilton (his ward) ...	Mr. Godfrey Faussett.
Thomas	Mr. Bainbrige.
Jones	Mr. Price.
Miss Susan Hartley	Miss Butler.
Miss Zoe Peregrin	Mrs. Backhouse.
Lady Ingram	Mrs. Preston.
Miss Lucy Franklyn	Miss Cameron.
Mrs. Perkins	Mrs. Ruthven.
Graham	Miss L. Hussey.

At the last moment Mrs. Ruthven was unable to act, and the manager changed the part from that of a housekeeper to a butler, which was capitally done by Mr. Price, Private Oliver doing Jones. The actors were much complimented by their audience. Mr. Godfrey Faussett made a capital boy, and Mr. Bainbridge a first-rate flunkey Mrs. Backhouse was killing as the evergreen gushing Miss Zoe, and Major Backhouse was beautifully grumpy as Sir John. The ladies all did well, and Mr. Hacon was an efficient prompter and general assistant. The stage comes in very handy for Smoking Concerts, of which we have already had two, one being the day before the draft went away. These concerts are very good fun and it is quite surprising how much talent comes to the front in the Regiment when opportunities like these occur. We are going to have some more.

At present our theatre is on loan to a travelling Dramatic Company, which is a pleasant change for those who are fond of the drama.

Those amongst us who are musical had an opportunity of attending a night or two ago a very good amateur concert in the gymnasium, in aid of the railway servants. Some of the chief attractions were songs by the Countess Clancarty, a violin solo by Bandmaster Griffith, and our own string band, which has made rapid strides of late.

Bandmaster Kelly has left us and retired from the service. Drummer Jackson, who has been Drummer Jackson for 18 years, has followed his example. Privates Stitson and Herbert have gone to the reserve, and Privates Coles and Cowell to the Depôt, and our blessings have gone with each and everyone of them

The Association for the employment of old soldiers has been working excellently at Chatham I am glad to say.

2nd Lieut. Gregson has joined us, as has Bandmaster Griffith, who is a first-class musician, and Corpl. Jones and Private Harrington have come to us from India.

Lance-Corpl. Bourne has obtained a first-class gymnastic certificate from Aldershot.

Private Barnes is appointed assistant in the Orderly-room.

Lance-Sergeant Erlam is a Sergeant and appointed Orderly-room Clerk.

Corpl. Webb is promoted.

Corpls, Johnstone, Boiling and Smith are Lance-Sergts., and Lance-Corpls. Baily, Robinson and Nairne are Corpls.

I will close this long letter now Mr. Editor by offering you our hearty congratulations on the success of the paper, as shown by its increased circulation. It deserves success, and it is well that its deserts are so crowned. We all look forward here to the arrival of our copies, and the author of, together with his invaluable assistant are filled with pride to think that our humble efforts are so appreciated by you.

I have the honour to be
Your obedient Servant
"Secundus"

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regimental Papers :—

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.
The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.
The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers
The Globe and Laurel.—Royal Marines.
The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.
The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.
St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.
The Sutherland News.—2nd Bn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders.
The Queen's Own Gazette with Almanac for 1893 } Royal W. K. Regt.
The Lancashire Lad.- North Lancashire Regt.
I'm 95.--2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.
The Soldier { Aweekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.
1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E.S. Regt.
The Army Service Corps Journal.
The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment
The 79th News.—79th Cameron Highlanders.
The Thistle.—2nd Bn. The Royal Scots.
The Black Horse Gazette.—7th Dragoon Guards.

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The Martinet.

WE were at the Curragh when dear old Gray left us; the nicest C. O. and the most perfect gentleman it has ever been my good fortune to come across.

Those were the evil days of Mr. Cardwell, and, for some occult reason best known to that potentate, instead of giving the command to Griffiths, the senior Major, they brought in a certain Colonel Dubbyn from the Tape and Button Department of the War Office. We were all intensely disgusted, for Griffiths was a good soldier and universally liked; however, of course, there was nothing to do but grin and bear it. Our new Colonel turned out to be a Martinet of the most virulent type. Not having done a day's drill for a decade, he commenced by having two parades a day, and invariably clubbed the Battalion in such a manner, at least once daily, that the Sergt.-Major had to put us right again. We had the old drill in those days :— "Right in front, left's your pivot" and all that sort of thing, so it was very easy to tie a Regiment into a Gordian knot. Well we grumbled a bit at the incessant parades, but that was nothing to what followed.

Dubbyn was a bachelor, and lived in the Mess, so we never were rid of him, and as we all got to hate him before he had been with us a week, he was a continual wet blanket on any sort of enjoyment.

He was very fond of Whist, but fonder of his money, and, as he played abominably, he was at first a considerable loser. To save his pocket, he issued an order that the points should be reduced from half-a-crown to sixpence. This was gall and wormwood to Griffiths and some others of our really fine players, and no one would sit down at the table with Colonel Dubbyn. Then, out of pure malevolence, he stopped all leave. Before that, at least a third of us used to get up to Dublin for the Opera and different amusements that were on, on Tuesdays and from Saturday to Monday. The Colonel said it was much better for us to stay in Barracks and study the war game.

Then Jack Trevor did a splendid thing. Jack was the junior Captain and a first class actor. I have never known any amateur who could alter his face and voice, and make up as he did. You never could recognize him on the stage except by his name on the bill. Well, Jack asked old Dubbyn if we might have some Regimental Theatricals, and to our surprise the Colonel was quite keen about it. You see, he liked the Theatre, but hated paying for a box, then he thought it a good opportunity for returning some of the hospitality of the neighbourhood at a trifling expense to himself.

Well Jack got up a play called "The Martinet" and made himself up exactly like the Colonel and mimicked him to his face, until I thought we should have died of laughing! Of course there was an awful row. The minute the curtain fell, Dubbyn sent the Adjutant to put Trevor under arrest, and the next day he had him up before the General. Sir George, however, had a fine sense of humour, and none of us had laughed more than he did at the play, so Jack got off with a wigging. His explanation was the best part of the whole affair. "You see, Sir," he said," I had to interpret the rôle of an exceedingly repulsive type of humanity—a narrow-minded, conceited, egotistical idiot, with neither the appearance or the manners of a gentleman. If Colonel Dubbyn recognizes in any of these qualities a likeness to himself, I can only express my regret for the fact."

The next day we got our sailing orders for India, and two months later we found ourselves stationed at Garmpore in the Bombay Presidency. We had heard such a lot of the sport in India, and the Colonel was so sea-sick all the time, that the voyage was a most pleasant one, filled with anticipations of tiger shooting, pig-sticking, polo, and nautches. Our dreams however were doomed to disappointment. India was worse by far than the Curragh. The Colonel grew more crabbed every day. He refused leave to all but Griffiths and a couple of the senior Captains whom he was a little afraid of. He insisted on uniform being worn all day long, with swords after 8 a.m. and would not allow white clothing to be worn at Mess. He ordered the Officers to grow "Mutton Chop" whiskers, which are never worn except by the Commissariat, and Garrison Gunners, and because I and a couple of other youngsters could

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not (we were under 20.) comply, he sent us to Adjutant's drill with the recruits.

Well, after putting up with this sort of thing for three months, we, every one of us, made up our minds to exchange on the first opportunity and get out of the Regiment, as existence in it was unbearable. Jack Trevor was the first to go. He exchanged with Miles of the 88th paying him a good round sum of course, for Colonel Dubbyn's fame had got abroad by this time. However Miles had come to awful grief over the Calcutta races and was glad of the money.

In the same gazette, Lord Shafto Ker was appointed to the command of the Division, and we heard that he had arrived at Poona.

Now Dubbyn, like many other bullies, was a great toady and worshipped rank. Well one morning, about a week after we had said a sorrowful good-bye to Trevor, the Colonel came into the Mess at breakfast time bristling with excitement,—"Gentlemen," he said, in his usual pompous way, "I have just had a most gratifying communication from our new General, Lord Shafto Ker. His Lordship has heard so much of this Regiment, that he wishes, he says, to make our acquaintance at once, so he is coming over to-morrow quite privately and un-officially to inspect us and be introduced to the officers. This is er—most complimentary, gentlemen. Mr. Adjutant, there will be sword-exercise for the Officers this afternoon, and the Regiment will parade in Review Order to-morrow at 9 o'clock."

Great was the excitement at this news. Some of us were for telling the General our grievances and appealing to him for redress, but the counsel of the elders prevailed, and we decided, for the honour of the Regiment, to say nothing.

Next morning the General arrived, and after parade and inspection of Barracks, we were introduced to him at the Mess. He was a pleasant looking elderly man with a palpable wig and spectacles, very old-fashioned in his dress. It was sickening to hear old Dubbyn—"Yes, my Lord"—"No, my Lord" "Just as your Lordship pleases," and so on till we were thoroughly ashamed of him.

After dinner, the General played one rubber of whist, and retired early.

The next morning we got an order to assemble at the Mess at noon as the General wished to address us before leaving. His address filled us all with astonishment and delight. By some extraordinary intuition he had made himself acquainted with all our grievances, without a word being said. As well as I can remember, he spoke as follows:—"Colonel Dubbyn, it is a great pleasure to make the acquaintance of yourself and the officers of this gallant Regiment. I am greatly pleased with all I have seen, and particularly with the fact that there are no complaints from either Officers or men. There are one or two points, however, which seem to me to need amendment, and I trust Colonel Dubbyn that you will see to it." Here—"Certainly, my Lord, certainly, anything to oblige your Lordship" from the Colonel. "Well, in the first place," continued the General, "I have seen none of your officers in plain clothes. I do not wish uniform to be compulsory except on military duties, and I think, considering the heat, you would be wise to adopt white clothing for Mess. Very few officers are on leave: now I think that at least half of them should have a change to the Hills immediately.

Then I am surprised to notice whiskers worn in so smart a Regiment. Have them off Sir!" ("Certainly, my Lord, certainly!") "Your whist points, too, I notice are sixpenny ones. Now, I do not wish to interfere in private amusements, but it seems to me that half-a-crown is the smallest—er."—"The points shall be altered at once, my lord."

"Ah, well, that is all, good-day Gentlemen, good-day, glad to have met you." And the General was gone.

Half an hour afterwards, the Colonel's boy brought me a pencil note which filled me with amazement.

Dear Mr. Maxwell,

Please come to the Railway Station at 2 o'clock. I wish to speak with you *privately*.

Yours very truly

"Shafto Ker."

What on earth could the General want with me, the junior Sub.?

I jumped on my tat, and galloped down to the Station where I found the General alone.

"Glad to see you, Maxwell, glad to see you." he said, shaking hands. "I have managed to get rid of Dubbyn—dreadful old bore. Just

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come in here," leading the way to a first class carriage—"and wait for me a minute," Saying which he disappeared into the bath room.

I began to think His Lordship had got a sunstroke, or was it possible he had been indulging too freely at lunch ?

Suddenly the door opened, and there appeared to my astounded eye, not Lord Shafto, but—

JACK TREVOR."

How we laughed ! The Station Master came and peeped timidly through the window. He must have thought we were escaped lunatics. Of course I swore complete secrecy, and after seeing Jack off, returned to Mess, where all was joy and high jinks. The reign of tyranny was at an end.

I got leave to Simla next day where, a month later, I saw in the Gazette.—"The services of Colonel Best Black Dubbyn are placed at the disposal of the Director General of Clothing." He had gone back to his buttons. The story of how the *real* Lord Shafto arrived at Garmpore, and was treated by the Colonel as an impostor is too long to be told here.

Griffiths got the Regiment.

LATAKIA,

CALCUTTA NEWS.

Dear Sir,

The Amateur Athletic Meeting held here on the Calcutta Cricket Ground last month was a great success. It was started and organised by Captain Williams, and supplies a long-felt want. It is open to competitors from the whole of the Bengal Presidency, there being certain closed races for soldiers, A complaint was made that the entries for the latter races were not so large as they might have been, but doubtless as the meeting gets better known there will be an improvement in this respect, as the prizes given are worth competing for.

Calcutta has been combining to do honour to the departing Commander-in-Chief. There was a grand dinner and reception at the Town Hall, and the subscription got up to have his portrait painted for the Town Hall has grown so big that it has been decided to turn it into an equestrian statue, for the Maidan, which will probably be erected on the west of the Red Road, close to the old Band Stand.

The Rifle Brigade had a novel show on the other day when Lord Roberts was dining at their mess ; they meant to have lined the road from Treasury Gate to the mess with torch bearers, but unfortunately the rain came on and spoilt it all.

There is a new band here now which is all the fashion, that of the Austrian Man-of-War "Kaiserin Elisabeth," the ship that has come to take away the Archduke ; there are only about 16 musicians in the band, but they are very good.

We are all in white uniform once more, and the convalescents have gone to Darjeeling for the summer ; the summer has come on us very quickly, and so we feel it all the more. The last reports speak of fires at Jullundur, so we envy you.

The Chief leaves here on Thursday, but no orders yet about turning out to see him off.

"Kela"

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor.

It is now upwards of 3 months since I sent you an account of the doings at the Depot.

Corpl. Butcher and 14 Invalids arrived at Netley on 26th November *ex* Euphrates, and I regret to say No. 2047 Pte. W. Clutton died on 12th December, and 2450 J. Reves on 3rd February, at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Corpl. Butcher, Ptes. J. Strood, P. Reardon, and F. J. Hopkins have been discharged medically unfit, and Pte. A. Lindsay and E. H. Sickel sent to join the 2nd Battn., being considered fit for further duty.

Major N. Newnham-Davis and Lieut. Booth have paid the Depot a visit, both looking remarkably well.

Sergt. Dann and 50 Privates arrived at Gosport on 26th November and were transferred to the Army Reserve on 1st December.

Owing to lack of barrack accommodation 60 recruits were sent to Chatham on 1st December to join the 2nd Battn. prior to its departure for Athlone.

Sergt. Aitkens, Corpl. Marsh and 37 Privates arrived at Discharge Depot from India *ex* Serapis on 26th January, and were transferred to Army Reserve the following day.

No. 1878 Pte. F. Summerhayes has re-engaged to complete 21 years service.

Sergt. Wynn arrived at Depot on 9th February, and has proceeded on furlough, he will be posted to the Permanent Staff of 3rd Battn. on 6th March, to fill a vacancy caused by the discharge, Time Expired, 2nd period, of Color Sergt. Ward.

Color-Sergt. Braham, Permanent Staff, 3rd Battalion, is about to take his discharge to pension.

Sergt. E. Turner, will be promoted Sergeant Instructor of Musketry of 3rd Battalion on 6th March, in place of Hemsworth, who has been permitted to resign that appointment.

No. 3682 Lce.-Corpl. J. Hillicar, who deserted at Fort William in 1891, surrendered himself to the Civil Power at Liverpool, and has joined Depôt to be disposed of.

Lce.-Sergt. E. Webb, serving at Depôt, has been promoted Sergt. in the 2nd Battalion *vice* Erlam, appointed O.R.C. and Corpl. Grindley appointed paid Lce.-Sergt. in his place.

24 recruits were sent from Depôt to Athlone on 21st February to join 2nd Battalion. They proceeded via London, Holyhead and Dublin, and were under the charge of Captain A. D. Stevenson. 3rd Battalion.

The 3rd Battalion will assemble at Canterbury on 1st May, and proceed the same day to Shorncliffe, for their 27 days'

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annual training. The recruits who have joined since last training come up on 17th April and proceed to Shorncliffe for 14 days' Musketry Training.

During the ensuing summer the whole of the barracks at Canterbury are to be re-drained, and consequently will have to be vacated. The Hospital and Infantry Barracks are to be the first to be taken in hand, and as there will not be any accommodation for the Depôt, "The Buffs," in the Artillery or Cavalry Barracks, it will have to shift, where to, has not yet been decided.

The members of the Sergeants' Mess, 3rd Regimental District, have arranged to give a dance in the Gymnasium here on St. Patrick's Day.

Yours Faithfully,
"Old Buff."

OLD BUFFS DECEASED.

No. 1079 Private Thomas Martin, died at Liverpool 1st February 1893, aged 47 years.

Admitted to pension of 1s. 1d. per diem after 21 years' service, October 1885.

Medals,—Long Service and Good Conduct, Perak 1875-6,

No. 1625 Private John Simpson, 1st East Kent, died in Hospital, London, 1st February 1893, aged 41 years.

Invalided after 10 years' service, November 1886, and granted a pension of 6d. per diem for life.

Medals—none.

No. 2155 Color-Sergt. Alfred C. Walton, 2nd East Kent, died in Hospital, London, 15th January 1893, aged 43 years.

Invalided after 11 years' service, August 1882, and granted a pension of 1s. per diem for life.

Medals—South Africa 1879.

No. 1921 Color-Sergt. Charles Butt, 3rd East Kent, died at Kingston, Hants, on 30th January 1893, aged 41 years.

Admitted to pension of 2s. per diem after 21 years' service, January 1891.

Medals—none.

No. 3813 Private John Browning, 3rd Foot, died in London 23rd February 1893, aged 56 years.

Admitted to pension of 1s. 1d. per diem after 21 years' service, November 1876.

Medals—Long Service and Good Conduct.

No. E. K. 1298 Pte. George Fletcher, died at Deptford 15-12-92.

No. E. K. 1420 Pte. Edward Price, died at Oxford 12-1-93.

No. E. K. 1636 Pte. Frederick Penfold, died at Biddenden 15-1-93.

WORK FOR RESERVISTS.

It will be remembered that some correspondence took place a few months ago between the Horse Guards and the Post-Master General relative to a certain number of appointments in the Postal Department being retained for soldiers on joining the Reserve. I do not know for what reason, but the pay and other contingencies of men employed in the Post Office has not hitherto been published. It is as follows:—There are established auxiliaries at wages of 18 shillings a week whose only privileges are sick pay and holidays. They may rise after four years to 19 shillings. These men are only few in number, and they may possibly be soon incorporated into the establishment. At present they are established. In London proper the wages of postmen being at 18 shillings a week and rise by one shilling a week annually to 30 shillings, 32, or 34; or adding good conduct stripes of which one is attainable after five, two after ten, and three after fifteen years' service. Each stripe carries an allowance of one shilling a week to 33, 35, or 37 shillings a week. Besides this, postmen have uniforms including boots, gratuitous medical attendance, sick pay on a liberal scale, annual leave of absence without deduction from pay, and, above all, a pension. It is just possible that some increase to the above weekly wage may be obtainable by working overtime. At the sorting office of the London Post Office as much as £1400 a week is spent in "overtime," and it has been suggested that if £1,000 of this sum were to be expended in adding to the established force, the need for overtime would be practically abolished. Now this is not bad, but soldiers on leaving the colors and having some thought on reaching England of endeavouring to gain employment in the Post Office, must not think if they are married that they can get on with 18 shillings a week. Thirty shillings—some say 35 shillings—is the least sum they can manage with. They must consider the expense of food, lodgings, firing for six months of the year, and lighting. And, above all be it remembered that any case of inebriety would bring immediate dismissal and might be the cause of their ultimate ruin. Once dismissed from Government employ there is no hope of being reinstated in any Department under Government

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Regimental Items.

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officers and men have been permitted to re-engage for such further periods of Army Service as will make up total continuous services of 21 years with the Colors:—

No. 2 Quarter-Master Sergeant W. H. Nicholas.
„ 244 Color-Sergt. F. Andrews.
„ 443 Color-Sergt. J. Greig
„ 429 Canteen-Sergt. J. Laing.
„ 164 Private James Sutton
„ 328 „ T. Hammond.

2nd Lieut. Æ. C. Perkins having landed in India on the 23rd February 1893, is taken on the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly.

The undermentioned women and children having landed in India on the 23rd February 1893, they are taken on the strength of the Married Establishment of the Battalion from that date accordingly.

Mrs. Armstead,
Mrs. Turner and 2 children,
Mrs. Davis and 2 children.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions.—

To be Sergeant Drummer,

No. 2973 Sergt. J. Stevens, *vice*. Lawrence. discharged to pension 28-2-93.

To be Color-Sergeants.

No. 945 Sergt. C. Peters, *vice* Featherstone promoted 8-10-92
No. 1 Lce.-Sergt. G. Holmes, *vice* Sale resigned, 10-12-92.

In accordance with Article 678. Royal Warrant for Pay &c., 1891, the Commanding Officer has been pleased to appoint the undermentioned Non.-Com. Officer to do the duties of Acting Bandmaster to the Battalion during the time Band-master C. S. Birkhead is on sick leave in England, with effect from the 28th December 1892.—

No. 1308 Band Sergt. M. Roach.

The undermentioned Non,-Commissioned Officer having been transferred to the Unattached List for employment as a 1st Class Sergeant Instructor to the 1st Punjab Volunteer Rifle Corps with effect from the 31st December 1892, he is struck off the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly.

No. 522 Sergeant C. Gray.

No. 798 Color.-Sergeant. T. Cheal has been granted six months' furlough to Europe from 8th April 1893, to 8th October 1893, on private affairs.

With the approval of the Principal Medical Officer, Lahore District, Mrs. A Clarke, "The Buffs" is appointed Matron to the Station Hospital for soldiers' wives and children with effect from 25th inst.

Mrs. W. Gorin is appointed Acting School-Mistress to the Battalion from the 25th inst.

The undermentioned men are granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names.

"A" Company.

No.	1709	Pte.	C. Milgate,	2d	Restored 19-1-93.
„	2246	„	W. Hanger,	2d.	Granted 18-3-93
„	3458	„	F. Wheeler,	1d.	„ 19-3-93

"B" Company.

No.	2237	Pte.	R. Clegg,	2d.	Granted 8-3-93
„	3329	„	C. Cope,	1d	„ 9-12-92
„	3400	„	E. Wilson,	1d.	„ 11-2-93
„	2465	„	W. McKenzie	1d.	Restored 23-12-92

"C" Company.

No.	3334	Pte.	W. Pettit.	1d.	Granted 16-12-92
„	3440	„	F. Saunders,	1d.	„ 7-3-93

"D" Company.

No.	3341	Pte.	W. Appleton,	1d.	Granted 19-12-92
„	3439	„	C. Durrant,	1d.	„ 4-3-93
„	2684	„	S. Farrier	1d.	Restored 11-3-93
„	1558	„	S. Barrett,	1d.	„ 11-3-93
„	3314	„	Harlow	1d.	Granted 4-12-93

"E" Company.

No.	3380	Pte.	E. W. Watson,	1d.	Granted 19-1-93
„	3710	„	O. Gilmore,	2d.	„ 2-3-93
„	2703	„	C. E. Wherle,	1d.	Restored 4-1-93
„	3391	„	G. Creed,	1d.	Granted 26-1-93
„	2879	„	P. Hayward,	1d	Restored 9-2-93
„	2193	„	C. H. Carthew,	2d.	Granted 19-1-93
„	3421	„	E. Sharpe,	1d.	„ 23-2-93

"F" Company.

No.	3351	Pte.	C. West,	1d.	Granted 7-1-93
„	2054	„	G. Green.	1d.	Restored 6-3-93
„	3407	„	T. White,	1d.	Granted 9-2-93
„	2987	„	J Green,	2d.	Restored 9-3-93
„	2240	„	W. Bishop,	2d.	Granted 12-3-93

"H" Company.

No.	260	Pte.	J. Frost,	2d.	Restored 16-3-93
„	2274	„	W. Smith.	1d.	Granted 25-2-93
„	3295	„	A. Button,	1d.	„ 25-11-92

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The undermentioned men have been awarded Cooking Prizes for the year ending the 31st March 1893, in accordance with Article 1192, A. R. India, Volume I, Part I.

"A" Company.

No. 2077	Pte	C. Hook,	First	Prize,	Rs. 10.
„ 2713	„	H. Wood,	Second	„	Rs. 5.

"B" Company.

No. 3035	Pte.	W. Gearin,	First	Prize,	Rs. 10.
„ 2265	„	W, Holliday,	Second	„	Rs. 5.

"C" Company.

No. 3476	Pte.	H. Williams.	First	Prize,	Rs. 10
„ 1680	„	J. Leckie,	Second	„	Rs. 5.

"D" Company.

No. 1558	Pte.	S. Barrett,	First	Prize,	Rs. 10
„ 3361	„	W. Loftus,	Second	„	Rs. 5

"E" Company.

No. 2137	Pte.	H. Arms,	First	Prize,	Rs. 10
„ 2414	„	J. Powell,	Second	„	Rs. 5

"F" Company,

No. 1926	Pte.	S. Clarke,	First	Prize.	Rs. 10
„ 2187	„	J. Coppard,	Second	„	Rs. 5

"G" Company,

No, 2144	Pte.	J. Else,	First	Prize,	Rs. 10
„ 2740	„	H. Groves,	Second	„	Rs. 5

"H" Company,

No. 1793	Pte.	E. Jarvis,	First	Prize,	Rs. 10
„ 156	„	H. Veal,	Second	„	Rs. 5.

CRICKET.

CRICKET AT JULLUNDUR

JULLUNDUR *V.* MEAN MIR.

The following match was played at Jullundur on the 24th and 25th March. Jullundur winning by 86 runs. For Jullundur Lieut. Robertson played an excellent innings for 73. Capt. Eardly Wilmot playing a steady game for 54 for Mian Mir.

JULLUNDUR,

1st Innings.		2nd Innings,	
Sgn-Major White, l, b, w. c. Wilmot	37	c Nelson b Crawley,	24
Pte. Lawrence c, Wilmot, b, Fraser,	6	b Rochelle	9
Major Watson c, & b, Fraser	11	b Rochelle	37
Lieut. Perkins b Fraser	8	b Fraser	9
„ Robertson b. Crawley,	73	c Wilmot b Crawley	15
Craven b. Fraser	6	c & b Crawley	29
„ Hughes c Fraser b Crawley	2	b Fraser	28
Mr. Tarrant b Crawley	1	b Fraser	13
„ Eales b Crawley	8	b Fraser	1
Pte. Wickens c Haig b Fraser	0	b Fraser	12
Gunner Wright not out.	3	not out	1
Extras	12	Extras	27
	167		205

MIAN MIR.

1st Inning		2nd Innings	
Lieut. C. B. Scott, b Farrant	10	b Wright	5
„ A. E. Haig b Wright	33	c Farrant b Hughes	16
Corpl. Howel b Wickens	26	b Wickens	13
Lieut. W. Ellershaw b Wickens	4	b Eales	9
Capt. Eardly Wilmott l b w b Hughes	54	l b w b Eales	5
„ Powney b Farrant	18	not out	5
Lieut. Fraser b Eales	11	run out	26
Capt. Nelson b Hughes	3	b Wickens	6
Corpl. Rochelle b Eales	2	b Wright	4
Capt. Goff c Robertson b Hughes	11	run out	6
Dr. Crawley not out	0	c Craven b Eales	6
Extras	11	Extras	8
Total	183	total	103

STATION *V.* THE BUFFS.

This match (the first the Regiment has played since their arrival at Jullundur) was played on the Station Ground on Thursday the 9th inst. and was won by the Station by 14 runs on the 1st innings, As will be seen from below, Sergt.-Major White, one of our old acquaintances, made the top scores in both innings for the Station, everyone speaking of his batting powers as really good, Lawrences' wicket keeping was admired, and Templeton's 24 was very nicely put together.

STATION.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Sgn. Major White not out	54	c & b Templeton	46
Mr. E M. Hughes run out	4	b Carnell	3
„ C. Robertson c Lloyd b Wickens	0	l b w, b Cooper	12
„ H. G. Craven b Bourne	0	c & b Wickens	15
Major Watson b Wickens	2	c Marshall b Carnell	12
„ D'Aguilar b Wickens	1	run out	6
Mr. Vassar Smith c Marshall b Wickens	6	c Eales b Templeton	0
„ E. E. Farrant c Lloyd b Wickens	8	c Cooper b Templeton	14
Gr. Thompson c & b Wickens	0	b Wickens	0
„ Wright b Wickens	2	not out	0
Sergt. Donger c Cooper b Wickens	2	c Read b Wickens	0
Extras	5		
	84	Total	107

THE BUFFS.

1st Innings		2nd Innings.	
Mr Eales l b w b White	12		
Pte. Lawrence b Wright	3	not out	8
Wickens c & b White	5	b Wright	10
„ Templeton c D'Aguilar b Wright	24	c Hughes b Wright	0
„ Cooper c White b Wright	4		
Capt. Lloyd l b w b White	6		
Mr. Perkins b Wright	2		
Sergt. Carnell c Craven b Wright	1		
Corpl. Marshall c Robertson b Wright	1	not out	5
Pte. Read b Farrant	2		
„ Bourne not out.	5		
Extras	2	Extras	3
	70	Total	26

SHIELD TIES.

"A" Company *v.* "B" Company.

It will be seen from the score that this match did not come to a final "B" Company really wanting only 4 runs to win. "A" however gave up the match the result being a win for "B" Company by an innings. Cooper and Woods for "B" put together an 18 and 21 respectively with some careful play. Leek's 35 in the 2nd innings for "A" deserves credit, Cooper and Hasker bowled well for their Company.

The scores were as follows:—

"A" Company 112
"B" Company 109

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2ND SHIELD TIES.

"C" Company *v.* "G" Company.

The above two Companies' elevens played off on Monday the 28th inst., to see who would be left in for the final match for the Cricketing Shield. The re sult was an easy win for "G" by 9 wickets. Gear's bowling was very effective and he seemed to put down the stumps just as he liked. Lawrence scored well for "G" whilst Joy for "C" played an excellent innings.

The scores were as follows:—

"C" Company 163
"G" Company 164

2ND SHIELD TIES.

"B" Company *v.* "F" Company.

This match was played off on Tuesday the 21st inst. to decide which Company should be left in for the final. After a very exciting game "B" won by 5 wickets thus the two Companies who battle for the Shield on Thursday next are "B" & "G."

The scores are as follows;—

"B" Company 110.
"F" Company 113.

Regimental Gymkhana.

—o—

THE above took place on Tuesday 28th March on the Race-course here and a fairly long programme of six events was got through in capital time. The enclosure was well filled by Jullundur Society, and an excellent view of each race was obtained from the mound in the centre of the enclosure where a shamiana had been pitched. The best race of the day was the first, Capt. Heygate (who by the way rode the winners in the first three races) just managing to win by a head on "Sheer." The Distance Handicap produced the largest field of the day, 13 starters, much amusement in this race being caused by Capt. Lloyd's diminutive mount, the pony being more like a rat than anything else. Lieut. Tarte worked very hard to make the show go off well, and its success is greatly due to his efforts. Below is a short account of the races.

FIRST RACE.—At 4 p.m., for ponies 13-3 and under, the property of Officers, The Buffs, and that have been bought by their present owners for not more than Rs. 500, including winning contingencies.

Distance 3 furlongs. **Rs. 49**

1.	Mr. Trevor's	g.c.b.m.	"Nada,"	Owner
2.	,, Swetenham's	r.c.b.m	"Jemima,"	Mr. Tarte
3.	,, Trollope's	ches.c.b.g.	"Maize,"	Owner
4.	,, Eaton's	g.c.b.m.	"Dulcie."	Owner
5.	,, McDouall's	g.c.b.m.	"Blanche,"	Owner
6.	,, Annesley's	b.a.p.	"Sheer,"	Capt. Heygate

An excellent race—Dulcie going well at beginning, ding-dong finish between Sheer and Jemima, the former winning.

SECOND RACE.—At 4.20 p.m., for all chargers and hacks, which have, *bonâ-fide*, not been in training prior to 1st March 1893, and have never won a race of any description.

Distance ¾ mile. **Rs. 49.**

1.	Capt. Lloyd's	ches.a.h.	"Herod,"	Owner.
2.	Mr, Trollope's	r.c.m.	"Lavender,"	Capt. Younghusband
3.	Capt. Heygate's	br.aus.g.	"The Lark,"	Owner.
4.	Major Allason's	br.e.g.	"Bracket,"	Owner.

Lavender led to distance when the Lark came up and won with something in hand.

THIRD RACE.—At 4.40 p.m., "Regimental Cup" for polo ponies 13-3 and under, the property of Officers The Buffs, that have been played in Regimental or Station games within 10 days of the meeting; to be ridden by Officers of the Army.

Distance ½ mile. **Rs. 49.**

1.	Mr. Swetenham's	b.a.g.	"Thakore,"	Mr. Tarte.
2.	,, Trollope's	ches. c.b.g.	"Maize,"	Owner.
3.	Capt. Lloyd's	g.c.b.m.	"Rebecca,"	Owner.
4.	Mr. Annesley's	ches.a.p.	"Sherwan,"	Capt. Heygate.

Thakore ran well, but failed to extend Sherwan, who won easily.

FOURTH RACE.—At 5 p.m., distance Handicap, for all horses and ponies,

Distance, about one mile. **Rs. 49.**

1.	Mr. Hughe's	b. aus.g.	"Sweet William,"	scratch, owner
2.	,, Robertson's	br. aus. m.	"Lady Mary,"	10yds. Owner.
3.	Capt. Weller's	br. aus. m.	"Janie"	20yds, Mr. Tarte.
4.	Mr. Taylor's	b. aus. g.	"Bushranger,"	30yds. Owner.
5.	,, Kemball's	b. c. b. m.	"Jenny,"	55yds Owner.
6.	,, Trevor's	g. c. b. m.	"Nada,"	70yds. Owner.
7.	,, Eaton's	g. c. b, m.	"Dulcie,"	70yds. Owner.
8.	,, Annesley's	dun. c, b. m,	"Dinchie,"	85yds. Owner.
9.	,, Sgn.-Major White's	ches.c.b.m.	"Crazy Jane,"	85yds. Owner.
10	Mr. Robertson's	blk. a. p.	"Warrior,"	110yds. Owner.
11.	,, Cobb's	b.c.b.m	"Shotover,"	120yds. Owner.
12,	,, Eustace's	g. c. b, m.	"Shimmer,"	150yds. Owner.
13.	Messrs. McDouall & Trevor' s.	b. c, b. m.	"The Mule,"	170yds. Mr. McDouall.
14.	Mr. G. Maturin's	g. b. p,	"Little Boy Blue."	200yds. Capt, Lloyd.

Bushranger first, the rest altogether till about 50yds from the post, when Lieut. Eustace shot to the front and secured 2nd honours.

FIFTH RACE.—At 5.20 p.m., Polo scurry for all polo ponies that have been regularly played, and that up to 1st March 1893, have not won a race value Rs, 50 or over; to be nominated by Ladies.

Distance ¼ mile. A BELT CLASP.

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1. Mrs. White nominates Mr. Swetenham's r. c. b. m. "Jemima" Lemon and Blue quarters, Blue Cap. Mr. Tarte.
2. Mrs. Shearer nominates Mr. Trevor's b.a.p. "Banshie," White, Dark Green Sash and Cap. Owner.
3. Miss E. Pennington nominates Major Allason's b. a. g. "Redleaf" Black, White Cap.
4. „ E. Pennington nominates Major Allason's b. a. p. "Hilarity," Black White Cap.
5. Mr. Annesley nominates Mr. Eaton's g. c. b. m. "Cinderella," Crimson, Yellow Quarters, Crimson Cap, Owner
6. Miss M. Pennington nominates Mr. McDouall's g. c, b. p. "Gosoon," White. Owner,
7. Mrs. Maturin nominates Mr. Maturin's g. a. p. "White Rose," White, Rose Belt, White & Rose Cap. Capt. Lloyd,
8. Miss Rose nominates Mr, Annesley's ches. a. p. "Sherwan" Cerise, Silver Grey Sleeves & Cap. Capt. Younghusband.
9. Miss Pratt nominates Mr. Hughes' g. a. p. "Nebukadzer," Owner.
10. Miss Pennington nominates Mr. Eales' b.a.p: "Pat," Black, White Belt, White Cap. Owner.

The field being somewhat unruly, the start was a bad one, Jemima getting away with a long lead, and being never caught, won by a length, Redleaf 2nd & Pat 3rd.

A quarter mile race for the men of the 14th Bengal Lancers brought a field of ten to the post and amidst a whirlwind of arms and legs, all going at the same time—the winners horse brought him in first by a length.

MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN A. H. TYLDEN-PATTENSON AND MISS A. M. M. ANDREWS.

Great interest was centred in the village of Mersham on Wednesday afternoon, when a large congregation assembled at the Parish Church to witness the joining together in the holy bonds of matrimony of Miss Alice Maud Mary Andrews, niece of the rector of the parish (Rev. E, C. Lucey), and Captain Arthur Henry Tylden-Pattenson (Adjutant of the 1st V.B, East Kent Regt.) son of Captain Tylden-Pattenson, of Dashmonden, Biddenden. The village school children took their places amongst the congregation, while seats in the front of the sacred edifice were reserved for the immediate relations and friends of the contracting parties. Whilst the bridegroom, with his brother, Mr. W. Tylden-Pattenson as best man, was awaiting at the chancel steps the arrival of the bride, Mrs. Hardy of Ashford, played the march from "Lohengrin" as a voluntary.

Captain and Mrs. Tylden-Pattenson left later in the afternoon *en route* for Paris, and they will probably spend their honeymoon at the Riviera. The bride's "going away" dress was of fine myrtle-green cloth, the skirt being trimmed with bands of velvet and the bodice trimmed with velvet and the new spangled gold and black *passementerie.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

AN old lady going home in a trooper was taking with her a parrot of which she was extremely fond. To ensure it being carefully looked after she handed it over to the care of one of the crew.

The sailor knew what a great pet the parrot was, so was in a terrible state of mind when he discovered one morning that the bird had died during the night.

Among the crew there was one particular man famous for his great tact in breaking sad news and he was accordingly engaged to tell the tale to the old lady.

Approaching her he said "Marm I'm afraid that parrot of yours wont live,"

"Why?" asked the old lady in a great state,

"Because he's dead," was the reply.

LORD ROBERTS AND THE CORPORALS.

A good story is told of Lord Roberts during his recent tour.

Two corporals of the 7th Black Horse went from Muridki camp to Lahore on leave, but the wonders of that city detained them too long, for they found on arrival at the station that the last train had gone, though another was standing there, which they soon saw to be the special train of the Commander-in-Chief. They dared not presume to think of travelling in *that*, and were resigning themselves to the idea of reduction, which would surely follow the crime of "Absent without leave from a camp of exercise." Suddenly an idea struck one of them and he turned to his companion, "Jack" he said, "there's only one chance left; 'Bobs' is a good sort so lets go and ask him for a lift in the brake-van."

Acting on the impulse they circled round the Staff, and at last caught His Excellency's eye, who enquired their business. Trembling with fear at the result of their action, they explained their misfortune, and were surprised and gladdened at the sympathetic way "Bobs" replied, for the "Chief" at once give them permission to do as they wished, ordering an A.D.C. to see them provided with rugs, etc., and the joyful corporals at once took up their positions amongst the luxurious coverings, which the kindness of the Commander-in-Chief had sent them. No wonder "Tommy Atkins" loves the "Chief" when he displays his good nature in such acts as these.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

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1898.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 73. **JULLUNDUR, April, 30th 1893.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

BAYARD—At 117 Lr. Baggot St. Dublin, on the 3rd March 1893, the wife of Captain Reginald Bayard, The Buffs, of a son,

FEATHERSTONE—At Jullundur on the 15th inst., the wife of Sergeant-Major Featherstone, of a son.
Albert John.

HOBSON—At Canterbury on the 16th February 1893, the wife of Sergeant W. Hobson, of a daughter

Marriage.

WINSTANLEY-MAWSON—At Jullundur, on the 4th inst., No. 436 Sergt. (O.-R.-C.) W. M. Winstanley, to Miss Fanny Mawson.

Deaths.

DRISCOLL—At the Station Hospital Jullundur, on 12th inst. of Enteric Fever, No. 3609 Pte. W. Driscoll.

PETTIT—At the Station Hospital, Jullundur, on the 22nd instant., No, 3334 Pte. W. Pettit.

STEVENS—At the Station Hospital, Jullundur, on the 27th instant, William Joseph, son of Sergeant Drummer Stevens.

NOTES.

—:o:—

THE past month from a social point of view has been full of gaiety and junketings of sorts. Three dances, Athletic Sports and three Gymkhanas make even the hot weather pass quickly. The weather here, though hotter than Calcutta, does not seem to have the same lowering effect, the health of the Regiment being distinctly good.

... ...

The dance given by the Officers on Easter Monday at the Club set the ball rolling, and the decorations, for which Sergt. Clifton was mainly responsible, reflected great credit on all concerned. Dancing was kept up with great vigour till 4 a.m. The ball once started was kept well rolling by the Officers of the R.A., and it was all the more sporting of them, as only four are present in the Station. A unique appearance

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at the R.A. dance was effected by some tasteful arrangement of palms and ferns interwoven on the walls of the dancing room in the place of the usual draperies.

... ...

TYPE OF THE BUFFS,—A DRUMMER.

A Subscription dance may be said to have wound up the season, as now it is almost too hot to dance. Punkahs were brought into play for the first time at this dance, an arrangement which may hardly be called a success, as the ladies apparently prefer the heat to having their hair disarranged by the cooling draughts of the punkah.

... ...

The Ladies'Driving Competition won by Miss. M. Pennington, at the Gymkhana on the 6th would have been more of a success if it had'nt taken up so much time. The Affinity Stakes at the Gymkhana on the 13th after resulting in a tie was won on the run off by Mrs. Maturin and Capt. Lloyd—Miss Pennington's affinity failing to take his peg, and consequently losing his partner a good chance of the prize.

... ...

The Dog Show and Ladies' Shooting was the chief attractions at the Gymkhana on the 27th, and naturally these two events drew a great crowd. There were no less than 23 entries for the fox terrier class alone and the total number of dogs on the ground was over 60. Judging on these occasions is no easy task, and it is a matter of congratulation that we have such a sound authority on dogs as Capt. Brine in the Regiment.

... ...

The Ladies shooting drew 14 competitors and the final between the last four in, Mrs. Goulds-bury, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Martindale and Mrs. White, was extremely exciting, as time after time the heart (the bulls'-eye on this occasion) was struck by the competitors. A very good contest resulted in Mrs. White securing the prize and first honours—the "Padre" in the butts was one of the "hits" of the day

... ...

Before leaving the subject of the Dog Show we should suggest that, in future, classes should be so divided that N. C. O's and Privates should have more of a chance of getting prizes—as naturally well-bred and expensive dogs belonging to Officers and civilians have many more chances than the ordinary "Tommy's dawg," and one or two classes should be exclusively reserved for dogs the property of N. C. O's and Privates.

... ...

A German tailor of the name of Dowe appears to be causing some excitement at home by having invented a bullet proof uniform. The uniform is said to be made of a kind of cement held together by wire netting, and it's price is only 15 shillings. We imagine that it will hardly be a success, as unless the whole body is protected it would be useless. Besides this the shock of impact of the bullet on the body would knock a man silly for a certain time, and even moments at certain periods of a fight are precious.

... ...

We have much pleasure in publishing the

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following extract of a letter to the Commanding Officer from Colonel C. R. Pennington C.B., Commanding the Station, dated March 31st 1893.

"I was very well pleased with the state of your Regiment at my Inspection and have made a very favourable report. I hope you will notify to Officers, and all ranks, the pleasure it was to me to inspect the Regiment and my great satisfaction in finding it, after such a long march, in such excellent order. My great regret is that my connection with the Regiment has unfortunately been so short."

... ...

In the Army Estimates in the House of Commons we see that there is one decidedly sound rule coming into force, and that is that all Lance Corporals should get pay. It is uphill work doing Lance Corporal's work, having all the *dick* and worry, without any of the compensation of extra pay. The next improvement we suggest is that the authorities should take the "Trooper" in hand, and make the conditions of life on board such that the present name of "hardships" should be no longer used.

STATION NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor.

Here we are again; oh! I mean, here is my second letter. We've had a merry month of April, have'nt we? with dances, gymkhanas and sports. Certainly Jullundur has proved itself far more sporting than of late years, and the reason is not hard to guess.

To chronicle events:—We bade farewell to Colonel Pennington on the 31st of March. The R.A. turned out their brake and six horses, with officers riding postillion, to drive the gallant Colonel and his family to the Station. Colonel Eardley-Wilmot called for three cheers as the train moved off, which were given with great vigour; the Colonel bowed his farewells from the window.

Polo is in full swing now; at present it is very enjoyable watching the play, as there is scarcely any dust at all, the grass seems to have kept fresh much later than usual.

On the 3rd Colonel Harley and the Officers, The Buffs, gave us a most enjoyable dance. The weather was very kind, having worked up to a thunderstorm the day before, which left it delightfully cool on the evening of the dance. Among the guests were the Officers of the Goorkha Rifles from Dharmsala, who had come down for cricket. The ball-room was most effectively draped in the well-known Buff & Blue. A profusion of coloured lights outside made the verandah and walls look very gay. No trouble had been spared to ensure the success of the dance; and with a good floor and a choice selection of music, dancing was kept up till 4 a.m, when everyone went home, wishing for more. The wish was gratified on the 10th, the hosts being Major Allason R.A. and the Officers, the 68th Field Battery. Again the evening was nice and cool, and the dance went off with great spirit to the strains of the 27th P.I. band.

The cricket match against the Goorkhas, on the 3rd and and 4th was won by Jullundur. I watched it for nearly an hour, and was able to appreciate some hard hitting by Surgeon-Major White. From some remarks I overhead, I gathered that he had been "punishing them" and had also been "giving them beans"; though I could'nt quite make out who were the recipients of these favours.

In the evening the Station assembled at the Club to have its photo taken, the group including the cricketers from Dharmsala. The proof was satisfactory; but I must have had a beetle or something on my nose to squint like that.

The Jullundur Gymkhana Club has blossomed out, and we have had two very jolly little meetings. The Ladies' Driving Competition was well filled, and great interest shown in the result; my partner giving free vent to his feelings whenever I drove over a Chatty, which was not seldom. It's a bad enough jar to one's nerves to hear the chatties break, without the earnest ejaculations which accompany the crash!

The affinity stakes were well contested. May I humbly suggest—"through the medium of your valuable paper" that the course should be roped in? It is almost impossible to ride straight at the rings, with a surging crowd of onlookers within a yard of your pony's nose.

In the Postman's race I got a letter couched in the most affectionate terms, but I had'nt time to write a suitable reply. It was to go for a moonlight ride the following evening; but there was no moon (*and he did'nt turn up*) so it was rather a failure. It seemed to me a pity there were not more entries for the races. Surely there's more than three "Welter" gentleman, who might have given us a taste of their quality.

The Jumping Competition produced some nice horses, and no refusals. The canvas jump alone seemed to puzzle some of them.

The 14th Bengal Lancers were 'at home', to their friends at their sports, which included a driving competition, tent-pegging and tilting at the ring, and a very amusing race through a paper screen, the winner's pony going through backwards, in a sitting position.

The 68th Field Battery R.A. had their sports on the 13th, great interest being shown in the driving competition, the Tug-of-War and the Jumping Competition. The 27th P.I. band discoursed sweet music the while, and must have had their powers of endurance rather tried during the Driving Competition, as they were playing the "Keel Row" from start to finish. A pleasant interchange of compliments between the battery and their guests concluded a very successful evening.

We had a great treat at The Buffs' Theatre in witnessing a performance got up by Capt. Lloyd. Mrs. Maturin's posture dance was a proof of her skill; and she and Capt. Lloyd, whose dancing was very much admired, were quite charming in their dance out of "Bluebeard"; the two little people who "Knocked'em in the Old Kent Road" produced great enthusiasm; and the audience fairly roared at the little coster's acting. "Obadiah and Mariah" was also very good and wound up the best thing seen on the boards at Jullundur for a long time.

I have just seen a programme for the next Gymkhana, on the 27th, and am glad to see that the Padre is taking his place as a judge among the ladies. It is so nice to have the countenance of the Church on these little sporting meetings.

I think I have come to the end of my news for April, so good-bye dear Mr. Editor. Yours very truly,

"JOSEPHINE."

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee,

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Dear Sir,

Apropos of the story you tell in your January number about Captain Clerk, and his bagpipes, would it be of any interest to your readers to know that the Captain was my great grandfather, and that the pipes are now in the possession of my mother?

James Clerk Maxwell, of Glenlair, was Captain Clerk's, grand son, not his grand nephew.

Yours Faithfully
H. Blackburn,

DALHOUSIE NEWS.

The Editor of The Dragon

Dear Sir,

I am taking up my pen, which will you allow me to say, is far from being one of a ready writer, to let you know, should you be at all interested, that up to the present no evil has befallen the detachment since it left Jullundur; while at the same time I think that some good has already accrued to most of us, in the form of ruddier countenances, at any rate the bitterly cold wind which has been blowing daily over the hills has done its level best to make us all more or less like blood oranges. And now for our journey up. I will pass over all the tearful farewells at the Station and take up my parable at Amritsar where they turned us out of the train, somewhere about half-past three in the morning, which we all felt had a certain lack of poetry or romance in it; but fortunately the train was in the Station and we all tumbled in and went to bed. At Pathankote we found two hundred men of the Seaforth Highlanders and thirty of the Scottish Fusiliers in Camp, who had arrived the day before; and on the following morning, after having piled our baggage on the seediest lot of camels I ever saw, we commenced marching. As regards the march there is little to tell, except that it took us five days, that the heat was appalling, that the camping grounds were for the most part very small and rather uncomfortable, and that there was a general dread that there was to be no beer for us; which last, chiefly thanks to the brewer's estimate of the drinking capacity of the Seaforths, turned out to be false. I was at first afraid that our men being quite new to the country, would not be able to keep up with the Seaforths, who were all old soldiers, and who had been practically on the march for the last two years, as I heard one of them say. But I am glad to be able to say that our boys of the draft marched along with the best of the others. Can it have been the exhiliarating effect of the sweet music discoursed by the two pipes the Seaforths provided? or is it that good fresh English blood is bound to—but no, I will not stop to moralise.

The last march is the longest [16 miles]. The fact that practically you do not begin to go uphill until the last march makes it a very hard one, still the thought that we were nearing a six months' home, sweet home, not to mention breakfast, buoyed us up.

And now at last we are settled down, after having to bring tents and bed cots and boxes on our backs from the Depot to the Camp, a good long way down a very bad road, and of course half the boxes would go down the khud. But when I tell you that I actually saw this morning visions of gardens rising round the tents you can imagine things are going fairly smoothly now. As regards the place, my general impression is that it is dull, decidedly dull; but people say that it will improve.

The climate of course is charming, barring the thunderstorms we have had every afternoon for the last few days, and the scenery is lovely, but I find that degenerated man cannot live on scenery alone.

The great week of rejoicing here is the Kajiar week, which is the General Poojah. This year it begins I believe, on the 24th May, but of this more anon.

We are daily expecting Lieut. Swetenham and his party of Convalescents, likewise certain suits of Khaki and not forgetting some pay.

All The Buffs here, send greeting.

Yours very Truly
McK.

P.S.—I may add that Corporal Leek's eye, which was very bad when we arrived here, got well immediately he heard he had been promoted.

CALCUTTA NEWS.

Dear Mr Editor,

It is difficult at this time of year to find anything to write about, people seem to occupy themselves only in going away, and the unfortunates who remain behind hav'nt realized that its best to buckle to and make the most of the summer, which after all has some advantages. Bringing as it does the football matches, to many Regiments its the most exciting time of the year. But even here, one hears, as yet, very little football gossip. The regular games have not yet begun, though the Calcutta Club has advertised its preliminary hockey games. The Regiment is the favourite for the Rugby Cup, and the East Lancashire for the Association, Cup.

There was great enthusiasm on the departure of Lord Roberts, the whole garrison voluntarily turned out to give him a parting cheer, the Volunteers lining the Strand Road, and the whole of Calcutta down at the Station. Almost his last duty in Fort William was to pay a visit to the Institutes he had founded.

The Defence Committee have been turning their attention to Fort William, and the Old Fort is quite proud to think itself really defensible; there has been much firing of the big guns, and all the rest of it. I saw the other day in the papers a quotation from an old letter written when the present Fort William was building, which said "They are building a new Fort William, a mile south of the old one. If ever completed

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it will be quite a city in itself. The prophecy seems to have been justified.

The money of the Assault-at-Arms which was stolen has been recovered by the exertions of Colonel Chatterton, who organized some entertainments, so the Committee have been able to give Rs1200 to different charities, which is very creditable.

We are looking forward to the arrival of the Football Team and hope to be able to make them comfortable.

All Buffs in Calcutta send their duty to Head Quarters.

Yours Faithfully

KILA,

HOME BATTALION NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor.

The Home Battalion has passed through a somewhat uneventful month since I last had the honour of addressing you. I think March is generally somewhat uneventful at home as far as outdoor sports go. Football languishes somewhat and cricket is not yet in. During the last week the weather has been so glorious and bright that all men's attention has been directed towards the river, The wise authorities who so anxiously sit up aloft and look after the life of poor Tommy, however, have decreed that no man is to get into a boat who does not hold a swimming certificate and as no one particularly cared to earn these interesting documents at Chatham, and as but few were farseeing enough to consider what their uses would be here, few men own them and of course an English or rather Irish March is a somewhat chilly month to take to the water without a boat. Several hardy fellows, however, yesterday braved the terrors of the Shannon, and showed their Captains how it was done, so we may expect boat loads of Buffs to be upon the water this coming week if the weather holds.

In doors we have made good use of our Theatre and a series of most enjoyable smoking concerts have taken place. The first programme as follows, was got up in aid of the wife of poor Color-Sergt. Toop, late of this Battalion, who is now paralyzed, the family being of course entirely dependent on Mrs. Toop for support. The concert with other subscriptions realized about £15.

PROGRAMME.

1.—Overture	"Collur D'Or,"	Band.
2.—Song	"I'm alright,"	Pte. Tompkins.
3.—Song	"Mulligan Guards,"	Bd. Sergt. Mortimer.
4.—Song	"Richard III,"	Pte. Warchus.
5.—Song	"Love's own sweet song,"	Serjt. Erlam,
6.—Reading		Major Backhouse,
7.—Song	"The Tipperary Christening,"	Lce.-Corpl. Sillick,
8.—Waltz	"The golden Myrtle,"	Band.
9.—Song	"Scraggie Murphy's Home,"	Cr. Sergt. Kent,
10.—Song	"The future Mrs. Awkins,"	Pte. Browne.
11.—Song	"Still I Love thee,'	Sergts. Mortimer, Bizley, Erlam, and Smith,
12.—Clarionet Trio		Pte. Tompkins, Corpl. Hindmarsh, Pte. O'Brien,
13.—Song	"I'm selling up the "Appy home,"	Cr. Sergt. Coulby,
14.—Song	"Its for money,"	Pte. Reeves.
15.—Reading		Major Moody,
16'—Song	"Automatic machine,'	Pte, Warchus,
17.—Babylonia		Band.
18.—Song	"Love's all gone wrong,"	Pte. Browne,
19.—Song	"A Moving job,"	Cr. Sergt. Coulby,
20.—Song	"Riding on top of an Omnibus,"	Pte. Reeves,
21.—Song	"I was near it."	Lce.-Corpl. Sillick,
22.—	"COMIC SKETCH,"	

APARTMENTS TO LET

Landlady	Pte. Browne.
Obadiah Dunkley	Pte. Warchus
Pete	Pte. O'Brien,

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

The money realized by the second went to pay off the debt of the Theatre. which will not prove very difficult to recover.

The programme got through was as follows:—

PROGRAMME,

1.—Overture	"The Bohemian Girl,"	Band.
2.—Chorus	"Down the River,"	
3.—Song	"The Signalman,"	Pte. Marsden
4.— „	"Paddy Carey's Ball,"	„ Reeves,
5.— „	"On my Own,"	„ Warchus
6.—Step Dance		Dr. Killoran,
7.—Song	"The Vicar of Bray,"	Sergt. Erlam,
8.—Duet	"The Irish Jubilee,"	Ptes Joyes & Hewett,
9.—Song	"As in a looking Glass,"	Lce.-Corpl. Sillick,
10.— „	"They dressed me up in Armour,',	Pte. Thompson,
11.—Waltz	"Wierner Gemuth,',	Band.
12.—Song	"The Soldier,"	Cr. Sergt, Kent,
13.— „	"Haul me back Again,"	Cr. Sergt. Coulby,
14.— „	"Round the Town,"	Pte. O'Brien,
15.—Clarionet Trio		Pte. Tompkins, Corpl. Hindmarsh, Pte. O'Brien,
16.—Song	"Caller Herrin," (parody)	Pte. Browne,
17.— „	"All have a drink with me."	Dr. Dale.
18.— „	"In our back yard last night,"	Pte. Reeves,
19.— „	"Our Soldier's,"	Lce.-Corpl. Spicer.
20.—Reading		Major Moody,
21.—Song	"Mother Shipton.,'	Cr. Sergt. Coulby,
22.—Quartette	'- Only to see her face again,"	
23.—Selection	"Round the Clock."	Band.
24.—	"COMIC SKETCH"	

Killed with Kindness

Landlord Country Gentleman	Pte. O'Brien,
Stout	„ Warchus,
Mild	„ Browne,

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

The arrangements of these jovial smoking concerts underwent a somewhat marked change on Friday last when the third came off, being distinguished from its fellows by the prohibition of tobacco. The programme was a very good one and the songs of Mrs. Backhouse and Miss Kelly almost made up for the hardships of having to leave one's pipe at home.

PROGRAMME,

1. Overture	"Italiana in Algiere,"	Band.
2. Song	"I saw a Lady,"	Lce-Sergt. Barnes,
3. „	"In the Morning,"	Pte. Reeves,
4. „	"The golden Ring."	Dr. Dale,
5, „	"Wax,"	Pte. Hewett.
6. „	"Venetian boat Song,"	Miss. Evelyn Kelly,
7. Reading		Major Backhouse,
8. Song	"Looking for the owner,"	Pte O'Brien,
9. Waltz	"Star and Garter,"	Band.
10. Song	"Dear old Mike,"	Pte. Browne,
11. „	"On Guard,"	Cr. Sergt. Kent.
12. „	"I dreamed a dream,"	Sergt. Erlam.
13. Violin Solo		Bd.-Master Griffiths,
	INTERVAL. 5 minutes	
14 Song (with part chorus)	"The fire in the Grate,"	Cr. Sergt. Coulby,
15 Character Song	"The Waiter,"	Lieut.-Col. Kelly,
16 Song	"Just as well,"	Mrs. Backhouse,
17. Bantam boxing	Boys Carter, Edwards, Bourne, Mallett,	
18. Song	"She's the Boss,"	Pte. Browne,
19. Duet. Banjo & Pianoforte		Miss Kelly, & Miss E. Kelly,
20. Song	"Monte Carlo,"	Cr. Sergt. Coulby,
21. „	"The Shcency Man,"	Pte. Reeves,
22. Comic Fantasia	"Pantomania,"	Band.

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COMIC SKETCH.

The Mad-house, or I ain't Balmy.

Dr. Jahwohl,	Sergt. Smith,
Billy Bangem.	Lce.-Sergt. Barnes,
Head warder.	" Smith,
Visitors.	Corpl. Rye, Lce.-Corpl. Birrell,

LUNATICS.

Lady McDuff,	Corpl. Archbold,
Boxer.	Sergt. Sinnott,
Shah of anywhere	" Hepworth,
Dick Turpin.	Cr. Sergt. Stainforth,

"God Save the Queen."

We have not had so much singing and gaffing in the Battalion without discovering a fair amout of talent amongst us. Pte. Browne, is a comedian of very high order. He invariably brings down the house wherever he appears and his ideas of humour are excellent without being too boisterous, a common error in amateurs. Pte. Warchus is a very strong prop to the company and his peculiar introductory cough is always a welcome signal of something funny. Color-Sergeants Kent, and Coulby, both sing a good song and the first named's make up is generally excellent.

Pte. Reeve's name should never be omitted from any regimental performance.

By far the sweetest singer, however, but in a widely different style from most of the others, is Sergt. Erlam. It would be a treat to any one fond of music to listen to this Non-Commissioned Officer, his voice is very pleasant and his style every thing that is prepossessing.

A word of praise is due to the playing of Sergt. Drummer Bisley, who accompanies all the songs with great skill and patience.

These concerts all take place in crowded rooms and the civilians of Athlone struggle with one another for a place. With reference to our losses and gains lately, the most important have been the promotion of Sergt. Brush, to a second lieutenantcy in the 8th Kings and the loss of Mr. Hacon.

Mr, Brush, served 6 years in The Buffs, and was most popular with all ranks, a good Non-Commissioned Officer, a gentleman and a nice fellow, he deserved what he worked hard for, and he carries to his new Corps the hearty good wishes both of his immediate comrades and of his superiors in his old one.

Poor Mr. Hacon, he has been suffering a good deal one way and another the last year or two. He had not been long back from sick leave when some gastric affection, to which he is subject, forced him once more to lie up.

He gravely considered the matter, came to the conclusion his constitution was not sufficiently robust for a soldier's life, and has left us. We trust soon to hear news of his improved health. Captain Coles, D. S. O., says he has never been a year in one place for the last seventeen, and he wants to know what it is like, so now he is adjutant of a crack London Volunteer Corps. This is not like losing an officer for we may hope to see him again in five years' time. In the meanwhile our deserving subalterns get their second star.

Sergeant Webb and Corporal Tye, have come to us from Canterbury and Corporals Fooks, and McAuley have taken their places at the Depot.

We are expecting Color Sergeant Ongley, and Sergeant Foster, Rye, and Coleman in the course of next month.

Sergeant Cornwall, and Private Olive, are gone to the great reserve, Captain Knight is on sick leave till May 31st which reminds me that we have had a great deal of sickness amongst our officers lately. Mr. Johnston has not rejoined us yet, though, I am happy to tell you, his health is greatly improved.

Mr. Vickerman is undergoing a garrison class in London, none too soon either as promotion is going just now.

Captain McLacklan is not yet back from leave owing to an extension becoming necessary on account of family affairs, so that our Officers' Mess is far from full just at present. I find I have written quite a long letter about nothing at all, after all, so in case your readers will consider me prosy I will haste to subscribe myself.

Your very obedient Servant.
"Secundus."

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I am very sorry you have had to call me to account for not sending you my usual monthly budget during the time the Battalion was on the march; as you surmised in your February number I thought the Dragon would not be published during that time, hence my reason for not sending as usual.

The St. Patrick's Dance given by the Depot and Permanent Staff, 3rd Battalion The Buffs, in the Gymnasium here was a great success.

The Committee consisted of Color-Sergts Bovenzer & Barton and Sergt. Rye with Qr.-Mr. Sergt. H. Finn as President, Color-Sergt. J. Quinn & Sergt. Austin officiating as M.C's

The decorations which had been carried out under the superintendence of Sergt. Hobson were very effective.

Amongst those present were Major and Mrs. Gordon and Capt. Blackburn of the Depot and Capt. A. D. Stevenson, and Lieut. Reith, 3rd Battalion.

Several of the Sergeant Instructors of the 1st and 2nd Volunteer Battalions also put in an appearance and with a large contingent of citizens the party numbered nearly 250.

Dancing was kept up until after 3.

The music was supplied by the band of the 3rd Battalion under Sergeant Drummer Smith, Irish Melodies forming the chief portion of the programme.

Corporals McAuley, Fooks, Berryman, and Archbald, have joined Depot for duty from Home Battalion.

Color Sergt. Ward, Permanent Staff 3rd Battn. was discharged to pension, 2s. 3d., on 6th March.

Sergt. Wynn, has been posted to fill his vacancy.

Sergt. F. Hemsworth, has been appointed Acting Color Sergt. on probation vice Ward.

Sergeant E. Turner, has succeeded Hemsworth, as Sergt. Instructor in Musketry 3rd Battalion.

Privates Rose, Stokes, Ward, and Jones, were discharged at Netley last month as unfit for further service and Private Maxwell, has been sent to join the Home Battalion having been found fit for further duty.

The North London Brigade of Volunteers under command of their Brigadier, Colonel Stirling, Coldstream Guards, have been quartered in this city during Easter.

They arrived late on Thursday evening. On Good Friday morning they had an open air service in the drill field adjoining barracks, and in the after noon battalion drill. Saturday was devoted to brigade drills. On Easter Sunday the Brigade

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attended Divine Service in the Cathedral. On Easter Monday a sham fight took place in the neighbourhood of Barham and Bishopsbourne and at night the Brigade returned to London by special trains.

Color Sergeant W. Braham (skin) is about to be discharged to pension at his own request.

Yours Faithfully,
"Old Buff."

OLD BUFFS DECEASED.

No. 1710 Qr.-Mr. Sergt. James Mansfield, died at Southsea, on the 28th March 1893, aged 77 years. Admitted to pension of 2s. 11d. per diem April 1855, after 22 years' service.

Medals— Bronze Star for Punniar 1843.

Long Service and Good Conduct with Gratuity of £15.

No. 7258 Sergt. Master Tailor William Elmet 4th East Kent, died at Canterbury on the 6th April 1893, aged 80 years. Admitted to pension of 8d. per diem, April 1859, after 27 years' Service in the East Kent Militia.

No. 1817 Pte. John Lovell died at Acton, London, on the 29th March 1893 aged 54 years.

Invalided after 18 years' Service May 1877, and granted a pension of 1s. 1d. per diem.

No record of any Medals.

THE BUFFS' BRANCH, A.T.A.

On Tuesday evening 7th ultimo., the Rev. J. H. Bateson General Secretary, Army Temperance Association, paid his Annual visit to the above branch. Our Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel G. E. Harley kindly presided, accompanied by Major R. A. Hickson and the Rev. A. Bridge, Garrison Chaplain. Although we were only a few days in our new Station, there was a very large attendance. Colonel Harley gave some very encouraging advice and said he was very pleased to see so many at the meeting and wished the Society every success.

The Rev. J. H. Bateson then rose and addressed the meeting. He remarked that he had been most fortunate in coming at that time as the Draft had only just arrived and that it was to these "Drafties" he especially directed his address. He gave some very interesting accounts of his experiences in Burma, which was not only interesting but encouraging. His address should help us to be firm to our pledge and to further our great work.

The Rev. Bridge next addressed the meeting and pointed out many advantages that were to be gained by being a Total Abstainer.

The Rev. J. H. Bateson proposed hearty votes of thanks to Colonel Harley for kindly presiding, and to the Officers of the Society for the energy they displayed in keeping the members together during such a long and trying march, and for the quick manner in which the A. T. A. Rooms were made comfortable for the members on arrival.

At the close our worthy President [Sergt. C. W. Burrows], presented the General Secretary with one of our 18 months' honours—A silver star with raised Regimental crest on centre.

After the meeting 75 signed the pledge, this number auguring well for the Society's future success.

SEC.

The Kiss Incautious.

(A Ballad of a Boston Buss.)

"Boston, Massachusetts, 'Hub of the Universe,' home of the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast table,' has, by a recent cablegram, been amused and half scandalized by the arrest of a prominent citizen and his wife, who stand charged with the heinous offence of having exchanged a kiss in the public street."

American News.

You *air* a caution Uncle Sam!
(Just listen to the sequel.)
If this be true, this cable-gram,
I guess there ain't your equal.
Such prudery in married life.
Is found in very few sets:
A husband may not kiss his wife,
In Boston, Massachusetts.

And. oh, 'tis sweet,
Tho' counted an abuse it's,
But you must'nt kiss her in the street,
Of Boston, Massachusetts!

Your institutions, some. are grand,
The pride your speckled flag of,
While, others on the other hand,
Are nothing much to brag of,
Your notions *air* a trifle mixed,
The 'hub' is working loose, it's
Time you had the lynch-pin fixed.
Of Boston, Massachusetts.

For oh, the mob
Is paramount to choose it's
Law; they murder, riot, and rob,
In Boston, Massachusetts.

Not very long ago, I ween,
Your cable-gram diurnal,
Brought news of a dispute between
A Major and a Colonel.
The former shot the latter dead
In presence of a crowd of
People in the street; 'tis said
The feat he's very proud of.

Your P'lice Brigade
Treat homicide with banter;
Had he but bussed his Missus, they'd

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Have run him in instanter.

This latest—on their honey-moon
A loving pair are parted
In tears ; however, very soon
They meet, and joyful hearted,
Embrace across the side walk rail.
'Tain't clear on what excuse it's
Done, but now they're both in jail,
In Boston, Massachusetts.

And oh, the yell's
A howlin' like the deuce ; its
Rough, but they're in sep'rate cells
In Boston Massachusetts.

Poor hubby gets a fortnight stiff,
Unless his love he smothers.
I wonder what they'd give him if
The lady were another's
" Say, Squire !—If you was Mister Smith,"—
A supposition this is,
"And Bobby caught you huggin' with
A Massa Johnson's Missus ?"

It's whack ! —Hurroo !!
A treat for Irish stew sets,—
There'd be an all-fired philaloo,
In Boston, Massachusetts,

I'd rather be an English pig,
And cheerfully a tub lick,
Than occupy a billet big,
In Uncle Sam's Republic.
I am not anxious now to win,
That Paradise's portal,
Where murder is a venial sin,
And kissing is a mortal.

Ta, ta ! Farewell,
To Nunky from my Muse, it's
Time they fixed things up a spell
In Boston, Massachusetts.

LATAKIA,

SOME DAY.

PRIVATE John Norton, was a decided enigma to his comrades of--Light Horse. It was not that he was evidently unused to the rough work that fell to his lot in the way of grooming horses, cleaning stables and harness, and the hundred and one odd things that make up the duty of a cavalry trooper, for there were many of his comrades of whom the same may be said. Nor was it that in the frequent skirmishes with the Mahdi's followers, in which the Light Horse had taken part, Private Norton displayed a daredevil recklessness, which gave one the impression that life was but of little value to him ; for many members of that gallant regiment exhibited a reckless dash, which was to be attributed to something beside native bravery and pluck, though these, of course, were not lacking. Nor, again, was it only that he jealously guarded the secret of his past life, and could be tempted into no confidence respecting his real name or antecedents, for it was understood in the Light Horse that nearly every man had a good and sufficient reason for wishing to veil his past history and name from curious eyes.

More probable it was that he seemed to be trying to foster within himself a cold, hard, and cynical disposition, which repelled all approach to friendship, and made good-fellowship impossible. In his creed, goodness, pure motives and disinterested kindness were things that did not exist, while on the subject of friendship or woman's love it was the firm opinion of John Norton's comrades that he was mad, and for some time after he joined it was considered to be a good joke in the messroom or canteen to start some story of devoted friendship or faithful love, just for the sake of hearing the volley of scathing sarcasms with which he greeted such narrations. But after a time this amusement began to pall, and his furious fulminations were voted a nuisance, while he himself was shunned as a moody fellow, whose surly crotchets were not worth considering. As time went on Private Norton was fast becoming one of the most unpopular men in the ranks, for among any body of men, and especially in a camp, the one unforgivable sin is a want of good fellowship. If a man lack the genial spirit of comradeship his chance of popularity is very small, and very few of those around him will stay to inquire whether his detect arise from nervousness or moroseness, from the shyness that hinders geniality, or the surliness that despises it. One or two men there were, however, who, being closer observers than the rest, saw that this was not the natural dispositions of our friend, and they came to the conclusion that he had had some blow which had changed a naturally sunny nature into that

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of a carping and bitter cynic, and that because someone in his little world had proved untrue he was steeling his heart to the belief that unselfishness and faith had left the earth.

One night the camp was quieter than usual, for early the next morning an advance was to be made in force for the purpose of dislodging the Arabs, who were lying in great numbers in the short, scrubby bush that surrounded the camp. Private Norton was on sentry duty, and as he paced to and fro no sounds were to be heard except the frequent challenges of the numerous sentries, or here and there from an odd tent the sound of subdued conversation or a low snatch, of song. Very naturally in his lonely walk his thoughts turned to the morrow's fight and its possibilities, "Suppose," he thought· "that to morrow night he should be lying somewhere in that scrub with face upturned to the sky. Ah! well, in that case the bitterness that had been almost too hard to be borne would be at an end, and the feverish load laid down," And yet, he thought, he would have liked things to be put to rights a little, and his name to be cleared before that happened. Would it ever be? Just then Sergeant Jacques, in a tent close by, troubled by similar thoughts and prevented from sleeping by the picture which would keep rising before his mind of a dear little girl far away in the quiet close under the shadow of the mighty minster, broke out into a song, which was fervent enough for a prayer.

"Some day, some day, some day I shall meet you, Love, I know not when or how."

So he sang, little dreaming that the words came as a message to the heart of a comrade a few yards away. When John Norton, caught the words he stopped short, and his carbine almost slipped from his nerveless hand. That song, on this night, too, of all others, and then as the song went on he forget his surroundings and his thoughts flew on, away from the rows of tents, away over the bushes that hid the enemy, past the sandy dunes that took such queer shapes in the dim light of the cloudy moon, beyond the far off mountains standing like some dark barriers against the sky, away to the busy town in Yorkshire, where he had last heard that song. Only eighteen months ago, he had stood, full of confident trust and love, by the side of her to whom he had given his heart, while she sang this very song, and now—well, now he was Private Norton, of the Light Horse, for whom life held no hope, and death no terror.

And still in his tent, sleepless, Sergeant Jacques, crooned out his song:—

"But when we meet some day, some day,
Eyes, clearer grown, the truth may see,
And every cloud shall pass away,
That darkens, love, 'twixt you and me."

Ah! why had Jacques, chosen that song of all others, and at a time when he, perforce, must listen? "Every cloud shall pass away!" Would it indeed, ever be so? See the clouds had passed away from before the moon, and now every feature of camp and plain, and far off mountain range could be clearly seen, Was it an omen for good, a sign that some day all should be cleared up, or would to-morrow end it all? Long after the sound of his comrade's voice had died away, thoughts such as these stirred him with a great unrest, until at last there stole into his mind words which he had often heard and uttered in the old days, "Put thou thy trust in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." Strange the unbidden association of the two diverse thoughts—the one a question, the other a promise! "He shall bring it to pass." Was it true? or was it the empty echo of dear faith? Anyhow the words had a helpful ring about them; and when his relief came, and he was free to lie down, he was able to calmly think over the past, the very remembrance of which had been so long jealously banished from his mind It had all been so sadly simple that it seemed almost impossible that so slight a cause should have such bitter fruit. The story will not take long in telling. James Thorne, now know to his comrades as Private Norton, was the rising young doctor of the small West Riding town of Calderbank. With excellent professional prospects, and secure in the affections of Clare Aston, the Vicar's daughter, he had seemed a fitting subject for the envy of those less happily placed.

One night, however, a runaway horse dashed madly down the main street of the town. Right in the horse's track and inevitably doomed unless speedy help was near, a small child trotted unconcernedly across the road. There was, however, time for an energetic and quick man to save the little one from its peril, and, as it happened, there was standing in the door of

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Thorne's surgery, not five yards away, a young man of his own size and build. No sooner did he catch a glimpse of the rushing horse than, overcome by a sudden impulse of terror, he turned and fled into the house, leaving the bewildered and helpless little victim to be picked up presently crushed and lifeless. Several people had seen the whole occurrence, and knew that he, and he alone, being the nearest, could have saved the child, and from that moment Calderbank held no place for James Thorne. The indignation and scorn of the public he would perhaps had faced ; but when there came a stinging little note from Clare, freeing him from his promise on the ground that she could not marry a coward, it was too much for him, and, without seeing her again, he disappeared suddenly from the life, and for the most part from the thoughts of the good people of Calderbank, who took this action on his past as sure evidence of his guilt, and as supplying the only redeeming point in his character, by showing that he had the grace to be ashamed. And yet they had all been so completely mistaken, for the figure at the surgery door was not that of James Thorne, but that of France Aston, her brother ; and it was to shield him and also because his sweetheart had so readily believed evil of him, that James Thorne had taken up his burden and gone forth into the world, and that now, as Private John Norton, of the Light Horse, he was on the morrow to face the enemy. Was he right to spoil his life in this way ? Well he had done it for the best, and so Private John Norton fell asleep, to awake to the stirring sounds of the bugle proclaiming that the dawn had come, and with it the time for action.

At last the long fight was at an end. Many times during the day the issue had seemed to be very doubtful, as again and again the fanatical hordes dashed themselves in apparently countless numbers on the small British square. At length pluck, endurance, and discipline had won the day, and far on into the evening the Light Horse pursued the routed and scattered foe, returning at last wearied and worn out to their well-earned rest.

Returned ! Yes, such as were left of them, for the victory was not gained but at the cost of a very heavy death-roll. Somewhere out in the scrubby grass Sergeant Jacques was lying dead, and Private Norton was lying wounded almost unto death. Three days afterwards, when the papers in England were full of the "glorious victory," a fair young girl, under the minster shadow in the northern city, was breaking her heart because amongst the list of the dead she saw the name of Sergeant Jacques, while at Calderbank, Clare Aston read with indifference that Private Norton, who was dangerously wounded, was recommended for the Victoria Cross for distinguished bravery in rescuing a wounded comrade. Could she only have known that this Private Norton was none other than the one for whom she had been seeking vainly for months past, how her indifference would have vanished. Could he fuming and fretting in the hospital tent, but have known that in the two months' old *Times* which the man in the next bed was reading, there was an advertisement beseeching a certain "J. T." to come back and forgive, and signed "Clare," what a valuable assistant that short sentence would have been to the overworked surgeon who looked after him. For, unknown to him, that which he had longed for had been brought to pass, and all Calderbank was waiting to do honour to the man who had sacrified himself for another's sake. France Aston had disappeared from home soon after Thorne, and the week after there appeared in the *Calderbank Herald* a letter signed by him, entirely freeing his friend and making full confession of his cowardice.

But Clare Aston did not know who Private Norton was, and Private Norton did not see the *Times*, but lay in his bed in a very irritable state of mind, knowing full well that he would never be any more good to the Light Horse or to any other regiment, but fully persuaded never again to set foot in England. He had almost forgotten his thoughts of the night before the battle, and the old promise had passed from his memory—so had ceased to be a comfort. And so for a month or more this state of affairs continued, until one morning there marched into hospital a gentleman who was entirely unknown to our friend, but who walked up to his bedside with a cheery smile, and with the greeting, "Well, Mr. Thorne, I am delighted to see you at last,"

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It only remains for us to say that this stranger was the celebrated inquiry agent, Mr. Kenwit, who, after much patient tracing, had succeeded in finding in Private Norton the long-lost James Thorne.

Need we say more than that Mr. Kenwit's employer was a certain Mr. Aston? But readers will easily guess the rest—how a rapid recovery was made; how to one passenger at least on board the homeward-bound steamer 'Trojan,' the daily progress seemed absurdly slow; how it was not long before all Calderbank gathered one morning at the Parish Church to witness such a wedding as had never before been seen there?

Variety Concert.

ON the 8th inst., a very successful concert was given in the Regimental Theatre, the whole proving a great success and reflecting great credit on Captain Lloyd and Sergeant Eaton, under whose management everything went off very successfully.

Never before has the theatre contained a larger audience—after every available space had been occupied numbers were turned away from the doors. The great attraction was Mrs. Maturin's dancing, and much as was the expectations of the audience on that score, they were more than realised.

In the *Pas de deux* from "Bluebeard" with Capt. Lloyd, Mrs. Maturin, was simply charming and responded to a well deserved encore.

The hit of the evening was undoubtedly "The Old Kent Road" rendered by "Two distinguished amateurs"—the Masters Maturin. They were dressed in real coster style, "arry and arriet," and their dancing and singing *a la Albert Chevalier* fairly brought down the house.

In the second part of the programme Mrs. Maturin, gave a charming posture dance "Floretta," which was much admired.

Capt. Lloyd, and Sergt. Eaton, as "Obadiah and Mariah" were extremely funny especially in their dancing.

Pte. Barret, gave a step dance and in response to an encore performed a "sand shuffle" in excellent style.

During the evening selections were played by the Band of The Buffs.

PROGRAMME.

1,	Overture	"Babylonia"	Band
2.	Song	"Lively on"	Sergt, Eaton
3.	Duet	"Wot' Cher	Two Distinguished Amateurs
4.	Pas de Deux *(from Bluebeard)*	"Dresilua"	Mrs. Maturin and Capt. Lloyd
5.	Song & Dance	.. .. ..	Pte Barrett.
6.	Ethiopian Sketch ..	.. .. ..	Ptes. Tibbal & Whitehouse
7.	Duetto ..	"Obadiah & Mariah"	Capt. Lloyd & Sergt. Eaton
8.	Posture Dance	.. "Floretta"	.. .. Mrs. Maturin,
9.	Finale ..	"Blind Beggars" ..	Capt. Lloyd & Sergt. Eaton.

VIVAT IMPERATRIX.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regimental Papers :—

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.

The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.

The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers

The Globe and Laurel.—Royal Marines.

The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.

The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.

St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W. K. Regt.

The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.

I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.

The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.

1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E.S. Regt.

The Army Service Corps Journal.

The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment

The 79th News.—79th Cameron Highlanders.

The Thistle.—2nd Bn. The Royal Scots.

The 5 and 9 *(The Lilywhite's Gazette).*—2nd Battn. East Lanc. Regt.

The 16th Lancers Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers

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Regimental Items.

Lieut. B. R. K. Tarte, 1st Battn. the Buffs, is granted leave to England for twelve months on private affairs.

2nd Lieut, C. L. Porter having landed in India on the 15th inst is taken on the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly and posted to "G" Company.

The undermentioned non-commissioned officers passed the professional examination, for promotion to the ranks named below, at an examination held at Jullundur on the 29th ult.

To Sergeant.

No. 422 Corporal W Hawkins,
„ 2587 „ J Towers,
„ 2058 „ D Revell,
„ 1546 „ A. Pelling,
„ 2104 Lce.-Sergt. F R Kent,
„ 3052 Corporal H Sayer,
„ 197 „ W Reese.

To Corporal.

No. 2454 Lce.-Corpl. A Grainger.
„ 2341 „ J Smith,
„ 2282 „ J Page,
„ 2609 „ W Wall
„ 2823 „ G Gardner,
„ 2060 „ A E Ashelford,
„ 1956 „ J Eaton,
„ 309 „ W Barrett,
„ 663 „ J Hickmott,
„ 2394 „ F Keeler,
„ 715 „ G Milgate,

The following absorptions have taken place as under :—

No. 522 Sergt. C Gray from Supernumerary List 21-11-92, absorbed *vice* Peters promoted Color.-Sergeant 8-10-92.

No. 2884 Sergt G Sale from Color-Sergt 10-12-92, *vice* Dann to Army Reserve 2-12-92

No. 3705 Sergt. H. Armistead from 2nd Battn. 23-2-93, *vice* Stevens promoted Sergt.-Drummer 25-10-92.

No. 2295 Sergt. J. R, Turner from 2nd Bn. 23-2-93 *vice* Sale to Supernumerary List 29-3-92.

No. 4 Corpl. W Davis from 2nd Battn. 23-2--93 *vice* Dungey discharged by purchase 28-12-92.

No. 2089 Corpl. H. W. Geddes from 2nd Battn. 23-2-93, *vice* Holmes promoted Color-Sergt. 10-12-92,

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments.

No. 1366 Orderly-room Sergeant W. H. Gorin, having completed 3 years' service in that rank, is promoted Color Sergeant (Orderly Room Sergeant) with effect from the 19th April 1893 inclusive.

To be Sergeants,

No. 2419 Lance-Sergeant J. Alderton,
„ 2291 „ T Cogger,
„ 771 „ E P Edwards,

To be Paid Lance-Sergeants.

No. 2084 Lance-Sergeant J G Smith,
* „ 2586 „ T Else,
„ 2954 „ H A Jones,

To be Lance-Sergeants.

*No. 951 Corporal H Borland,
„ 2104 „ F R Kent,
* „ 1715 „ G Leek.
„ 197 „ W Reese,
„ 3052 „ H W Sayer,
„ 2058 „ D Revell,
„ 1546 „ A Pelling,
* „ 2072 „ W Clarke,

To be Corporals.

No, 503 Lance-Corporal J F Sheed,
„ 407 „ J Wilson,
* „ 1967 „ A Brown,
„ 1226 „ A Featherstone,
„ 2272 „ T Knight
„ 1621 „ T Manville,
„ 2188 „ W Skinner,
„ 3852 „ J Allen,

To be Paid Lance Corporals.

*No. 783 Lance-Corporal W Wittering,
„ 2394 „ F Keeler,
„ 2060 „ A Ashelford,
„ 1956 „ J Eaton,
* „ 2454 „ A Grainger,
* „ 3075 „ J Brennan,
* „ 1996 „ W Harryman.

*Those Non.-Commissioned Officers marked with an asterisk are promoted or appointed to Pay subject to their fully qualifying for promotion within 3 months, from this date.

To be Lance-Corporals.

No. 511 Private A Ward.
„ 533 „ A Lawrence,

To be Acting Lance-Corporal.

No. 2983 Private H Nossiter, while employed as Hospital Writer, Jullundur.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to promote the undermentioned men to the rank of Corporal.

No. 2469 Private J Manning, *vice* Butcher, discharged unfit, 4-1-93.

No. 2692 Private R Thorne, *vice* Jones to 2nd Battalion, 23-1-93.

No. 2495 Private J Hedges, *vice* Marsh, to Army Reserve, 27-1-93.

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officer is appointed Band Corporal, *vice* Edwards, promoted Sergeant 27-1-93.

No. 951 Lce.-Sergeant H Borland,

Ths undermentioned men are appointed Bandsmen:—

No. 943 Private W. Beezley *vice* Hatchard discharged.
„ 2573 „ A Dobson *vice* Knight discharged.
„ 2799 „ W King *vice* Appleton to Army Reserve.
„ 2572 „ P McGrath *vice* Brain to „
„ 2396 „ W Pettett *vice* Sheed promoted Corporal.
„ 2751 „ G Tozer *vice* Wilson „ „
„ 2767 „ H Abery *vice* Featherstone „ „

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The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments with effect from the 1st inst. inclusive.

To be Drill Sergeant.

No. 3705 Sergeant H, Armistead.

To be Drill Corporal.

No. 1920 Lance-Sergeant C. Crumby.

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officers have been permitted to re-engage for such further periods as will make up total continuous services of 21 years with the colours.

No. 524 Corporal J. Pickett.

„ 1225 „ W. A. Featherstone.

The undermentioned Warrant and Non.-Com. Officers embarked for England on the 8th inst.

Bandmaster C. S, Birkhead and Family.

Color.-Sergeant T. Cheal.

Good Conduct Pay is granted to the undermentioned men at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names:—

A Company.

2269 Pte. J Lepper, 2d. granted 14-4-93
3484 „ S Abram, 1d. granted 14-4-93
4092 „ L Watkins 2d. granted 8-1-93

B Company.

2265 Pte. W Holliday 2d. granted 12-4-93

D Company.

3443 Pte. J Rayfield 1d. granted 12-3-93
3464 Pte. E Foreman 1d. granted 31-3-93

E Company.

3492 Pte. E Mayatt 1d. granted 27-4-93
3467 Pte. H Miller 1d. granted 23-3-93

F Company.

3211 Pte. C Willmott 1d. granted 4-4-93
3461 Pte. F Fletcher 1d. granted 28-3-93

G Company.

3472 Pte. E Mills 1d. granted 3-4-93

H Company.

2526 Pte. G Gregory 1d Restored 30-4-93
3426 Pte. F Lawrence 1d. granted 26-2-93
2905 Pte. C Merton 1d. granted 18-12-92
3422 Pte. E Overton 1d. granted 24-2-93
156 Pte. H Veal 2d. Restored 22-3-93
2522 Pte. W Slaughter 1d. Restored 11-4-93
3446 Pte. E Smith 1d. granted 18-3-93

The Figure of Merit and Classification of the Band are as follows;—

Classification.	
Marksmen	2
1st Class Shots	13
2nd „ „	25
3rd „ „	14
Total Completed	54

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with para. 174, Musketry Regulations 1892.

Gold Guns as best marksman of Band, No. 2045 Pte. R. Pierce, score (182).

Worsted Guns as marksman, No. 1621 Corpl. T. Manville, score (173).

The Figure of Merit and Classification of the Casuals are as follows:—

Figure of Merit Individual Range Practices 88-52.

Classification.	
Marksmen	1
1st Class Shots	11
2nd „ „	41
3rd „ „	48
Total Completed.	101

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with para. 174, Musketry Regulations 1892.

Gold Guns as best marksman of Casuals:—

No. 2419 Sergt. J, Alderton.

The following is the result of the Annual Course of Musketry for 1892-93:—

Battalion Figure of Merit, Range Individual Practices.

	Lee-Metford Rifle	37·86
	Martini-Henry Rifle	34·66
Field Practices	Lee-Metford Rifle	51·10
	Martini-Henry Rifle	46·67

Figure of Merit of Companies in order of precedence.

	Lee-Metford, Rifle	Martini-Henry Rifle.
"A" Company	41·87	Nil.
	56·18	34·12
"G" „	31·89	39·47
	43·61	54·31
"H" „	37·49	36·32
	53·71	32·82
"E" „	34·99	35·96
	56.07	45·83
"F" „	29·55	35·46
	38·17	49·73
"B" „	34·37	34·75
	50·76	48·92
"C" „	36.55	34·59
	50·75	54·84
"D" „	36·59	34·30
	39·75	40·17

Prizes (Honorary)

The Sergeants of "A" Company, which has been selected as the Best Shooting Company, a badge of Crossed Rifles and Crown in gold to be worn on the right forearm.

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Regimental Sports.

A most pleasant termination to the week's holiday given by the Colonel took place on Monday evening on the Regimental Parade Ground, when a few Athletic events were competed for. A very able and hardworking Sub-committee, with the Sergt.-Major as President, carried out a very difficult task at short notice.

All the Officers of the Battalion were there and also numbers of the ladies of the Station. At the conclusion Mrs. Annesley kindly distributed the prizes.

President:—Colonel G. E. Harley.
Judge:—Lieut. A. Lynden-Bell.
Referee:—Lieut. L. G. N. Eales.
Starter:— ,, H. C. Cumber.

Sub-Committee.

President:—Sergt.-Major Featherstone
Members { Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Nicholas.
Sergt. Eaton.
,, Carnell.
,, Patten.

Events.

100 Yards Flat Race:—Ptes. Cooper, 1st, Hasler, 2nd, Green, 3rd.

220 Yards Flat Race:—Ptes Cooper, 1st, Hasler, 2nd, Green, 3rd.

3 Legged Race:—Ptes. Wickens and Arms, 1st. Templeton and Bell, 2nd,

Sack Race:—Ptes. Cooper, 1st, Arms, 2nd, May, 3rd,

Obstacle Race:—Ptes. Shircore, 1st, Barrett 2nd, Walker, 3rd.

Chatty Race:—Corporal Winder, 1st, Pte. May, 2nd.

Consolation Race.—Corporal Marshall, 1st, Boy Lees, 2nd, Pte. Williams, 3rd.

A word of praise is due to the drummers, who played during the afternoon.

JULLUNDUR TO BHAGSU.

Dear Mr. Editor,

You ask me to send you an account of our march, and a description of our station here, which I will endeavour to do.

April 4th to Adunpur.

We started loading our transport at 4 a.m., but it was 6-30 before we finally got away, which was not to be wondered at, in a first attempt by many young hands at loading that delightful form of transport animal, the patient camel.

Have you ever measured your patience with his, Mr. Editor, or worked in concert with his driver the energetic Oont Wallah? What does Kudyard Kipling say about the camel, as a transport animal as compared with even the mule? Perhaps you can quote it for me Mr. Editor, something about his being a Dumpling and a Daisy, and a lot of other things in one.

Nothing of any interest to tell you of the first march. Adunpur will soon probably be as well known to you as Jullundur with the new orders about route marching.

April 5th to Hoshyanpur.

Next morning we had reveille at 3 a.m., and commencing loading at 3-30 a.m., were off at 5-20 a.m., an improvement in loading. This was a 15 mile march, and a few sore feet came out in the last draft just off board ship, but they stuck to their guns and come up to time smiling. This is quite a large Punjab city with Civil Lines attached. We camped on the police parade ground, and in the afternoon turned out and played the native school here at cricket, but I regret to say we were defeated, chiefly owing to the skill of a demon bowler, who bowled, or rather threw, with marvellous accuracy and speed.

April 5th to Gugret.

16 Miles. This was a demon march and no mistake. We had reveille at 2-30 and were on our way at 4-40. It is a curious scene that early morning on an Indian march, with camels, the blazing straw heaps, the shivering natives, the gleaming accoutrements, the grousing of the camels, calls of "Oh *oont Wallah*;" and the,—"sit on his 'ead why don't yer," "say squish to him and he'll come down right enough;" but as we got along and got the hang of the work, everything shaped itself and we were done with it and off in quietness, before we knew where we were, and even the camels moderated their profane language. Well we started on that march, Mr. Editor, and for the first mile we had a fair enough road, wading along in a river, I forget its name, part of which was dry and part wasn't, but when we got out of that river we came on a beautiful road, a road Mr. Editor it was a treat to get off, and walk on a ploughed field that was handy. For five miles that road smiled on us, and when day dawned and we paused for a minute, we felt we might have done the fifteen anywhere else. However the next ten was good going, though all up and down hill, but we were glad to get in to Gugret at last, and get our breakfasts.

The baggage guard had a long day of it, the carts did about a mile an hour in the sand, and the camels not much better in the hills.

April 7th to Burwain.

Reveille at 2-30 and off at 4-20. A twelve mile march and a good road, though straight up hill the last four miles. No incident to speak of, a small camping ground, but beautifully situated, 3,500 feet up, with air that braced us all up, and such a view, on the one hand the whole range of snows. (I beg the last draft's pardon, chalk hills, not quite

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up to Dover heights. Some of them would not believe it was snow till, on arrival at Bhagsu, two or three of the company climbed up and brought back some snowballs in their haversacks) and the plains stretching out for miles to-wards Jullundur on the other.

April 8th to Ghopepur Dhera.

Reveille at 3 a.m., and off at 4-30 a.m., The cart transport went round by cart road but we and the camels tried a short cut straight down hill by which we saved three mile in distance, but not a yard in exertion. The whole road was nothing but a loose string of boulders and stones and it is not really a saving. This camp was a very good one, close to the river Beas, where there is good fishing and bathing with proper precautions, for the current is swift. Captain Holme caught one nice fish here which gave, him twenty minutes' play. The Captain and the Doctor went off from here about twelve miles to have some shooting in a Rajah's pet preserves, but the bag was *nil*. The only thing seen, being a cheetah which the Doctor got a snap at in the jungle without effect.

April 9th, Sunday.

Glad to get a day's rest, and a general clean up.

April 10th to Rance-ki-Tal.

Reveille at 2-30, off soon after 4 a.m., 13 miles, good road but a general climb. Nice camping ground at foot of low range of hills, on which there were peafowl and partridges to be shot in the season.

April 11th to Kangra.

Reveille at 2-30, off at 4 a.m.. Eleven miles, good road up hill for five and a half miles, through a tunnel, and then gradually down hill nearly opposite Kangra where the descent becomes steep. The detachment had got into a good swing for marching by this time-one little go of three miles, by the milestones, up and down hill, in exactly forty eight minutes. Kangra is worth coming up here to see of itself. An old Sikh stronghold, it contains a fort hundreds of years old, deemed impregnable in ancient times ; indeed it doesn't look now as if it could be easily stormed on an empty stomach before breakfast. A good camping ground from which we could just make out Dharmsalah church and just an idea of where our barracks were.

Coming into camp the Captain's little pony, carrying panniers, was attacked by a flight of hornets, and went out of his mind, scattering everything on its wild career through camp, till an intelligent native brought a bundle of straw, lit it up, and led the pony round it.

The syce came in for a fair share of the hornets, he said he pulled one out of his hair whereupon it stung his finger, he flicked it off his finger, when it settled on his nose and stung him there, whereupon he gave up, buried his head in the ground and howled. The natives say five of these hornets would kill a man in an hour, if found by himself and without help, they are such persistent demons.

April 12th, to Lower Dharmsalah.

Reveille at 3—marched out at 4.30 a,m. Nine miles, good road but steadily up hill. Camped on the Ghoorka Parade Ground and were welcomed by the very same Battalion of little Ghoorkas, who were shoulder to shoulder with this Battalion 18 years ago at Perak. We got in so early that their Band sent to meet us only arrived in time to discourse sweet music while we pitched our Camp, We had a 'Camp Fire' that night at which numbers of Ghoorkas attended. They listened complacently to our songs which they could'nt understand, but they appeared delighted with Sergt. Else's Bone Solo and Pte. Cash's dance.

April 13th to Bhagsu.

Reveille at 4 a.m., off at 5.30. Seven miles, all uphill. Played half way up by one Ghoorka Band and the other half by the other, which came to meet us, and how they played! First the Bagpipes, then the Band, then the Band and next the Bagpipes, first some Highland Air, and last our Regimental March, and then they played on if they were going up a hill like the side of a house. Our men were on their metal and swung into Barracks full of go, and without turning a hair. The little Ghoorkas were cheered to the echo, and replied lustily.

Well Mr. Editor I think I have about done enough, and must reserve a description of this place till your next issue. Suffice it to say we have had our week's holiday and are at work again, employing our leisure hours with cricket, gardening and even rounders for a change.

We are all hale and hearty, only four in Hospital and these nothing serious, and hope you're all the same.

Believe me
Mr. Editor,
Yours Truly,
Good Old "C."

ODDS & ENDS.

—:o:—

SOME time since a regiment was drawn up for church parade at Malta, but the church was being repaired, and could not accommodate them all.

"Sergt.-Major," ordered the Colonel, "tell all the men who don't want to go to church to fall out on the reverse flank."

A large number quickly and gladly availed themselves of the privilege.

"Now, Sergt.-Major," said the Colonel, "dismiss all the men who did not fall out, and march the others off to church—they want it most.'

Little Boy : "Where you in the war ?"

General Whisker : "Indeed, I was, and I had many narrow escapes. One ball grazed my arm."

Little Boy ; "Couldn't you find a wider tree ?."

Owing to want of space the account of the final tie for the Regimental Cricket Challenge Shield is held over till next month.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 74. JULLUNDUR, May, 31st 1893. Price, Annas 2.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Domestic Occurrences.

Deaths.

TURNER:—At Jullundur on 3rd instant, Arthur John, son of No. 2235 Sergt. J. R. Turner.

TOMS:—At Jullundur on 9th instant, No. 2835 Pte. G. F. Toms.

GINGELL:—At Jullundur on 16th instant, No. 2387 Pte, F. Gingell.

CHARMAN:—At Jullundur on 19th instant, No. 2484 Pte. G. Charman.

SAXTON:—At Jullundur on 23rd instant, No. 2912 Pte. A. Saxton.

BOORMAN:—At Athlone on the 2nd instant, No. 3966 Pte. Boorman.

NOTES.

—:o:—

IN handing over the Dragon to his successor, Lieut. L. I. B. Hulke, the Editor wishes to return his best thanks to the numerous correspondents, who have so materially helped to make the paper what it is, and especially to the Sub-Editor, Mr. Steele, whose assistance has been invaluable. The change is owing to possible promotion of the Editor into the home Battalion, and also to the fact that fresh blood is always a good thing. In the hands of Lieut Hulke, we know that the interests of this little paper will be looked well after.

... ...

At the beginning of this month we were congratulating ourselves on the wonderfully cool weather we were then experiencing, but now we are singing a very different song. The hot weather has really set in at last, and during the past fortnight the heat has been intense, the thermometer averaging over 95° in the house, kept as cool as possible by all the numerous modern appliances, which genius has devised, for making the European's life more bearable in India's sultry clime.

It is no good grumbling; we must face the inevitable, and be content to roast for the next few months.

... ...

The latest craze is Route-marching. Twice a week, at 4 a.m., the gallant defenders of Jullundur are compelled to foot it for several weary miles, through the un-interesting country round the station. What with the dust and heat, route-marching is not altogether an enjoyable way of

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spending the early hours of the morning.

... ...

So far, the only enlivening incidents of these excursions have been the vigorous pursuit of a refractory mule (Pear's Soap), by an infuriated skipper, with drawn sword; and the awakening, and speedy flight, of various sleeping beauties, suddenly aroused from their slumbers by the approach of the band.

... ...

Captain W. H. Booth landed at Karrachi on the 24th April, *on 6 months' leave from England.* We hear he is shortly to be appointed A.D.C. to Major General Lord Frankfort.

... ...

On the 5th instant the Theatrical Variety Australian Novelty Company gave a performance in the Regimental Theatre.

... ...

For all the unmitigated rubbish it has ever been our lot to witness, the above named company fairly takes the banana.

... ...

How people can presume to take poor Tommy's hard earned pay, and in return give such a poor exhibition as that put on the stage by the T. V. A. N. Company, entirely passes our comprehension. Should they again turn up here next year, we shall no doubt be able to guarantee them an empty house.

... ...

Lieut. L. I. B. Hulke returned from England on the 27th April, and Lieut. J. Hasler on the 18th May, both looking all the better for their change to the old country.

... ...

We believe this year's Calcutta Turf Club Derby Sweepstake is an exceptionally large one, and the winner will receive about Rs 160,000. We hope the lucky number may be found in Jullundur, where, we hear, there are one or two confederacies.

... ...

The energetic captain of the Regimental Football Club has secured a good field for practice, and we hope with the new blood from England, we may give a good account of ourselves in the struggle for the Calcutta Rugby Cup.

... ...

Our 2nd Battalion dont appear to find Athlone so dull after all. We hear that there is a most charming lake close by, where plenty of boating &c., can be got; and the Officers have just started a small pack (6½ couples) of otter hounds. They start for the Curragh on 14th June, and will be there about 3 months.

... ...

Several Officers of the Station have started cricket practice at the net. We hear there is a probability of Surgeon-Major White taking a team up to Bhagsu at no very distant date, with a view to playing a return match against that station.

... .

We hear that still *another* new Infantry Drill Book has just made its appearance at home, cancelling the greater part of the present Provisional Drill, which we are now hard at work learning.

... ...

A marriage is arranged, and will take place here in October, between Mr. Eales and Miss Pennington, daughter of Colonel Pennington C.B. late commanding this Station.

... ...

We feel sure that all ranks will join in wishing every kind of good luck and prosperity to the happy pair.

... ...

A very kind present to the Officers' Mess has just arrived, in charge of Mr. Hasler, from Lieut. Colonel C. E. Reeves. It consists of a very handsome silver claret jug, beautifully engraved, and embossed with the "Dragon," the lid being surmounted by the "White Horse." It is needless to say how very much this gift is appreciated by the officers as a pleasing memento of their old friend.

... ...

We congratulate Mr. Swetenham on having

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won a five furlong race at Bhanikhet with his pony 'Jemima,' ridden by that coming G. R, Mr. Eaton. Those who saw this last named officer finishing on "Dulcie" at our Regimental Gymkhana, will not doubt that he got the most out of his mount on Mr. Swetenham's pony.

... ...

We hear that Captain Lloyd has arranged to put on the boards of the Regimental Theatre, on the 2nd and 3rd of June, a Variety Entertainment, entitled "The Rosebud of Stinging Nettle Farm.

... ...

Only a few of the old stagers will appear; an entirely new caste having been carefully organised by our energetic Violin.

... ...

The Regimental Sports are to take place early in August. This will leave plenty of time for our athletes to get into training. We expect to see great rivalry again between Ptes. Else and Hasler, and, unless some dark horse turns up in the draft, most of the leading events appear to be a gift for one or other of these two.

... ...

It is with great regret that we have to chronicle the deaths of five more good men during the past month, viz:—Ptes. Pettit, Toms, Gingell, Charman and Saxton.

The regiment can ill afford to lose men of their stamp, and we sincerely condole with their friends and relations in their sad bereavement.

... ...

On the 29th of last month the officers gave a moonlight picnic and dance at the City Gardens.

... ...

The night was all that could be desired and every one in the station turned up to make the most of what proved to be a most enjoyable evening.

The band, under Sergt. Major Featherstone, in the absence of Bandmaster Birkhead, played a capital selection, every alternate piece being a dance.

This arrangement gave those who took the floor, a lengthy and pleasant interval in which to enjoy the bright and placid smiles of Luna, and cool down between the dances.

... ...

The modes of tranport to and from the picnic rendezvous were varied and wonderful.

Mr. Vassar-Smith tooled a party down in the R.A. drag, and a most exciting time they appear to have had of it.

We have since heard that drive described by a nervous passenger, in the words of our old friend, Mr. Jorrocks, as "The image of war without its gilt, and only five and twenty per cent of its danger."

... ...

A sporting young officer, who drove down a tandem, appears to have thought that several trees by the roadside required tying together.

... ...

Somebody evidently thinking that plenty of spoons would be found in the gardens, unfortunately forgot to send down a supply of those useful and necessary articles, until it was nearly time to return home. Better late than never.

... ...

We congratulate our Munipur heroes, Lieut. Eales, Sergt. Carnell, Corporal Dillon, Lce.-Cpl. Avery and Lce.-Cpl. Williams, on having obtained the Indian Frontier Medal, for their services during the late Munipur Expedition.

... .

We sincerely regret to hear of the accident that has happened to Major-General Viscount Frankfort. While at Quetta a few days back he received a severe kick from a horse, sustaining an injury to his leg which it is hoped will not prove serious, though painful lameness is so far the result. On arriving at Mooltan for the purpose of inspecting the 22nd Company, Eastern Division R.A., the injury was carefully examined and dressed by Surgeon-Major Harran. The wound is a severely contused one, accompanied by bruising of the bone.

... ...

As we are in want of copies of No. 17 of The Dragon, for the purpose of binding into volumes, we will pay 8 Annas per copy, to anyone possessing spare numbers, providing they are clean.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published; any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Dear Sir,

The month of April has with us been chiefly remarkable for its lovely summer weather. You may have seen accounts in the London papers of the great drought, a very dreadful thing for the farmers no doubt, but, as most of The Buffs are somewhat indifferent as to the prospects of the hay harvest, &c., they have thoroughly enjoyed the sunshine and warmth.

Of course, nearly everyone has been on the Lake & River, rowing, sailing, fishing, picnicing &c., &c. Even the Military Training Company can not keep off the water, and the usual routine of "Advanced Guards," "Company in Action," "Attack and Defence" &c., &c., was varied the other day by a descent on a hostile coast by a party in boats.

Yes, Athlone would not be much of a place without the River, but we have other amusements too.

We resuscitated the Athlone Race Meeting the other day, and had a very nice day's racing, though the ground was as hard as iron.

Mr. Bainbridge got up an assault at arms, the programme of which I enclose, together with the following notice cut from the local paper,

"On Wednesday, at 3.30 o'clock, and again at 8 o'clock in the evening, a grand Assault-at-Arms came off in the Gymnasium, Military Barracks, under very successful circumstances. The performance was under the patronage of Major-General G. H. Moncrieff, commanding the Dublin District, Lieut.-Colonel Kelly, and the Officers of The Buffs. The attendance in the afternoon was somewhat limited, but aristocratic in its character. In the evening, however, there was a large attendance of civilians, as well as military, and, had the prices of admission been on a more popular scale, we have no doubt, the spacious apartment would have been crowded. The decorations were superb, and very tastefully managed. The unattractive interior of the gymnasium was transformed into a palace of gaiety; the walls, ceiling, windows and gallery being clothed with flags of all nations, and emblematic designs in many coloured tints. The platform, on which the string band of The Buffs was located, and from which they discoursed at intervals, during the evening, popular selections of music, presented a very imposing effect. Union Jacks, plants in pots, the arms of the regiment, and other ornamentations, making up the *mise en scene*. The reserved seats set apart for Colonel Kelly, the Officers of The Buffs and the Royal Artillery, and their lady friends, were all occupied, and the body of the hall and the gallery were fairly well filled.

After an overture by the band.

Part I commenced with a salute in quarte and tierce, which was an exhibition of foil defence by two of the gymnasium instructors. Next came a dumb-bell exercise by eighteen men of The Buffs, which was a really meritorious performance and elicited hearty applause. Seventeen boys of The Buffs were paraded before the audience by their instructor, and put through a course of physical drill, each lesson being diversified movements of the arms and other parts of the body, and in which they made time to a number of the most popular melodies of the day. The precision, with which these young soldiers got through their task, was truly amazing, and at the conclusion they well earned the hearty plaudits that rewarded their efforts. In bayonet versus bayonet, there were two pairs of combatants. In the first encounter, Sergt. Johnson was awarded the victory over Sergt. Welsh, and in the second, Sergeant Tyrrell beat Corpl. Burden. A bayonet exercise by sixteen men of The Buffs was a very pleasing course of manœuvres. The feats of the instructors on the parallel bars eclipsed in their merit many gymnastic displays that we have witnessed in the best circus arenas. Perhaps one of the chief attractions of the programme was the sword feats of Sergt.-Instructor Benians. Bars of lead were cut in two with each blow of the sword; a piece of wood was severed without disturbing two tumblers containing water, on which it had been resting. An apple on the palm of the hand, and another on the neck, were made into halves, without injury to the brother instructor, who allowed himself to be experimented upon. A carcase of mutton was cleft in twain by one dexterous aim of the sword, &c. Sergt. Benians was cheered to the echo after each of his extraordinary feats of skill. A "musical maze," by the men of The Buffs, brought the first part of the entertainment to a close.

Part 2 comprised eight additional items:—performances on the horizontal bar by the gymnasium instructors, in which Sergt. M'Carthy most distinguished himself; physical drill. with rifles, to music, by The Buffs; fencing, in which Sergt. Tyrrell was again awarded first place; infantry sword exercise by the Sergeants of The Buffs, boxing, Indian clubs, singlestick combat, and vaulting horse acts of agility by the instructors, all of which were gone through with professional dexterity, and gained for the performers unbounded approbation.

The performance did not conclude till 11 o'clock."

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1.—Salute in Quarte and Tierce	... ...	Instructors
2.—Dumb Bell Exercise	... ...	The Buffs
3.—Physical Drill (Singing)	... ...	Boys, The Buffs
4.—Bayonet *versus* Bayonet	... ...	
1st Pair ...	Sergeant Johnstone " Welsh	The Buffs
2nd Pair ...	Sergeant Tyrrell Corporal Burden	The Buffs
5.—Bayonet Exercise	... ...	The Buffs
6.—Parallel Bars	... ...	Instructors
7.—Sword Feats	... ...	Sergt. Instructor Benians
8.—Musical Maze	... ...	The Buffs

PART II.

9.—Horizontal Bar	Instructors
10.—Physical Drill, with Rifles, to Music	... The Buffs
11.—Fencing	... Instructors
12.—Infantry Sword Exercise	... Sergeants, The Buffs
13.—Boxing	... ———
14.—Indian Clubs	... ... Instructors
15.—Singlestick Combat	... ... Instructors
16.—Vaulting the Horse	... ... Instructors &c

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

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We still go on with our concerts and they appear to be as popular as ever. Sergt.-Drummer Bisley is greatly to be complimented on their success, for the Drum-Major bosses these popular entertainments now that Color-Sergt. Coulby has gone to the Depot. I send you the programmes of the last two in case any of your readers would like to see who sings, You will observe that the ladies assisted in one of them, so that was of course an occasion on which we had to leave our pipes at home.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1.—Overture	"Le Diademe,"	Band.
2.—Clog Dance		Pte. Reeves.
3.—Song	"The Drummer,"	Pte. W. Wise.
4.— ,,		Sergt. Cook.
5.—Reading		Major Backhouse.
6.—Song	"Jolly little Sailor,"	Pte. Browne.
7.— ,,	(with violin obligato by Mr. Griffiths.) Fiddle & I	Miss Evelyn Kelly.
8.— ,,	"Alone on the Raft,"	Sergt. Dr. Bisley.
9.—Banjo Duet		Colonel Winter & Mrs Backhouse.
10.—Fantasia	"A night in Berlin,"	Band.

INTERVAL.

PART II.

11.—Song	"The Bugler,"	Sergt. Johnson.
12.— ,,	"On the rolling Deep,"	Pte, Browne.
13.—Violin Solo		Mr. Griffiths,
14.—Character song	"Never More,"	Colonel Kelly.
15.—Song	'The Garden of Sleep,"	Miss Walker.
16.—Song and Dance		Lce.-Corpl. R. Killoran.
17,—Song	"The dim hills far away,"	Mrs. Backhouse.
18.— ,,	"The Soldier,"	Cr. Sergt. Kent.
19.—Banjo Duet		Colonel Winter & Mrs Backhouse.
20,—Part song	"Time may steal the Roses,"	Sergt Cook.

"God Save The Queen."

PROGRAMME,

1.—Overture	"Tancredi,"	Rossini.
2.—Song		Pte. Reeves.
3.—Song	"I'll take you home again Kathleen,"	Sergt. Johnson.
4.— ,,	"Tale of Woe,'	,, Cook.
5.— ,,	"I'm often on the Job"	Pte. Warchus.
6.— ,,	"Miner's Dream,'	Sergt. Stanger.
7.— ,,	"An awful little Scrub"	Pte. Browne.
8.—Reading		Major Backhouse.
9.—Song	"The Postillion"	Sergt. O.R. C. Erlam,
10.—Waltz	'Clasping Hands"	Hacker,

INTERVAL. 5 minutes,

11.—Eillen Allanah (Song with part chorus)		Bd. Sergt. Mortimer.
12.—Song & Dance		Lce.-Corpl. Killoran.
13.—Song	"7th Royal Fusiliers"	Pte. Warchus.
14.— ,,	"Parson & Clerk"	Sergt. Johnson.
15.— ,,	"Uller Herein" (Parody)	Pte. Browne.
16.— ,,	'Silver Bells of Memory"	Sergt. Sinnott.
17.— ,,		Pte. Reeves.
18.— ,,	"All have a drink with me"	Dr. Dale.
19.— ,,	"Michael Murphy"	Ptes. Hewett & Kelly.
20.—Fantasia	"A life on the Ocean"	Binding.

SKETCH (by request) Entitled.

APARTMENTS TO LET.

Landlady	Cungey Browne.
Obadiah Dunkley	Pte. Warchus.
Pete.	,, O'Brien.

"God Save The Queen."

Our Colonel is getting up theatricals and this time the troupe is found entirely from the regiment. Miss Walker being a sister of Mrs. Vyvyan who is staying with her. The following is the caste and those ,who were privileged to see the dress rehearsal on Saturday,say that there is quite a treat in store for us. Anyhow no theatricals in which Colonel Kelly takes a part can prove an absolute failure.

UNCLES & AUNTS.

Henry Rawlins	Brothers	Major Backhouse
Robert Rawlins	Uncles to Reginald	Major Moody
Reginald Rawlins		Capt. Vyvyan
Frederick Cureton	(His friend)	Mr. Godfrey-Faussett
Mr. Ledekiah Aspen	(A middle-aged batchelor)	Lt.-Col. Kelly
Bates	(Butler to Mr. Rawlins)	Mr. Bainbridge
Mary Marley	Cousins	Miss Evelyn Kelly
Nellie Marley	Cousins	Miss Ethel Kelly
Mrs. Wade	(their Aunt)	Mrs. Vyvyan
Miss Aurora Rawlins	(Aunt to Reginald)	Mr. Backhouse
Jane	(Mrs. Wade's Maid)	Miss Forestier Walker

A performance will be given later on at Galway, I am told, but I may be able to tell you more about "Uncles & Aunts" in my next letter.

Cricket has begun, Mr. Sparrow has made a start at Castlebar, and a successful one too, to judge from the enclosed newspaper cutting on the subject.

THE BUFFS' DETACHMENT *V.* CASTLEBAR,

A match was played between the above teams on Saturday, the 15th inst. in Lord Lucan's Park, at Castlebar, and resulted in an easy victory for Lieut. Sparrow's team by an innings and 40 runs. The band of the 3rd Connaught Rangers was in attendance, and played a selection of music. Score:—

DETACHMENT OF THE BUFFS.

	How out.	Blr's names,	Total.
Captain Ruttledge	c Atkinson	W. Windrum	8
Lc-Corpl. Barton	c Windrum	Walsh	2
Sergt. Groombridge	c O'Donnel	Murray	19
Sergt. Mason,	c & b Murray		3
Lce.-Corpl. Kirby	c Jordan	Murray	0
Corporal Taylor	b	Murray	14
Lce.-Corpl. Mills	run out		16
Lieut. Sparrow	c Jordan	Murray	6
Private West	c Jordan	Murray	0
Lieut. Pratt	b	Murray	8
Pte, Cunningham	run out		0
		Byes etc.	13
		Total	89

CASTLEBAR,

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.		
W. Windrum	b Barton	3 W. Windham	b	0
A. Windham	b Rtlgd.	3 W. Jordan	b	0
Capt. M'Lean	l b w	0 Capt. M'Lean	b	0
N, Sheridan	c Taylor	0 M. Murray	b	17
N. Jordan	not out	4 M. Leahy	b	3
Sergt. Atkinson	b Rtlgd	0 W. Sheridan	b	0
M. Leahy	b Sparrow	1 Sergt, Atkinson	b	1
J. Walsh	b Barton	0 M. O'Donel	run out	3
M. O'Donel	c Pratt	0 J. Walsh	l b w	3
M. Sheridan	b Barton	0 W. Windrum	not out	4
M. Murray (sub)	b Barton	0 N. Sheridan	b	1
	Byes	1	Byes &c.	0
	Total	12	Total	32

Our Sergeants at Headquarters played the Sergeants of

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Artillery the other day and beat them rather badly.

The following is the score:—

THE BUFFS.

Name	How out	Bowled	Score
Sergt. Major Aherne	c	S M Dolphin	21
Sergeant Cooke	b	Smithson	5
„ Jones	l b w	Smithson	2
„ Webb	b	Solby	0
„ Rye	run out		3
„ Coleman	c	Galvin	1
„ Kesby	b	Solby	25
„ Mortimer	b	Solby	2
„ Cook	b	Solby	4
„ Rye	not out		2
„ Johnson	c	Solby	19
		Extras	33
		Total	117

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

1st Innings.			2nd Innings.	
Sergt, Dixon	run out	3	run out	4
„ Kearsley	b Aherne	1	b Jones	3
„ Smithson	b Jones	0	c & b Aherne	2
„ Bowler	b Aherne	0	b Aherne	0
„ Solby	b Aherne	2	c & b Aherne	9
„ Dauphin	b Aherne	0	not out	6
„ Adams	b Aherne	0	b Aherne	0
„ Underhill	c & b Aherne	0	c & b Aherne	0
„ Galvin	c Webb b Aherne	4	run out	2
„ Marsden	b Jones	1	b Aherne	0
„ Durrant	not ont	1	b Jones	1
	Extras	2	Extras	10
	Total	14	Total	37

You will agree with me that the Sergt.-Major was a bit in it in the bowling line. I trust this may last through the season. If it does the cricketers at the Curragh may tremble.

We go to the Curragh about July 1st, by the way, and remain their for a couple of months for musketry and drills. We perform the journey on foot, a nice little walk of four days or so, but of course a mere flea-bite in comparison to your last march.

The following are our smaller items of news for the month, such as increase, decrease, promotions &c.,

Privates Stockade, Kelly and Anderson have gone to the Army Reserve. 3720 Pte. May to the Ordnance Store Corps. and I regret to say that 3966 Pte Boorman died on the 2nd of the month.

Color-Sergeant Coulby, Sergt. Broome, Sergt. Hall, Corpl. Archbold and Pte. Lancaster have gone to the Depot, and Sergeants Rye and Foster have come to us from there, after their usual three years. Pte. W. Maxwell has joined from the 1st Battalion. Ptes. Snell and Walker have gone to Dublin to appear before an invaliding board. Corpls. Judges and Laing have returned to Chatham for a course of military engineering, Sergt. Stanger has gone to Hythe and, I greatly regret to say, that Corpl. Vaughan has left us after 12 years in the band. Corpl. Vaughan was a nice fellow, a good musician and an excellent rifle shot. Color.-Sergt. Westcott has done a better thing and re-engaged to complete 21 years. Sergt. Kelham has gone to the Egyptian Army. Mr, Greenway has joined us, so have 48 recruits from Canterbury, a goodish lot taking them all round.

Sergt. Bright is posted to the 3rd Battalion. Lce.-Corpls. Merdiant and Clifford are Corporals. Corpls. Jones, Rye and Reynolds are Lce.-Sergeants, and Lce.-Sergts Newing and Barnes are Sergeants.

Major Moody is off in a few days to Aldershot to continue his education for two or three months.

We think we glean from the last issue we have seen of The Dragon that you all like Jullundur and we sincerely hope we are correct in our supposition.

Your obedient Servant.
"Secundus."

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

We are anxiously looking forward for the monsoon to break, as rain has not fallen here for nearly two months, and Bbeesties not being obtainable, gardening is quite at a stand-still. I suppose however when it does come we shall be grumbling that we are getting too much of it.

Sergeants Rye and Foster and 48 recruits under command of Lieut. W. Rayden proceeded on 14th April by rail to Woolwich and there embarked in H. M's S, Assistance in which they were conveyed to Kingstown and, there taken over by an officer of the 2nd Battalion and conducted to Athlone.

Color-Sergt. Dugley was to have gone with them, having completed his tour of duty at Depot, but his child was attacked with measles so he had to remain behind, and did not leave until the 4th May.

Color.-Sergt. Coulby, Sergts. Hall and Brown. Corpl. Archbold and Pte. Lancaster have joined Depot from Home Battalion for duty,

No. 912 Drummer J. T. Cullen arrived at Gosport in the Serapis on 6th April and was transferred to the Army Reserve on 12th idem.

Color-Sergt, W. Braham, Permanent Staff 3rd Battalion, has been discharged to pension, 1s. 6½d,, and Sergt. Austin appointed Color-Sergt, on probation, in his place.

Sergt. F. Wright has joined Permanent Staff, 3rd Battn. from Home Battalion to complete establishment.

Sergt. Staunton and 18 privates have been taken on the strength at Netley.

Sergt. Staunton and Ptes. C. P. Miller and W. Cullen have since been found fit for further duty and sent to Athlone to Home Battalion.

Band-Master Birkhead has also arrived at the Royal Victoria Hospital and is still under treatment there.

Color-Sergt. Cheal has reported himself as home on furlough.

Some extensive manœuvres are to take place at Ashdown Forest during Whitsun week, and the 1st and 2nd Volunteer Battalions of The Buffs are to take part therein,

Colonel W. F. Kerr has been selected to command the 17th Brigade, and has appointed Capt. E. E. Ravenhill his Brigade Major and Lieut. R. H. D'Aeth A.D.C,

We are still in a state of suspense as to where the Depot is to be located during the re-drainage of the Barracks, although it has been settled that the work is to be commenced during the first week in July.

Recruits are coming in very slowly, I suppose the reason is that there is so much work just now for labourers in Kent.

The Non Commissioned Officers and trained men of Depot are to fire with the Magazine Rifle this year, for which two companies will proceed to Dymchurch Redoubt, about 20th May, under Capt. H. Blackburn.

Yours faithfully
"OLD BUFF."

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STATION NEWS.

From our Lady Correspondent.

Dear Mr. Editor.

This has been a month of frogs, tarantulas, brain fever birds, punkah-coolies, and mad dogs; though I am glad to hear that most of the latter have been done away with, at two annas a tail—pretty cheap at that, too!

The chief social event during May was on a Saturday, early in the month (it's too hot to think of dates), when Colonel Harley, and the officers, The Buffs, were "At home" after dinner in the Empress Gardens. What a lovely evening it was! just the night for a moonlight drive.

There was every description of vehicle: four-in-hand, tandem, pair, and the common (or garden) "Tikkha."

I noticed one officer driving what looked very like a donkey in the twilight.

The band played in their best style, and we all enjoyed it very much. Every alternate piece being a dance, advantage was taken of the capital dancing floor in the Town Hall.

It was long past midnight when we exchanged "Goodnights' with our kind hosts; and we felt it was the last spree we would have till next cold weather.

On the following day Mrs. Pennington and her family left for Pin li. Many of their friends were at the station to see them off. A little bird tells me we may see them again a few months hence, under peculiarly happy auspices. We'll have the cracked old bell of St Luke's making all the row it can, then. It is getting a bit warm now, certainly; fortunately the nights are cool, and sleeping out of doors is very pleasant, I have not yet come to sleeping on the ice box, with my head in the thermantidote.

Our heated brains are soothed twice a week, by the bands of The Buffs and the 27th P. I.

It is pleasant listening to the music; and with a bright moon, a long chair, and a glass of iced—it's not so bad. It would be perfect, but for the unnecessary amount of warmth.

When my ship comes in I'm going to always have a band, and a cold weather tap, playing in my front verandah.

The aspect of the gardens in the afternoons is very much changed from what it used to be two months ago—"a dream of fair women!". We are few now, but very select.

The gardens themselves are looking very pretty and fresh, owing to the amount of rain we have had. The last storm was a very heavy one, and made the air delightfully cool for a couple of days. The worst of the rain now is, that, as soon the sun comes out, the atmosphere is like the inside of a boiler more than anything. And then one's temper suffers so! Sometimes I long to be a man, that I could play polo and tell everybody what I think of them. I could'nt manage to get up and see the Birthday Parade on the 24th; it was too hot for anything. I did so pity the troops parading, and was wishing that Her Majesty could have her birthday in the cold weather.

An occasional glimpse we get of the hills, with the distant snow beyond, makes me think—in the words of the old song "I could do with a bit." And I mean to be off in a week or so, and then you'll have to do without a letter from

Yours devotedly
"Josephine."

P. S.

I have been thinking that the sale of your paper would fall very much if I did'nt write: so I'll try and send you my Simla news next month. *Ta Ta, and koochperwani the garrum.*

"J."

DALHOUSIE NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I am sure you would not care to have another account of the journey up here from Pathankot, which was not interesting, as we had very much the same experiences with the second party as the first had. We got here alright, after having vanquished the mules and camels, and have settled down into Barracks which are very comfortable, the only drawback being that they are the furthest down the Khud. The amusements here are not many, the chief being "fly" catching for which there is a prize offered at the end of the season, and a good many of us are going to have a try for it. During the last month we have also had some depot sports, at which Sergt. Reese distinguished himself, a gymkhana, at which one of the ponies belonging to the Battalion did ditto, and some cricket, the only player being Corpl. Eaton. There have also been three dances and some theatricals, the first entertainment being "The Steeplechase" and "The Rose of Stingingnettle Farm" in which the dancing of Mrs. Maturin was much admired, and the second "Breaking the Ice" and Cox & Box. There has also been a mounted paper chase among the Sergeants at which Sergt. Leek distinguished himself by disappearing over the khud embracing a Sergeant of the K. O. S. B's. Sergt. Leek got a nasty cut over the eye—about the same place as the last—but otherwise when they reappeared about a quarter of an hour afterwards, they were unhurt. It was proposed before the paper-chase started that a few doolies, hospital bearers etc., should also go on the paper-chase, but the offer wasnot accepted.

It is not so cool up here as one would imagine. The Birthday Parade was in white, so that will show you that it isn't exactly freezing.

It is with heartfelt regret that we have heard of the deaths of our comrades since we left the Regiment. I am sure everyone joins me in hoping that we've heard the last of these fatal endings to "enteric."

Faithfully Yours,
"McK."

Tennis Tournament

DURING the last month a tennis tournament has been played off by members of the Sergeants' Mess. There were two prize, a hand bag for ladies singles, and a tennis bat, with press, for gentlemen's singles,

The players were handicapped according to their skill; every game was keenly contested and the two finals were played off on the evening of the 29th instant Mrs. Cork (15) beating Mrs. Steele, (scratch), while Color Sergeant Peters (30) was successful against Sergt. Eaton (15).

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His Last Ride.

THE sun had long since sunk to rest behind the wild and rugged peaks of the lofty range of hills that overlook the little Afghan village of Pesh Bolak, and night, with its sombre mantle, had wrapped the earth in darkness; black, gloomy looking clouds covered the sky, and the air was heavy and motionless. All nature was hushed and silent, with a silence that seemed almost oppressive.

The men of the outlying picquet, of which I formed a unit, were sitting and standing about, smoking or conversing in low tones, wishing no doubt they had more comfortable quarters, and I was leaning against a tree somewhat apart from the rest, dreamily watching the lights in the distant camp as they flitted, will o' the wisp like, over the ground, when Jack Sinclair, a trooper of "ours," came up and joined me.

Jack was a fine, manly young fellow, about two-and-twenty years of age, and rather superior to the usual style of men who join the ranks of our Army; he had not been long in the regiment: in fact, had come out with the last draft from England. But he was already a favourite with both officers and men, and there was every prospect of his soon mounting the first step on the long ladder of promotion by being made a lance-corporal.

"Corporal" said he to me, "do you think there is any likelihood of our soon having a brush with the enemy?"

"Can't tell exactly, Sinclair," I replied; "they are continually hovering about us, and we might possibly have a skirmish to-night."

"I will tell you why I asked," he continued, in a sort of half-hesitating manner; "I—well, I didn't care to mention it to the other fellows, as I couldn't stand being chaffed on the subject; but if it should happen that I am killed during an engagement, I want you to send this watch to my mother; she gave it to me when I left school, and—and—well, you will, won't you?"

"Certainly, Sinclair, I will do as you wish," I replied, "that is, if I survive myself; but I hope I shall never have to fulfil your request. Morever I expect to live to see you an officer yet."

"Thanks, very much," he replied, smiling, as I thought, a little sadly. Then, after a pause, he continued suddenly, "Do you believe in presentiments? I mean do you believe that a person can have any previous conception of his approaching death—I refer, of course, to death on the battle-field, or by some violent means."

"I have read of such things, but have never come across any case of the sort in my personal experience," I said. "But why do you ask?"

"Well I don't know; I suppose I'm low-spirited, but I've had a strange sort of feeling all day that my death is at hand; I can't shake it off somehow."

"Nonsense, old fellow," I said. "You mustn't let those sort of thoughts take possession of you. I tell you what it is, if old Carver, the doctor, heard you say such a thing, he would put it down to indigestion, and prescribe one of his evil tasting draughts, and I believe he would be right too."

"Perhaps so," answered Sinclair, laughing. "Certainly the rations we have been getting lately are not particularly digestible. I'll try and think no more about it," saying which he walked away to look after his horse, while I went and sat down near Sergeant Wilson, (who was in charge of the picquet), and for some time became a more or less attentive listener to the stories of that worthy's adventures—principally with the fair sex—at far-off stations in days long past.

It was midnight, and the men of the picquet had relapsed into drowsy silence; for there was not a breath of wind stirring, and the night was hot and oppressive. Dark heavy clouds hung motionless in the heavens, and on the summit of a distant hill, a solitary Afghan watchfire gleamed like a burning star amidst the blackness.

Sergeant Wilson, rose and stood by his horse's head, peeping out into the thick gloom, as though expecting to see a ghost.

"Keep on the alert, men," he said. This is the sort of night those black devils choose for an attack. They won't tackle us in the daylight if they can help it."

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The words had scarcely left his lips when from out of the darkness came a brilliant flash of light followed by a sharp report, and a bullet hummed through the air overhead.

"Keep cool my lads!" shouted Sergt. Wilson, as flash followed flash and the bullets came whistling in thick and fast. There was a sharp cry of pain.

" Anyone hurt? " cried Wilson; and someone answered, " Not much, its all right."

" Give them one volley, then stand to your horses."

Some shadowy outlines were dimly seen amidst the gloom, and the men of the picquet fired at them.

" Mount ! Half sections, right! Trot ! Gallop!"

And away we went towards the main body of the regiment, who had already turned out and were under arms.

We rode safely into camp, and were soon afterwards fully engaged in a brisk skirmish with the enemy, who kept up a hot fire , but owing, perhaps, partially to the darkness, and partially to their defective weapons, without doing any very great damage. After a time their fire slackened and they began to fall back towards the hills ; the order was then given to our skirmishers to " Mount" the regiment was formed in column of troops, and we dashed out in pursuit, leaving one squadron behind to defend the camp.

Out we rode into the deep gloom of night, scarcely knowing, scarcely heeding where we went, trusting almost entirely to our horses ; sometimes over a strip of sandy plain, then stumbling amidst rocky boulders, or fording a narrow stream; at other times nearly falling over our horses' heads as we went with a rush down the steep sides of a deep nullah, or having to bend right forward and grip tightly with our knees to prevent sliding off the saddle over the horses tail as we galloped up the other side.

All this time the retreating Afghans—whom we could not see, and who could dodge us as they liked over the rough ground, which they knew and we didn't —were dropping occasional shots into our midst, which we could not return, as British Cavalry never fire while mounted.

After we had ridden about three miles over the roughest ground it was ever my lot to cross, the Colonel ordered a halt, and sent out a party to reconnoitre under the guidance of two sowars (horsemen) belonging to the loyal Khan of Lalpoora. They returned at daybreak, and reported that the enemy had taken shelter in the hills.

The Colonel and senior officers held a short consultation, after which the Adjutant rode out in front of the troops and said, " I want a volunteer, someone who is mounted on a fast horse, to ride to Basawal with a despatch. "

At least two-thirds of the men rode to the front, among them being Sinclair. He was selected, and received his instructions from the Adjutant, together with the despatch.

" Remember, my lad, said the Colonel, addressing him, " It may prove a ride of some danger; but if you come across a stray party of the enemy, show them a clean pair of heels. as it is important that this letter should be delivered to the Commanding Officer at Basawal as soon as possible. It is a request for a mountain battery to be sent to our assistance. You know the road ? " " Yes sir ! " replied Sinclair briefly.

" Then go, and good luck to you," and the next moment Sinclair had wheeled his horse and galloped away on his mission.

It was a distance of about ten miles from where we had halted to Fort Basawal, and as it would be fully three hours before the reinforcements reached us, we were ordered to dismount and rest. It was a strange sight that met the eye about half-an-hour afterwards ; some of the officers and two sentries were, apparently, the only people on the alert, for the remainder of the little band were striving, in every sort of position to snatch a few minutes' sleep.

We were in the centre of a small sandy plain, and on the bare ground at their horses' feet, with heads pillowed on their arms, or on small heaps of sand which they had scraped up, the men lay asleep with the snaffle reins grasped in their hands or linked over their arms. Horses, too, also apparently asleep, stood motionless over their riders. We had been worked hard during the preceding week, so I soon followed the example.

About six o'clock on that same morning, the groups of men who were standing about the entrance gate of Basawal Fort were startled to see a trooper of Hussars, with a face as pale as death and swaying in his saddle, ride into their midst,

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coming blindly forward as one who rides in the dark. There was something about the horseman, a sort of fixed purpose in his eyes, as he looked straight ahead, that caused them to give way before him in wonder and awe. and allow him to pass unquestioned by. He dismounted in front of the officers' quarters, and drew a paper from his pocket and as the Commandant, who was standing near, seeing something was wrong, moved towards him, he swayed to and fro and fell senseless on the earth. They lifted him up gently and laid him on a camp bed beneath the shade of a mulberry tree that grew within the walls of the Fort, and applied such restoratives as they had, but it was half an hour ere he returned to consciousness.

He gazed wildly round at the little group of officers and men about him, then, suddenly remembering his errand:

"The despatch—is it—all right?" he asked.

"Yes, Sinclair," replied a sergeant of Artillery who knew him.

Then the medical officer came up and held a cooling draught to his lips, and spoke to him in gentler tones than was the usual custom with the rough old Army surgeon:

"The despatch is safe, my lad, and the mountain battery is preparing to start but do you know you are badly hurt? How did it happen?"

"Why it was out there, sir," answered Sinclair, pointing towards the West, and speaking slowly and painfully: "about half way between here and the regiment—that a party of Afghans—tried to intercept me. I cut my way through them—but they hit me here—here in the side. I felt the blood pouring, but I thought I might hold out—till I got here, so I galloped hard—and—just managed it. I—some water," he gasped, sinking back faint and exhausted.

As he drank the water that was brought him, the doctor bent over him and said:

"Do you know that you are dying, Sinclair—that your wound is mortal? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Thank you, sir, yes," said he. "There is one thing I should like you to do for me, if you don't mind—this watch—will you give it to Corporal Blount, of course—he has promised to forward it to my mother—in case—good bye, sir—let my—mother——"

He gave a deep sigh, his head fell back upon the cloak which served as a pillow, and he was dead.

The old doctor straightened himself, and brushed something from his eyes; the dust was flying about just then. "Strange," he muttered, "how men in their last moments think of their mother, after having forgotten them, perhaps, during half their lives."

When the mountain battery joined us they brought the news of his death. After a hard day's fight, which need not be described here, we gained a decisive victory, and the Afghan force retreated towards Argundeh.

That night we encamped near the foot of a hill, and early the next morning the troop to which Sinclair had belonged marched to Basawal, in order to be present at his burial. It was the smallest tribute we could pay him for the gallant manner in which he had done his duty on his last wild ride. Slowly and sadly we followed him to his grave, and the ringing echo of his comrades' carbines made his only requiem. A cross carved in the solid rock beneath the shadow of which he was laid, marks his last resting-place.

Smoking Concert

THE first, of what is hoped will be a series, of smoking concerts was held by the Sergeants in the Theatre at Jullundur, on the 14th inst.

Invitations had been issued to the Officers and other Residents of Jullundur, also the Sergeants, of 68th F. B. R. A., and a large number of guests were present.

It was thought at first that the Theatre was too large for a gathering of this kind, but the wisdom of this arrangement had to be acknowledged by all who were present and enjoyed the delightful coolness (comparatively speaking, of course) of the evening.

Proceedings commenced at 9.30 and song succeeded song, without intermission, except for an occasional toast, till one o'clock.

The chief contributors to the harmony of the evening were:—Lce.-Sergt. Jones in *Maggy*

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Mahaney's Home and several other songs, Sergt. Eaton who was as successful as usual in his comic songs, Sergt. Smith "*Old Grey Horse*," Color-Sergt Patterson "*I'll Take you Home again Kathleen*," Color-Sergt. Peters "*Botany Bay*," Lce.-Sergt. Borland "*True till Death*," and Flute Solo, Sergt. Tomlin, Coster song in Character, Qr. Mr. Sergt. Nicholas, "We were Boys."

Several of our visitors took part in the harmony. Surgeon-Major White sang "*Boys of the Old Brigade*," ; Mr. Franklin gave a recitation and several of the Sergeants of the R.A. sang.

The Loyal and other toasts were proposed by Sergt.-Major Featherstone and drank with enthusiasm during the evening,

Sergt. Laing presided at the piano while Lce.-Sergt. Borland accompanied with the flute.

We should like to see the "Mess Band" started for the next smoker, as all who attended these entertainments in Fort William can testify to its success, and there is plenty of talent among the Sergeants still. Among the visitors were Capt. Brine and several of the officers of the Regiment, Surgeon-Major White and Rev. A. Bridge.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regimental Papers :—

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.

The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.

The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers

The Globe and Laurel.—Royal Marines.

The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.

The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.

St. George's Gazette.—5th NorthumberlandFusiliers.

The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W. K. Regt.

I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.

The Soldier { A weeklyRecord of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.

1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E.S. Regt.

The Army Service Corps Journal.

The 16th Lancers Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers

The 5 and 9 (*The Lilywhite's Gazette*).—2nd Battn. East Lanc. Regt.

The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment

CHURCHPARADESTATEBAD.

The above centipede of a word is not the name of some obscure Welsh hamlet ; but of an opulent and rapidly growing little town about thirty miles North of Jullundur.

During my short stay at Jullundur, I have taken advantage of the unusual mildness of the Punjab Summer, and, varying the deadly monotony of spring drills in May, (abominable anachronisms) tertian funerals, and the quaffing of tepid mineral waters from red hot glasses, I have walked abroad, taking stock of the cluster of antiquarian delights, which surround our lovely little gem of a jungle station.

Last week, I found myself at Churchparade-statebad, which derives its sonorous title from the following legend:

In the winter of 1863, a British regiment was on the march and halted on Sunday for churchparade etc. A sergeant of Letter "C" Company was O. S. for the week, and in making out his church parade state, he missed a Roman Catholic from his duty roster : this loss preyed on the poor fellow's mind to such an extent, that he shot himself dead,—rather a foolish proceeding and not what the present-day triple striped warrior would do.

The modern Non-Com under such circumstances, would merely strike himself blind, and tack for the Mess.

Half an hour after the tragic death of the Orderly Sergeant, the missing "Roman" was discovered asleep under a camp filter, too late alas to avert the dire catastrophe.

Beneath a hoary cypress tree, repose the remains of the ill starred sergeant, and the following verses are embossed on his marble headstone.

The triple stripe no more shall gild
This good right arm of mine ;
Imagination's ceased to build
Promotion's phantom shrine !
Oh brothers, "Roman states" avoid
And army forms, all shun !
Or else, like me, of hope devoid,
Destruction's course you'll run.

BOGGLEY WALLAH.

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Regimental Items.

Lieut. L. I, B. Hulke, rejoined from leave of absence on the 27th inst. and took over command and payment of "H" Company.

Lieut. L. G. N. Eales, has been awarded the Indian Medal with "North East Frontier 1891," clasp for service in Manipur.

No. 1191 Sergt. C. Carnell has been awarded a clasp for the operations on the "North East Frontier 1891."

No. 2234 Lce.-Corpl. A, Avery No. 817 Corpl. A. H. Dillon, and No, 2784 Lance Corpl. S. Williams have been awarded the Indian Medal with Clasp for the operations on the "North East Frontier 1891."

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments.

To be Lance-Corporals.

No. 1987 Private H. Holbrook.
„ 2740 „ H. Groves,
„ 2738 „ T. Johncock,
„ 3393 „ R. Steptoe,
„ 2890 „ R. Knott,
„ 3580 „ W. Prior.
„ 2696 „ H. Brocklehurst,
„ 2948 „ A. G. Hawkins,
„ 3534 „ J. Conway,
„ 2366 „ R. Durrant,
„ 1803 „ A. Smith.
„ 3704 „ E. Fairchild,
„ 3293 „ W. Broadwood,
„ 2465 „ W. McKenzie,
„ 3024 „ G. Hawtin.

No. 2104 Lance.-Sergt. F. R. Kent is appointed Librarian to the Battalion.

Lce.-Sergt. Revell The Buffs is appointed Acting Commissariat Sergeant.

The undermentioned man is appointed Pioneer *vice* Watts returned to duty.

No. 2965 Pte, W. Sands,

The undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officer was on the 15th April 1893, awarded a First Class Certificate of Gymnasia, and is qualified to act as an Instructor in Fencing and Gymnastics.

No. 2084 Lance-Sergeant J. G. Smith.

The undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officer was on the 15th April 1893, awarded a Second Class Certificate of Gymnastics and is qualified to act as an Instructor in Gymnastics.

No. 817 Corpl, A. H, Dillon.

The undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officer and men were awarded third class certificates of education at an examination held at Dalhousie on the 19th inst.

No. 3209 Lce.-Corpl. J. May,
„ 3151 Pte. C, Brown,
„ 3461 „ F. Fletcher,
„ 2494 „ H. Cuerton,
„ 3407 „ T. J. White,

Private George Sedgwick having been transferred from the Essex Regiment, with effect from the 30th April 1893, is taken on the strength of the Battalion from the 1st May inclusive and posted to "D" Company.

No. 771 Sergeant P. Edwards, was permitted to re-engage on the 25th inst., for such further period as will make up a total continuous service of 21 years with the Colors.

The undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officers on the unattached list, have been permitted to re-engage to complete 21 years' service with the Colors:—

No, 363 Sergeant G, E. M. Brewin,
„ 322 „ W. Levason.

The undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officers and men are awarded Signalling prizes in accordance with G. O. C. C. No. 376 of 1893:—

No. 1191 Sergt, C. Carnell, Rs 10, Assistant Instructor,
„ 2609 Lce.-Cpl. W. Wall, „ 10, „
„ 2731 „ W. Kemp, „ 10, Signaller.
„ 2465 „ W. McKenzie, 10, „
„ 2706 „ A. Green, „ 10, „
„ 2210 „ P. Joyce, „ 10, „
„ 2381 „ A. Bullock, 10, „
„ 2564 Pte. A. Ditchburn, 10, „

The undermentioned men were granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names:—

"B" COMPANY.

No. 807 Pte. T Bridges, 2d. 4-4-93, Restored.
„ 3460 „ R Ormsby, 1d. 23-3-93, Granted.
„ 3483 „ A T Pointer, 1d. 14-4-93, „

"C" COMPANY.

No. 3486 Pte. M. Perrin, 1d. 20-4-93, Granted,

"D" COMPANY.

No. 2253 Pte. A Care, 2d 12-4-93, Granted.

"E" COMPANY.

No. 3490 Pte. A Accleton, 1d. 22-4-93, Granted.
„ 2137 „ H Arms, 1d. 11-4-93, Restored.
„ 850 „ J Clements, 2d. 5-5-93, „
„ 2235 „ C A Mills, 2d. 2-3-93, Granted.

"F" COMPANY.

No. 3428 Pte. A Bonham, 1d. 27-2-93, Granted.
„ 3468 „ W Maples, 1d. 2-4-93, „

"G" COMPANY.

No. 2740 Lce.-Cpl. H Groves, 1d 11-5-93, Granted

"H" COMPANY.

No. 3474 Pte. J Barnes, 1d. 4-4-93. Granted.
„ 3499 „ A Town. 1d. 18-5-93, „
„ 2764 „ F Wells, 1d. 9-5-93, Restored.

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DHARMSALA OR BHAGSU.

Dear Mr Editor,

Just a few lines (I believe this is the correct way to commence isn't it ?) to let you and your readers know how we are enjoying ourselves in this glorious little Hill Station.

On the 6th inst, General Lord Frankfort made his inspection of the detachment, and was thoroughly pleased with everything he saw. The space available for parades here is so very limited, that he contented himself with a thorough Barrack-room and Kit Inspection instead.

We had a most severe hailstorm on the 26th of last month, which no doubt you have already heard about; nearly every pane of glass on the weather side of the Barracks suffered, numbering 360 panes in all. This is really without exaggeration. The buildings inside had a most uncomfortable appearance after the storm, for hail stones, larger than walnuts, broke into the rooms, and left them most miserably wet. Such a hail storm I really believe one sees only once in a life-time. Altogether the weather here is delightful, the thermometer in the shade is generally at 7 a.m. about 76, at 12 noon 86, and at 7 p.m, 72. Wouldn't weather like this be acceptable in Jullundur just now ?

There have been Gymkhanas every week, in which the Station takes part; as also cricket matches, which have become quite an institution; age, service, nationality, all get separated for a match. It will occupy too much time and space to detail either now, and you have a very fair idea of our cricketing form as our station team has already paid Jullundur a visit since you have been there ; and, when I mention that Lieut. Trollope bosses the Gymkhana business, on Mr. Thomas' behalf, you may be sure they are successful, and that the open events are both interesting and amusing. We haven't got as far as a ladies' cricket match, but the season is young yet and we cant do everything at once. We have had " rounders " though, and it would do you good to see us at play, 3 or 4 ladies on either side, and all enjoying the game thoroughly, running as if their lives depended on it.

Two " penny readings " have already been given, and turned out to be very acceptable. Several officers and ladies of the station assisted, and made the entertainments really pleasant ones. The vocal talents of the Detachment is surprising, *everybody* can sing, and if we only had time enough, everybody *would* sing, but 3 or 4 hours' music at a time is quite sufficient for any ordinary mortal. Sergt. Else at the last concert, in an evening dress suit, with two full blown roses (a red one and a white one) in his button hole, and an immense pocket handkerchief stuck in his waistcoat, made a tremendous hit. His style on the stage is quite professional, and his singing and dancing only requires to be seen to be admired. " Nasty's" bones solos are so well known that to criticise here would be quite superfluous. He reappeared for his bones performance in the same magnificent suit of clothes, and the same bunch of flowers, and went straight to the hearts of all the fair sex present—at least I should think so, for his style and "get up" were simply killing ? These concerts are to take place twice a month, so I will send you a programme of our next.

The next thing to mention, I think, is our Sergeants' Tennis Club. This is quite a grand affair. They number now 15 or 16 playing members, and have very enjoyable parties three times a week.

The usual birthday parade took place on the 24th inst. at 9 a.m, in serge clothing, in honor of the 74th birthday of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and a feu-de-joie was fired, afterwards 3 lusty British cheers were given, which echoed again and again around the hillsides.

Last, but by no means least, route marching twice a week. Starting at 6.30 a.m., the hills all round give us a splendid opportunity of practising route marching thoroughly, and the men rather enjoy climbing up the hills, over large rough stones, in the expectation of having a game at " Snow ball." Small parties are always going out snow hunting, and seem very proud of bringing in towelsful of snow for their less energetic brethren to feast their eyes on, or as a proof of their excursions, but the snow is rather too far off at present for an ordinary route march. There is, however, no knowing what we may do by and bye, when we get a little more accustomed to the country.

We receive a visit occasionally from a " Padre " to conduct divine service on Sundays, but in his absence Capt. Holmes or Lieut. Trollope officiates ; the latter makes a capital parson, so much so, that it has been suggested to purchase a surplice for him out of our Canteen funds, which by the way are in a very flourishing condition.

I don't think there is much more to tell you now, but I will endeavour to make my next letter a little more interesting.

Yours faithfully
GOOD OLD " C."

Regimental Cricket Shield.

(Held over from last month.)

The final tie for the above Shield was played off by " B " & " G " Companies, on Wednesday the 7th April, and resulted in a hollow win for the latter Company, as will be seen by the scores. This was mainly due to the excellent bowling of Pte. Templeton and Gear, and the splendid batting of Pte. Lawrence, assisted by Q.M.Sergt. Nicholas and Pte. Newing. For the losers Pte. Hasler & Cooper worked very hard indeed, considering the uphill game they were playing, and certainly deserved a better fate. This makes the third time the winners have won the shield, since it was first played for, viz. in 1886& 87, when they had the redoubtable Sergt. Godfrey in their Company, and their present win which is for 1892 ; in Pte. Templeton they have a second Godfrey, his style of bowling " that

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break from the off," being very effective.

The Station Club very kindly lent their ground for the game, but whether it was the excessive heat, or because the 'shield' was not on view, there was a very poor attendance, considering the importance of the match, and the fact that the day was a holiday. Very little can be said about the game. "G" Company who won the toss, put their opponents in to bat, and disposed of them in three-quarters of an hour, for the small total of 47.

Q.M.-Sergt. Nicholas and Pte. Lawrence started the batting for "G" Company, and the runs came so fast that the Q.M.-Sergeant had to retire, the pace being too much for him, but not before he had made the respectable total of 36.

Pte. Lawrence, who made 74 in grand style, gains the much coveted bat, which is kindly given by the Company to anyone making 50 runs in the final match, and there is no doubt that had Pte. Newing had the chance, he would have scored his 50, his 32 not out, being a very creditable performance.

"B" Company in their second innings did much better than in their first. Pte. Raward did his level best to retrieve the fortunes of the game, making some very pretty cuts indeed, in fact, he batted quite in his old style.

Ptes. Hawtin and Hasler also batted well for their side, the former, who is one of the last draft, with a little instruction would make a fairly good bat.

The losers who felt the loss of their Color-Sergeant (through sickness) very much indeed, played a really good game, and I hope to see hem in the final tie for 1893, and "win it."

Observer.

"B,' Company, 1st Innings.

Lce,-Corpl. Eaton	b Templeton	4
Pte. Cooper	b Gear	1
„ Hasler	c & b Templeton	14
„ Rayward	c Gear b Templeton	0
Corporal Woods	b Templeton	0
Sergeant Tomlin	b Gear	6
Pte. Collins	not out	10
„ Ford	b Templeton	0
„ Hawtin	b Templeton	2
Lce.-Corpl. Gray	b Gear	0
Pte, Berry	c Lynch b Templeton	2
	Extras	8
	Total	47

"B" Company, 2nd Innings.

Corpl. Woods	run out	12
Pte. Collins	run out	5
„ Hasler	b Gear	18
„ Raward	c Templeton b Allen	21
„ Cooper	c Gear b Allen	2
Lce.-Cpl. Gray	run out	6
Sergt. Tomlin	b Gear	0
Lce.-Cpl. Eaton	b Templeton	4
Pte. Hawtin	not out	19
„ Ford	run out	0
„ Berry	c Lynch b Allen	0
	Extras	6
	Total	93

"G" Company, 1st Innings.

Q. M. Sergt. Nicholas	Retired	36
Pte. Lawrence	run out	74
„ Ward	l b w, b Cooper	1
„ Templeton	b Woods	8
„ Lynch	h W, b Woods	0
„ Gear	c Hasler b Woods	4
„ Newing	not out	32
„ Else	std. Eaton b Cooper	3
Corpl. Allen	b Cooper	7
Sergt. Tozer	c Hasler b Cooper	5
Lce.-Copl. Anderson	c & b Cooper	8
	Extras	14
	Total	192

ODDS & ENDS.

:o:

Lord Roberts and the Cat.

VERYONE in India knows (says "Pen," writing in the *Times of India*) that the only living thing able to inspire the *late* illustrious head of the Indian army with terror, is the tame or domestic cat. Lord Roberts is unable to be in the same room with a cat, without undergoing severe physical discomfort. I remember an A.D.C. telling me a curious instance of this. The Commander-in-Chief was on tour, and was putting up with the General Officer Commanding a division for a day or two. The General had a cat, and the chief's A.D.C. impressed upon the General's A.D.C. the imperative necessity of having this cat removed or carefully secured, during the chief's stay. "All right," said the General's A.D.C., "I live in a detached bungalow in the compound, and the beast shall be tied up in my room until our visitors have gone". So said, so done, and all went well until the night before the Commander-in-Chief's departure. But at dinner on that night, as the two A.D.C.'s were sitting at the

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end of the table together, he of the headquarter staff said suddenly, "By Jove, that cat of yours hasn't got loose, has it?" "No," said the other, "It's tied up safe enough, but why?" "I'm sure there's a cat in the room," said the first; "look at the chief. He's got quite pale. For goodness sake see if that cat is not somewhere about." So the General's A.D.C. looked about, and sure enough found the house cat had got loose, and having stolen into the dining-room, had curled itself up under a chair. He made a grab at it, and conveyed it away as quietly and swiftly as possible. As soon as the cat was out of the room the chief recovered his equanimity, and was able to go on with his dinner.

A curious instance of the use of the camera is furnished by one of our own recent illustrations, says the *Daily Graphic*. We lately published a photograph of a Chinese execution. It appears that one of the spectators, who assisted at the performance, was a corporal in a regiment, then stationed at Hongkong, who had asked, and been refused, permission to attend the ceremony. The same photograph came under the notice of this corporal's Colonel. By the aid of a magnifying glass, so a correspondent informs us, the Colonel recognised the features of the disobedient "non-com," and was consequently enabled to vindicate the cause of discipline.

A German return shows how often the regimental colours were struck in action during the campaigns of 1864, 1866, and 1870, and also how many officers, non-commissioned officers, and men were killed while carrying the colours. The memory of these losses is touchingly preserved. Every staff that has been clasped in action by a dead soldier's fingers is encircled with a silver ring, with the inscription of the man's name and the words, "died a hero's death with this colour in his hand."

Verbosity is the besetting sin of all official correspondence, so that a laconic despatch is refreshing. The Secretary of the Treasury wrote to the Collector at the port of Mobile: "Sir,—This department is desirous of knowing how far the Tombigbee river runs up. You will please communicate the information." The reply reads:—"Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th ult., and of informing you, in reply, that the Tombigbee river does not run up at all."

Some few years back the Colonel commanding the Royal Marines at Gosport was much exercised in his mind as to how to deal with two of his men who were continually fighting. Threats, pack-drill, and even cells were tried, but were of no avail; no sooner were they free than they flew at one another and were at it again, with worse results than before.

At last he hit on a happy expedient. The next time the men were brought before him, he sent them to clean all the windows in the barracks, one inside, the other out, and neither to go to the next window till the other had finished.

The next morning they started, and after glaring at one another for three or four windows, the situation became too ludicrous, and they both burst out laughing and have been good friends ever since.

Not Alone.

Very stout persons may sometimes be noticed glancing at other stout persons with a pleased expresson that seems to say; "Well, I am not as stout as that, any way," or, "There is someone who is quite as stout as I am." Evidently it is a consoling thought.

The French Marshal Vivonne once indicated this feeling in a witty reply to the King. Vivonne and the Comte d'Auvergne were probably the most corpulent gentlemen in the court at the time.

"Marshal, you are really getting too fat," said the King. "You ought to take more exercise."

"Your Majesty does not know, then, that I take a great deal of exercise?"

"No. What do you do?"

"I walk around the Comte d'Auvergne three times every day."

Mail-carriers in Morocco are said to avoid the risk of losing their places by oversleeping, by tying a string to one foot and setting the end of it on fire before going to sleep. The string, they know from experience, will burn so long, and when the fire reaches their foot it is time for them to get up.

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1¾	inches	... ...	Rs. 25
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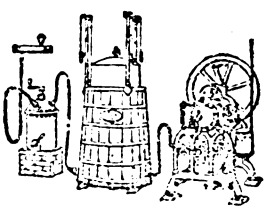
The  Buffs'

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THE DRAGON

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1903

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 75. **JULLUNDUR, June, 30th 1893.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Birth.

WATTS—At Jullundur, on the 27th inst., the wife of Color-Sergt. Watts, of a daughter,

Deaths.

RUDD—At Jullundur, on the 21st inst., No. 2845 Private W. Rudd,

CARTHEW—At Jullundur, on the 24th inst., No. 2193 Pte. C. Carthew.

BAIL—At Jullundur, on the 30th inst., No, 2940 Lance-Corpl. G. Bail.

NOTES.

—:o:—

WE must apologize to our numerous readers for the late appearance of this month's Dragon, which must be attributed to the printers, who at present are very short handed, and hard worked, owing to Musketry, Military Training and other numerous regimental duties, and who in consequence have been obliged to undergo strenuous exertions in order to get out this Edition at all.

... ...

We are glad to insert the following remarks by the Commander-in-Chief in India on the inspection of the 1st Battalion The Buffs at Jullundur in March 1893.

"The report on the 1st Battalion The Buffs, East Kent Regiment, is most favourable, all ranks are well instructed in Drill and Musketry and, as regards discipline, the percentage of Courts-Martial to strength is less than half, and of minor offences little more than half the average of other regiments."

... ...

The Regimental Theatrical Company under the skilful management of Captain Lloyd, gave a very good entertainment on the 2nd and 3rd instants., which seemed to be thoroughly appreciated by all.

... ...

On the 9th inst., a Christy Minstrel Troupe with the Sergeant-Major in the chair, afforded a pleasant evening's amusement to a crowded house. Sergt. Tozer conducted the orchestra with considerable skill.

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As fuller accounts of both the above entertainments appear later on in this paper, we will not dwell further on them here.

... ...

We should like to remind certain individuals amongst the audiences at Regimental Gaffs, that it is not the best of form to interrupt the performers, and annoy the spectators, by constant shouting, whistling and loudly expressing their approval or disapproval; this sort of thing is only done by a certain class of men, who deserve to be sat upon by the well mannered majority.

... ...

We hear there are only three marksmen in the musketry class which has just concluded its course at Changli Gully, viz: Color Sergeant Andrews, Color Sergeant Watts and Captain Dauglish, (in order of merit). The Buffs should be proud of possessing the three best shots in the class which is comprised of representatives of several other regiments from different Stations in India.

... ...

Perhaps some of our readers, who are interested in musketry, may remember that Lieutenant Pearson also fired very well at Pachmari in 1891, proving himself a long way the best shot amongst the officers going through the same course.

... ...

Very few events of any interest have occurred here during the past month. The station seems quite deserted, all wise and fortunate people having flown to the hills. In spite of this, however, we still manage to get two or three games of polo every week, and, almost an unheard of thing for Jullundur occurred here a few days ago, viz. 6 good fast quarters in one afternoon.

... ...

As will be seen elsewhere in these columns, our football season has really commenced, and several new and promising men are coming to the front.

... ...

We hope now that the Quarter-Master has really shown us his form at the Rugby game, he may be induced to play regularly. His play in the first match of the season, Officers *versus* Sergeants, was really brilliant, several very dangerous attempts at crossing the Officers' line being solely frustrated by his pluck and skill, in "taking e'm low."

... ...

Mr. Porter shows great promise outside the scrimmage, and should prove himself an acquisition to the team. We regret that both he and Mr. Adamson, are at the present laid up with wounds, honourably received on the field, and wish them both a speedy recovery.

... ...

On the whole we see no reason why our Rugby team should not again, under the Captaincy of Lieut. Lynden-Bell, make a very good show this year in Calcutta.

... ...

News comes from Kashmere of Major Hickson having had some excellent fishing in the Poonch. One Mahseer, weighing 43 lbs., was landed just before the news of his doings in the Happy Valley was dispatched.

... ...

We congratulate our veteran Subaltern, Mr. Eustace, on having at last obtained his promotion to Captain, but regret that it means his leaving us for the 2nd Battalion.

... ...

Captain W. H. Booth, has been appointed A. D. C., to Major General Lord Frankfort. His appointment dates from the 26th April, and in consequence the promotion of Lieut. Eales, who goes home to the 2nd Battalion, will be similarly dated. We regret that we are losing such an energetic officer, who has always been so prominent at getting up Gymkhanas, on the polo ground, and in all Regimental Sports.

... ...

Enteric fever seems to carry off a great number of young soldiers in this country, and there is no doubt that very careful nursing in these cases helps to pull a man through. We feel sure there are some of our married women (without encumbrance) who would undertake to nurse some of the bad cases. Of course, they could be paid out of a Regimental fund for their trouble, and, if they succeeded in their work, the sincere thanks of the patient and his friends would, we feel sure, be also very gratifying to the nurse.

... ...

When we wrote last month, noting the deaths of five men of the Battalion, we sincerely hoped they would be the last we should have to re-

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port for some time; we regret to say that it is our painful duty to chronicle the deaths of three more good men this month, viz: Ptes. Rudd, Carthew, and Lce.-Corpl. Bail, who have gone from amongst us since our last issue.

The last named made a gallant fight for it, and we several times hoped he was out of danger, but it was not to be.

The number of wreaths, crosses and flowers sent by the Officers' Mess, their companies, and individual friends, testify to the popularity of all these poor fellows.

We take this opportunity of expressing our heart-felt sympathy for their relations and friends in their sad bereavement.

... ...

Lieut. Annesley has left us for duty, at the Hill Depot at Dalhousie. It is needless to say that this officer, with his long string of ponies, will be a great loss to the station polo.

... ...

From what we hear, these Hill Depots appear to be rather a catch; racing, tennis, cricket, picnics, etc., being the only means of passing one's time.

... ...

There is a rumour afloat that the regiment is not going to the Camp of Exercise at Mean Mir next cold weather. If this be true it will give us a very good opportunity of thoroughly settling down after our long march, followed only too quickly by the hot weather, which always tends to upset the working order of a regiment. There are few things more trying to a regiment than an Indian summer, which necessitates so many of all ranks leaving head-quarters for the Convalescent Hill Depôts, and also increases the numbers in hospital.

... ...

For the benefit of our readers at home we must state that the monsoon has really broken at last. We expected it about the 15th of this month, but for some reason or other, Pluvius postponed his visit to Jullundur until the 24th, when the first really heavy downpour, lasting about 3 hours, fell at this station.

... ...

Capt. Heygate is hard at work getting the Race Course into order, and drawing up a programme of events for the Jullundur Race Meeting, which is to take place next September.

... ...

Lieuts. Hulke and Pearson had three days' good black buck shooting near Kapurtallah, about the middle of the month. The country having been disturbed two days previously by a pigsticking party, the buck were very wild and wary, and although numerous, only two good heads were bagged.

... ...

We see in Regimental Orders for the 29th June, the names of 104 N.C. Officers and men whose Army Service will expire during the next trooping season. In the list we note several good men whom the regiment can ill afford to lose, and whom it will be hard to replace. We think it a great pity these men do not extend their service, as England is already overstocked with unemployed.

... ...

The energetic Captain of the Regimental Football Club has very carefully appropriated the cricket ground for football. We believe the captain of the Cricket Club is, in consequence, at his wits ends to find a suitable piece of ground for his team. As possession is nine points of the law, and the football team consists of 15 players, it would be hardly judicious of the cricket eleven to try and evict the former.

... ...

The detachment of little Goorkhas, who are attached to us, are without doubt improving in their music under the able tuition of Sergts. Tozer and Edwards.

Judging from the constant practice (voluntary and compulsory) which keeps all the troops in barracks awake, morning, noon and evening, they are not wasting their time down here.

We hope on their return to Lansdowne their battalion will be quite satisfied with their new band.

... ...

The Dragon, always loyal, offers its congratulations on the approaching Royal Marriage.

We have been asked by several anxious Tommies, if it is true that a repetition of the Jubilee pardons for a certain class of men are to be given. We think the good soldier should get a chance this time, and would suggest that a small trifle of a couple of years' service be given to each man, who has not had a Regimental Entry for the last 5 years; those under 5 years' service to get, well, say a Regimental Entry, if they dont prolong their service.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published; any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee,

HOME BATTALION NEWS.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Dear Sir,

The month of May has seen the break up of the almost summer weather which had prevailed for two months, and which was plunging even Irish farmers into despair, regarding their crops. The oldest inhabitants of this favoured spot declare that, never, in their experience, had there been so little water to mix with their whiskey, and they were almost obliged to take it unadulterated.

Since the middle of the month, however, we have had plenty of heavy showers and high winds, which rejoiced the fishermen and partially cleaned the streets of this unsavoury little town.

Indeed, but for the river and lake, Athlone is a most undesirable quarter, and it is fortunate for the garrison that the noble river Shannon is so conveniently near, with its capabilities for boating and fishing; even the drill-field is two miles distant; the so called cricket ground is unplayable except in the driest weather, the roads are dusty or muddy, as the case may be, and uninteresting, and there is nothing to induce excursions in the surrounding country; in fact, it is a one-horse show all round, and a lame horse at that.

Having got rid of this grumble, I will now give the news of the month, prefacing it by an assurance of the welcome always accorded to each issue of the "Dragon" which is anxiously looked for every month.

Talking of "Dragons", I have lately received another kind of Dragon forming the head-piece of the "Men of Harlech" a regimental paper for the Welsh Regiment, the 2nd Battn. of which is now at Trimulgherry; the said Dragon has a family resemblance to ours, but has a double turn in his tail, which gives him a very ferocious aspect (from behind).

I believe when coloured heraldically he is red, so there is a further difference in the species.

On the 1st 2nd & 3rd of May were given, in the Recreation room, performances of "Uncles & Aunts" the cast of which appeared in last month's letter, but, in case it may have escaped any of your readers, I now repeat it.

UNCLES & AUNTS.

Henry Rawlins	Brothers, Uncles to Reginald.	Major Backhouse.
Robert Rawlins		Major Moody.
Reginald Rawlins		Capt. Vyvyan,
Fred Cureton	(his friend)	Mr. Godfrey Faussett,
Mr. Zedekiah Aspen	(A middle-aged Bachelor)	Lt.-Col. Kelly
Bates	(Butler to Mr. Rawlins)	Mr, Bainbridge.
Mary Marley	Cousins	Miss Evelyn Kelly,
Nelly Marley		Miss Ethel Kelly,
Mrs. Wade	(their Aunt)	Mrs. Vyvyan,
Miss Aurora Rawlins	(Aunt to Reginald)	Mrs. Backhouse,
Jane	(Mrs. Wade's Maid)	Miss Vera Forestier Walker,

The chief interest in this amusing piece is in the eccentricities of Zedekiah Aspen, who is induced by the two girls to assume the character of Henry Rawlins, in the latter's absence, and is thereby placed in various situations admirably calculated to display the talents of Col. Kelly, whose powers of comic acting are already well-known to many of our comrades in the 1st Battalion.

Roars of laughter and applause greeted his entrance in the first act and followed him throughout.

The other characters were ably filled, judging by the favourable comments of the audience, especially that of Miss Aurora Rawlins, who played up capitally to Aspen, and the manager, Lt.-Col, Kelly, is to be heartily congratulated on the success of the piece, chiefly due to his careful coaching and superintendence.

The stage was very prettily "dressed" and decorated and the string band of the Battalion whiled away the intervals between acts with a selection of popular music, under the energetic directions of Band-master Griffiths, who has already done much, since joining us, to improve the musical attainments of his charge.

In addition to the theatrical performance, several smoking concerts have taken place, to the satisfaction of crowded audiences, the last being a "benefit" performance for Pte, Warchus, who has been a constant and favourite performer, and whose departure to the Depot is a great loss to the "Variety" troupe.

The monthly record of sport must begin with the fishing, which is indulged in by all ranks, at all times, and with all kinds of appliances.

Owing to the continuous drought, trout fishing has been slack, even with the irresistible "Magfly" and Capt. McLachlan & Vertue, who went down for a week to Lough Derg, the paradise of "dapping," as the local fashion of manipulating the "greendrake" is called, had but a poor catch in return for much trouble. The perch is the main object of attention and several good catches have been made both with worm and live bait, a good many pike have also been taken, trolling and spinning, but with the exception of the coarser kinds of fish, there is very little sport to be obtained here with the rod at any time.

The cricket season has begun under the disadvantage alluded to previously, which interferes considerably with practice, but the first outside match was nevertheless won last week, being played against the Ranelagh College, Athlone,

Score as follows:—

THE BUFFS.

1st Innings.

Pte. Bowles	b Jefferies	24
" Garside	Flanna	0
Sergt.-Major Aherne	c Read b Adderley	29
Lieut. Price	b Jefferies	1
Capt. Vertue	c & b Harris	0
Pte, Byard	run out	0
" Hindmarsh	not out	17
Lieut. Geddes	c & b Adderley	2
Corpl. Waters	c & b Jefferies	0
Lieut. Bainbridge	b Jefferies	0
Sergt. Jones	c Garvey b Adderley	3
	Extras	3
		79

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RANELAGH COLLEGE.

1st Innings.

Mr. Jefferies	b Waters	5
,, Harris	c Waters b Garside	1
,, Garvey	b Price	5
,, Adderley	c Geddes b Waters	12
,, Reid	b Garside	18
,, Murtagh	b Garside	3
,, Wallace	c Price b Garside	0
,, Bull	b Garside	0
,, McDermott	b Garside	0
,, Batwell	not out	4
,, Flanna	b Garside	2
	Extras	4
		54

In a second innings The Buffs made 90 runs of which Pte. Bowles contributed 28, showing very good form in both innings. Pte. Garside's success as a bowler is also very creditable.

A match Sergeants v. Corporals played on the 12th May resulted in a victory for the former by 39 runs, scores, as follows:—

SERGEANTS.

Sergt. Jones	b Jones	14
,, Coleman	b Waters	1
Cr.-Sgt. Ongley	b Waters	1
Sergt. Mortimer	run out	1
Sgt.-Major Aherne	c Cook b Bailey	36
Sergt. Johnson	b Bailey	10
Lce.-Sgt. Johnson	b Bailey	3
Sergt. Copping	b Jones	0
Sergt. Webb	not out	1
Sergt. Smith	b Bailey	0
	Extras	14
		81

CORPORALS.

Corpl. Cook	b Jones	5
,, Robinson	b Jones	0
,, Bringle	b Jones	4
,, Waters	c & b Mortimer	12
,, Jones	l b w, b Mortimer	3
,, Hindmarsh	c Aherne b Mortimer	1
,, Bailey	c Coleman b Mortimer	3
,, Burden	b Jones	0
,, Attwood	b Mortimer	10
,, Rylott	c Aherne b Mortimer	3
,, Tester	not out	0
	Extras	1
		42

On the 23rd May a contest took place between "A" and "D" Companies. Result "D" Company 60. (Corpl. Waters 14. Sergt.-Major Aherne 18). "A Company 24 (of which 10 were extras!)—

A match is to be placed against Galway on the 31st, an account of which must stand over until next month.

The Galway Detachment ("G" Company) have played some matches, but I am sorry to say I have no details to send to you regarding them.

Lawn Tennis finds a few votaries here, and a tournament is now raging at the Garden Vale Club, where weekly meetings are held, tea being provided by the lady members, each in turn, and the band attending to enliven the proceedings.

The Regiment has been represented on the turf this month by Lieuts. Bainbridge and Price, the former winning a hunter's race at Moate, on the 7th May, on his horse Gamecock, the latter being second with Starlight. In a subsequent meeting at Ballinasloe, the same horses ran 2nd & 3rd respectively again, ridden by their owners.

An endeavour has been made to hunt otters, of which there are plenty in the neighbourhood, and a pack of 5½ couples of hounds has been got together for that purpose, but hitherto, though several good runs have been had on the "drag," the pack have failed to mark an otter down, owing chiefly to the fact, that all except three hounds have not been entered to that animal. It is hoped that patience and perseverance may be rewarded ere long by a find and kill, and, in the meantime, the morning's hunting gives a good opportunity for exercise to those who are sufficiently energetic to profit by it.

Boating is much indulged in by all here, and, though on account of the dangerous nature of the lake, it has been found necessary to issue stringent orders against the use of sailing boats by soldiers, there is still ample time in the long evenings to explore many of the beauties of Lough Nee, and the healthy exercise of rowing should do much to improve the physique of some of our youngsters.

Among the professional news of interest during May the following are the principal items:—

We have to congratulate our worthy Adjutant on his promotion to Captain, also Mr. Price on obtaining his lieutenancy.

Major Jackson proceeded to the Curragh on the 1st May, to take up the duties of Commandant Musketry Camp, during the present Musketry Season.

Major Moody is undergoing a two and a half months' course at Aldershot of instruction in the duties of the Army Service Corps.

Lieut. Vickerman has rejoined on completion of a garrison course and has taken over command of "D" Company.

Lieut. Bainbridge will shortly proceed to Aldershot for a signalling course.

2nd Lieut. Godfrey-Faussett has joined the detachment at Castlebar for duty.

Capt. Knight has been granted leave on medical certificate in extension from 1st June to 31st August 1893.

2nd Lieut. Pritchard joined the Battalion on the 26th inst.

The following N.-C. Officers and men have joined the Battalion since the 1st inst., viz.

From Netley—Sergt. Staunton, Pte. Cullen, Pte. Miller, (all from 1st Battalion),

From Canterbury—Color-Sergt. Ongley, Sergt. Graham, Pte. Barber and 24 recruits.

Transferred from Grenadier Guards—Pte. Inglis.

The undermentioned N.C.Os. and men have left during the same period.

To Depot—Sergt. Copping, Ptes. Fagg and Warchus.

To 3rd Battalion—Sergt. F. Wright.

To Army Reserve—Ptes. A. Harrison, E. Webb.

Discharged on completion of service—Corpl, Vaughan, Pte. Dudley.

Private Harrison is a great loss to the Regimental Football Team, and also to the Signallers.

Corporal Vaughan's services to the band will also be much missed.

Pte. Dudley was well-known to many of the 1st Battalion, he retires on a pension after 27 years' service.

Sergt. Tyrrell has extended his service with the colours to 12 years.

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The following appointments to Lance-Corpcral have been made.

Ptes. Pooley, LeFaun, Miles.

Corporal, F. Jones in charge of regimental signallers, has been appointed Lance Sergeant from the 22nd May.

The increase to the establishment of paid Lance-Corporals has been a piece of good news to many of that deserving and hard worked class,and we are glad to congratulate them on it.

Prospective news is plentiful.

Our Castlebar detachment is to rejoin head-quarters on the 9th June and that from Galway a fortnight later.

The Battalion is to march to the Curragh at the end of next month,and remain in camp until the end of August.

On the 6th June, Lord Wolseley is coming to inspect the garrison, seeing the R. A. in the morning and the Buffs in the afternoon,

Prepartions are in progress for the Military Tournament at Ball's Bridge in June; besides individual entries for various events, teams are being coached for the Bayonet Exercise, Physical Drill and Bayonet Fighting Competitions, and I hope I shall next month be able to give a good account of their performances.

Teams have also been entered for some of the Rifle competitions of the Army Rifle Association, but as there is no range available for the Lee Metford Rifle, in or near Athlone, we have to postpone all practices until we reach the Curragh. Your obedient Servant.

"Secundus."

The Editor of The Dragon

Dear Sir,

In the May issue of the "Dragon," I notice in your notes that it wants a dark horse of the draft to beat either Ptes. Else or Hasler. You must forget that we have a youngster in the Band that has beaten both of the above. He is no less person than Pte. Cooper (Sailor). He ran against Else in the C. N. V. Sports, in the quarter mile, and left him well in the rear. He has also run against Hasler several times, both in the Regiment and at Darjeeling and has beaten him easily each time. Since he (Cooper) started running last August, he has run in 14 races, of which he has won 7 first prizes, 6 seconds and 1 third. He won a silver ash tray in the C. N. V. Sports, the total of his other 13 prizes amounting to Rs 105. I have a strong suspicion that he will be Regimental Athlete this year.

ELLERSLEA

BHAGSU NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Sunday June 25th and my letter for the "Dragon" not begun! Just as well you sent a reminder in the shape of a deferred telegram.

Our correspondent in his last letter forgot to mention the most interesting event during the Queen's Birthday Parade 24th May It was the first time Master and Miss Holme experienced the trying ordeal of being under fire; they were as usual sitting on a wall overlooking our spacious parade, ground, but as soon as the "Feu de joie" commenced they joined hands, and bolted like hares to the Commanding Officer's quarters, doing the 100 yards in 10½ seconds, playing a higher class of music than the Detachment Bandmaster ever treats us to.

We had a very pleasant route march on the 5th of the month along a narrow path running parallel to a stream which supplies the 2-1 Gurkhas and ourselves with cooking water, about 4½ miles walking takes one to a ravine which is a mass of hard snow. On arriving at the snow we fell out and had a few minutes quiet snowballing,

Everyone had a shy at the "Acting Sergt.-Major" but hardly scored as he split open one of our very best cricket umpire's head with a lump of ice, ducked a few more by hurling trees in the water, and the Detachment Bandmaster was so overcome at the whole show that he fell in the iced water, luckily without his spectacles and silver plated cornet. Some men of the Detachment do not appreciate classical music, and are apt to make rude remarks about the Detachment's, band, when route marching, such as "No more" "Thats enough" "Lets have the rest to-morrow;" but the men who make these remarks are only those who have heard little really good music.

Since Capt. Holme and Mr. Trollope have given up reading the service, the attendance at church has palpably fallen off, we have a real live parson now and sometimes two.

We had lots of cricket and a match every Thursday till the rains broke.

The Subalterns played the world one Thursday and won by an innings and about 200 runs, so the world are of course longing for a return match.

To amuse ourselves in the rains we shall be playing foot-ball. The Officers of the Station are going to challenge the men of the Detachment at an early date. We also intend having some aquatic sports in the lake when Capt, Holme has caught all the fish; he caught five in one evening, I know. and none of us like swimming among sharks and whales.

The last Gymkhana came off June 17th. There were twelve entries for the mile race,but the course through error was about 1½ miles. The race resulted in a very close finish. for first place between Pte. Nicholson and Todd, the former just winning. Pte. Saddler was third. "Grinning through the Horse Collar" was judged by a committee of ladies. Pte. Todd 1st, Sergt. Else and Pte. Langley ('oney pot) equal 2nd. Everyone said Pte. Langley would have won easily if he had only not tried to make a face,but just put his head through wearing his every day smile. "Putting the Shot" Pte. Woods 1st, Corpl. Joy 2nd; distance 30 ft. which was very good and one foot short of the Gurkhas who practise every day. Our men have had no practice whatever.

Major D'Aguilar and Mr. Craven enlivened the Station by giving a very enjoyable dance in the Club and Colonel and Mrs, Rogers did the same in their own house.

We have concerts every Thursday fortnight in the Club, the last one which came off on the 22nd was a great success, owing a great deal to the Farce which concluded the programme. We had a crowded house and a fair sum was realized for the benefit of the Detachment Library.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1 Song	"A Soldier's Letter"	Pte. Foot.
2 "	"Old Maids and young Maids"	Pte. Padwick.
3 "	"The Children's Bower"	Mrs. Trollope.
4 "	"The Grass Widower"	Sergt. Else.
5 "	"The Soldier"	Pte. Higgs.
6 "	"Where did you get that Hat"	Pte. Burgess.
7 "	"Tit for Tat"	Miss Todd.
8 "	"You should see them go"	Pte. Mercer.
9 "	"Pull the String"	Pte. Blake
10 "	"Father O'Flynn"	Dr. Smith.
11 "	"Kate O'Connor"	Lce.-Copl. Foreman.
12 "	"The City Road Militia"	Pte. Burgess, Pte. Padwick.

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Part II.

1	Song	"Boys of the Old School"	Sergt. Else.
2	"	"Comrades"	Pte. Clarke.
3	"	"Monte Carlo" (parody)	Pte. Higgs.
4	"	"Next Sunday Morn"	Pte. Padwick.
5	"	"Get your hair cut"	Pte Burgess.

(Songs of Mrs. Trollope, Miss Todd, Ptes. Burgess, Padwick and Higgs were encored.);

FARCE.

"The Area Belle."

"Penelope" (a servant girl)	Mrs. Lang
"Mrs. Croker,"	Miss Martin.
"Tosser" (Pte. of The Buffs)	Capt. Holme.
"Pitcher" (PC. X Y Z)	Capt. Ommanney.
"Chalks" (milk man)	Lieut. Craven.

The actors in the farce were all quite perfect. Mrs, Lang made a first rate slavey and acted her part exquisitely. Miss Martin looked quite the wrong side of fifty and did the exacting lady of the house to perfection.

Capt. Ommanney quite reminded one of a crowded crossing in London.

Chalks had not much to say but looked the more.

The Detachment were unanimous in declaring Capt. Holme a typical old soldier, he was just as handy with a leg of mutton and jug of beer, which he kept mostly to himself, as he was with his belt (which he was not so inclined to keep to himself.)

We hear more theatricals are likely to come off very shortly, and every one is thinking out a programme for a Dharmsala week. to come off in September, when we expect a cricket eleven over from Dalhousie.

Yours faithfully
"C"

DALHOUSIE NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor.

Since I last wrote to you I regret to say that very little has occurred up here that would prove of interest to you.

It is true that Dalhousie has just had it week's outing.

I allude to its one yearly "bust" at Kajiar. Sounds of revelry were heard both by day and night, but as a full account has, I believe, appeared in all the papers, I will refrain my pen even from good words, though it is pain and grief to me, as it leaves me very little else to write about. Mr. Swetenham's pony Jemina, though she won on the third day, did not quite realise our fond hopes, in fact, tell it not in Gath, rumour has it, she sold some of the Buffs up here rather a pup. the remainder of the Regtl. string, from one cause or another, though the riders thereof where weighed in the balances, were found wanting. And now for that good old topic the weather "The rain it raineth every day." On the tops of the Mankote tents, fine promising beds of young mushrooms may be seen, The personal Items are: Major General Viscount Frankfort, Commanding Lahore District, arrived here last week, and all of us who knew him in Calcutta are pleased to see how fit he looks. Amongst other arrivals of note we must not omit that of the Regimental Gaffer, Captain Lloyd's, who, we have heard, is already contemplating the production of one burlesque ("Bluebeard" of course), two operettas, three comedies and a Cafe Chantant, not forgetting a dancing and violin class. Another piece of news, which I am sure will be a welcome one to all our Jullundur friends, is that Mrs Shearer has turned the corner, and is well on the mend after a serious relapse, and we all hope to see her out soon. Now Mr. Editor "Bus" likewise "salaam" from, Your's ever.

The Buffkins.

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

We are still anxiously waiting the decision as to where we are to be quartered on vacating these barracks next month.

Bandmaster Birkhead has been found fit for further duty and granted a furlough until 31st August next, after which date he is to be prepared to rejoin his battalion.

Sergt. Graham and 24 recruits proceeded to join the Home Battalion on 23rd inst. Sergt. Graham has been relieved at Depot by Sergeant Copping.

Color-Sergt. Barton has completed his tour of duty at Depot, and will rejoin his battalion in a few days, he is to be relieved by Color-Sergt. (Jumbo) Wright.

No, 3682 Pte. J. Hilliear, who deserted from Calcutta, has been discharged the service for misconduct,

The undermentioned men have been discharged at Netley, medically unfit for further service.

No. 3926	Pte.	W. Browning	pension	not yet received.
" 3267	"	J. Crouch	"	6d. 18 months final.
" 1657	"	R. Keightley	"	7d, 12 months final.
" 2611	"	T. Swendell	"	6d. 12 months final.
" 2894	"	G. W. Willis	"	rejected.
" 3030	"	H. Hall	"	rejected.
" 3733	"	J. Kilroy	"	rejected.

The 3rd Battalion completed their annual training, returned to this station, and were dismissed to their homes on 27th May.

Owing to Colonel Kerr being absent at the manœuvres in Ashdown Forest, their annual inspection was carried out by Lieut.-Colonel Montgomery, Commanding the Provisional Battalion at Shorncliffe.

This was Colonel Howell's last year of command as he will be retired in September next on attaining the age of 62,

Lieut. W, Rayden acted as Musketry Instructor to the 3rd Battalion again this year,

The 1st & 2nd Volunteer Battalion The Buffs, were inspected by Colonel W. F. Kerr, at camp, St Johns, Crowborough, on 26th May, after the manœuvres, and the following day the camp was broken up, and the members returned to their homes.

Lieut. R. H. D'Aeth, joined the class at the School of Musketry Hythe, which commenced on 30th May.

"A" and "D" Companies of the Depôt, under command of Capt. H. Blackburn, have been undergoing their annual course of Musketry with the Lee-Metford Rifle at Dymchurch; they returned to-day, 7th June, and "B" and "C" Companies, under command of Major Gordon. have left here for a like purpose.

Sergts. Hemsworth and Austin, have been promoted Color-Sergts. on the Permanent Staff, 3rd Battalion.

No. 1911 Ptes. S. Carrol, and 2243 J, McGinnell, arrived at Netley ex Malabar, on 3rd May.

Militia Sergt.-Major J. Bennell has been awarded a First Class Certificate of Education.

Yours faithfully
"Old Buff."

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A Vision of the Night.

WE live in a humble way, and have but one spare room to offer to our guests. It was occupied by my wife's father, and when my sister arrived unexpectedly, there was nothing for it but that I should turn out, and, leaving the bedroom to her and my wife, make shift on the large sofa in the drawing-room. There, after a long hour's tossing, I fell asleep; and thence, some little while after, I fell off with a thud, waking my wife, who rushed in in great alarm, to find me dazedly sprawling on the floor. Whereupon, it being three o'clock on a summer's morning, I, having had enough and to spare of that sofa, dressed myself and went for a walk. That is what happened, *teste* my wife—an unimpeachable witness. But this is what seemed to happen just before she found me sprawling.

"I was lying on the top of a high hill, musing on the changes and chances of my life, recalling the faces of the women I had loved, and the roar of the battles I had fought. Suddenly the ground gave way under me and I fell, gently yet swiftly, a great distance. A grassy mound received me unhurt, and I sprang to my feet and looked around on a fair plain, and, only a mile away, a stately city; and near me I saw my old friend Colonel Croft, who lived just over the way.

He was clad in a splendid uniform; a girl gave him wine to drink, and another burnished his sword (it was the old sword that hung in his little room). Presently there was a sound of trumpets, and a tramp of thousands of feet, and a great army came, saluting the Colonel and cheering. Over against the horizon I saw now another army, coming quickly nearer, bent on beleaguering the city. They brought his charger to the Colonel and, mounting, he set himself at the head of his array and led the way to battle. His eye gleamed, and he shouted hoarsely in his frenzy. All day long, from my grassy mound, I watched the battle raging in the plain outside the city, and marked the Colonel doing mighty deeds; and in the evening the enemy was routed and fled headlong, amid great slaughter. And I, finding myself in the city, saw the lofty gates open, and the Colonel ride in, his sword still red in his weary hand, answering the mighty acclaim of the people with a stiff salute. He rode on till he came to a palace, and I followed, mingling with the gaily clad crowd that flung roses at him, and chanted his praises. Before the palace gates there stood a beautiful Queen, and she came to meet him as he dismounted, and would have knelt, seizing his hand to kiss, and giving him thanks for the deliverance he had wrought; and the Queen's face was the face of the woman whose picture I had seen over the mantelpiece in the Colonel's little room. A cry went up from the people; and, before them all, a priest came out and wedded the Queen to her victorious champion, and they two turned and were hidden from me in the palace. And the people and the city and the army melted from my sight."

When I returned from my early walk I found a summons from the Colonel awaiting me, and, after breakfast, I walked across to his rooms.

The picture was over the mantelpiece, and the old sword, polished bright, hung below it. The Colonel was in sad plight; the gout that had long harassed his outworks (and he pointed with a faint smile to his foot) was hard on its way to vital parts; he had no strength to fight it, and his span of life was contracted to a week—so the doctor told him. I pressed his hand, and he looked wistfully at me.

"Ah, if I had had a life like yours, Tom," he said, "I should go in peace. If my sword were dented, and your medals on my breast, and the woman I loved near to smoothe my pillow, I would go in peace. But look at that old sword of mine! For forty years, day and night, have I longed to draw it; thirty years a soldier, never have I seen an enemy. And my heart broke with the weary waiting. It is ready now, as sharp and as bright as ever, but I shall never use it. A carpet-knight I have been Tom—I, that would any day have given my life for one good fight. But drill! drill! drill! Never a fight!" He paused an instant and went on—

"And that girl there! It's five-and-twenty years since I saw her last; since she turned from

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me with a sad smile, and put her hand in another man's and passed out of my life. Since then I have not known love or what it is to be loved; neither home nor children have been mine." And he stopped short—I think, because he could not go on. Then to change the current of his thoughts, or from some other impulse, I told him my last night's dream. He laughed, and swore petulantly at such heathenish nonsense; but his dim eye sparkled again, and the fingers of his sword-arm worked as he clasped his hand.

I rose and brought him the old sword, laying it on the table by him, near his Bible. He unsheathed it and let his hand rest on it. I think he pushed the Bible a little on one side, and then hurriedly drew it near again. His look was still wistful, and I took down the picture and set it up on a chair near him, so that he could lay his left hand on it; and he held the sword in his hand and looked at the picture; but when he saw me looking he would change and draw the Bible nearer and mutter again, with a smile of apology, "Heathenish nonsense, Tom! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

At last I said good-bye, taking from him a few instructions: for, but for me, he had no one to carry out what he wished. There was enough to bury him, he said, and to pay everybody.

"But nothing for you, "Tom," he added, regretfully; "unless you care for the old sword and—but you won't care for the picture."

"No" said I. "The picture shall lie by you —and the sword, too. Why, Colonel, you may want it."

He shook his head reproachfully again, with that longing, shamefaced, eager smile. So I left him, with his Bible, his sword, and his picture; the last I saw was his left hand on the picture and his right hovering doubtfully between the Bible and the sword.

A week later we buried him with his picture and his sword, and I put in the Bible too.

I suppose the Colonel never led that great army to triumph, or wedded that beautiful Queen. It was, indeed, a heathenish hereafter my wayward dream imagined for him. And yet—how the poor old Colonel would have liked it!—

Theatricals.

We must congratulate Captain Lloyd on the success of his Variety and Burlesque entertainment, which took place in the Regimental Theatre on Friday and Saturday, June 2nd and 3rd, and which was witnessed by large and appreciative audiences on both nights. The programme was divided into two parts, the first half consisting of comic songs, the second being the well known burlesque "The Rose of Stinging Nettle Farm."

On the whole the singing was not quite up to form, but this is partly accounted for by the fact that it is extremely hard to make oneself heard from the stage of the Regimental Theatre. Lce.-Corpl. Lever sang very well; he was more distinct than the rest, and has quite mastered the regulation Music Hall "walk round." His singing was very popular and he was loudly encored. Sergeant Tomlin was good but rather hard to hear, whilst the evergreen Sergeant Eaton, who is always amusing, acquitted himself well, in what must be a very difficult song to sing.

The Burlesque was very good all through, and everyone acted extremely well, from the leading characters, represented by Mrs Laing, Capt. Lloyd, and Sergeant Eaton, down to Sergeant Winstanley, who applied himself with great diligence to the contents of a canteen pot in a remote corner of the stage. Mrs Laing did her part wonderfully well, her acting throughout was very graceful, her voice very distinct, and her manner much more that of an old stager than that of a debutante. Captain Lloyd as the villain of the piece was capital, and Sergt Eaton, by his clever rendering of Bill Hugly, continually brought down the house. A duet by Mrs. Laing and Pte. Sheppard was beautifully sung.

The ladies of the chorus were very becomingly dressed, and one and all looked charming.

The scenery was good, noticeable features being the "Tree under which lies the remains of my poor old grandmother" and the Village Church.

Especially, considering that this was a first venture, the result was marvellous and reflects the

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greatest credit on those who have worked it up, and taken so much trouble for our amusement.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1.	Song,	"Circus Rider"	Capt. Lloyd.
2.	,,	"I'm not in the Vein"	Sergt. Eaton.
3.	,,	"I'm Another"	Pte, Sheppard.
4,	,,	"Luxuries"	Sergt. Eaton.
5.	,,		Lce.-Cpl. Lever.

PART II.

The Rosebud of Stinging Nettle Farm.

Gaffer Turmutfield		Sergt. Laing.
Squire Slapdash	(roue, gambler & libertine)	Capt. Lloyd.
Bill Hugly	(His Creature)	Sergt. Eaton.
Giles Furrow	(Virtuous Peasant)	Pte. Shepherd.
Rose Turmutfield	(The Rosebud)	Mrs Laing.

Peasants—Mesdames—Gorin, Winstanley, Edwards & Miss Hammond.

Messieurs—Ward, Cooper, Winstanley & Smith.

Scene—A Cornfield.

Regimental Minstrel Troupe

A very good performance was given by the above Minstrel Company in the Regimental Theatre on Friday, June 9th. The proceedings were under the auspices of Sergt. Tozer, who is to be congratulated on the result. The performance opened with a capital overture by the Band which was very well received. The songs that struck us as being the best during the evening, were "The Coon with the Big Top Knot" by Capt. Lloyd. "I'll wander back again" by Lce.-Cpl. Ward. "Climb up ye Little Chillun, Climb" by Pte. Hasler and "The Grass Widower" by the champion Gaffer. Lce.-Corpl. Ward was again to the fore with a very good Banjo Solo.

We may conclude by saying that all the songs were very well rendered, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all who witnessed the performance.

PROGRAMME.

PART I,

Overture	"The Darkie's Dream"	Band
Opening Chorus	"We come from the Hills"	Troupe.
Song Sentimental	"Only to see Thee Again",	Shepherd.
,, Comic	"The Coon with the Big Top Knot"	Bones,
,, ,,	"Four Little Coons"	Cooper,
,, Sentimental	"I'll wander Back Again"	Ward.
,, Comic	"Climb up ye Little Children, Climb"	James.
,, ,,	"Up dar in de Sky"	Skin.
,, ,,	"But it is so"	Tambo..
Closing Chorus	"The Mountains of the Moon"	Troupe

PART II,

(1)	Song	"The Rowdy Dowdy Boys"	Pte, Hasler,
(2)	,,	"The Dhobie Man"	Capt. Lloyd,
(3)	Banio Solo (with Piano accompaniment)		Lce.-Cpl. Ward
(4)	Song	"Oh my Tooth"	Pte. Paramor,
(5)	,,	"The Grass Widower"	Sergt. Eaton,
(6)	,,	"Our "Armonic Club"	Sergt. Tomlin.

SKETCH.

"God Save The Queen."

RUGBY.

OFFCERS *V* SERGEANTS.

The Football season of 1893 was opened with this time honoured institution on Monday June 19th.

The match was played before a large and fashionable gathering, including nearly all the rank and fashion of Jullundur, and almost the whole regiment turned out in honour of the occasion. There was also a coach upon the ground. (Only Captain Heygate breaking in some of his pig-stickers to harness, but no matter). In spite of the adamantine nature of the ground, and the great heat, a very good and exciting game ensued, and when the referee's whistle put a stop to the game the call was "Honours easy." The Officers being unable to raise more than 12 representatives, they were accommodated with efficient substitutes, in the persons of Sergt. Major Featherstone, Q.-M. Sergt. Nicholas and O. R. Sergt. Gorin.

At about 6-30 p.m. Mr. Bell, kicked off for the officers, who starting with more dash than the Sergeants soon carried the ball close to their adversaries' goal line, and were nearly in on one or two occasions, a good rush by the Sergeants in which Sergts. Crumby and Revell were conspicuous, however, soon relieved their side, and for a few minutes the play was carried on in neutral territory. Shortly before half time weak play by the Officers' backs, and a good dribble by Sergt. Smith resulted in a try for the Sergeants close to the touch line. Sergt. Smith was entrusted with the place kick, but he failing to elevate the leather, the try was not improved upon. After a welcome interval and a general onslaught upon the harmless "Nimbo" the ball was again set in motion by Sergt. Crumby. The Officers, who appeard to last better than the Sergeants, had rather the best of

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the second half of the game, and after about 5 minutes' play, Mr. Bell, who worked very hard throughout, getting the ball from Mr. Adamson, ran in and planted the ball well behind the Sergeants' goal-post. Mr. Cobbe took the place-kick, which was an easy one, but just failed to score the major point, the ball going just outside the left upright.

Nothing further resulted, and a capital game thus resulted in a draw, one try all.

For the Officers, Messrs Bell, Hulke, and Trevor played a very good game forward, whilst Messrs Porter and Cobbe played well behind. The former showed very promising form and will be a great acquisition to the regimental team. Mr. Cumber at back also performed creditably.

For the Sergeants, Sergts. Smith and Cork, and Lce.-Sergts. Crumby, Smith and Revell, all did good work

OFFICERS' TEAM,

Mr. Cumber, (Back)	
Mr. Cobbe,	¾ Backs.
„ Perkins,	¾ Backs.
Sergt-Major Featherstone,	¾ Backs.
Mr. Adamsom,	½ Backs.
„ Porter,	½ Backs.
Capt. Brine, Messrs. Bell (Capt.) Hulke, Hasler, Pearson, McDouall and Trevor, Q.-M. Sgt. Nicholas, O. R. Sergt. Gorin.	Forwards.

SERGEANTS' TEAM.

Sergt. Veitch (Back.)	
Color-Sergt. Cork	¾ Backs.
Sergt. Eaton	¾ Backs.
Lance.-Sergt. Smith	¾ Backs.
Sergt. Patten	½ Backs
Sergt. Smith	½ Backs
Mr. Steele	Forwards.
Color.-Sergt. Peters	Forwards.
Sergt. Crumby	Forwards.
„ Jones	Forwards.
„ Kent.	Forwards.
„ Cox	Forwards.
„ Revell	Forwards.
„ Carnell	Forwards.
„ Locke.	Forwards.

THE CORPORALS *V* THE REGIMENT.

The above match (the second of the season,) was played on June 21st and resulted after a very good game in a win for the Regiment by a try to nil. The result was a surprise to a good many as it had been anticipated generally that the Regiment would have a far easier win.

The Regiment won the toss and Sergeant Crumby selected to defend the goal nearest the range. The ball was kicked off by the Corpls, but well returned into touch near the halfway flag by Sergt. Smith, and series of scrimmages ensued, as a result of which the ball was gradually worked down towards the Corpls'. goal line.

Corpl. Marshall however now came to the rescue and a good run and punt by him relieved the pressure somewhat. The Regimental forwards were, however ,too strong and once more the ball came dangerously near the Corpls'. line. The backs of the Corporals were playing an exceedingly good uphill game and despite all the efforts of the Regiment, when half time was called nothing had been scored.

The second half time was almost exactly like the first; a series of hard scrimmages in which the regiment had considerably the best of it.

We must not omit, however to mention a very brilliant drop kick at goal by Pte. Adsley from a free kick nearly at the half way flag. The kick was a grand one and only just fell short of the crossbar. Just before time was called Sergt. Revell, by a neat dribble got over the Corporal's line and secured a try which. however, was not improved on, the match being ended as stated above. Great credit is due to the Corporals for their plucky play. Corpl. Manning and Marshall did well behind, Lce.-Corpl. Lacey played a most brilliant forward game, and, if he keeps fit, should be an acquisition to our Regimental Team.

A word of praise too is due to Corpl. Collins, who with pains has the makings of a very nice halfback.

For the Regiment, excellent work behind the scrimmage was done by Mr. Porter and Lance-Sergt. Smith. They both (and particularly Mr. Porter) play an exceedingly pretty as well as effective ½ back game.

The forwards, headed by Sergt. Crumby, all played so well that it would be impossible to put one in front of another:—

SIDES.

Regt. Pte. Adsley (back) Wickens Else Wherle (¾ backs) Lce.-Sergt. Smith and 2nd Lieut. Porter (½ back) Sergts. Crumby and Revell, Ptes. Saunders Collard, Beer, Parker, Barrett, 2nd Lieut. Adamson and 2nd Lieut. Perkins, (forwards).

Corpls. Manning (back) Marshall Wilson Dillon, (¾ backs), Gray, Collins, (½ backs), Wall Lacey Durrant, Smith, Thorne, Matthews, Mc Kenzie, Hedges. (forwards)

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Regimental Items.

No. 1857, Bandmaster C. S. Birkhead, having been reported fit, His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief has been pleased to grant him a furlough to 1st September next, on or about which date he must be prepared to embark for India to rejoin the Battalion.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointment.

To be Lance-Corporal.

No. 1503, Drummer W. Papworth.

The undermentioned men were awarded swimming certificates on the 14th instant:—

No. 2767, Private H. Abery.
" 3521, " T. Lees.
" 3132, Drummer, C. Brown.
" 3039, Private C. Fox.
" 2892, " A. Berry
" 3102, " J, Shircore,
" 3189, " A. Collins.

No. 1715, Lance-Sergeant G. Leek, passed the professional examination for promotion to the rank of Sergeant, at an examination held at Dalhousie on the 2nd instant.

No. 1101, Lance-Corpl. W. E. Davis, having been transferred to the Unattached List, for employment in the Office of the Adjutant General in India, with effect from the 30th March 1893, he is struck off the effective strength of the Battalion, from that date accordingly.

No. 342, Sergeant R. Golds, has been permitted to re-engage for such further period as will make up a total continuous service of 21 years with the Colours.

His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief has been pleased to assent to the undermentioned man being permitted to continue in Her Majesty's Service beyond 21 years, in accordance with Section 85, Army Act 1881.

No 1241, Private Henry McStea.

No. 3531, Boy T, A. Lees, having attained 18 years of age on the 1st June 1893, he will draw the pay, and rank as a Private with effect from that date accordingly.

Private A. E. Davison, having been transferred from the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, with effect from the 31st May 1893, he is taken on the strength of the Battn. from the 1st June inclusive, and posted for duty to "E" Coy.

The undermentioned men are granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names:—

		"A" Company.		
3085	Pte. C. Slender,	Granted	1d.	8-5-93.
		"B" Company.		
2310	Pte. J. Campbell,	Restored	1d.	21-1-93
3531	" T. A. Lees,	granted	1d.	1-4-93
		"C" Company.		
2234	Lce.-Cpl. A Avery	granted	2d.	4-3-93
3412	Pte. T. W. Mercer,	granted	1d,	17-2-93
950	" J. Reynolds,	Restored	1d.	3-6-93
907	" W. Sheen,	granted	2d,	26-5-93
3370	" W. Stanford,	Granted	1d.	12-1-93
		"D" Company.		
2282	Lce.-Cpl. J. Page,	granted	2d.	9-6-93
3140	Pte. E. Worcester,	granted	1d.	9-6-93
3451	" F. McKenny,	restored	1d.	14-6-93
2955	" G. Johnson,	granted	1d.	17-10-92
		"E" Company.		
2286	Dr. F. Cox,	granted	2d.	14-6-93
		"G" Company.		
1396	Lce.-Cpl. D. Revell,	granted	1d.	4-6-93
3497	Pte. J. Keen,	"	1d.	12-5-93
		"H" Company.		
2089	Pte. H. Geddes,	resumes	2d.	17-6-93

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regimental Papers:—

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.
The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W. K. Regt.
The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.
The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers
The 5 & 9, The Lilywhites Gazette;—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.
The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.
The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment
The Army Service Corps Journal.
I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.
The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers:
The Tiger and Sphinx;—Gordon Highlanders.
The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.
The Thistle.—2nd Bn. The Royal Scots.
The 16th Lancers Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers
The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.
St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

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SIMLA.

From our Lady Correspondent.

Dear Mr Editor,

You see I have not forgotten to write, as I promised last month, in spite of Simla and its many attractions. Rather nice of me, is'nt it ? But I'm nothing if not obliging.

I have been so glad to hear that the weather at Jullundur has been temperate. When I left, at the beginning of May, it was getting very hot. The tonga ride up from Kalka was most tiring, after a long night in the train. I am dreading the journey down again! However, one cannot help enjoying the splendid scenery and fresh air. The tongas get along very well, and the jolting is nothing when you're used to it. I am thinking of bringing out a "Tonga polka," I think the rattle would sound very well in a dance. Looking ahead one sees the next bend miles and miles away; and behind you, the roads seems like a mere scratch along the mountain side, and the giddy span of—hullo! I'm getting very poetical. I must stop this, or my next effusion will be in verse.

I have had a very jolly time up here so far. The rains now spoil most of the outdoor amusements, but we had plenty of fun in May. I have met several people who know Jullundur well, besides those who have come up lately. Everybody agrees what a nice little station it is

One lady was not very complimentary—she remarked that it was such a sweet place "So easy to get away from, you know!" Rather a backhanded compliment, eh?

I suppose Jullundur is looking very pretty now with all the rain you have had. I hear that Mrs. White and Mrs. Annesley have gone, which reduces the number of the fair sex to very small proportions. And I suppose there are not many men either. You might call it the "Deserted Cantonment" and write a poem beginning "Sweet 'Lundur, loveliest station in the plains." You could bring in something about the Padre "passing rich on forty dibs a month!" It may not be true—that's nothing so long as it scans. Dear, dear! how frivolous this all is!

Colonel and Mrs. Neville have gone to Kashmir, and are now doubtless gazing on the snows towards Gilgit from Gulmarg. The Colonel has got some very high appointment, Grand Vizier, or something like that. I daresay you know exactly what it is. I hope it will suit him.

Another officer, of the young and sporting type, has retreated to Jullundur. He had a pony and an eye-glass.

There has been a craze here for school dinners. My husband went to one the other day, when there was a large gathering of old school fellows. He only knew one of them personally, who used to pull his boots off after football: I don't think he derived much satisfaction from it—especially as the former fag is a much more important person now than he is. That's the sort of see-saw that goes on in this magic lantern kind of life.

I must stop moralising, and wish you all possible health, wealth and happiness.

Yours occasionally
"JOSEPHINE."

Pig-sticking from Jullundur.

ON Wednesday and Thursday, June 14th and 15th, a party from Jullundur, composed of Capt, Heygate R.A., and Messrs, Brandreth 13th B. L., Hughes 14th B. L. and Hasler, The Buffs, had two capital days pigsticking from Sultanpur, about 14 miles beyond Kapurthala. Owing to the kindness and courtesy of Sirdar Bhagit Singh, who is at the head of affairs in Kapurthala during the absence of the Maharajah and his agent in England, they were provided with elephants and shikaris. The first day the Dullah jungle was beaten, but although it was reported to be full of pig, and evident signs of the scaly ones were noticed on all sides, only 4 runs were obtained and 3 boars killed. The reason of this was that there was a patch of very high and thick "Nur" grass from which it was absolutely impossible to oust the wily *soor*.

Two or three times the line of elephants, accompanied by 100 coolies, shouting, beating tom-toms, etc., advanced through this patch, but all to no purpose, as the pigs broke back through the line, and declined to show themselves outside.

Capt. Heygate got a nasty fall, but luckily without damage to himself or horse; he and Mr. Hughes were, however, each unlucky enough to lame a horse during the day.

On the second day the meet was at the Alupur jungle, a large tract of grass intersected by deep nullahs full of grass from 5 to 6 feet high. Pig were plentiful here, and 6 fine bores were killed in the half-day's sport. Everyone of these boars gave a long and exciting run and fought like demons, one in particular, a magnificent old boar taking about ¼ an hour before he was finally despatched. The going was good on the whole, but it was very hard to keep on to the pig in the deep grass nullahs, and had it not been for the presence of that master of the art, Capt. Heygate, the bag would probably have been a small one. Messrs. Brandreth, and Hasler each "took a roll" but no damage was done.

The drawback to pigsticking from Jullundur

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is, that there is not enough of it to make it worth while to keep pigstickers, and although what there is, is very good, it is very rarely that one gets a chance like that described above.

J. H.

A TALE OF A TAIL.

—o-:-o—

"Yer p'raps wouldn't think it, sir, but that 'ere dorg was wonst the means o' savin, my life. Yes, sir, it's a fact, I assure yer, It 'appened this way. I was a private in the —foot. If yer remembers, sir, in 18—we was called out to—.My; but it was a fearful campaign. that, sir, an' no mistake! When I remembers the 'ardships we undergone—but there: I was a-tellin' yer about the dorg. Well, there come a time when no supplies was to 'and. They was months be'ind their time, an'we was spun up—spun up tooth an'nail, sir; all a starvin' an'a famishin,' with ne'er a bite nor a crust to eat. Ah; them was sad times, sir, awful times," and here the old warrior wiped a tear out of his eye.

The recollection was evidently too much for him, and it was some moments before he collected himself sufficiently to resume his story. At length he continued; "As I was a-sayin,' sir we was completely done up, so far as wittles was consarned, with nothin' but death a-starin us in the face. Well, sir, Sailor 'ere (pointing to the dog at his feet), ee sat as ee mought be a-sittin' this werry minit, when a idea strikes me like a flash o' lightnin', 'Sailor,' says I, 'me an' thee'll 'ave a square meal to-day, chus'ow, if we never 'as another.' An Sailor, ee wags ee's tail, assentin' like, so to speak. But it was the werry last wag it ever wagged, sir, as just then I ups with 'im, an' cuts it orf right up to the root; aye, a'most afore ee knowed where ee was. Well, sir, I set to, an skins that dogs's tail, an' worries every mossel o' flesh from orf it, raw as it was, sir. An'don't yer think as 'ow it worn't nice; aye, as nice a tit-bit, to my thinkin' as I'se a-tasted this forty year an'more. 'But what about the dorg's meal,' yer say; Oh, ee didn't go short, sir, yew bet; did yer Sailor, ole boy? Not 'im, indeed! No, sir; Sailor 'ere, ee come in fur the bones, An' yer should a seen 'im relish 'em! Lor it 'ud a done yer'eart good to a watched the way that dog finished ee's own tail.

Talk about cannibalism! It wern't in it with 'im. 'Ow did I get on arter that?' Oh, the rashuns comes up the werry next day; so yer see, sir, with the least bit o' luck, sailor 'ere mought a been a-carrying' of ee's tail this werry minit, Not that ee cares, poor chap, nor me either, fur that matter, though ee do look a trifle bare without it, to be sure." And, as the veteran finished his tale, he chuckled to himself, while he patted his tailless companion affectionately on the head.

I gave the old man a shilling, and was about to turn away, when the following query suggested itself: "Pray what age is your dog?" I enquired. "Ee'll be ten come next spring." replied the old fellow, unsuspiciously. I smiled a big smile, and bade him "good day." "Ten years old next spring time, and yet he lost his tail forty years ago! What a wee little tail it must have been at that time, to be sure. No wonder the old buffer ate it raw. Truly, "mused I, "the imagination of man is a fearful and a wonderful thing, especially when possessed by that slyest of sly old dogs, the old soldier,"

1st Battn. The Buffs.

Price List of Necessaries for the Year ending 31st March 1894.

Articles	Amount to be charged to Soldier.		
	Rs.	A.	P.
Badges, Glengarry Caps		1	4
Bags, Kit	1	3	0
Blacking Tins		1	4
Boots pairs	9	3	0
Braces, pairs		10	3
Brushes { Brass		6	7
Brushes { Cloth		11	6
Brushes { Shaving		2	9
Brushes { Blacking		4	3
Brushes { Polishing		8	6
Caps, Glengarry, Sergts.		15	1
" " R. & F.		12	
Combs		1	11
Forks		2	4
Holdalls		4	9
Holders, Button, Brass			10
Knives		3	
Mitts, pairs		9	3
Mess Tins		9	7
" Covers		5	4
Razors		5	4
Shirts, Flannel Grey	3	2	7
" " Blue	3	0	7
Socks, Worsted, pairs,		9	
Sponges		9	6
Spoons		2	7
Flannel White per yard,		10	8
Flannel Grey "		12	4
" Blue "		10	5

Lieut.-Colonel Sir Herbert Perrott and the officers of the 3rd Battn The Buffs (East Kent Regiment) entertained their Lieut-colonel Commandant, Colonel H. T. Howell, at a complimentary banquet on May 23rd at their mess at Shorncliffe Camp, the occasion being the approaching retirement, under the age clause, after more than thirty-eight years' service, and nearly seventeen as lieut-colonel. The 23rd, being Colonel Howell's birthday, the officers took advantage of the opportunity to present him with a very handsome massive silver loving cup suitably inscribed, surmounted by the White Horse of Kent. In proposing Colonel Howell's health, Sir Herbert Perrott referred in very feeling terms to the great regret experienced by all ranks at losing their very popular and esteemed commanding officer, and in reply, Colonel Howell, who spoke with evident emotion thanked the officers very cordially for their appropriate gift, and alluded to the years he had passed in the regiment as the happiest in his life.

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ODDS & ENDS.

A strange incident occurred in a cricket match played at Trincomallee, the other day. Gunner Quinlin was in the out field, when a ball was hit up high in the air towards him.

He ran back to catch it, but could not quite get under it. He just managed, however, to reach it, and then a strange thing happened.

The ball hit him fair on the top of the helmet (a regulation one) and instead of bouncing off, went right through, resting on the man's head inside, and also flattening the helmet somewhat over his ears. The umpire gave the player out.

Lieutenant Bigge, R. E., who reported the incident to the 'Pioneer', asks whether the umpire's decision was a correct one.

So efficacious is a cheerful state of mind from the more healthful nervous influence which it diffuses through the frame, that suprising recoveries occasionally happen, which can be ascribed to no other cause than this.

A remarkable instance occurred during the siege of Breda in 1625. When the garrison was on the point of surrendering from the ravages of scurvy, a few vials of sham medicine, introduced by the Prince of Orange's orders as the most valuable and infallible specific, and given in drops as such, produced astonishing effects. Such as had not moved their limbs for months before, were seen walking in the streets sound, straight, and whole, and many, who declared they had been rendered worse by all former remedies, recovered in a few days, to their inexpressible joy.

The advance guard—A betrothal ring.

A Boy was asked the difference between a fort and a fortress. He nicely defined them :" A fort is a place to put men in, and a fortress a place to put women in."

On being asked what the chief end of man was, another boy, without any hesitation, said: "The end what's got his head on."

MEN IN 4000 A. D.

A French statistician, who has been studying the military and other records, has found that in 1610 the average height of men in Europe was 5ft. 9in. ; that in 1790 it was 5ft 6in. ; in 1820 it was 5ft. 5in. and a fraction.

At the present time it is 5ft. $3\frac{3}{4}$in. It is easy to deduce from these figures a rate of regular and gradual decline in human stature, and then apply this, working backwards and forwards, to the past and to the future. By this calculation it is determined that the stature of the first man attained the surprising average of 16ft. 9in. Goliath was a quite degenerate offspring of the giants. Coming down to later time, we find that at the beginning of our era the average height of man was 9ft., and in the time of Charlemagne it was 8ft. 8in.

But the most astonishing result of this scientific study comes from the application of the same inexorable law of diminution to the future.

The calculation shows that by the year 4000 A. D. the stature of the average man will be reduced to 15in.

THE NEW PUTTIES.

No more the Atkinsonian leg
In shade and colour varies;
Some chocolate, some green, some brown,
Some yellow as canaries.
No! now we will be uniform,
From Sergeant-Major down to 'Cruity.;
From Officer Commanding to
The last joined subaltern for duty.
Your ancient putties throw away
Henceforth they're useless lumber,
The new one's price is " Rupee eight"
Apply to Mr. Cumber.

Bak-was.

Notice to Correspondents. Please write on one side of paper only.

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Thacker, Spink & Co.

CALCUTTA.

ENTERTAINING LITERATURE.

Rhyming Legends of Ind:—By H. KIRKWOOD GRACEY, B.A., C.S. Crown 8vo. cloth. Rs. 3-8.

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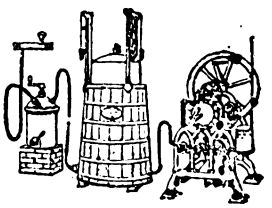
The  Buffs'

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 76. JULLUNDUR, July 31st 1893. Price Annas 2.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY ... 1893

Domestic Occurrences.

Marriage.

BEILBY—CARTER;—On the 3rd June 1893, at All Saints Church, King's Heath, Birmingham, O. R. Sergt. E. A. Beilby, Deolali Depot Staff, (late 1st Bn. The Buffs), to Miss Elizabeth C. Carter.

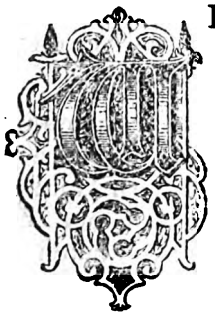
Deaths.

SWAFFER:—At Galway, on the 9th June, No. 2953 Lance, Corporal E. H. Swaffer.

CULLUM:—At Athlone, on the 14th June, No. 2134 Pte. W. Cullum.

NOTES.

—:o:—



E wish to offer our heartiest congratulations to Generals Sir Julius Raines and Sir Mark Walker on the well deserved honour of a K. C. B., lately bestowed on them by Her Majesty. That two Buffs should appear in the same Gazette as K. C. B. is not a little singular.

* * *

Sir Julius Raines entered the service on 28th January 1842, and was placed on retired pay on 1st July 1881. He was made a C.B. on 21st March 1859. He served through the Crimean Campaign, 1854-55, being present at the battles of the Alma, Inkerman, and Tchernaya, the siege of Sevastopol, where he was wounded, and the assault on the Redan of 18th June. He was mentioned in despatches and received the medal with clasps, the Sardinian and Turkish medals, and a Brevet of Major.

* * *

He also served through the Indian Mutiny, 1857-59; he was in command at the assault and capture of Rowa, the siege and capture of Awah, commanded the third assault at the siege and capture of Kotah, the battle of Gwalior, the capture of the city and fortress of Gwalior, where he was wounded, the siege and capture of Powree, and the action of Kundrye.

* * *

He was mentioned in despatches in the London Gazette of 11th June and 10th October 1858, 24th March, 18th April and 2nd September 1859. He received the medal with clasp, was promoted

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Lieut. Colonel, received the Brevet of Colonel, and was made a C.B. He commanded the expedition from Aden into Arabia 1865-6, and captured several towns and forts.

Sir Julius passed most of his service in the old 95th, and was made Colonel of The Buffs in 1882.

... ...

Sir Mark Walker entered the 30th Foot on 25th September 1846, was promoted Lieutenant on 3rd February 1854, and was Adjutant of the same battalion from 3rd February 1854 to 14th May 1855, when he was promoted to a Company in The Buffs, in which regiment he served until December 1873, when he was selected for the command of the 45th Regiment. He was promoted Major General in 1878 and Lieutenant General in 1888, and retired this year on his well earned pension after a service of nearly 47 years.

... ...

He was Brigade Major in China in 1860, was a Brigadier General in Madras from August 1875 to November 1879, was a Brigadier General at Aldershot, from April 1883 to March 1884, when he was offered the command of the Infantry Brigade at Gibraltar, which he held until 1888, since which he has been unemployed.

... ...

Sir Mark served with distinction through the Crimean campaign of 1854-55, was present at the battle of the Alma, where he was wounded and his horse shot, at Inkerman, the siege of Sevastopol, where he was dangerously wounded, and had his right arm amputated, including the sortie of 26th October.

He was mentioned in despatches in the London Gazette of 7th May 1855, and received the medal with 3 clasps, the Victoria Cross, 5th class of the Medjidie, the Turkish medal and the Brevet of Major.

... ...

He also served through the China war of 1860, and was present at the battle of Sinho, the capture of the Taku Forts, Shankwen wan, Ting Chin and Pekin.

He was mentioned in despatches, and received the medal with 2 clasps and a Brevet of Lieutenant Colonel.

... ...

The Victoria Cross, that most coveted of distinctions, was awarded to Sir Mark for the great gallantry displayed by him, in attacking and capturing some rifle pits held by Russians, who had by their fire caused great annoyance to our troops.

We trust that both the above mentioned gallant generals may live long to enjoy the honours so deservedly bestowed upon them.

There is on view at Messrs Hamilton and Co's. a testimonial clock presented to the Officers' Mess of the 1st Battalion The Buffs, on their departure from Calcutta last October, by some of the many appreciative friends they left behind them. The work was carried out by the Goldsmith and Silversmiths' Alliance, Regent Street London, from ideas supplied by Lord William Beresford and Mr. C. H. Moore, to whom was entrusted the task of the selection of a suitable memento.

It is a handsome piece of work in oak and silver. As supporters of the clock there stand on each side a silver statuette of a Buffs' soldier, one in the uniform of 1572, when the regiment was raised, and the other in the uniform of 1892. On the top of the clock stands the city Dragon, the crest of the regiment, on each side the regimental badges of the rose and crown, and the unconquerable horse of Kent, at the foot, a royal Bengal tiger, typical of the local habitation of the donors.

It is a pleasant record of the keen sympathy which ever existed between this gallant regiment and the community of Calcutta. *Englishman.*

... ...

Major Hickson returned from Cashmere on the 30th inst, looking exceedingly well after his 4 months' sojourn in the Happy Valley.

... ...

Lieuts. L. I. B. Hulke and J. Hasler, Color Sergts. Cork and Peters, go up to Changla Gulli for the next musketry class, commencing on the 22nd August.

We hope they will do as well as the representatives of the regiment at the last class.

We apologise to several of our correspondents for being unable owing to want of space to publish their contributions this month, and at the same time hope they will accept our best thanks for the trouble they have taken in writing for us.

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In connection with the accident at Galway, the following is taken from the *Irish Times*. Sergt. Reynolds having left the 1st Battalion in Dum-Dum some three or four years ago, and being the step-son of our Quartermaster, will be well known to most of our readers.

"A soldier named Corpl. Swaffer of The Buffs, was drowned at Galway on Saturday evening. As is customary with the military stationed at Galway, the men off duty under command of an officer went to bathe in the sea at Renmore Point, and Swaffer who was an inexperienced swimmer, ventured too far into deep water, seeing which he was called back by the officer in charge but he was unable to make the shore, and sank. Sergt. Reynolds at once went to his rescue, but the drowning man grasped him round the body, and brought him under water. The officer in charge then rushed in without divesting himself of his uniform, and, with the assistance of some of the other men, succeeded in loosing the drowning man's hold of Sergeant Reynolds, and bringing both to land, but it was found that the Corpl. was then unconscious. Medical aid and restoratives were immediately procured from the barracks at Renmore, near at hand, but without effect. The poor fellow never rallied. He was buried to-day, after an inquest was held. The usual military tribute was paid to his remains."

... ...

The President of the Corporals room was fairly nonplussed when he received a bill for "12 Sanitary vessels for Coughing." After a Court of Enquiry had been held it was discovered that the babu intended the item for 1 dozen spittoons.

... ... t

Is it generally known that the draft brought out by Mr. Cobbe and Perkins last trooping season were christened the "Ecclesiastical draft' because they arrived at head quarters on a Sunday morning?

... ...

The annual sports will take place about the middle of October next (16th to 21st) and are to be held on the Regimental parade ground. A good programme has been arranged, and we feel sure, on looking over the names of the Committee and Sub-Committee, that they will be a success.

... ...

A competition for a watch presented by Colonel Harley, to be fired for by the three best shots among the Corporals, Lce--Corporals and Privates of each Company, and the Band, in the Annual Course, 1892-93, was completed on Thursday July 25th.

The conditions were 7 rounds individual and 7 rounds rapid at 200 yards, standing, the same at 500 yards, kneeling, and 10 shots at 600, individual, any Military position. Bisley targets and scoring.

The result was a win for Pte. S. Barrett of "D" Company, with a score of 132 points out of a possible 190, or an average of 3.47 points per shot. Lce.-Corpl. Hickmott of "G" Company was second with 119 points, and Pte. Bellchambers of "D" Company, third, with 115. The latter scored 33 out of a possible 35 at 500 yds., individual.

... ...

N. C. Officers and men of the regiment, wishing to send boxes home, have now every facility offered them for so doing, and at extremely low rates, as will be seen by referring to the advertisement on 2nd page of cover. Printed forms for declaration of contents, which contain all necessary information, can be obtained from color-sergeants.

... .

The following team with spare men has been selected to go to Calcutta to represent the Regiment in the final tie for the Calcutta Rugby Challenge Cup. They start from Jullundur on the 17th August and carry with them our best wishes for success.

TEAM GOING TO CALCUTTA.

Lieut. & Adjt. A. Lynden-Bell,	Ptes.	Adsley.
2nd Lieut. C. L. Porter,	,,	Parker,
Sergeant Cramby,	,,	Arms,
Lce.-Sergt. Marshall,	,,	Else.
,, Revell,	,,	Wherle.
,, Smith,	,,	Shoesmith.
Corporal Manning,	,,	Barrett.
,, Dillon,	,,	Street.
Lce.-Corpl. Lacey,	,,	Jarvis,
Privates Saunders;	,,	Howse.
,, Beer,	,,	Templeton

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published; any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

HOME BATTALION NEWS.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Dear Sir,

The record of the month has to be closed earlier than usual, as the Battalion starts to-morrow for the Curragh, and the same cause must stand as an excuse for a short letter.

Two sad accidents have deprived us of comrades lately; the first occurred on the morning of the 9th June at Galway, when No. 2953 Lce.-Corpl. E. H. Swaffer of "G" Company was drowned during a bathing parade. It is supposed that he was seized with cramp, or that the action of the heart failed suddenly, as he sank within a short distance of Lance-Sergeant Reynolds, and others, who tried to save him, but his struggles forced them to let him go. Captain Williams was on the beach at the time, and taking off only his coat plunged in and swam out to the rescue, followed by Color-Sergt. Westcott, who had stripped. Both reached the spot where Swaffer sank and could see him lying in about 10 feet of water. Captain Williams was too much encumbered by his clothes to make any further effort, so Color-Sergt. Westcott dived and brought Swaffer to the surface, and he and Capt. Williams took him ashore, where unhappily every effort to revive him was unsuccessful, though medical assistance was quickly on the spot. Swaffer came from New Ashford, Kent.

The second accident happened at Athlone on the 14th inst., and resulted in the death of No. 2134 Pte. W. Cullum, "E" Company!

Pte. Cullam, who was Major Smith's groom, was bathing with others in the usual bathing place, and was endeavouring to pass for a swimming certificate, in presence of Lieut. Sparrow. He sank in the same way about 15 to 20 yards from the shore, and struggled so violently with some men, who went to his help, that they had to let him go in self defence. His body was recovered some three hours later by drags; the men who dived for him having been unable to find him owing to the muddy bottom,

Much sympathy is felt by all ranks for the relatives of these two young soldiers, who were both men of strong physique and good character, and were so suddenly cut off.

You will be pleased to hear that the team sent to the Military Tournament at Dublin did very creditably, in good company, competing as they did with the Scots Guards, Rifle Brigade and Gordon Highlanders, besides other regiments. They secured the 2nd prize for Physical Drill, after a tie with the Gordon Highlanders for 1st place, the Seaforth Highlanders being 3rd and the Scots Guards 4th.

In the Bayonet Exercise, the Team took 3rd prize, the Rifle Brigade being 1st, and the Seaforth Highlanders 2nd. 12 regiments competed.

In the Bayonet fighting, the Team beat the Seaforth Highlanders by 6 points to 3, but had to succumb to the Scots Guards, who subsequently won the final heat.

In individual competitions, Lce.-Corpl. Barton won the Boxing, beating Pte. Smith, Scots Greys, in the deciding heat. Sergt. Tyrell was among the last six competitors, out of 79 entries for the single Bayonet fighting, but was not placed in the finals.

The Royal Munster Fusiliers' band played for the Team in the events for which music was required, and a warm welcome was given to our men by their old friends in that corps, which is now at Dublin.

The Team was composed as follows:—

Color.-Sergt. Kent, to whose assiduous coaching much of their success is due Corpl. Merchant, Lance.-Corpls. Kirby Abram, Harris, Spicer, and Birrell, Ptes. Hewett, Inglis, Black, Seal, Johns, Crayford, Scott, Tiller, Martin, Tittall and Booker.

BATTALION NEWS:—On the 6th inst the Garrison of Athlone was inspected by the Commander of the Forces in Ireland. Lord Wolseley arrived by the morning mail from Mullingar, accompanied by Colonel Lascelles A.A.G. and Lieut.-Colonel Childers A.D.C., and was received at the Station by a Guard of Honour furnished by the battalion. As the weather was wet, the field inspection previously ordered, was countermanded, and the Royal Artillery were seen in their barracks and stables in the forenoon. After luncheon in The Buffs' Mess, Lord Wolseley inspected the battalion on the barrack square, the rain having ceased, and expressed himself as pleased with all he saw. His lordship was then taken to the Gymnasium where he witnessed a miniature Assault-at-Arms, the events being as follows:—

1. Physical Drill (singing) by Boys
2. Bayonet Exercises (Tournament Team)
3. Boxing (Lce.-Corpl. Barton & Pte. Chalk)
4. Bayonet v. Bayonet Sergt. Tyrell, Corpl. Burdon)
5. Physical Drill with Arms (Tournament Team)
6. Vaulting the Horse (Instructor)
7. Sword v. Bayonet (Sergt. Tyrell, Corpl. Burdon)
8. Musical Maze,
9. Parallel Bars (Instructors)

Before proceeding to Galway to continue his tour of inspection, Lord Wolseley opened a new portion of the Athlone Soldiers' Home, so that altogether he had a pretty hard day's work.

Lieutenant Vickerman has passed for promotion in subjects (c) and (d) obtaining a "special certificate" and "distinguished" in Military Law, Tactics and Fortification.

Lieutenant Geddes has also passed the same examination and has gained a "Special Certificate."

The regimental dinner took place on the 14th, and is reported by the President, Sir Julius Raines, who we have to congratulate on his "Birthday Honours," to have been a pleasant gathering, though not very large. Among the past officers were Major Lewis, and Captains Mitford, Bunbury and Gage, while the 1st Battalion was represented by Major Hind, Captain Philips and Lieutenant Tarte.

The following movements etc., of officers and men have taken place during the month.

2nd Lieut. Finch-Hatton and Sergt. Ritchie have proceeded to Hythe to join the School of Musketry.

Lieut. Geddes and Price, and 2nd Lieuts. Greenway and, Pritchard, with 113 Recruits, are at the Curragh for Musketry

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and will await the arrival of the Battalion there.

Lieut. Bainbridge has joined the signalling class at Aldershot.

The Castlebar detachment, Major Smith in command, Lieut. Sparrow, 2nd Lieut. Godfrey-Faussett, and E and H Companies, rejoined Head-quarters on the 9th, and G Company under Captain Williams, came in from Galway on the 24th.

Color-Sergeant Wright has proceeded to the Depot for duty, replacing Color-Sergt. Barton, who has rejoined the Battalion on completion of his Depot Service.

Corporals Jones and Waters have been appointed Lance-Sergeants, and Lce.-Corpl. Kirby promoted Corporal.

Corpl. Allen has gained a 1st Class Certificate of Education, and 22 N. C. O's and men have been awarded 2nd Class Certificates.

Discharges, Transfers &c.—Two veterans have just left the battalion, carrying with them the good wishes of all, and leaving behind them a good example to the coming generation, Sergeant Budgen, Pioneer Sergeant, who had served over 22 years in the battalion, and Private Everett of the band, with 21 years. Both served with the battalion in the Zulu War, and wore the South African medal and clasp.

No. 2954 Pte. J. Buckley, and No. 2284 Lce.-Corporal Hadawan, have been transferred to the Army Reserve, and No. 3552 Pte. E. Histed has been discharged.

Boy E. Tappenden has joined the battalion on transfer from the Connaught Rangers.

Lce.-Sergt. Walsh, Ptes. Wells, Packham, E. Harris, London, Grey and Trimmer, proceeded to Aldershot on the 19th to join the Army Service Corps, on probation, and Pte. Lawrence on the following day to Canterbury for duty at the depot.

Pte. Harrity was transferred to the Royal West Kent Regiment, on the 21st.

Corporal Page and Lce.-Cpl. Spicer are about to join a class of instruction in field works at Chatham.

A party of 60 recruits from the Depot is expected to join the battalion shortly after its arrival at the Curragh.

The following have been appointed Lance-Corporals.

Privates.—Joyce, Webb, Browne, G. W. Inglis, Johns, Seal, Morley, and Bowen.

Cricket :—The only cricket matches I have to record resulted in victories, viz., against Roscommon on the 5th. Scores, The Buffs, 70, and Roscommon, 46, and 17 for 8 wickets, weather stormy; and on the 10th a return match with Lord Ashtown's team from Woodlawn, played on the Ranelagh College ground, by kind permission of Mr. Bail, the Head Master, when The Buffs made 46 and 61, and Woodlawn 54 and 21, The Buffs thus winning by 32 runs.

We hope to play a match against Tullamore during the march, that town being our second halting place, and no doubt at the Curragh we shall find opportunities for making runs as well as bullseyes.

Athletics :—At the Ranelagh School Athletic Sports, on the 23rd, Pte. Phillipe, "F" Company, won the open mile and half mile, carrying off two valuable prizes.

Boating :—The river and lake have proved as attractive as ever, and the weather has been mostly favourable for expeditions.

On the 22nd a picnic was given to the Band and Drummers by Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Kelly at Hare Island, about 4 miles from Athlone. Captain and Adjutant Vertue chartered a small fleet of yachts and boats for the occasion, in which the whole party sailed up and back, and as there was a very stiff breeze during the latter part of the afternoon, the voyage home was quite exciting. Lord Castlemaine, the owner of Hare Island, kindly allows visitors to land and picnic in his very pretty grounds, and it is naturally a favourite resort. Tea was spread under a large tree, the duties of "orderly men" being performed by several ladies and officers under Mrs. Kelly's superintendence, and all hands enjoyed a substantial meal, and are much indebted to their kind hostess for a most pleasant afternoon.

Sport :— Fishing still continues briskly, and with the advent of the perch, fry, and the use of that seductive bait, many large catches have been reported. By being at the Curragh we shall miss the "flapper" shooting in August, but the majority of birds are so early this year that the "flappers" will be mostly "flyers" before it is lawful to kill them. The local sportsmen, however, so rumour says, are not strict adherents of the law, and many a hapless and half fledged duckling falls a victim before his time.

The master of the otter hounds is still unable to report a successful day, though traces of otters are found on all the neighbouring streams.

I close this letter at Tullamore, our second halt en-route to the Curragh, and will give an account of the march in my next.

Yours Faithfully
Secundus.

Dear Mr. Editor.

When I joined The Buffs some 24 years ago, and for many a year after, there was a game played by old soldiers and young, which was known as "throwing bullets." I think it is an Irish game, and is no doubt a very good one, as it gives both the players and spectators a lot of walking exercise. I will try and explain it, but having only played it once or twice when a youngster, I have almost forgotten it, but, however, will do my best.

The first thing, of course, is to procure two round iron bullets, each weighing from 9 to 12 ounces. We will suppose it is agreed to throw a match from the Band Bungalow to the rifle butts and back again. After tossing for first throw, the winner (No. 1) starts with the bullet in hand by taking a run up to the starting line, and, as he reaches it, he jerks the bullet with all the force he can. It goes along its course at first at a great speed, and gradually slackens down until it stops; it sometimes happens that it is stopped through coming in contact with an obstruction. No. 2 player now goes on in the same way. Of course one man is always sure to be ahead of the other, but that does not matter until the last throw. During the game they throw alternately, and continue to do so until the goal is reached, which in this case would be the Band Bungalow. The winner is the man who completes the distance in the least number of throws, or in the case of the same number of throws, by the difference in distance between the bullets after the last throw, the first of course taking it. This is one form of the game, but I think the most common way of playing is to have so many throws each, as I often used to hear the players say "come and have a score of bullets." I forgot to say that each bullet should have a particular mark on it, such as a cross or a ring stamped in, as if not it would be very difficult to recognize your own particular one. The game is a very exciting, and also a very uncertain one, as perhaps a throw puts

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a player yards ahead of his opponent, but when the leading man next throws, his bullet probably strikes an obstacle, and either stops dead or goes off at an angle to the proper course. The course should be kept clear of spectators as a blow from one of the bullets during the early part of its career would break a man's leg. There must be several in the Battalion now, principally in the Band I think, who remember the game, and I dare say could give a much better account of it than I can. I know there are some old players in the Depot, and I feel sure The Buffs of the present day would like a few hints about it, and would soon start playing, as the stock in trade costs very little. Each company had its crack players and once, I am nearly certain, we threw a "Score" against the 41st Regiment and beat them. If you have room, Mr. Editor, I don't think it would be out of place to put down a few of the old champions at the game. You would see them throwing all day long, nearly all the year round, and I am afraid the order of remaining in barracks between 8 a.m., and 5 p.m., was often disregarded.

Band:—McDonough, Gilbert, Holme.
Drums:—Dewan, Brymes, Birmingham,
A Company :— Cunningham, McAteer, McGovern, [Birmingham.
B " Fitzgibbons, Wallace, Toast. Sheward.
C " McAuliffe, Lund, Burns, Wood.
D " Bywater, Bennett, Howard, Newitt.
E " Fitzgerald, Boulger, Dudley, McSherry.
F " Brackin, Houlihan, Bennell, McFarlin,
G " Godwin, Balten, Read, Braham.
H " Burke, McIntyre, Hickey, Pearce.

Hoping soon to see the present Buffs start again, and I also wish to call their attention to the fact that there are three ball courts here, which are not often used.

Yours faithfully,
"A Non-Player."

INDIAN FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

Dear Sir,

I am desired by General Lance, President, and the Members of our Council, to inform you that the Indian Football Association has been started, not only with the intentions detailed on page 1 of the copy of Printed Rules, already furnished you, but, by the introduction of a Challenge Cup Competition for augmenting the interests in the game throughout Northern India. To enable Regimental teams to take part in the Competition, it has been arranged (vide rule 10, page 10) to divide the Presidency into certain districts, and to allow clubs to play off their ties in each district.

Consequently only the victorious Team of each district need come to Calcutta for the final ties; and it is thought that such teams will have little difficulty in obtaining leave to visit Calcutta for the purpose. A fortnight's leave will, we think, be quite sufficient.

With the view to give encouragement to the game in Regiments, we are in hopes you will kindly help us, by allowing your Regimental Club to join the Association, and also enter for the Challenge Cup Competition.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
R. Williams. Capt.

MISSOURI NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I daresay you would like to hear something of our doings at Missouri Pahar.

We are all enjoying ourselves very much in spite of the rain, of which we have become so accustomed to now, that no one minds it in the least. Of course this weather is very disheartening to those to whom Picnics are as the breath of life.

Some of our friends at the Charleville Hotel gave a most enjoyable dance on the 3rd of July. Everybody was there, the floor was splendid, also the band and supper, and I am ashamed to say how late it was when we got home. The people at the Charleville are a most sporting community, and appear to be always racking their brains to get up some "show," wherewith to amuse the public. The Amateur Dramatic Club, too, have been going very strong. They have been playing the well known Pantomime Rehearsal to crowded audiences. Frequenters of Hill Stations agree that it is out and away the best show they have ever seen. Mrs. Forster has evidently studied the art of stage dancing thoroughly, and has mastered it to perfection. Her dancing is exceedingly clever and refined, in fact it is *dancing*, not the wild, unrestrained, out-of-time, bounding about the stage that is so often called dancing in this country.

Mr. Furton of the Scottish Rifles, to whose energy we are indebted for the production of the Pantomime Rehearsal, is to be heartily congratulated on the complete success of his efforts.

The Club dance on the 10th July went off very well indeed. The only drawback was the terrific heat in the ballroom, which rather reminded one of the Pandemonium of a Troopship in the Red Sea. I think the number of lights in the ballroom might have been considerably reduced below thirty-one, without shocking too much the susceptibilities of the local Mrs. Grundys. However, it is an ill wind that blows no one any good. I heard one young gentleman, who appeared to be in for a by no means pleasant time with an irate partner, say "So sorry Miss—I'm afraid our dance is nearly over. The fact is I got so hot dancing the last dance that I went outside to get cool and did'nt hear the Band."

There is an excellent Skating Rink up here which is a really first rate institution, for besides being able to keep oneself fit by taking exercise there, one can get tea, coffee, drinks and smokes at not too exhorbitant a price, read all the papers, and meet one's friends.

Every evening all the rank beauty and fashion of Missouri attend, and the band of the 2nd Queen's plays. A very excellent band it is too. (It is to be hoped by the way that the band gets well paid: it seems to me they are playing morning, noon, and night),

The Jullundur contingent up here are greatly to the fore at the Rink; you would be surprised to see with what energy some people of your acquaintance, who a short time ago you saw lying limply under a punkah, now tear round the rink, and with what infinite patience others of those, whose livers and tempers you always thought were in a hopeless condition, assist their friends of the fair sex to struggle through those early and trying stages of learning to skate.

You will be sorry to hear that Colonel Swetenham has been

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for some time on the sick list, with a bad go of gout. Mr. Vassar Smith had a bad spill a short time back, but is improving now, I am glad to say, although he is still far from well.

We have a wonderful view of the plains from here, and as we gaze on them, we often think with a sigh of the joys of Jullundur, but unlike the lady correspondent of the "Dragon," we don't think we could do with a bit.

Pahar Wallah.

The Bread and Meat Man

OR

A STAFF (*of Life*) OFFICER.

Some several years ago when funds were very low,
He was searching for some better paid employment,
And on looking all around he thought that he had found.
A Department he could work in with enjoyment.

Its name I need not say, for it's known so well to-day.
As the one that every body works so hard in;
And he sometimes feels I'm sure, when he opes his office door
As if he were a herring or a sardine.

For the papers on his *mez*, are quite enough to daze,
Anyone whose brain is not quite made of iron,
And he daren't let them slide, for they're there on every side,
And the arrears he'd get would soon send him to Zion.

To begin with, there's the work it's impossible to shirk,
In the Txxxxxxxt Lines and Gxxxxn every morning,
Which I'll now proceed to show, one poor man alone must [know,
If he doesn't want the bosses at him storming.

He must be an A.I. Vet., and must then proceed to get
What experience he can in cart wheel making,
Whilst the spring of every tonga must be made of steel, and [longer
Than the normal, lest poor Tommy gets a shaking.

He must be a first class baker (in Bombay an undertaker), *
He must know a butcher's work, and whether meat is
Bad or good and fit for issue, and I'm sure I think it is, you
Know, a pity he was not trained at "Pelitis,"

He must be a judge of cloth, and know whether mutton broth
Is made with Rosa sugar or without it.
Of indigenous grasses of North India, and its passes,
He can tell you all you want to know about it.

There's the grass Rukh every Sunday, and he don't get back [on Monday.
Till near midday, when its very very hot,
Whilst the money that he needs to buy the various seeds.
Is cut, and so the whole thing goes to pot.

In addition to all these, he's an accountant if you please.
And he hopes in many years he may succeed,
To write his Patronymic, in a curly hieroglyphic,
That's impossible for anyone to read!

Its five long years ago since he joined that holy show,
And he's sadder, and he's wiser, and he's worse.
His dyspepsia is chronic, spite of many a nasty tonic,
And the only thing he's gained's an empty purse,

But those five long years are over and he finds himself in [clover,
Doing regimental duty once again;
And he thanks his God all day, that he had the strength to say
I'll chuck it and save all this ghastly strain.

Dear reader, I'm sure you, from your lofty point of view,
Will understand that those who do not shirk,
Must (its very very sad), go stark and staring mad,
Unless they got more men to do the work.

* In Bombay coffins are provided by the Commissariat Dept.

MASTODONS.

We were under the impression that mastodons were no longer denizens of the earth, but the Stickem Indians positively assert that within the last five years they have frequently seen animals which, from the description given, must be mastodons.

Some of our readers may not know what a mastodon is, so we will explain that a mastodon is an extinct (or thought to be extinct,) mammal resembling the elephant but much larger, and having tubercular teeth, *i.e.* teeth with little knobs or tubercules.

Last spring, while out hunting, one of these Indians came across a series of large tracks, each the size of the button of a salt barrel, sunk deep in the moss. He followed the curious trail for some miles, finally coming out in full view of his game. As a class these Indians are the bravest of hunters, but the proportions of this new species of game filled the hunter with terror and he took to swift and immediate flight. He described, the creature as being as large as a post trader's store with great shining, yellowish white tusks, and a mouth large enough to swallow a man at a single gulp.

He further says that the animal was undoubtedly of the same species as those whose bones and tusks lie over all this section of the country.

The fact that other hunters have told of seeing these monsters browsing on the herbs up along the river gives a certain probability to the story. Over on Forty-five creek, bones of mastodons are quite plentiful. One ivory tusk nine feet long projects from one of the sand dunes on that creek, and single teeth have been found that were so large that they would be a good load for one man to carry.

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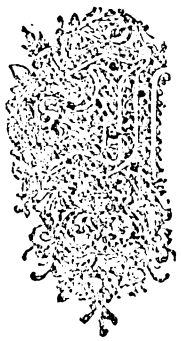
Fakir or Fiend?



was in Bombay in '67, and there made the acquaintance of Dr. Archibald McDonald, which ripened in course of time into warm friend-ship. The Doctor's round face was always genial. The Indian climate seemed to thoroughly agree with him, for he grew more portly and jolly as time rolled on, while we poor beggars became more and more jaundiced and scraggy.

His very laugh was oily, and with one exception he was as kind a hearted man as I have ever known, even to niggers, for he treated these with far more consideration than most Anglo-Indians do, and in consequence he was simply worshipped by them. It was strange that in so great-hearted a nature there should be a flaw, and yet it was so. He was passionately fond of following up the theories of his profession, and when in this pursuit he appeared callous to all suffering, and, when engaged in his favourite studies was quite another man to the jovial, kind-hearted friend he had ever proved himself to those who knew him.

One evening, while I was smoking my cheroot at the club and indulging in brandy pawnee, Dr. McDonald came rolling in. his face lit up with excitement. Dropping into an arm chair, which he filled very comfortably and entirely, he stopped for a moment to recover his breath, and then burst out with "Smith, old chap, here's just the chance we've been wanting. My hamal tells me that there is a fakir staying at Colaba, who has several times been buried alive for periods of from one to three months, and that for 200 rupees he can be induced to have a temporary burial for our benefit."

I don't know why the Doctor imagined that I was keen on seeing a nigger buried for so long and then come out alive; but I think that as we were such close friends, he expected me to be able to share his pleasures, and the idea of seeing for how long animation could be suspended, and marking the effects of such an extraordinary interference with the laws of nature, had a most intense fascination for him.

"When is the funeral to come off?" I asked.

"To-morrow morning. Be at my bungalow at five sharp, and we'll set to work before it becomes known, for I don't want a lot of folks buzzing about my compound."

"So the nigger is to be buried in your compound."

"Yes," replied the Doctor. "I've had a vault cemented so that it can't be broken into, and moreover, I fixed wires round, connected with an electric alarm in the house, so that if anyone attempts to break into the vault, I shall know of it at once."

Next morning I was prompt in keeping my appointment, and going into the Doctor's compound, I found him with a few natives gathered round a large hole, made at the foot of a great fig-tree. Cement had been used to the depth of a foot all round the vault, which was about four feet square, and an iron door was fastened with heavy padlocks.

Sitting upon his heels, the most unconcerned of all, was the fakir, who was to be immured for three months. Clad in his waist-cloth only, he appeared no different to the other natives around us. And he seemed to be about fifty years of age. His face was wrinkled and lined, but what I most noticed about him were his eyes. These were glittering and glowing like two fire-balls, and made his evil-looking face appear most uncanny.

A large iron-bound chest was now brought out, and after drinking a little water the fakir proceeded to squeeze himself into the small space allowed him. An attendant then tied up his chin, and tied bandages around his limbs, and then the box was fastened down. The Doctor next placed a seal upon the lid, and tying wire around it in all directions he gathered up the ends, and twisting them together, placed a seal of lead upon the knots. The box was then let down into the vault, and the same precautions taken on closing the iron door, and six feet of earth was placed above all. Then to make assurance doubly sure, two fierce bull dogs and a great wolf hound were kennelled under the tree, and the fakir was left to his fate for three months.

When the period of entombment was over, I must say I felt very anxious and curious to see

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the result. The death of a nigger, few Anglo-Indians trouble over, and I was very doubtful whether the fakir would ever come out alive.

I stood under the fig-tree as the first spadeful of earth was removed from the top of the vault, and watched the *denouement*. As for the Doctor, he was fairly brimming over with excitement.

He had clinical thermometers and instruments of all descriptions with him, not, I fancy, for the purpose of restoring a flickering life, if required, but for experimental uses only.

At length a spade touched one of the wires and the alarm bell was heard ringing in the house.

"It's never been rung before," said the Doctor. "So that looks all right. Hurry on, there."

A few minutes elapsed, and then the iron door of the vault was reached. Padlocks and seals were intact, and, after a little trouble in overcoming the rustiness of the former, the door was unfastened, and the box containing the buried man brought to the surface.

Again there was no mistaking the genuineness of the affair. Each seal which had been placed on the coffin was untouched, and very quickly the lid was opened and the rigid body of the fakir placed upon some mats at the foot of the tree. His attendant unfastened the bandages, and commenced to rub the limbs vigorously, ever and anon raising the evelids to watch the eyes.

Then, forcing the clenched teeth open with a knife, he poured a little liquid down the throat, and resumed his rubbing more vigorously than before.

At last the fakir drew a breath, and it seemed to me that we had hitherto been holding our breath, for instantly a sigh of relief was echoed around the little group.

"The beggar's alive, sure enough," said the Doctor, who was busying himself about with his thermometer.

"Yes, sahib. he see now, and the attendant raised an eyelid, and showed an eye glaring and glittering like a snake's, as I had seen it just previous to his entombment.

"I believe he could go on like this for another year," exclaimed the Doctor, enthusiastically.

"Yes, sahib, or two or three years," answered the attendant, proudly, as he held up first two and then three of his fingers.

"Then, by Jove," cried out my friend, boisterously, we'll try him for one at least."

I thought, as I watched the face of the half-revived man, that it looked more evil than ever as the Doctor said these words, and it seemed to me that if an artist wanted a model for one of Satan's fiends, here was the best example he would ever be likely to come across.

But the attendant was evidently alarmed at the idea of a fresh burial, perhaps more so because he had himself acquiesced in the possibility.

"No, sahib, no. The fakir will kill us all if you do," he cried, appealing to the Doctor.

"Then we'll never revive him at all, if that is the case," said McDonald.

The eyelids of the fakir half opened of their own account now, and the glittering eyes were fixed upon McDonald with an angry glare ; but not a movement of the body.

"The fakir would kill us, without leaving here." cried the attendant, pointing to the vault.

"The deuce he would !" replied my friend, grimly. "Then he shall have a good chance. Tie him up again, and I'll see that for a year he's safe at any rate."

There was no disobeying McDonald, and so the fakir was again prepared for burial, and again the vault was secured. The dogs were fastened under the fig tree, and the Doctor, to make certain that the ground would not be disturbed, had all the earth around dug up and sown with a grass, which would spring up in a few days, and prove a tell-tale should anyone meddle with the vault.

The day after this had happened, I was called away to Goa, whence I proceeded by patama, or native boat, the period of the South West monsoon being on.

I was absent from Bombay for a month, and upon my return hastened to call upon my friend the Doctor. I found him, to my surprise, at home, reclining on a couch, and looking wofully thin and ill. His jolly red face was now drawn and white, his frame was so shrunken that his clothes hung upon him like a scarecrow's, and he was, in fact, but the shadow of his former self.

"Why, what's the matter, Doctor ?" I asked, "Fever !" "No." he answered languidly. "What is it, then ?" "Can't say for the life of me. There's nothing wrong, and yet I feel as if my life was ebbing away, day by day. Look at me!"

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Am I not a wreck ?"

I must have looked shocked, for he read my answer in my face.

" I am so glad you've come back, old fellow ; for I've been waiting to see you badly before I die," he said , " I've left you all I have, and I wish you'd take possession now, and come here and keep me company during the few days I have left."

Willingly enough I agreed, and soon had my portmanteau brought over to the Doctor's bungalow. As night came on he seemed a bit brighter and better ; seeing me, he said, had done him good. We had a chat, and among other things spoke of the buried fakir.

"As soon as I am gone you'll have him dug up, said McDonald, "and give him 500 rupees. that is 300 rupees extra for the additional burial. Do you know, Smith, old man, I sometimes fancy that that black devil had something to do with my illness. I was taken bad the first night after he was buried for the second time. I went to bed as jolly as possible, but woke feeling languid and lifeless."

I laughed at my poor friend's idea, deeming it the fancy of a sick man. and did my best to cheer him up. I had a bed made up in his room, and determined not to leave him, but to try whether careful nursing would not pull him round. Strengthening foods and drinks were his only medicines, and these had to be taken frequently ; but I made up my mind that I would see for my self that these should be given a fair trial.

I was a bit restless that night. being afraid of sleeping so soundly as to forget my friend's need. He was to have beef tea every hour, and a little brandy and water, and a small oil stove was kept burning to heat the former. I had given him his food twice, and towards one o'clock a m. I was pleased to find him sleeping soundly. I lay awake listening to the howls of the jackals, the dim light making the room seem horribly dismal. Suddenly a shadow fell on the wall, and looking up, I saw what appeared to be a column of smoke floating across the room. It had a strange appearance, for it was about the height of a man, and, to my imagination, not unlike a swarthy-skinned native. I could see the oil lamp burning brightly behind it, and then it moved on and stood oscillating beside my friend's bed. It seemed to shorten then, and floated on above him, and at length stopped right on his body. The upper portion took the form of a head, and therein glowed two terrible flaming eyes—the eyes of the fakir.

Gradually the whole column took shape, and there, kneeling upon the chest of my poor friend, I saw the form of the buried native in all its repulsive ugliness. I could not move ; I could hardly breathe, but the figure took no notice of me.

Stooping its head it advanced its mouth close to my friend's and seemed to draw away his breath, McDonald's breathing becoming slower and fainter. Then to my intense horror, it bit at the neck of the sleeper and sucked away the blood which apparently flowed. This went on for some minutes—hours they seemed to me, but my watch afterwards told me the time that had elapsed—and then the form raised its head, and, passing its hand over the Doctor's neck, seemed to heal the wound. Then, for the first time, it turned towards me, and the glittering eyes seemed to charm me into rigidity, as a snake's will charm its victims. Slowly the figure lost form once more, and soon a column of smoke floated across the floor and was gone.

The spell seemed off me then, and I hastened to the side of my frend's bed. He was in a stage of coma, but revived somewhat on my forcing some brandy down his throat. I did not dare tell him what I had seen, but I did not leave his side again that night, and although I thought once or twice that he was going, yet I had the satisfaction of finding him still alive when morning came.

The first thing I did then was to summon the hamal, and bid him find the fakir's attendant without delay. This was done, and getting the men servants together, we hastened to the fakir's tomb. The grass had grown long over, and on digging down we found it untouched.

It did not take long to bring the coffin to the surface, and at last it was opened and the body taken out. To my horror I saw that it looked very different to what it had done when I last saw it. Then it was lean and attenuated, but now it was full and plump, and I verily believed, and I do to this day, that the vampire had been brought to this condition by preying upon my friend.

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In an hour the fakir was able to speak, and upon my presenting him with 500 rupees he thanked me in the voluble style of these niggers; but his eyes glittered and a triumphant look was upon his hideous face, until I felt inclined to cut him down there and then. My prompt interference saved my friend's life, for he mended from that day, and although I sat up with him for several nights, I saw no more of that vampire visitor, which I am convinced had paid nightly visits to the Doctor before my arrival.

Royal Artillery Sports.

THE above named sports took place on July 12th before a large and thoroughly appreciative gathering, the whole of Jullundur putting in an appearance. The sports under the able management of Captain Heygate, and Mr. C. Robertson, went of capitally, each event being well filled and keenly contested.

Proceedings commenced at about 5-45 p.m. with a competition for the "best turned out Gunner in complete marching order," which fell to Gunner Mead, Gunner Smith running him very close for 2nd place. The Tent Pegging which followed resulted in a very close struggle between the first three, Corporal Mills being eventually victorious. Considering the short time they had been practising this exercise, the performance all round was very good. The three legged race proved a rather easy win for Sergeant Alderton and Lance Corpl. Canning, two Buffs, who were attached to the R. A. for a mounted infantry course, and who considered themselves Gunners for the time being. The Lloyd Lindsay competition produced a large field, and exceedingly good form was shewn by most of the sections. The R. A. Sergt Major's left hand throwing being especially admired. One of the best events of the day was the bareback-ed jumping for N.-C. O's., most of the horses jumping very well, and the riders sitting very close. The form shown by the mounted infantry representatives in this event was distinctly creditable.

The Mule Race was very amusing. Lieut Robertson got his field away very well together. Driver Clarke, on Isinglass, came straight away and won hands down. Mrs Langridge gave away the prizes, and so ended a very pleasant afternoon, on the result of which Capt. Heygate, Mr. Robertson and Sergt-Major Hammond are to be heartily congratulated.

PROGRAMME.

Best turned out Gunner in complete Marching Order:—1st, Gunner Mead, 2nd, Gunner Smith.

Tent Pegging: 1st, Corporal Mills, 2nd, Driver Gooden, 3rd, Corporal Dean.

Three Legged Race:—1st, Sergt. Alderton and Lce.-Cpl. Canning, 2nd, Gunner Swann and S. Smith Wilson, 3rd, Bombardiers Smith and Martin.

Lloyd Lindsay Race:—1st, Bombardier Smith, Drivers Morgan, Rubury, Allan, 2nd, Corpl. Reed, Bombardier Pearce, Drivers Rogers and Smale, 3rd, Bombardier Hunt, Drivers Gaffney, Fairminer, Rooke.

Boot & Saddle Race:—1st, Driver Shaw, 2nd, Driver Gooden, 3rd, Driver Morgan.

Wheel Race.—1st, Gunner Garrington, 2nd, Gunner Kendal, 3rd, Gunner Thompson.

Bare Back Jumping for N.C. O's:—1st, Corpl. Dean, 2nd, Bombardier Hunt, 3rd, Corpl. Reed.

Mule Race, Bare Backed:—1st, Driver Clarke, 2nd, Bombardier Hunt, 3rd, Driver Gaffney.

120 Yards Flat Race;—1st, Private Sayers, 2nd, Gunner Gaskin, 3rd, Gunner Fulton.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regimental Papers:—

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.
The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W. K. Regt.
The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.
The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers
The 5 & 9, The Lilywhites Gazette;—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.
The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.
The Army Service Corps Journal.
I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.
The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers:
The Tiger and Sphinx;—Gordon Highlanders.
The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.
The 16th Lancers Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers
The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.
The 79th News.—79th Cameron Highlanders.
The Sutherland News.—2nd Bn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders.

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Regimental Items.

Intimation has been received from Horse-guards that His Royal Highness, the Commander-in-Chief, has approved of 2nd Lieut. C. C. H. Pritchard being removed to this Battalion.

2nd Lieut. Pritchard, will remain attached to the 2nd Battalion pending embarkation next Trooping season to join the 1st Battalion.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments.

To be Sergeant.

No, 1920 Lance-Sergeant C. Crumby,

To be Paid Lance-Sergeant.

No. 2104 Lance-Sergeant F. R. Kent.

To be Lance-Sergeant.

No. 1598 Corpl. H. Marshall.

To be Corporals.

No. 2394 Lance.-Corpl. F. Keeler.
" 2060 " A. Ashelford,
" 1956 " J. Eaton.

To be Paid Lance-Corporals.

No. 2282 Lance.-Corpl. J. Page.
" 2609 " W. Wall.
" 309 " W. Barrett.

No. 1052 Lance-Corpl. J. Cafferty is appointed Drill Corporal to the Battalion, *vice* Crumby promoted Sergeant.

The undermentioned N.C. Officers and men were awarded 2nd Class Certificates of Education at an examination held at Jullundur on the 24th June 1893.

No. 2941 Corporal J. Smith,
" 2699 Lce.-Corpl. R. Lacey,
" 2910 " H, Winder,
" 2871 " A. Williams.
" 2178 " R. Gray,
" 2909 Private J. Champion,
" 2634 " G. Muddle,
" 4012 " H. Mc A. Ryan.
" 3058 " E. Saker,
" 2113 " W. Girt,
" 3815 " A. Price,
" 3363 Boy C. Tozer,

The undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officers and Men have been awarded 3rd Class Certificates of Education at an examination held at Jullundur on the 24th June 1893.:—

No, 3393 Lance.-Corpl. R. Steptoe.
" 2465 " W. McKenzie.
" 1503 " W. Papworth,
" 2499 " W. Frampton.
" 2771 " J. Collins,
No. 3051 Lance-Corpl. A. Hayward.
" 1151 " P. Breen.
" 1803 " A. Smith,
" 2369 Private W. Ennis,
" 3223 " A. Ryan,
" 3102 " J. Shircore,
" 3216 " H. Pocock,
" 3200 " W. Wilson.

The undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officer and Men were on the 3rd instant awarded Certificates of Efficiency in Nursing :—

No. 2042 Private W. Sharpe.
" 2046 " W, Smith.
" 1162 " J. Mansfield.
" 3024 Lce.-Cpl. G. Hawtin.
" 2656 Private W. Candler.
" 2945 " F. Osborne.
" 2703 " C. E. Wherle.
" 2961 " W. Dadd.
" 1916 " W. Knight.

2nd Lieut. R. McDouall was awarded a Mounted Infantry Certificate on the 5th July 1893.

The undermentioned Non.-Commissioned Officers and men were, on the 12th inst., granted Mounted Infantry Certificates.

No. 342 Sergeant R. Golds,
" 2419 " J. Alderton,
" 4 Corporal W. Davison,
" 2188 " W. Skinner,
" 3405 Lce,-Corpl. C. Canning,
" 2313 " J. G. Geddes,
" 3484 Private S. Abram,
" 2769 " H. Cox.
" 3202 " A. Ford,
" 2662 " W. Gale,
" 2869 " G. Gibson,
" 2887 " F. Goodban,
" 3027 " J. Grimwood.
" 3634 " H. Harnden,
" 3245 " H. Layland,
" 2733 " H. Magee,
" 2859 " P. Mallion,
" 3187 " W. Newman,
" 3007 " R. Ralph,
" 2838 " W. Randall,
" 2793 " W. Sayers,
" 3152 " J. Strutt,
" 2132 " W. Swift,
" 2481 " E. Wells,
" 3005 " J. Whitehouse,
" 3124 " E. Wright,
" 2951 " H. Warden.

The undermentioned man was awarded a Telegraphy Certificate as a Soldier Signaller on the 2nd May 1893.

No. 2631 Pte, W. Elvey.

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The undermentioned men are granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names:—

"A" COMPANY.

No. 399 Pte. Ingram, A 1d. Restored, 14-7-93.
„ 3481 „ Medhurst, G 1d. Granted, 13-9-93.

"C" COMPANY.

No 3544 Pte. Butler, W 1d. Granted, 30-7-93.

"D" COMPANY.

No. 3527 Pte. Ogle, C 1d Granted. 14-7-93.
„ 3146 „ Miller, W 1d. Restored, 22-7-93.
„ 3200 „ Wilson, 1d Granted, 24-7-93.

"E" COMPANY.

No. 2279 Pte. Gilham T 2d. Granted, 2-6-93.
„ 2414 „ Powell, J. 1d. Restored. 16-6-93.
„ 2877 „ Wood, F. 1d. Granted, 23-6-93.

"F" COMPANY.

No. 2406 Pte. Sheeran, J 1d. Restored. 22-6-93.
„ 1944 „ Coveney, S 2d. Restored. 2-2-93.

"H" COMPANY.

No. 3564 Lce.-Cpl. Keats, E 1d. Granted, 25-5-93.
„ 2296 Pte. Street, E 2d. Granted, 30-7-93.

The following letter has been received by the Captain of the Regimental Football Club.

My Dear Bell.

I am afraid the time has come to ask you to give up the Rugby Union Challenge Cup. and must ask you to send it down as soon as possible to me. I hope you will be able to take it back with you in September, and if you do not, I am sure it will not be through want of not trying hard enough, for I have seldom come across a more persevering and steadier team than yours. The Worcestershires have entered from Kamptee, and I believe they are good. We promise to be fairly good forward, but as usual are weak behind.

Yours Sincerely
G. Stowell.

RIGHT AND LEFT HALF BATTALION.

This annual encounter took place on July 3rd. The Left Half Battalion was able to play its full strength with the exception of Lance-Sergt. Smith and Mr Porter, but the right half was only able to pick their team from two companies "A" and "D," owing to the absence of "C" Coy. at Bhagsu, and to the fact that for some unaccountable reason, the men of "B" Company did not turn out. The latter has always been to the fore in sports, as well as in everything else, and we should be sorry indeed to see them fall behind the other companies in Rugby Football.

The Right Half won the toss and naturally selected the goal nearest the range.

Sergt. Crumby started the leather for the Left Half, it being well returned by Shoesmith for the Right. The first scrimmage was formed near the halfway flag and so evenly were the teams matched, that for some time they both remained almost in the centre of the field. At length, however, a neat run by Corpl. Collins brought the ball near the Left Half 25, into which it was carried by a rush of Right Half forwards. It seemed likely indeed the Right Half would score, but unfortunately a free kick for off-side was given against them, and the ball returned once more to the centre of the ground. The Left Half Battalion being now on their mettle, played up in a determined fashion, and some desperate scrimmages ensued in the Right Half 25, and, at length, Templeton by a short dodgy run crossed the line and secured a try for the Left Half. The place kick was, however, a failure. Half time was now called. On the game being restarted the Right Half Battalion again assumed the offensive, and Corpl. Marshall by a good kick sent the ball into touch close to the Left Half goal line. The pressure on the Left Half was, however, now relieved by an excellent kick from Pte. Templeton. Scrimmage was once more the order of the day. From one of them Corpl. Collins got the ball and made a neat punt over the head of the Left Half back. The Right Half forwards following up hard pressed Corpl. Manning, who partially missed his kick, the ball going into touch about five yards from the Left Half goal line.

Pte. Shoesmith fumbled the ball in throwing out of touch, otherwise a try for the Right Half must have resulted Nothing further occurred and the game ended in a win for the Left Half by a try to nil. For the Right Half, Marshall, Shoesmith, Collins, behind, and Lacey, forward, were conspicuous, whilst Sergt. Crumby. Pte. Templeton and Corpl. Manning played grandly for the Left Half. The latter is improving rapidly and should make a very safe back for the team.

We are sorry to see Else so much out of form, but no doubt his having been in hospital so long has something to do with it; we hope soon to see him justifying what was said of him last year by a well-known Calcutta player, viz:—

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that he was the fastest ¾ Back that had been seen on the Calcutta ground for years.

RIGHT ½ BATTALION.

Sergeant Eaton.—Back.
Lance Sergt. Marshall, Private Adsley, „ Sizer, } ¾ Back.
Lance Corpl. Collins, Private Shoesmith, } ½ Back.

Mr. Bell, Lce.-Cpl. Lacey, Lce.-Sergt, Revell, Ptes. Parker, Barrett, Horne, Howland, Loftus and Lce.-Corpl. Wall.

LEFT ½ BATTALION.

Corporal Manning.—Back.
Private Wherle, „ Templeton, „ Else, } ¾ Back.
Lce.-Sergt. Smith. Lce.-Corpl. Durrant, } ½ Back.

Sergt. Crumby, Ptes. Saunders, Beer, Howe, Gear, Street, Jarvis, Powell and Williams.

DHARMSALA OR BHAGSU.

Dear Mr. Editor,

In spite of about 3 inches of rain falling daily, we have had rather a more enjoyable month's amusement than ever, although most of us have tested the temperature of the water in more ways than one, whether we liked it or not, so compulsory bathing parades have been done away with. The Detachment being thoroughly washed, and nearly every one provided with a swimming certificate.

I regret to say that the Reverend Father who visits us, returning to Jullundur from here, very nearly lost his life. I cannot do better than send you his own account of his journey, it reads thus:

"On my return journey from Bhagsu, which was through Hoshiarpur, I met with a very serious accident, I had narrow escape from being drowned. I crossed the Beas river very well, and also the Cho, which is originally dry, but that day was swollen enough. But when we arrived at the stream at Adampur village, 8 miles from Jullundur, the water was so excessively high that it was impossible to cross it, consequently we had to spend the night in the rest house which was close by. The following morning the water of the stream seemed to permit us crossing it, but the current was still very strong. It was not advisable to cross the stream as yet, but the syce thought to be able to do so by the help of about 20 coolies, who were standing there. So we advanced, but no sooner had we reached the middle of the stream, than a still further rise and furious rush of the flood swept away the [illegible] horses, the passengers and the [illegible] three passengers, a couple "in [illegible]" [illegible] The carriage got capsized, [illegible] saved by a miracle."

[illegible] Association Football as often as the weather permits.

June 29th eleven of "C" Company and twelve of Station. Match ended in a draw, they only played for 20 minutes the 2nd half as the poor players were so out of condition and looking so worn out.

July 5th. A good practice game.

July 6th Eleven of "C" Company v. Eleven of Station. Play could not be continued after the first period as the rain came down in torrents, the ground was ankle deep in water, and whenever the ball went into touch it found its way into a convenient drain, and went down stream about five miles an hour, so we gave it up.

July 13th We had a good and exciting game. Detachment The Buffs *versus* Officers of the Station: the latter played with three substitutes —Lce.-Corpl. Shevlin and two Gurkhas. When half time was called the game stood one goal all. All through the second half the officers were very much pressed, and another goal was scored for the detachment; the ball rolled quietly to the goal, and the little Gurkha in goal took a flying kick at it, which I am sorry to say he missed. On time being called the match ended in a win for the Detachment by two goals to one,

We gave rather a high class sort of a concert on Thursday 6th July, but owing to a heavy down pour of rain all the evening, the room was not so well filled as it might have been.

Pte. Higgs sang better than ever and his pictures of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone. Lord Randolph Churchill, &c., were first class portraits, and quite worthy of a place in the Royal Academy; needless to say both his songs were loudly encored. Pte. Padwick. Captain Burne and Pte. Langley were also encored, and they all thoroughly deserved it.

The former's get up as a coster was extremely good, and his rendering of the "future Mrs. Awkins" was quite up to Music Hall form, "Oney pot" has mistaken his vocation, he should be singing at the Italian Opera, Covent Garden. Captain Burne's rich voice is always a treat to hear. We are extremely lucky to have such a good natured singer in such a small station. We are also indebted in no small degree to Miss Todd, a pianist of the highest class. How our concerts would get on without her I dont know.

Our hot weather course of Military Training combined work with pleasure, and thorough practical work too. Our floating bridge was not quite a success the first day, as we had two spars of unequal weight viz :—50 lbs. and 15 lbs. However when it was floated there was a keen competition for first ride, so Captain Holme and Lieut, Trollope mounted the fiery steed first; she neither kicked nor plunged, but wobbled from side to side for about 30 seconds. The officers sat tight displaying no slight amount of skill, but I knew the end was bound to come, sooner or later, and it did! She heeled over, and the riders were submerged, and came out of the water looking like rats in a half drowned condition.

Our Aquatic sports on the lake were most amusing. The Officers of the Detachment were "at home" to the Station, and the services of the 2-1st Gurkha Band had been secured, but as it began to rain in the afternoon they were dismissed, Luckily it turned out fine, and we had quite a crowd of spectators.

PROGRAMME.

1st Race—Dive in, swim round a raft and back:—1st Pte, Sadler, 2nd Pte. Belcher. 3rd Pte. Catt.

2nd Race—Sergeants, The Buffs prize:—Swim length of lake and back to winning post, (Gurkhas only,)

3rd Race:—Dive from bank, climb over raft and swim to

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opposite bank. Prizes presented by Capt. Holme. 1st Pte. Catt, 2nd Pte. Sadler, 3rd Lce.-Corpl. Shevlin.

4th Race. Duck Hunt. Prize presented by Capt. Holme. Winner Pte, Brown.

5th Race, Greasy Pole. Prize a huge bag of money. Winner Pte. Todd.

6th Race. Bread and Jam Race. Competitors to swim across the lake, eating a slice of bread and jam on the raft. Prize presented by Color-Sergeant Holmes 1st Pte. Gurr, 2nd Pte, Catt.

7th Race. Humane Society Race. Prize presented by Lieut. Trollope. 1st Ptes. Egan & Brown, 2nd, Ptes. Hodge & Catt.

8th Race. Wrestling on the raft. Four men defending, 6 attacking. The attacking party won.

9th Race, Duck Hunt for Gurkhas. Prizes presented by Capt. Holme.

In the events open to the Gurkhas there were about 30 entries. By mistake Color-Sergeant Holmes put Chutnee on the bread for his race— an error he regrets.

July 19th. The most successful evening's "gaff" we have had since we have been in Bhagsu. The Band of the Gurkhas supplied the music during the intervals, under the baton of Herr Wickmann, and it is needless to say how highly it was appreciated.

Both the farce (The Cantab) and comedy (Naval Engagements) went off without a hitch and the Dharmsala amateurs are to be congratulated on having given the most successful entertainment ever yet put on the boards by them.

A tremendous swarm of locusts visited us during the month and remained with us for about a week. I have not heard of any damage to the crops but I dont suppose they lived on air; if any damage occurred the fact has been neglected to be reported to me.

The "Bhagsu Diamonds" are busy rehearsing for a performance which takes place on the 3rd proximo, more of this however in my next.

The good morning here amongst the men of the Detachment now is:—"Hullo Bundle, who tied *you* up?" or "You *are* a bundle;" or "You *are* a Parcel," or "Packet." Where in the world this originated it is impossible to say, but the men take it all in very good part and rather seem to like it.

Yours faithfully
"Good old C"

ENTERTAINMENT.

It is gratifying, after seeing some of the miserable shows provided for Tommy Atkin's edification, to be able to speak in terms of high praise of The Ino Variety Entertainment Company. This Company arived here on Saturday July 22nd and gave four performances, three at our Regimental Theatre and one at the gunners. The Ino evidently has a great experience of what Tommy does and does not like, and the performance they put before them suited them down to the ground, the consequence being that they got good houses every night, and we believe that they might have done so for several more nights. So fetchingly did Miss Maria Ino sing "The Little Drummer Boy" "Hippy Hippy Hoy," "The Bunch of Shamrocks, etc., that all the audience, and, more especially the Cavalry Contingent, were in love with her before the performance was half over (rumour had it that one of these songs appealed very strongly to some of our recently married Sergeants,) while Miss Ino's "The poor girl didn't know," and the Ino's Medley song, "Coster song, a clever parady on Maggie Murphy's Home" were also exceedingly popular. We hope that the Ino family will pay us a return visit on their way down country and feel sure that they will obtain bumper audiences.

Probably the most remarkable monument to be found in the world is, the obelisk erected to commemorate a military event which happened at Malta in 1881. The 75th (Stirlingshire) Regiment, during their stay in Malta, were renamed the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders, and took to wearing the same costume as the 92nd Regiment, the Gordon Highlanders. The officers and men of B Company thereupon subscribed together and placed this memorial of the event in the Floriana Gardens, The "epitaph" inscribed on the obelisk is as follows:—

Here lies the poor old 75th,
But under God's protection,
They'll rise again, in kilt and hose,
A glorious resurrection.
For by the transformation powers
Of Parliamentary laws,
They go to bed the 75th,
And rise the Ninety-two's.

The "Trooping of the Colours" has been the occasion of a military display on the occasion of the Sovereign's birthday since the time of George II. The invention of the parade is attributed to the Duke of Cumberland, Colonel of the First Foot Guards. This commanding officer professed to be scandalised at the uncertain gait and unsteadiness of his officers, who showed that they had scarcely recovered from the night's orgies, the parade in those days being fixed at the unusual hour of six in the morning. The Duke, therefore, devised manœuvres which required each officer to march slowly and separately in a straight line direct to his post, the least irregularity being easily detected. Although the necessity for this test no longer exists, the parade continues to be carried out in the form first established.

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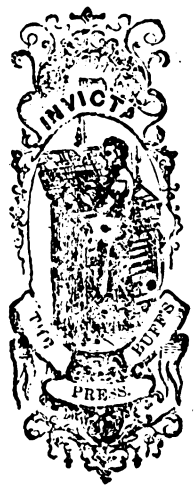

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A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 77. **JULLUNDUR, August, 31st 1893.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Birth.

TURNER—At Jullundur, on the 29th July 1893, the wife of No. 2285 Sergt, J. R. Turner of a daughter, Gertrude Annie.

Marriages.

HOGG—COOMBES—At St. Peter's, Fort William, Calcutta, on the 2nd August 1893, by the Revd. A. E, Stone, Sergt. T. H. Hogg, 1st Battn. the Royal Fusiliers, City of London Regiment, to Mary Margaret, only daughter of the late Lieut. and Quartermaster Coombes, The Buffs.

HOAR—COOMBS—At Saidpur, on the 9th August 1893, by the Revd. A. Luckman, Senior Chaplain, St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, Thomas Hoar, Sergt.-Instructor E. B. S. Railway Volunteers (late Color-Sergt. The Buffs) to Dolly Ethel Coombs.

Deaths.

HARRYMAN—At Jullundur, on the 2nd inst., No. 1996 Lce.-Corpl. W. Harryman.

BEAR—At Bhagsu, on the 7th inst, No. 2350 Pte. W. Bear.

MEOPHAM—At Dalhousie, on the 11th inst., No. 2304 Pte. T. Meopham.

NOTES.

—:o:—

WE are grieved to have to relate that the number of Officers in the Station was so reduced last month, that for quite a fortnight no polo was being played. The tide seems to have turned now and for the last 10 days we have been enjoying the usual two games per week.

... ...

The racquet-court, thanks to the care and energy of Major D'Auguilar, R.E, is now in a most excellent condition and is patronised almost daily by nine tenths of the officers in the Station.

... ...

Surgeon-Major White is daily to be seen looking after the cricket ground. The Regiment is indeed lucky to have so keen a cricketer in charge of the Station ground, which bids fair to be the best in this part of India.

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We should be able to get up some good matches this winter between the Regiment and the garrisons at Meean Meer and Ferozepore. With good opportunities for practice, there is no reason why we should not regain the cricketing reputation that we possessed the last time we were in this country

... ...

We heartily congratulate Pte. Garside, of the 2nd Battalion, on his splendid score of 50 made against the 18th Royal Irish Regt. at the Curragh.

... ...

The Regiment is deeply indebted to Sergt.-Major Featherstone for his most excellent Moonlight Concert given on Monday 28th.

... ...

It would be difficult to say too much in praise of this entertainment. The swing and go that pervaded the whole performance was indeed a marvel to everyone. There was not one hitch from beginning to end, and altho' the band were on their feet for three hours, and playing hard all the time, yet was there no abatement in their cheerfulness and life.

... ...

Sergt. Eaton sang as he has rarely done before, and Pte. Lever is next door to a professional in his treatment of comic songs. Pte Paramor, another great favourite, did himself ample justice. Of Ptes. Barrett and Joyce what more can be said than, if possible, they surpassed themselves.

... ...

Perhaps the success of the evening was Sergt. Borland's piccolo solo, and this is a bold statement when we remember the performances of Corpl. Featherstone on the cornet, and the duet of Color.-Sergts. Andrews and Patterson. We did not get away till one o'clock, and we did so with a sensation of having for once been able to thoroughly forget the heat and climate and its consequent evils.

... ...

The whole of the music for the band was very cleverly arranged by Sergeant Edwards, and "Inomania," also arranged by him, was a fitting close to the evening's entertainment.

... .

We are still in a delightful state of uncertainty as to our immediate future. Strong rumours are current that we shall go into Camp at Ferozepore in November, but although camps have been officially sanctioned at Rawal Pindi and Agra, yet we have seen nothing in black and white about our own.

... ...

Doubtless many would be sorry to see the camp fall through. Nevertheless, [illegible] cold weather here is not to be despised; and we should be lucky to get a cold weather here to thoroughly master the new 1893 drill before going out in public.

... ...

We noticed in the Gazette of the 19th that Captain W. H. Booth has been appointed A.D.C. to Major-General Lord Frankfort.

... ...

The new drill (quite the last it is to be hoped for some years) is in our midst and we have no peace. No loophole of escape is afforded us. Even those who flee for refuge to the hills are suddenly surprised by this ubiquitous little red book pouncing upon them unawares.

... ...

It is at least one drop of consolation in our cup of sorrow to know that the new book is a general favourite.

... ...

Our Rugby team have had two trials of strength up to date with the "Black Watch." On the first occasion, altho' we had the best of the game, yet we were unable to obtain more points than our opponents.

... ...

In the 2nd match, played on August 26th, we appear to have had the best of the game right through. In the first half neither side scored. After half time Pte. Templeton made his "mark" and "dropped" a magnificent goal. Later on Sergt. Smith scored a try, which Pte. Templeton converted, altho' a long shot. Later on Mr. Bell and Corpl. Lacey got over the line but did not add to the total.

... .

A very handsome "Dragon" pin with a scroll "The Buffs" underneath, in blue enamel, was received last mail from Sir Julius Raines K.C.B., to be competed for by the Officers at the Regimental Sports in their annual race.

The competition should be a keen one and will require some sprinting to carry off; the youngsters had better look to their laurels.

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Owing to Lieut. Hulke having proceeded to Changla Gully for a course in the School of Musketry, the "Dragon" has been handed over to the care of 2nd Lieut. Perkins.

... ...

The following is extracted from the *London Gazette*, dated 25th June 1893.

"Colonel the Hon'ble H. Parnell, C. B., half-pay, to be Major General, *vice* G. Clark, C. B., Commanding the troops, Belfast District, promoted."

General Parnell is an old Buff, having commanded the 2nd Battalion for a number of years, and previous to this was in command of "A" Company in this Battalion.

... ...

It is with regret we chronicle this month the death of Lce.-Corpl. Harryman of "C" Coy., who died at Jullundur on the 2nd inst. For the last 5 years Lce.-Corpl. Harryman has been employed in the workshops as wheelwright and carpenter, he being a first class tradesman. He has taken several good prizes at the different Soldiers' Exhibitions, in this country, for articles made by him in the workshops. He was held in great respect and esteem both by his fellow workmen and the N.-C. Officers and men of his company.

... ...

Our heartiest congratulations are tendered to "Sergt.-Instructor" Hoar (Snowball) on the occasion of his recent marriage at Saidpur with Miss Coombs. We hear also on good authority that Color Sergeant Cheal, who is at home on 6 months' leave, has recently committed matrimony. Evidently heavy weights are favourites with the ladies just at present.

... ...

The thanks of the Battn. are due to the 21st Coy. S. D. R. A. for the reception they gave the football team on their arrival at Fort William on the 19th inst. The members of the team are simply delighted with the arrangements, made by their gunner friends to make their stay in Calcutta as pleasant as possible.

... ...

We have recently received a copy of the "Second Annual Report of the Presidency Volunteer Rifle Battalion" in which a number of Old Buffs are serving, two of whom have distinguished themselves at Muskety during the past year.

Lce.-Corpl. T. Roche, formerly Lce.-Corpl. of "H" Company, has the honour of being best shot of the battalion with a score of 315.

Vol. T. Boyles, formerly Lce.-Corpl. of "G" Company, is 3rd best shot of battalion with 310 points, besides being best shot of the Police Coy.

In the different matches held during the Camp of Exercise at Belgurriah, a number of prizes fell to these two, Lce.-Corpl. Roach winning one prize alone of Rs. 100.

... ...

We are glad to see that "Nonplayer's" letter in last month's number has had some effect; if not in bullet throwing, it has in ball playing, as one court seems to be in constant use morning and evening.

... ...

We would remind our readers here that there are three Hand Ball Courts and we should like to see them all in use. It is a very healthy and cheap recreation.

... ...

Association football seems to be dying out in the battalion. As far as The Buffs are concerned it is now really one of the games of the past. No one seems to take any interest in it, which is a great pity as we are so near Simla, and might with a little practice send up a very decent team to compete for the Durand Cup.

We hope Capt. Dauglish will kindly take the team in hand when he rejoins from the Staff next month.

... ...

Our Honor & Glory team are working hard under the able guidance of Capt. Brine; we wish them every luck. The match will be fired all over India on 15th September next.

... ...

The weather (that delightful old topic) is a little cooler morning and evening, but still quite hot enough during the day. 92° inside a bungalow at 1 p.m. is warm enough for the majority of us. How we envy those at Bhagsu, the Hills which we can see in the distance!

... ...

Our half yearly inspection, by Major General Lord Frankfort, took place on the 10th instant, when all passed off very well. The Officers of the Battalion entertained Lord Frankfort at dinner the same evening.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published; any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

Dear Sir,

I would like to draw attention to an Annual Shooting Competition, which has apparently quite died out in the Battalion, viz., for the "Northbrook Vase.

I am sure that when that splendid specimen of the silversmith's art was presented to the Battalion, by Lord Northbrook, the idea was that the Battalion was very keen on shooting, that it could shoot, and would shoot. The last competition took place in Dum-Dum, in 1890, when Color.-Sergt. Andrews of "F" Company was returned the winner, and whose name should be found inscribed thereon.

It is a great pity to neglect such an old competition, considering all things connected with it, and I doubt very much whether there are 50 men in the Battalion who know such a competition should take place annually.

Observer,

DEPOT NEWS.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Dear Sir

At last it has been decided where the Depot is to be located during the re-drainage of the Infantry Barracks at this Station. Shornecliffe is the chosen depot and a move is to be made there on 14th August; how long it will stay there is not known but probably about a year.

The Head Quarters of the Regimental District will not be moved, so Colonel Kerr and his staff remain at Canterbury.

All the recruits at Depot, 62 in number, were sent under command of Capt. Blackburn to join the 2nd Battn. at the Curragh on 7th July, the recruits now enlisting for "The Buffs" will be sent direct to the Home Battalion.

Color-Sergt. Freeman, Sergeants Broom, Hall and Copping Lce.-Sergt. Grindley and Corpl. Archbold have been sent to the Curragh to be employed as instructors to recruits.

The Depot has been formed into 2 Companies and will so remain until rejoining this station.

Lieut. R. H. D'Aeth completed his course at Hythe on 11th July and obtained an Officers' Certificate, he went from the School of Musketry to Bisley and was employed at the meeting of the National Rifle Association.

Color-Sergt. S. Woodcroft, who is Sergeant-Instructor to the New Romney Company of the 1st Volunteer Battalion, is about to be discharged to pension at his own request. Color-Sergeant E. Breen, 2nd Battn., will probably succeed him.

Major C. H. Gordon is under orders to join the School of Musketry Class which commences on 15th August.

Lieut. W. Rayden completes his tour of duty at Depot next month, and is to be succeeded by Lieut. Sparrow.

We are anxiously looking forward to next week—Canterbury Cricket Week, and trust it may be fine.

The matches to be played are:—

Kent *v.* Notts.

Kent. *v*, Australians.

There will be the usual amateur theatricals by the "Old Stagers" on Monday, Tuesday. Thursday and Friday, and grand balls in the Music Hall on Wednesday and Friday.

The Dane John and City is to be brilliantly illuminated and a Lantern Cycle parade is to take place on Thursday evening.

I hear Captains Knight and McLachlan are returning, also that Capt. G. H, Chippindall has been offered a Majority in the Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Pte. J. Custance has joined the Home Battalion from Netley, having been found fit for further duty.

Dr. S. Carroll, and Ptes. J. McGinnell and M. Collins have been discharged at Netley, medically unfit for further service. The notification as to pensions awarded them has not yet been received.

Intimation has been received from Horse Guards that a draft, strength about 199, will be required to embark during the forthcoming trooping season to join your battalion.

No. 21 Color-Sergeant G. Austin, Permanent Staff, 3rd Battalion, has re-engaged to complete 21 years' service.

Yours faithfully

"Old Buff."

"Old Buffs" deceased.

No. 279 Corpl. Thomas Roberts, 2nd Battn., died at Stratford London 8th April 1893. Aged 52 years. Admitted to pension of 1s. 5½d, per diem, March 1880, after 22 years' Service. No record of any Medals. Was employed as foreman at the Royal Arsenal.

No. 1585 Pte. James Smith, 2nd Battn, died at Colchester 21st July 1893. Aged 66 years. Discharged to Pension of 1s. per diem after 21 years' Service, October 1869. Medals. Crimean, Turkish and China.

No. 2733 Pte. Thomas Walsh, died at Liverpool, 26th July 1893. Aged 60 years. Invalided after 6 years' Service, May 1856, and granted a pension of 10d. per diem. Medals, Crimean and Turkish, with Clasp for Sebastopol. Wounded right shoulder at the Storming of the Redan.

HOME BATTALION NEWS.

Curragh Camp.
31st July 1893.

Dear Mr. Editor.

I am very sorry not to be able to send you a letter this month, owing to the pressure of other work during the last fortnight. Please accept for yourself and your readers the apologies of "Secundus."

P.S.—I shall embody the July News in my next contribution.

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To

The Editor of The Dragon

Dear Sir,

Having just come back from the present un-"Happy Valley" the account of "Our Return" which appeared in "*The Pioneer*" may prove interesting.

"PANAMA HAT."

Jullundur,
21st August 1893.

OUR RETURN FROM KASHMIR IN 1893.

Visitors to Kashmir, who have travelled in by the tonga road to Baramula, cannot fail to have been struck by the picturesque little group of buildings at Domel, consisting of the dak bungalow with its adjuncts, Mr. Atkinson's beautiful little cottage almost hidden by creepers and roses, the pretty garden in front, and the workshops containing a large amount of valuable machinery. The situation of Domel at the junction of the Jhelum and the Kishengunga would be difficult to beat for natural charm, and the buildings just mentioned, together with the very graceful and imposing iron cantilever bridge across the Jhelum, make up an extremely attractive picture.

On the 19th July we (two sahibs and one mem-sahib) arrived at Domel on our way down from Kashmir. Rain fell heavily at intervals on that and the previous day, but, with the exception of this and a heavy downpour on the 18th, there had not been much rain for several days, although the hills had been, as a rule, enveloped in mist and cloud. The morning of the 20th was fine, and the river, though muddy, was in sufficiently good order to allow of a small massya being caught with atta by one of us, opposite the dak bungalow about 7 a.m. About 3 a.m., however, it began to rain and continued all day without any break. The river began to rise very quickly, and soon an incredible number of logs of wood began to come down. By 6.30 p.m. the river had risen sufficiently to carry away the little pier and summer-house built out into the stream, and as darkness came on it became apparent that the workshops and Mr. Atkinson's bungalow, would soon be in considerable danger. The clerks, and workmen set to work, with praiseworthy energy and remarkable absence of anything like fuss or excitement, to remove all the furniture and effects from the bungalow, and the machinery from the workshops. All hands worked with a will, but the machinery was mostly too heavy and cumbrous to make it possible for it to be taken to any distance, and a good deal of it was collected on the road leading to the dak bungalow. The heavy boilers, iron frames, and all the more bulky machinery it was impossible to move at all. Between 10 p.m. to 12 midnight the river rose about three feet, but was still so much below the level of the dak bungalow that we all went to bed without much anxiety. However at 6 a.m,, we were somewhat hastily awakened with the pleasant intelligence that the water would soon be up to the bungalow, and we naturally did not stay very long in bed after this. A bugle sounded the alarm, and soon all the available inmates of the little hamlet of Domel were busily engaged in carrying up to a new bungalow, recently built for the Maharaja, and luckily on a good deal higher ground, our own baggage, and the furniture and stores from the dak bungalow. As we walked out of the building on one side, the water come up to the steps on the other. By this time it must have risen some 25 or 30 feet, and at 3 a.m., Mr. Atkinson's bungalow was swept away. The river continued rising, forcing down a mass of what looked like liquid chocolate more than water, and a terrible scene of destruction commenced. Trees, flowers, shrubs were torn up and carried away, including all the blue gum trees that formed quite a feature of the place, all the small out-buildings crumbled away, and the water soon rose up above the tops of the doorways of the dak bungalow. At 9 a,m. it became apparent that the bridge, solid structure as it was, was being subjected to a series of such violent and repeated blows from the masses of timber that were continually hurled against it, that its stability was being seriously endangered. A crack appeared in the masonry, and soon it was seen that the ironwork of the bridge had bulged considerably out of a straight line. All traffic was stopped over it, and for some hours a small crowd of such of the inhabitants as were not engaged in trying to rescue their own property from the ruin threatened, should the river rise any further, watched with keen interest the contest between the river and the bridge. About 12,30 p.m. it was all over. One end of the bridge settled slowly down and then the other was torn bodily out of the masonry, and the whole structure disappeared in a mass of liquid mud. The river rose right over the level of the roadway on both sides, doing considerable damage to the houses in the adjacent bazaar. Built as they are at the foot of a hill with very imperfect means of drainage, they were also flooded by the rain water pouring down the hill-side behind them, and nearly all the little stores of rice, grain, and sugar were soaked and more or less damaged. It was curious in the midst of the scene of ruin and destruction to observe the quiet resignation with which the sufferers accepted the situation, which they piously attributed to the will of God. A story was freely circulated in the bazaar, according to which the calamity was the direct result of a curse pronounced by an old fakir, who had been caught two days before helping himself to fruit in the dak bungalow gardens, and while being summarily punished had prophesied the immediate destruction of the place. Whatever the fakir's curse may have had to do with it, by the evening the whole of the dak bungalow, with the exception of two back rooms, had been carried away. The telegraph office was also partially wrecked, but the instruments and papers had luckily been removed in good time to a house on the side of a hill. At 4 p.m. the river was at its height, and soon after began falling, at first slowly, but afterwards almost as quickly as it had risen. A rich harvest in the shape of drift wood was reaped by the inhabitants of the villages on the opposite bank, illustrating the truth of the old proverb "It's an ill wind that blows no good"

By the morning of the 21st the river had fallen about 10 feet, and in the afternoon a somewhat precarious system of communication across the river with Mozufferabad was instituted by means of men swimming on double mussocks or *surnaies*. We received a very civil communication from the Wazir-Wazarat (Deputy Commissioner) with offers of any assistance in his power, and directions that we should be supplied with coolies or anything else we might require. With considerable difficulty a sufficient number of coolies was collected on the morning of the 22nd to enable us to start at about noon, ekkas, tongas, &c., being of course out of the question. Before starting we paid a final visit to the scene of the principal disaster, and a melancholy sight it was to see what

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had been beautiful little gardens turned into a barren desert of rocks and sand. The river, as it fell, had deposited deep beds of sand in many places, among others over what had been the workshops, where a large party of workmen were hard at work excavating the debris of the machinery and bringing out by slow degrees a confused mass of saws, steampipes, rollers, bolts, nuts, &c. As far as we could see of the road for about a mile beyond Domel towards Kashmir, it had been in many places partially or wholly washed away, and in others blocked with landslips. The damage to Domel alone was stated to represent at least three lakhs of rupees.

Our journey to Dulai was accomplished without any incident, but we found the road very badly broken in five places, the road having in some places been completely undermined and slipped down bodily to the bottom of the slope. Immense damage had been done by local landslips. Besides the action of the river, it was evident that the whole country must have been in a thoroughly saturated state just before the heavy rain began, and consequently every stream and water-course overflowed simultaneously. Before starting we had received definite news of the bridge across the Jhelum at Kohala having been carried away, thus cutting us off from India altogether, as the suspension bridge by which the road from Mozaff rabad to Abbottabad crosses the Kishengunga had disappeared about the same time as the Domel bridge. At Dulai we found the dak bungalow intact, although the water had come within a few feet of it. We also found a detachment of Sappers and Miners (Native) under a native officer, on their way to Gilgit. Provided as they were with only camels as their transport, it was obvious that their further progress towards Kashmir, must necessarily be considerably delayed until the road could be in some measure repaired.

An important gap in their line of communications, *viz*,, the broken bridge at Kohala, was in urgent want of being repaired, and it was only 11 miles away. But the native officer had received no *hukm*, the authorities apparently deeming it well that these forty trained men should *baitho* for several days at one short day's march from a bridge, the repair of which was a duty they had been specially trained to perform.

On the 23rd at 10-30 a.m., our departure having been delayed by the obstructive and dishonest policy of the "tekidar', and "police havildar." into the details of which, annoying enough at the time, it is unnecessary to enter, we resumed our march. We found the road, where it overhung the river, in many places absolutely destroyed ; in one place, just before the Agar nala, at least 300 yards having altogether disappeared, leaving nothing but the side of the cliff. All along the road from Domel gangs of men were hard at work (*i.e.*, as hard as a Kashmiri ever works) making the road practicable for foot-passengers, but it was evident that it must be a matter of months before a tonga could be expected to roll along the road again. The bridge over the Agar nala had been carried away, and we had to wade across, the water being nearly up to our waists. Everybody, however, including a lady in a dandy and all our traps, were successfully got over.

We took up our abode at the Barsala bungalow, a nicely built bungalow, built (says the Guide Book) principally for the use of Kashmir officials, and situated about a mile from the Kohala bridge. The Guide Book also says that the situation is a very hot one, in this we cordially agreed ; 94° in the house, with no punkahs, no soda-water, and no ice is not agreeable.

Determined to get out of it as soon as we could, we went down to the river in the evening, and learning that some sahibs were on the other side trying to do something in the way of getting a line across, we wrote a note to the engineer in charge, saying we had arrived at Barsala, and were willing to co-operate in any scheme he might suggest for constructing a temporary bridge. This note we sent over by one of seven or eight *surnai* or *mussock-walas* who were plying their rather dangerous trade here as at Domel. The suspension bridge, we found, had been completely carried away, leaving however the masonry towers and chains on the land side intact on both banks. There remained a gap of about 90 yards to be bridged over in some form or other. On the following morning (Monday 24th ultimo) an answer arrived to our note, from which it appeared that the sahibs on the other side, Mr. D,, the road engineer, or as the natives call him "barrack master," Mr. Le M., a Post Office official, and a Mr. P., formerly employed as an engineer on the Kashmir tonga road, had been trying unsuccessfully, owing to the strength of the current, to get a line over by means of a man on a *mussock*, and had come to the conclusion that the only chance of establishing communication consisted in making use of the two telegraphs wires which crossed the river about 400 yards below the bridge, the posts on either being fixed at some distance up the bank, and consequently at a considerable height above the water, some 50 or 60 feet. We were requested to detach one wire on our side with all due precautions and bring it down to the water's edge, where it was hoped the wire would form an inclined plane at a sufficient angle to enable a runner of some kind to convey along it a line to our side. We, accordingly, collected all the assistance available in the shape of some 20 indolent and stupid Kashmiris, impressed a mistri, raised a file and a pair of pincers from a travelling case of tools belonging to one of us, borrowed some ropes from a camel-driver on the road (the resources of the Kashmir Kohala being in these and similar respects absolutely *nil*) and set to work. The wire was successfully detached and brought down to the water, but alas! all the attempts made from the other side to send down greased rings of wood resulted in signal failure. During the operations a doctor appeared, having crossed the river by a ferry about 10 miles below, and marched up, in *very* light marching order (a suit of pyjamas and a pair of shoes) by what he described to us as a very bad road, at least 20 miles long, which he had taken over 24 hours to accomplish. As the track by which he had come was the only alternative route by which we could hope to march out of Kashmir, should it be found impracticable to effect a crossing at Kohala, it was with somewhat depressed spirits that we returned to the bungalow. Our leave was drawing to a close; something must be done, but the hot march through the jungle, especially for the lady of the party, appeared a most uninviting prospect.

Next morning, however, the 25th ultimo, a much more successful plan was attempted. The wire on the Indian side was cut, and another wire 600 feet long attached to it. This, according to instructions, we hauled across, and then, detaching the new wire from the old, and making a rope fast to it, we carried it up to the site of the old bridge, an operation requiring great care to prevent the wire getting in the water, where the force of the stream would have possibly carried it away, and taking considerable time, on account of the inequalities of the ground over which it had to be carried and the trees along both banks. Fortunately we had by this time got a regularly organised working party on our side of 36 men, all more or less idle and stupid, but out of whom a good deal of work could be got, not (be it said with regret) without the use of a great deal of very bad language, and an occasional forcible application of the toe. (*To be continued.*)

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TYPES OF LONDON LIFE.

1.—The Cabby.

Cabs were first introduced in the year 1823. The name of the inventor is unknown—I am not now speaking of the gondolas of London—whereby he escapes much ignominy. He has a great deal to answer for.

In the first place, as we mentioned above, he invented cabs, and what is still worse, four-wheeled ones. Still, we can hardly imagine that, while his æsthetic brain was shaping this new form of public conveyance, he could have dreamt that he was at that moment responsible for an altogether new branch of the "genus homo," a branch that was soon to rise and multiply to an extent horrible to contemplate; that was to strike terror into the hearts of all unprotected females, young and old, and to furnish (in common with the mother-in-law) a target for the wit and humour of all editors of comic "weeklies!"

For wherever the cab exists, there too, alas! is the cabby. Here he is, crawling energetically down the street at the rate of two miles an hour, the highest speed to which his animal can attain. Cab, cabby and cabhorse, perhaps the quaintest specimen of the creation that is still in existence, are all in the same miserably dilapidated condition, and we look round to the back of the equipage in the expectation of seeing the figure "1" thereon, for surely this must be *the* original cab! But no; the number either runs into tens of thousands, or else the plate is in keeping with the rest of its surroundings and can not be read at all.

Volumes might be written on the cabby, and on his innumerable ways and wiles—and another volume on his cab and steed. Would that the space were at my disposal! But here I must only touch upon a few of his chief characteristics. Firstly, as regards his attire. Put an old hat in soak for a week, vary by brushing it the wrong way at frequent intervals, and you have it—that is, as regards his headgear. His overcoat-well, this many-caped garment is a problem. Personally, mind you, I think that they were issued at the same time as the vehicles, in 1823, and that, metaphorically speaking, the plate has been destroyed. Still they are a professional secret. As for his boots, they are generally out of sight, and well out of mind; but I think, we may safely affirm that they are *not* of patent leather.

So much for his outward appearance. Of his general inward character the less said the better. The most characteristic traits are—flow of language, unbounded innate sarcasm, a most original stock of epithets, and an ability to look you in the face and lie in such a manner as to make you feel undeservedly ashamed of yourself. There is an old saying—perhaps it is new to some—that is worth while mentioning; "Never slang a cabby. He can beat you at it."

But four-wheeled cabs are slowly, very slowly, but surely dying out. They will pass away unbemoaned and unwept for, save by old ladies up from the country, who regard hansoms as the height of dissipation.

"And when the last has dwindled to its last decay,
Then let a joyous nation say.
Rest thou in peace."

PUFF.

"ADVICE TO BUFFS."

——;o:——

Our Rugby team to Calcutta has departed
They've shown good form since the season started,
And from the "Cup" they'll ne'er be parted,
So back 'em "2 to 1."

The "Bombay team" has got the scratch,
The "Black Watch" for us are no match,
And "Calcutta;" Why they're not a patch,
Then back 'em "2 to 1."

Don't forget their play last season,
To bet against them would be treason,
Come Buffs and show your sense and reason,
And back 'em "2 to 1."

For if you don't you're sure to rue it,
For our gallant lads are bound to do it,
Then with "Jim Laing" you all can blue it
So back 'em "2 to 1."

What if the pice you have not got
Why, flog your shirt and pipeclay pot
And then go strict upon the cot
Till you've won your "2 to 1."

So lads be sure to take my tip
Then you'll lay easy in your kip,
And from the cup the beer you'll sip,
And booze your "2 to 1."

"SKIBO."

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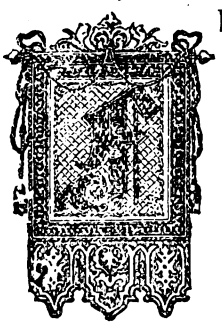
The Polo Match.

—:o:—



RED Reid, of the "Blazers," was quartered last year at Shotley, which is not far from Town. He was only a subaltern and "married"—mark, married, an awful sin in his regiment. The "Blazers," though a line regiment, are wealthy, and know it. Alas! Fred Reid is not, and he too "knows it." Failing health brought him home from the Shiney to serve on the magnificent sum of 6s. 6d. a day after five years spent in the East. Fred's polo ponies and smart turn-out are things of the past, for now he has left the "poor man's country" he cannot afford these things.

Of course, Fred's brother-officers have started a "polo club"—all "smart" regiments must; it is the correct thing. They own excellent ponies, and turn out in faultless polo kit, but they do not play the game, though that matters little so long as they turn up at the gardens well mounted and dressed, to chat with the ladies who congregate for tea and scandal at the Club. It would be cruel to tell a "Blazer" that his regiment could not play, or to hint that when another regiment asked them to play a friendly game there was consternation in the ante-room. It is rumoured that on that occasion one "Blazer" said in confidence to another "We can't accept; those fellows are always practising, you know. We really can't play them." The answer they sent back was, "Awfully sorry, but nearly all our fellows are on duty."

Now, no one can play polo well without constant practice, and as the majority of Fred's brother-officers were up in town every afternoon when off duty, naturally enough their polo form suffered.

One day several of the officers were in the ante-room waiting for dinner to be announced, when De Jones the "boots" of the "Blazers," said in a loud voice to Fitzcash, "Oh; do you know I am getting on capitally at polo, I can hit the ball trotting."

"Good; let's get up a match!" returned some of the others.

During dinner young Denver, who had lately joined, remarked pointedly, so that Reid might hear, "Married fellows are a nuisance; they are not sporting. If I'm ever a C.O. no officer in my regiment shall marry."

Beresford, a married captain, who, like Reid, had lately come home on promotion from the Indian battalion, hearing Denver's speech, remarked quietly, "Oh! indeed, and who are you? What do you know about sport?"

"Well, don't be riled but you and Reid are married, and don't play polo, you know," young Denver answered.

"I don't know what you call polo, but when the cloth is off, though I am a poor man, I'll bet you £50 that Reid and myself, with two ladies I know, will beat you hollow in a week's time, if your Club will lend us the ponies—provided we can get the ladies to play."

"What humbug! Why, you must be mad, Beresford," many indignant voices exclaimed, to which Captain Croker added, in a patronising tone, "You and Reid don't play polo, and I suppose you think the ladies thrown in good fun; but it is a poor sort of sarcasm."

"No, I mean just what I say, and, moreover I fancy that the two ladies could teach you fellows not only to play polo, but to ride," said Beresford coolly.

After much loud talk, chaff, and incredulous laughing, the ponies were promised and a day fixed for the match. The cloth off, many of the "Blazers" wanted to take the bet, but Beresford refused to stake more than £50, which Reid halved with him. The whole mess declared that the two married men must be mad, and flattered themselves that they had a soft thing on. Several fellows, amongst whom was Denver, exclaimed, "I'd like to see women play! Who are they? Were did you raise them? So we can't play women? What rot!"

"No!" said Reid, slyly, "any more than you could play the—th last week"—a home thrust which rendered them speechless for a while, but put them a little more on their mettle.

The two ladies who were to play in the polo match were Beresford's and Reid's wives, who had both learnt to play the game fairly well when on detachment in the Deccan, where a game could not be got up without them.

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Mrs. Beresford and Mrs. Reid both entered into the spirit of the thing and promised to do their best. Mrs. Beresford came of a Galway family, and was a first-rate cross-country rider. She had perfect hands and a very good eye, which two handsome silver bowls in the drawing-room testified to, being prizes won by her two years in succession for rifle shooting at Secunderabad, where ladies really go in for the use of the rifle. Mrs. Reid, too, was a thorough horsewoman, possessing lots of nerve and a strong arm, and she could hit a polo ball as hard and clean as many men. So, though unmercifully chaffed, the "Blazers" had some reason to think that there was a good run for their money before them.

The next day the ladies turned out their saddlery and saw to their bits, etc., which had not seen daylight since they arrived home from India. The "Blazers" kept the thing as quiet as possible, being terribly afraid that any of the other corps should hear of the bet, thinking they would be eternally disgraced by being challenged to polo by a team of which half were ladies. Beresford and Reid thought otherwise, and issued invitations broadcast to other regiments to come and see the match, which read: –

"Blazers" *v.* "Qui Hais."
Polo match, June 4th. 1891.

When the eventful hour arrived, great was the consternation of the "Blazers" on beholding the numbers of "smart" who turned up in response to the "Qui Hais" invitation, and the large marquee, which Beresford and Reid had ordered, meaning to pay for it and the refreshments out of the £50 they felt so confident of winning,

It was agreed to play for ten minutes, as the ladies would not be able to last out longer.

Beresford won the toss and elected to play down hill. He promptly told off his team—Reid as No. 1, Mrs. Beresford as No. 2, Mrs. Reid No. 3, himself playing "back"— and the "Blazers" got into their places with little less delay. Young Denver, who had so jeered at the idea of a lady playing, being told to play No. 2, so had to hit off. As the umpire gave the signal Mrs. Beresford and Denver crossed sticks, and the ball was hit off hard and clean—but not by Denver—and away galloped Mrs. Beresford, well backed up by Mrs. Reid. Mrs. Beresford, again hit the ball, and seemed to have it all her own way before the "Blazers" could get round.

Their back foolishly waited for the ball to settle, and got ridden off by Reid. Just as Mrs. Beresford, was about to hit the ball, Denver, whose pony was a good deal faster than the "Qui Hais," No. 2, came up and hooked Mrs. Beresford's stick, and prevented a straight shot at goal. A back-hander of Denver's then sent the ball spinning back towards the centre of the ground.

A ding dong game followed until a minute before time, when Beresford, the "Qui Hais'" back, brought the ball out from behind his goal line, and, venturing a run, went down the ground at a hard gallop, and succeeded in scoring a goal for his side amid deafening cheers from the onlookers.

Time was called, the ponies changed, and many congratulations were received by the two ladies. Ends were changed, and the second ten minutes commenced. Play proved more equal, and neither side scored this time. In the third ten minutes the "Qui Hais" had to hit the ball behind their own goal line in self defence, and the "Blazers" afterwards scored a goal. So far things were equal. As the sides took their places for the last ten minutes' play, the excitement became intense. Mrs. Beresford, still playing No. 2, hit off, but missed, and Denver, got on the ball. Mrs. Reid, digging in the spur, smartly brought her pony's head round and galloped all she knew after him; her light weight soon told, and she hustled Denver off the ball, while Beresford galloping up sent the ball whizzing through the air towards the "Blazers'" goal. Mrs. Beresford, watching her husband, brought her pony's head round, and hotly pursued by the "Blazers'" No. 2, succeeded in hitting the ball before anyone could reach her, and sent it flying past the enemy's back between the goal posts, and another goal was earned for the "Qui Hais" amid the vigorous cheers of the spectators. Ends were changed once more, but the "Blazers" could not succeed in getting past Beresford before the bell, announcing that time was up, was rung.

How the "Qui Hais" were cheered as they dismounted. Many envious eyes were cast on the women who had done so much to win the

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match, and they were soon literally besieged by admirers, and many were the questions and compliments showered upon them. "We did not know you rode," Where did you learn polo?" We did not know your husbands played," etc., while the "Blazers" stood by chafing.

However, they took their defeat well, and acknowledged that the married men could play, after all; but they all agreed that next time they made bets with married men, they would make sure there were no dark horses.

The "Blazers" no longer affect polo for mere "swagger," but really go in for playing the game. Beresford and Reid, gave their wives gold bangles, especially designed with crossed polo sticks and ball, tipped with diamonds, upon which were engraved the date of the match, June 4th, 1891, and of which they are justly proud; and each lady has in her possession a silver-mounted hunting crop, also dated and engraved with the regimental crest, which they received a little later, with a gracefully written note accompanying each, from the "Blazers," which they value almost as much as the bangles.

THE BUFFS *v.* BLACK WATCH.

PLAYED on the 22nd August on Calcutta Ground. The rain which had been threatening all day came down in a pretty sharp shower about 5.15. There was not sufficient to make the ground sloppy, but the ball was exceedingly greasy and difficult to hold.

The Buffs lost the toss, and the Black Watch kicked off from the River-side goal about 6.45. The ball was fumbled by the Black Watch back, and the first scrimmage was formed about ten yards from the Black Watch goal line. The Buffs' forwards rushed the ball over the line three times in rapid succession, and though on two occasions it certainly looked like a try for the Regiment the referee was unable to decide whose hand was first on the ball, and a scrimmage was formed "five yards out" The Regimental forwards now tried heeling the ball out to the half-backs, and several desperate attempts to cross the line on the part of Sergeant Marshall, Corpl. Dillon and Sergt. Smith were frustrated just in time by the Black Watch behinds, who throughout the game tackled magnificently. The ball remained for fully ten minutes in very dangerous proximity to the Black Watch line, and then Bomwetsch cleverly intercepting a pass between two of the Regimental three-quarters, by a grand punt sent the ball into touch near the half-way flag. The ball was however worked gradually back by the Regimental forwards, and very shortly afterwards half time was called.

On resuming, the ball was again immediately carried into the Black Watch quarters, and the Black Watch line was crossed several times by Lieut. Porter, Sergt. Smith, and Pte. Arms, but on each occasion the try was disallowed.

On one occasion whilst Bomwetsch, the Black Watch Captain, was dropping out from the 25 Flag, several of his men got in front of the ball. A free kick for off-side was given straight in front of the Black Watch goal. The place kick was taken by Templeton but no goal resulted.

The remainder of the game was a series of scrimmages, in the Black Watch 25, with every now and then a desperate attempt on the part of the Regimental three-quarters to cross the Black Watch line.

The Black Watch behinds continued to play superbly, frustrating all attacks on their goal, and at intervals relieving their side with long punts.

When time was called nothing had been scored by either side and the match ended in a draw.

The play of the Regimental team was exceedingly satisfactory, and they certainly had very bad luck. The Regimental behinds, with one solitary exception, played grandly and kept their heads excellently.

A special word of praise is due to Lieut. Porter Sergt. Smith and Corpl. Dillon.

The forwards played well also, but one or two chances of scoring were lost owing to too vigorous kicking, when near the opponents' goal line.

The Black Watch as before stated were faultless behind the scrimmage. Their forwards though somewhat lighter than the Regimental forwards are considerably heavier than last year.

Five men of the Rifle Brigade now play in their team, all of whom are Yorkshiremen and know the Rugby game well.

The following team represented the Regiment:

Pte. Adsley, (back). Sergt. Marshall, Pte.

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Wherle, Pte. Templeton, and Corpl. Dillon (¾ Backs).

Lieut. Porter & Sergt. Smith (½ backs).

Lieut. Bell, Sergt. Crumby. Sergt. Revell, Corpl. Manning Lce.-Corpl. Lacey, Ptes. Parker, Arms. and Beer. (Forwards.)

Corporals' Smoking Concert.

A Smoking Concert was given by the Corporals in the Regimental Theatre on the 11th inst., which proved a great success, Colonel Harley and most of the Officers being present, also the Warrant Officers, Staff and Color-Sergeants. The Corporals of the 68th Field Battery turned up in great force. Below is the Programme which was gone through very successfully.

Cpls. Hawkins & Lever were extremely amusing in their "Comic sketch dance," Corporal Burns sang "The Red Cross" in grand style, this being the first time this Non-Commissioned Officer has sung in public.

Corpls. Wall & Knott in their song and dance were also very good. The duties of chairman were well performed by Corporal Cross "The General." Corporals Pickett, Dillon, Breen and Spice greatly enlivened the proceedings of the evening by kindly attending with their Piccolos and Flutes; a word of praise is also due to Corporal Castle as President and the Committee for the very excellent arrangements that were made for the comfort of every one.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Overture		"Fantasia,"	Corporals, The Drums
Song	Comic	"Ta ra ra Boom-de-a,"	Corporal Davison.
"	Sentimental	"Bunch of Shamrock,"	" Castle.
"	Comic	"Uncle John."	Lce.-Corpl, Lever.
"	Sentimental	"The Red Cross,"	Corporal Burns
"	Comic	"Early Closing,"	" Hawkins.
Statue Dance	Comic	Corpl. Hawkins, & Lce.-Corpl. Lever..	
Waltz		"Ever and ever mine,"	Corpls. The Drums.

PART, II.

Overture		"Quadrille, High old Times,"	Corpls. The Drums
Song	Comic	"The Boosing Snob,"	Lce. Corpl. Lever.
"	Sentimental	"Far Away,"	Corpl. Cross.
"	Comic	"The oldest man at Tea,',	" Castle.
Song and Dance		"Lads O' Lancashire,"	Lce. Corpls. Wall and Knott.
Song	Sentimental	"The 3 leaved Shamrock,"	Corpl. Burns.
"	"	'Take me Home Barney,"	" Wood.

God Save the Queen Empress.

MORE BARS FROM THE BARRACK ROOM No. (1.)

MY OLD WOMAN.

Yes, I own that she a'int ornamental,
That her physog an angel'd scarce suit;
With a figure just like a suleetah
Packed up by some dirty recruit;
But I never went in when I married,
For beauty, on that did'nt look,
I just wanted a girl and I've got her,
Who could wash, and could mend, and could cook.

There's a Sergeant, two doors from our quarters,
Who picked up a piece from some school.
She's quite A 1 at anti-macassars
But for house work, an out and out fool:
Her face is so dimpled and charming
Of the station they say she's the belle;
She can play the piano and warble,
But her breakfasts and dinners—oh h- l!

And there's roster, just over the way there,
Who went in for coffee, the chump;
He's only been married a fortnight
Already, poor Bill's got the hump;
Why, she won't put her hand to a duster,
Oh blow me tight, ain't she a joy?
She's standing now on the verandah
With her hair down her back, screaming "boy."

Yes, I think I've the best of the bargain,
If she is so *poorana* and plain,
And I know that I never shall suffer.
From green monster jealousy's pain.
So here's to your health my old woman,
Have a share of this quart "long-o me
Wait a bit; why, she's robbing the dhobie,
And scrubbing a suit of khaki.

BOGGLEY WALLAH.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Regimental Papers:—

The XXX—1st East Lancashire Regt.
The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W K. Regt.
The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal .Munster Fusiliers
The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.
The Army Service Corps Journal.
I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.
The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.
The Soldier—A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.
The 16th Lancers Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers
The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.
The 5 & 9, The Lilywhites Gazette;—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.
The Thistle.—2nd Bn. The Royal Scots.
The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.
St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.
1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E.S. Regt.

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Regimental Items.

2nd Lieut. N. Macpherson, having been admitted to the Indian Staff Corps, with effect from the 13th September 1891, he is struck off the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly.

Lieut. & Adjutant A. Lynden-Bell, The Buffs, passed the lower standard examination in Pushtu on the 5th July 1893.

The following Officer and N.-C. Officers underwent a course of instruction at Changli Gully, and have qualified as shown below.

Obtained—"Officers' Extra Certificate of Musketry."

* * * *

Captain G. V, Daughlish, 1st Battalion The Buffs.

* * * *

Obtained—"Warrant and N.-C, Officers' Certificates of Musketry."

* * * *

Color Sergt, T, F, Andrews,
" W. Watts,
" J. Greig,

* * * *

The undermentioned N.-C. Officers have been permitted to re-engage for such further periods as will make up total continuous services of 21 years with the Colors.

No. 1 Color-Sergeant G. Holmes.
" 945 " C, Peters.
" 405 Sergeant C. Perry.
" 234 " A. H. Baker.
" 522 " C. Grey,(Unattached List)
" 1191 " C. Carnell,
" 632 " J. Smith,
" 951 Lce.-Sergt. H. Borland,

The undermentioned men have been permitted to extend their periods of Army Service to 12 years with the Colors.

No. 2113 Private W. A. Girt.
" 1983 " A. Mannings,

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments.

To be Lance Corporals.

No. 328 Private T. Hammond. dated 10th January 1893.
" 534 " W. A, Greaves,
" 1234 Drummer F. Spice, } dated 5th August 1893.
" 2851 Private F. Lee.

The undermentioned man is appointed Pioneer with effect from 3rd inst., *vice* Lance Corporal W. Harryman deceased.

No. 3721 Private F. Farley.

No. 1590 Private G, Martin, "The Buffs" is appointed Station Butcher at this Station with effect from the 3rd inst,

The undermentioned man, a transfer from 4th Battn, Kings Royal Rifle Corps, has been granted the India Medal with clasp "N. E. Frontier 1893," for service in Manipur:—

No. 4093 Private C. H. Flint.

The undermentioned N.-C, Officers passed a professional examination for promotion at an examination held at Jullundur on the 14th instant.

To Sergeant.

No. 951 Lce,-Sergt. H. Borland.
" 1598 " H. Marshall.
" 1840 Corporal W. Castle.
" 3852 " J, G. Allen.
" 524 " J. Pickett.

To Corporal

No. 2602 Lce.-Corpl. A. Goldfinch.
" 3052 " A, Hayward.
" 1962 " J. Henniker.
" 783 " W. Wittering.
" 2898 " C. George.
" 3078 " J. Brennan.
" 2910 " J. Winder.
" 2178 " R. Gray.
" 3405 " C, Canning.

The undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officers passed a professional examination at Bhagsu on the 5th and 7th insts., for promotion to the undermentioned ranks:—

To Sergeant.

No. 1199 Corpl. C. Newport.

To Corporal.

No. 2731 Lce.-Corpl. W. Kemp.
" 3454 " W. Shevlin.
" 2948 " A, Hawkins.

The undermentioned men are granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names:—

"A" COMPANY.

No. 3541 Pte. Brewer, W. 1d. Granted 24-7-93

"B" COMPANY.

No. 2752 Pte, Carey, T. 1d. Granted 21-8-93.
" 2097 " Gurney, E. 2d. " 9-8-93.

"C" COMPANY.

No. 1568 Pte. Aherne, P. Resumes 3d.
No. 2294Pte. Midwinter, A. 2d. Granted 23-7-93.

"D" COMPANY.

No. 3553 Pte. Nichols, W. 1d. Granted 11-8-93.

"E" COMPANY.

No. 3530 Pte. Collins, C. 1d. Granted 9-7-93.
" 2297 " Plumpton, W. 2d. " 3-8-93.
" 3506 " Treacher, G. 1d. " 2-5-93.

"F" COMPANY.

No. 868 Pte. Stevens, W. 2d. Restored 10-8-93.
" 1803 " Smith, A. 2d. Granted 9-8-93.
" 2882 " Knox, H. 1d. Restored 22-8-93.
" 2311 " Hinds, J. 2d. Granted 24-8-93.
" 3176 " Kemp, H. 1d. " 24-8-93.
" 3556 " Lee, J. 1d. " 10-8-93.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
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1908.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 78. **JULLUNDUR, September. 30th 1393.** Price. Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

WARD—At Jullundur, on 7th September, the wife of No. 46 Mess Sergt. T. E. Ward, of a daughter.
Lily Marian Kate.

BOULTER—At Neemuch, Central India, on the 12th September, the wife of Barrack Sergt. G. W. Boulter, Military Works Department (late Sergt. The Buffs,) of a son.

Marriage.

CHEAL—RICHARDS—At St. Luke's, Bromley, Kent, on 24th August 1893, Color-Sergt. Thomas Cheal. 1st Battalion "The Buffs," to Miss Lizzie Richards.

NOTES.

THE Team have returned from Calcutta and, altho' they did not win the cup, they are to be heartily congratulated on their good play. All who saw the final match agree, that the Regiment would have been proud to see the way their representatives played up. We certainly had the very worst of the luck. In any ordinary year our team was more than good enough to win the cup, and we confidently look to them to bring it back next year.

... ...

Our heartiest sympathies are with Mr Porter. After playing in every match and training hard for more than two months, to be knocked over by that fiend *fever*, and debarred from playing in the final, must have been a terrible disappointment to him, besides being a most serious loss to the team. Mr. Porter, tho' he must have felt very ill indeed, made light of it altogether and was dressing for the final match, when our friend Dr. Russell, happening to come in noticed how ill he looked. Dr. Russell's thermometer was out in a second and shewed Mr. Porter as having a temperature of 104. Mr. Porter was at once put to bed and had the mortification of lying within 300 yards of where the final match was being played, without being even able to see it.

He was so unwell the next day, that it was thought advisable, to leave him in the General Hospital, where he will be excellently looked after. He has the wishes of every one of us for

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a speedy recovery.

... ...

We offer our sincere thanks to all our Calcutta friends, for their very great kindness to the team during their stay in Calcutta, especially to the Uncremonials, the Calcutta Football Club, and lastly, but by no means least, to the 21st S. D. R. A., who did so much towards making the stay of the team in Calcutta a pleasant one.

... ...

We must not omit to mention that the Calcutta Football Club made the team the handsome present of Rs 200 after the final match; also, that on arrival at Howrah, on their way back to Jullundur, the team found on the platform a table with refreshments, thoughtfully supplied by the C.F.C., who came down in large numbers to wish the team "bon voyage." After much handshaking and many vows to come down next year and take the cup back to Jullendur, the train steamed out of Howrah amidst wild cheers for the Calcutta Football Club and our Calcutta friends—cheers in which we wish we had been able to join.

... ...

We shall after all not have to part with Lieut. L. G. N. Eales as he has practically settled to exchange, on getting his step, with Capt. H. Blackburn, who is thinking of a volunteer adjutancy in Edinburgh. Lieut. Eales will, however, cease to be known to us any longer under the familiar name of the "Bakshi Sahib" as he will resign in favour of Lieut. C. C. Cobbe, who is now going through a course of instruction in that subject at Rawal Pindi.

... .

On the 9th of last month we were paid a visit by our old Calcutta friends, the Ferrell Company. They gave us three nights, each more successful than its predecessor.

... ...

Mr. Ferrell, we were very sorry to see, was not looking himself by any manner of means, and consequently we were deprived of much of that *life* that distinguished him so much on former visits. His daughters were as charming and graceful as ever, both eliciting much applause during the performance of "A kiss in the dark" and "Good for Nothing" Mr. Devon with his "Oh! Dr. Dijon" kept us in excellent spirits.

On the 12th and 14th the 68th Field Battery entertained us in a very sporting manner in their Theatre. They have started a "White Rose Minstrel Troupe." These performed a capital programme in a excellent manner. The second evening they had gained more confidence in themselves and the "show" went off wonderfully well. After the 2nd performance they very kindly entertained such of our band as were playing, at supper.

... ...

Twenty one inches of rain in thirty hours is a fairly decent record for Jullundur, and the people who have been howling for rain at home, would probably have been a little more than satisfied with this downpour if it had taken place in England.

... ...

We feel sure that the Officers of The Buffs who had the pleasure of living in the mud cabins (called bungalows) at Jullundur on the 18th and 19th September 1893, will not forget those two days in a hurry.

... ...

All the bungalows suffered more or less, and if a prize for the nearest approach to ruin had been offered, the Paymaster and Quarter-master would have run each other very close, the former we think winning by the shortest of heads.

... ...

An energetic babu is stated to have written to his master (a staff officer) as follows. "Please come very quick, roof all fall in, awful state, damn records destroyed, what can do, how can write?" Needless to say the S. O did not go quick, as it was pelting rain and the records are still readable.

... ...

However we all forgot our woes quickly, when the sun, which had been absent three days, appeared again, and after writing threatening letters to our landlords, drank to the health of the Rugby Football Team and better luck next year.

... ...

Owing to the unusually late return of the detachments from Dalhousie and Chagsu, the Regimental Sports have been unavoidably postponed until Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 31st, November 1st and 2nd.

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With the detachment still full of hill blood and ourselves invigorated with the first approach of the cold weather, which we are already beginning to enjoy, there should be plenty of entries for all the events and considerable competition for the prizes.

... ...

Another sign of the times is the fact that our band has ceased to play in the gardens after dinner, but can be heard playing there on Tuesday afternoons from 5-30 to 7-30. Next month we hope to see the band of the 27th P.I. back again. They have been away on 3 months' furlough and the work has fallen entirely upon the shoulders of our band, who have nevertheless not been found wanting.

... ...

It was with feelings of the most universally expressed grief, that we heard about the 12th of the month of Capt. C. F. Lloyd's extremely precarious state of health.

... ...

Towards the end of July or the beginning of August he had the misfortune, while on leave at Dalhousie, to fall down the khud. In the fall he not only broke his ankle, but, at the same time, was unfortunate enough to injure his spine. This accident, following so closely upon a similar occurrence in the Aldershot Gymnasium, was of so serious a nature, that about the middle of the month Major Hickson received some extremely alarming telegrams from members of the Regiment at Dalhousie. We are glad to be able to state, that from the latest news received, there is every chance of his recovering, although we shall not see him again at Head Quarters for some time to come in all probability. How the Regiment would be able to exist without the incessant "gaffs," would be too cruel a subject to think about.

... ...

The Company Rugby Football ties are now in full swing. The officers are playing again this year for their companies, to which now-a-days they are *posted* on joining the Battalion and not *attached* as they used to be. Whether this addition to the teams has had anything to do with it, must of course remain in uncertainty, but it is perfectly obvious that the matches that have taken place up-to-date have been as full of fire as mortal man could possible long for.

On Monday 25th "G" Company played "H". The latter company acquitted themselves very creditably indeed, as although they were playing the first favourites for the Cup, yet they suffered defeat by but one goal and two tries to nil. The forwards worked like the proverbial galley slaves, and the backs on both sides tackled and kicked with great vigour. It is impossible to mention names where all were doing their utmost to win. Saunders and Bailey for "G" seemed to get the ball oftener than the rest.

... ...

Tuesday the 26th saw "A" pitted against "B" It would be as well to draw attention here to the great difficulty that is experienced in beginning the game at the time originally fixed. If men do not turn out when they are asked to they "have only got themselves to blame" if it is exceedingly dark before "no side" is called. A closer game than the above mentioned, it would be hard to find, and it was not until a few minutes of time that Collard got across for "B". Collins converting. For "B" Sergt. Smith, Pte. Staples and some others were conspicuous for "A" Corpl. Lacey, and Sergt Veitch did a lot of hard work.

... ...

"C" Company which is entirely without representatives at Head Quarters, is to play in the final round only. This was agreed upon at a meeting of the Captains of Company teams on the 24th. At the same time it was settled that only members of the Regimental Teams should wear the Dragon on their jerseys.

... ...

The Association Football ties are to be played off as soon as the detachments return from the hills.

... ...

Two well got up copies of the Illustrated Football Recorder, Rugby and Association Editions, have been received from the publisher, Peter P. Hyder, Calcutta.

The photo engravings of some of the teams are very good, especially those of The Puffs '92 Team, The East Lancashire Association Team, and the Calcutta and Bombay Rugby Teams.

Particulars are given of all the teams that have played for the two Calcutta Cups, this last year, making them very useful volumes for those interested in Football.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

HOME BATTALION NEWS.

Tullamore,
31st August 1893.

Dear Mr. Editor.

The last news of the Home Battalion went to you from Tullamore, where we were halting for the night, en-route to the Curragh, and where we are again staying on the return journey. In that interval much has happened which will help to fill up a letter to the "Dragon," and give you two months' news rolled into one.

The march down took four days, the halts being at Noate, Tullamore, and Clonbullogue. The weather was fairly good, although many a heavy shower fell at intervals, they were interspersed with bright sunshine, which served to dry both roads and travellers; the latter were always the drier of the two, and the advent of the canteen wagon was hailed with much enthusiasm when it turned up.

One third day's march was the longest, and it was lengthened unintentionally by a too trusting belief in the accuracy of the Ordnance Map, which showed a fine straight road over a bog where no road had ever existed, except in imagination. The distance covered was over 23 miles, but in spite of the long time under arms, and the heat, there were very few casualties, and a good night's rest enabled all but six or seven to complete the final 14 miles in to the Curragh next day.

In commenting on the commanding Officer's report of the march, Major General Lord Ralph Kerr, Commanding the Curragh District, remarked "that he considered the rate of marching and the manner in which it was conducted most creditable."

The Battalion went into camp at Hare Park, the Western or Kildare end of the permanent huts, facing a grand view of the Wicklow Mountains. The pure fresh air and grassy Curragh has been a delightful change to most of us after the dust, dirt and smells of Athlone, and the healthy out-door life is good for all; still I fancy that a return to more substantial quarters and perhaps to a more varied diet than is possible in camp will not be unwelcome.

Musketry—Musketry, being the principal cause of our coming here naturally occupies the first place, and the most noticeable feature this year has been the difficulty experienced by our good shots in compiling respectable scores, there being at present no marksman in the battalion for the current musketry year; this is attributed partly to the difficulty in obtaining the high aggregate demanded by the authorities, partly to the irregularity of results obtained when firing with Black powder from the magazine rifle, and partly to the somewhat adverse conditions under which the course has been conducted; the weather has not been good at times and the necessity for hurrying on the course has prevented our having as much preliminary practice as we should have liked, seeing there is no available range at or near Athlone. Then there is a peculiar local institution known as "The Ball" which causes untold waste of time and loss of temper. It is a signal which is hoisted whenever any old woman is seized with a desire to drive an ass-cart along a road behind the ranges, over which there is a public right of way, and directly it goes up all firing on the four ranges has to stop from periods varying from 5 minutes to half an hour, according to the speed and endurance, or otherwise, of the ass aforesaid.

The legitimate use of the "Ball" has been sometimes varied by a breakdown of the apparatus, or the watchman taking a nap, so that often more than half the time allotted to a practice is taken up in "waiting for the Ball" and in filling the atmosphere with sulphurous comments on old women, asses, and the R.E.

Lately the "Ball" has been replaced by a wooden semaphore arm, and we hear that steps are being taken to prevent the use of the road in future during certain hours; we fervently hope this change may take place before we come here again.

The struggle for best shooting company is a close one and cannot be decided until all the Casuals have fired; it must therefore stand over until later.

No rifle matches have taken place owing to want of time,

Manœuvres—We are all, by this time, pretty well acquainted with the tactical capabilities of the Curragh of Kildare; field days, night marches and divisional drills have made us familiar with each commanding "rath" and each concealing hollow of its grassy surface, and the term "foreigners," by which the batteries and battalions from outside stations were known, is now a misnomer.

The many "tactical exercises," which we had the pleasure of working out, ended in two Field Columns being sent out in the direction of Maryborough for a period of four days, during which much sanguinary fighting took place on the banks of the river Barrow.

The weather was very hot and the marching (in full marching order) very trying to many of our young comrades, but thanks to plenty of pluck and pride in themselves, there were very few candidates for the ambulance carts and the hardships of the campaign were borne very cheerfully.

On the 30th August the battalion left the Curragh at 6 a.m., and marched to Clonbullogue, 14 miles, and on to Tullamore next day, 20 miles, in cool weather, the difference in the marching caused by the training at the Curragh being most marked, the latter march being performed in good time and only 3 men out of 600 being obliged to fall out, though some of the good plucked ones were going a little short during the last lap in their endeavour to keep up the credit of the regiment; however we hope a good night's rest and the prospect of an easy day to-morrow will put them straight again.

Cricket.—There have been many outside matches played during our stay at the Curragh, as well as a regimental tournament, particulars of which have been kindly furnished by a "Special" and are sent to you to be dealt with according to your space. Mr. Price is to be congratulated on the successful season, which shows that with more opportunities for practice earlier in the year the regimental team might have proved very formidable.

Athletic Sports.—Several competitors from the Battalion entered for various events in the Irish Grand Military Athletic Meeting, held at the Curragh on the 10th and 11th.

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August. The Pursuing Competition was won by Sergeant Rye and a team from "A" Company. Lance-Corporal Barton, again distinguished himself in boxing: and a regimental team secured 2nd place in the Physical Drill Competition.

The Battalion Athletic Sports are to be held in Athlone next week, before the Galway and Castlebar detachments leave Headquarters.

DRAMATIC CLUB.—A performance (by special request) of "Uncles and Aunts" was given by Colonel Kelly's Company on the 10th August, at the Curragh Gymnasium, before a crowded and appreciative audience; the proceeds went to a Military Charity.

REGIMENTAL NEWS.—We have to record with much regret the approaching retirement, owing to ill health, of Captain H. R. Knight. The regiment will lose in him one who is much devoted to its welfare, and all must join in deploring the cause which deprives us of his society and service.

We also regret that from the same cause 2nd Lieutenant Johnston has been placed on temporary half pay and trust he may soon regain his health.

Lieutenant Vickerman is on sick leave until the 21st September.

Captain Eustace has been granted leave until the 30th September, when he will probably take over his company at Castlebar.

Lieutenant Marriott has proceeded to Colchester for a Garrison Class, and Lieutenant Finch-Hatton to Aldershot for Signalling. Lieutenant Sparrow will shortly proceed to the Depôt for duty, replacing Lieutenant Rayden,

60 recruits joined the battalion from the Depôt on the 8th August, also the following Non-Commissioned Officers for duty.

Color-Sergeant Freeman, Sergeants Hall, Broome, Coulby, Coppins and Grindley and Corporal Archbold.

All recruits are now forwarded to the Battalion on attestation

The following men have been discharged or transferred to the Army Reserve during July and August:—

Nos. 2099 Privates T. Jones, 3760 S. Everitt, 2079 J. Buckley, 772 Sergeant A. Budgeon, 4127 Privates E. Sayer, 4228 S. H, Muzzell, 4075 G. Baker, 383 C. Miller.

Yours Faithfully
SECUNDUS.

SUMMARY OF 2ND BATTALION CRICKET TOURNAMENT.

1st Round—'D' Coy. versus 'B' Coy.
'D' 59, 'B' 14, won by 'D' Coy. by 45 run.
Bowling of Sergt. Waters, 5 wickets for 6 runs.
" of Lieut. Price, 3 " " 5 "

'A' versus 'F'

1st Round—'A' Coy. 100, 'F' Coy. 11. Won by 'A' Coy. by 89 runs.

In this match the prize of 10s. for best batting score was secured by Pte. Isard, 'A' Coy., by a well played 43.

In his bowling Isard was also very successful, securing 5 wickets for 5 runs. The 3 wickets taken by Garside cost him only 6 runs.

'C' versus 'F.'

1st Round—'C' Coy. 64, 'H' Coy. 33. Won by 'C' Coy by 31 runs.

Pte. Bowles placed a freely hit 33 runs to his credit Unfortunately his side were all out before he was enabled to grasp the batting prize which was given for the greatest No. of runs obtained.

The bowling of Color-Sergt. Stainforth is to be commended, he placing to his credit 6 wickets for 7 runs.

'E' versus 'H.'

1st Round—'E' Coy. 51, 'H' Coy. 60. Resulted in a win for 'H' Coy. by 9 runs, the finish being rather close; Pte Tester for 'E' Coy. contributed 32 runs and Sergt. Groombridge for 'H' Coy. 22 runs.

2nd Round—The four Companies still existing were. 'A,' 'C.' 'D' and 'H.'

'A' versus 'H.'

2nd Round—'A' Coy. 28, 'H' Coy. 11. Won by 'A' Coy. by 17 runs

In this match the supporters of 'H' Coy. were very jubilant at disposing of their adversaries for such a small total (28). But when 'H' Coy. went to the wickets they were soon disposed of for the small amount of 11. Again in this match Garside's bowling was well to the fore, his 6 wickets costing only 3 runs or .5 per wicket. This being the best bowling performance secured for him the prize of 10s.

'C' versus 'D.'

2nd Round—In 'C' Coy's. venture they compiled 60 runs, which was overtopped by 'D' for the loss of only 3 wickets, Sergt. Cook and Sergt. Major Aherne being the "not outs."

Final 'A' versus 'D.'

This, the final match of the tournament, was watched with the keenest interest, the supporters of each Coy. being strongly in evidence.

'D' Coy. were very fortunate in having four members of the Regimental team playing for them, although 'A' Coy. had also a couple. With Garside in good bowling form it was somewhat hard to pick the winners.

'A' Coy compiled only 27 runs, which was responded to by 'D' Coy. with 54; just double the number. In 'A' Coy's. second innings they

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did somewhat better, putting on 67 runs. This left 'D' Coy. to get only 41 to win. This task was performed for the loss of only 2 wickets, leaving 'D' Coy. the winners of the Tournament.

Lieut. Bainbridge in the second innings by some vigorous hitting put on a very valuable 22 for 'A' Coy., Garside being the only other reaching double figures (13).

Lieut. Price and Sergt. Cook for 'D' Coy. rendered very good service in both innings.

OUTSIDE MATCHES.

Sergts. The Buffs *V* Sergts Worcester Regt. Won by The Buffs by 87 runs, Sergt. Cooke and Sergt. Major Aherne retired after compiling 42 and 39 respectively.

The Buffs *V* 20th *(Lancashire)* Regt. Won by The Buffs by 10 runs.

The Buffs *V* R. E. Won by The Buffs by 40 runs.

The Buffs *V* Royal Irish. Won by The Buffs by 20 runs.

The Buffs *V* L. N. Lancashire Regt. Won by The Buffs by 98 runs.

The Buffs *V* 20th Regt. *(return)*. Won by the 20th by 17 runs.

The Buffs *V* Worcester Regt. won by W. Regt. by 161 runs.

The Buffs *V* Royal Irish, won by The Buffs on 1st Innings by 2 runs.

DEPOT NEWS.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Dear Sir

The Depot, The Buffs, and the Militia recruits undergoing drill on enlistment left Canterbury on 14th August for Shorncliffe, there to be quartered during the redrainage of the Infantry Barracks. They are accommodated in huts and tents, and are under the command of Capt. H. Blackburn, as Major Gordon is at the School of Musketry, Hythe, undergoing a course of instruction.

The Head Quarters and Officers of the 3rd Regimental District still remain at Canterbury.

The undermentioned men have been discharged at Netley medically unfit.

No. 1501 Pte.	M. Collins	pension	7d. 12 months conditional.
„ 2028 „	E. Barber	„	Rejected.
„ 3294 „	M. J. W. Smith	„	6d. 12 months conditional.

No. 2519 Lce.-Cpl. A. G. Pullee and 3721 Pte. W. Forster have been sent from Netley to the Home Battalion for further duty.

Sergt. Instructor S. Woodcroft has been discharged to pension, 2s. 6d. per diem; he is to be succeeded on the Permanent Staff of the 1st Volunteer Battalion by Color-Sergt. E. Breen.

Sergt. C. Hollands has been promoted Color-Sergt., vice Coulby reduced to rank of Sergeant.

Corpl. W. Archbold is employed in the Station Pay Office at Woolwich, under Article 1 of Army Order 134 of 1893, as a Corporal on probation in the Army Pay Corps.

Color-Sergt. T. Cheal and wife embarks in H.M.S. "Serapis" which leaves Portsmouth for Bombay on 7th September.

Bandmaster Birkhead with his wife and two children were also to have embarked in the same Trooper, but his departure has been delayed until the sailing of the "Crocodile" on 23rd September.

Most glorious weather prevailed during the Canterbury Cricket and the City was very full of visitors, amongst whom were Colonel Tyler, Major L. T. Spens, Capt. V. Bunbury, Capt. Eustace, Capt. Tylden-Pattenson and Lieut. Hill.

The streets were very gaily decorated with flags &c.. and the illuminations on several nights were very grand, including a Bycycle parade on the Thursday evening, on behalf of the Kent and Canterbury Hospital. Of course the old stagers performed at the Theatre Royal and the usual balls took place in the Music Hall.

No. 962 Lance.-Corpl. C. Clarke has been transferred to the Army Reserve, to enable him to take up a situation in one of the local Tanneries.

Sergts. Hall and Coulby have been sent to the Home Battalion for employment as Drill Instructors to the Recruits.

The following "Old Buffs" have each been awarded a special pension from 1st April 1893, of 9d. per diem for life, under the provisions of Art 1183 of the Pay Warrant.

No. 2793 Sergt. Thomas Kelly, discharged 10th June 1861
No. 3099 Pte. George Green, discharged 7th April 1864.
No. 3511 Pte. John Maxwell, discharged 5th December 1864.

Yours faithfully
"Old Buff."

"Old Buffs" deceased.

No. 1153 Pte. Thomas Sheridan, 1st E.K. Regt. Died at Dover 1st September, aged 55. Invalided September 1883, after 18 years' service, and granted 10d. per diem for life. Medal for Perak.

No. 1608 Pte. James Shepperd, 1st Battalion. Died at London 30th August 1893. Invalided 15th May 1884, after 17 years and 6 months service, and granted a pension of 9d. per diem for life. Medal for Perak.

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TYPES OF LONDON LIFE.

II —The Newspaper Boy.

We sells the Evening Paper everywhere ;
A cryin' out the news what is'nt there ;
We caters for the many,
But your *Echer* costs a penny.
For we never 'as an 'alfpenny to spare.
Round the Town, up and down,
Anything to hearn an 'onest brown,
There's the cholera what rages and the strikes for ['igher wages.
And a dozen horful murders round the town ?
—JOAN OF ARC—

I have often wondered if more descriptive words than these have ever been written. Let us just analyse the verse, and we shall see how capitally it describes one of London's most prominent figures. The first point to notice is, that they sell the *Evening* papers. Well, although I have lived a dozen years, more or less, consecutively in London, I think that, with the exception of the Sunday papers—a chap of literature that really stands quite uniquely by itself—and the birthday of a famous pamphet, known to the world as the "Leader" or "Morning Leader," I have forgotten which, and which was the first morning newspaper to be purchased for the enormous outlay of one halfpenny, I think, as I said before, that, with these exceptions, I have never *heard* a *morning* paper hawked in the streets of London. The reason for this may perhaps be, that the shouting was over before I left my downy couch, but I think that the average Londoner prefers to have his *morning* paper sent in from the nearest agent, and, as a rule objects to a stroll before breakfast just to get up an appetite, doneckerknow ; and so the paper boys rest until 12. Then! God preserve us! How the very thought of it makes one's headache,

However, let us return to the text, so to speak Do they really sell them *everywhere* ? If anyone has any doubt on the subject, let him try. Why ! so Arcadian a spot in London—I don't mean what some people call London, but London *pucca*—would be harder to discover than one *honest* lawyer. If anyone doubts the fact that these lads can out Cretan Cretans, let him try one evening, say the night of the Varsity Boat-race, between the hours of 11 p.m. and 2 a.m. That is all I ask of him as a test. The next point in the paper hawker's character I should like to underline, is the marvellous manner in which they get rid of halfpennies. If in a youthful mood, you are tempted at a late hour to buy the "Special" "Hextree Special" or the "Football Edishun," have you *ever* found a boy, who is prepared to change your penny for you, that is to say *promptly* ? Many of them will go round a corner to borrow it off a "pall," who for some reason prevents your friend returning to you ; or else they will frankly say that they haven't got change, and trust to you to forgive the fact.

Many other points of a similar nature are discernible in this interesting individual, but sufficient space is not at my disposal to let me chat at length about them all.

However, I feel that I cannot close my observations on this eccentric, and in every respect remarkable being, without drawing attention to the curious knack they have attained, by years of constant practice, of startling one. This they do either by the melody and natural sweetness observable in their voices, or by the way in which they let you know in a very tantalising manner what the paper contains, but always stopping short of definite information. As an instance of this, I remember hearing, near Charing Cross Railway Station one night, a little urchin shriek out in a particularly piercing tone of voice—"Orrible accident to the Markis of Salisbury," Well; as that distinguished man was at the time governing the nation of which I am a loyal member, I bought a ha'porth of "Star" or "Evening News" or some other leading paper. After much reading I discovered that the noble lord had just given a dance ; but why that fact should be described as an "orrible accident," I have never been able to disclose.

PIUS.

A touching instance of the humour which never deserts a true Irishman, even in his worst troubles, is recorded in America. A soldier was seen in the trenches holding his hand above the earthwork. His captain asked:

"What are you doing that for, Pat ?"

He replied with a grin as he worked his fingers:

"I'm feelin for a furlough, sure !"

Just then a rifle ball struck his arm below the wrist. He drew it down quickly, and grasped it with the other hand to check the blood. Then a queer expression of pain and humour passed over his face, and he exclaimed:

"An' faith it's a discharge !"

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OUR RETURN FROM KASHMIR IN 1893.

(Continued.)

One by one fresh wires were made fast and hauled over, until by the evening we had eight wires across the river, passing over strong beams resting on the cornices of the archway of the bridge, and made fast to the chains behind. These wires were divided into two groups of four, each forming a loose wire rope, 8 feet apart, and it was at first proposed by our friends on the opposite bank to attach to these a series of wire loops supporting cross beams, which, when hauled over by us into position, would form a basis on which we should proceed with banks and planks, working from both sides at once, to construct a regular suspension bridge. This scheme, however, failed, the only wood available being too heavy for the purpose, and just at dusk we had to give it up.

On the 26th we received in the morning an order (at last) for the Sappers and Miners to come back to Kohala for work on the bridge, and sent it off with all possible expedition. Two more wires were got over, making five on each side, and on these a beam of wood secured by loops of wire was made to rest, to which a basket, resting on a rough wooden frame, was slung. The whole apparatus was constructed on the Indian side, and when ready we hauled it over, and then proceeded to transmit the Kashmir mails by this somewhat precarious route. The mails crossed safely, but a considerable delay occurred about the third or fourth trip, owing to a rope breaking and the beam becoming jammed, necessitating a second beam being rigged to clear it away, in doing which one of the wires gave way. However, after a good deal of trouble in clearing away the broken wire which, like all details requiring any dexterity or extra care, had to be done by one of us personally, the apparatus was successfully replaced, we were very glad to hand over in safety a leathery-suited native, who turned out to be a telegraphic linesman, sent to replace the disconnected telegraph wire, and who proved most useful to us in handling and securing the wires, which, without proper tools we had found somewhat difficult to manipulate.

During the course of the day three officers had arrived from Kashmir, and being very anxious to get on expressed their willingness to risk a trip in the basket. One crossed without difficulty, but when the second was within a few feet of the further bank, the beam stuck fast for several minutes, owing mainly to the wires having stretched unequally: he was with difficulty safely landed by the help of extra ropes, which with great coolness he assisted to make fast himself.

Mr. Atkinson, the Engineer to the Kashmir State, had by this time arrived from Jummoo at Kohala, and he pronounced the arrangement we had been trying too risky to be continued. In accordance with his suggestions all the wires were collected together to form one rope, and left so for the night. During the day we had received a welcome reinforcement in the shape of an energetic official of the Telegraphic Department, who arrived on the scene by the ferry and jungle track, and who at once established signalling communication with a representative of the Post Office on the opposite bank.

Next morning, the 27th ultimo, we were all at work early, and some hours were occupied in establishing a fresh point of support for the bundle of wires, *viz*, a beam 10 feet from the ground supported by the iron chains of the bridge, thus bringing the end of the curve a good deal further inland, and reducing the slope at the landing stage considerably. The wires having been all secured on our side, were drawn up and adjusted from the other, and then, as far as possible, twisted. When as much twist as was practicable had been given, a cage constructed of wood and rope, and suspended by wires from a framework, attached to two large wooden pullies, manufactured roughly, but serviceably, by the local mistris, was rigged on what was now practically a wire rope. First we hauled it across, with an experimental stone as a load, then sent over the mails, then a tonga driver in charge blowing his horn merrily all the way, and finally the safety of the journey having been practically proved, Mr. Atkinson came over to our side, and we all in succession, sahibs, mem-sahib, servants, and baggage, were successfully landed on the Kohala side of the river, the crossing of the whole party having taken about three hours.

Our journey to Murree, and on to Rawalpindi, presented no features of special interest. At Murree we heard that a party of engineers were coming *soon* to make a bridge; and behind us, as we knew, the 40 Sappers and Miners were on their way down to help. Doubtless, by the time this account appears in print, if it ever does, something very *pucka* will have been made, even though somewhat late in the day. Well, we had four days' hot and hard work, and very trying to the temper. Even an angelic temper would, we fancy, give way, when a gang of coolies, specially detailed to hang on to an all-important wire or rope, are found, directly one's back is turned, to have let it gently slip through their fingers, with a bland smile of indifference to the whole proceedings; when the *dâk-wala* arrives with a grand flourishing of his bugle, and then, when required to see his mails safely loaded for the passage of the river, is found to have chucked all his bags down in the mud and gone to the bazaar; when every man you call for is found to have gone to the bazaar; when, in short, every obstacle is thrown in one's way. But all's well that ends well, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that our amateur exertion in bridge-making had not only enabled postal communication between India and Kashmir to be reopened several days earlier than it would have been otherwise, but also enabled several officers, including ourselves, to rejoin their stations without exceeding their leave.

THE COMPENSATION ALLOWANCE.

A Memsahib's Moan.

Dear Mr. Editor,

About this compensation allowance—I should just like to say a few words, calmly and quietly, and like a mother. I'm not perturbed at all, quite the contrary—but the wickedness of it all! Ugh.—it makes me shiver to think what I should do to the originators of the Compensation Plot, if I were a *man*. I think I can handle a carving knife as daintily as anybody I know; but that's no weapon to deal out vengeance with:—swift and sure, as I should wish it to be. A fifteen-chambered revolver would be my weapon:—but there, we poor weak women can do little for ourselves, and my hubby is not of the rollicking sort. He's a very clever man, if he only knew it—but he does'nt, and that's where I have the advantage over him. I've coaxed him into believing himself a noodle, and now I feel the results of my folly.

Do you know, Mr. Editor, he's grateful—*Grateful*, bless you! nearly crying over it, the ninny. I feel inclined to beat him—and he might have been drawing double the money

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if he'd only played up like a man, instead of going about with a face on him like a Hindoo goat. And he *would* have played up, if I had'nt sat on him for so long—silly, soft-headed thing that I am, I might have known it would come to this. Oh! its all my fault, and I'm getting in such a state. I shall do something desperate soon, I know I shall. I shan't pay the Punkah-coolies anyhow: that will save something. They can pull all the ropes in creation for all I care—in the cold weather too, if they like. What's the use of all one's servants, I should like to know, when the rats get into the tea caddy, and the garden roller has been eaten by white ants, so the bearer says. Well, well; its no use crying, but I must say it's a little sickening—*Compensation*, eh? what for—a depreciated rupee? All right, let it be depreciated—I don't care—if they would only give us the amount we're entitled to.

When I married George—that's my husband's name, George—I said "George," said I, "what's your screw?" or words to that effect—*screw* is a nasty slangy word I've picked up from associating with Georgie's companions—the "compensated lot," Well, he showed it to me all in print, and very nice it read. I did'nt know anything about rupees but I knew it was a goodish bit. So I said "Put it there," and we shook hands—and he kissed me, the brute—he did; he know's better now. And then, yes—I married him, and now! Oh, he's grateful! *'grorelling'*—because a Government that gives him about half the number of rupees he's entitled to, hands him over a few extra dibs as compensation—drat it—for the poor value of what they *do* give him. He never says "Give me what you promised" Oh, no! its "the splendid generosity" of the government, for chucking me the few odd dibs—enough to pay for the syce's clothing. The silly great loon—but I don't blame him, mind you; its a marvel how patient I am with him. Ah, here he is! Now I'll finish him, the great doddering owl—Bye, bye, Mr. Editor; I hope you don't feel like I do—where's the chopper?

Yours in haste
Elizabeth Holdall.

FOOTBALL.

LIST OF MATCHES IN CALCUTTA.

AUGUST 22ND. *V.* BLACK WATCH.
Draw, nothing scored. Ground hard and dry.

AUGUST 26TH *V.* BLACK WATCH.
The Buffs won by two goals to nil. Ground in good condition.

AUGUST 30TH *V.* CALCUTTA.
Calcutta won by a penalty goal and a try to nil. Ground six inches under water. The Buffs played four short and without gloves.

Sept. 5th *V.* A combined team of La Martiniere and Medical College.
The Buffs won by a goal and five tries to nil. Ground hard and dry.

Sept. 8th *V.* A team of 21 from the Armenians, Naval Volunteers and Calcutta Football Club.
The Buffs won by two goals and four tries to nil. Dry ground.

Sept. 12th *V* Black Watch. The Buffs won by two goals and seven tries to nil. Ground very wet, gloves worn by the whole team.
The Black Watch played without three good men, and their places were supplied by three Buffs.

Sept. 15th *V.* Black Watch (same team that played *V.* Calcutta. Result a draw.

THE BUFFS *V* CALCUTTA.

IT is a pleasant task to write a report on a football match when there is something worth writing about. This is not the fate of most football matches, but here we have a really grand game to describe.

The regiment would have been very proud of its representatives if they could only have seen them play, and though we lost, it is not vain boasting to say that the honour of the match rests with *us*. For after Calcutta had kicked their goal, some 15 minutes after play had begun, it was a treat to see the spirit with which our team took things in hand to make good the loss; inch by inch they brought the ball towards the Calcutta goal line, and kept it there for the rest of the game, the half backs fastening on to any Calcutta man who got away with the ball, and not giving him a chance to go a yard. That's the true history of the match.

Now for our opponents. Their team is probably 50 per cent better than any they have put in the field during late years. Their ¾ backs, who are especially strong, made full use of the openings they got and obtained their 2 tries after magnificent runs.

These two runs, unfortunately successful, were

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merely incidents in the match, the story of the match lies in that long hard tussle by the Calcutta goal line.

To go as much into detail as is possible.—for with the exceptions of the two above mentioned runs, the game was one hard scrimmage, from beginning to finish—Calcutta kicked off, and the ball kept moving up and down the centre of the ground with varying success for a quarter of an hour, when Calcutta secured a try which they immediately converted into a goal.

Our men then set gallantly to work, and kept the ball down in their opponents' 25 till "half time" was called. Starting again after half time we continued to press our opponents, and secured a try after a hard fight; unfortunately we failed to obtain the major point, but still kept the ball well up, and time after time were within an inch of securing a 2nd try. At the very end of the game the Calcutta ¾ backs again got away with the ball and secured their second try, winning the match, therefore, by 2 goals to 1 try, a fact which gives them a greater appearance of superiority than in reality existed between the teams. However, their three quarters played splendidly, and we congratulate them heartily. To mention individual names on our own side is a hard task, and common report must be looked to, to give the praise to those to whom it is especially due, but too much cannot be said of Mr. Bell for the way he has trained the team, and for his captaincy of them on the ground; and to the team itself all praise is due for the way they kept in hand, and played the game in a good sportsmanlike spirit.

It is unnecessary to say that the game was an exceedingly close one, and that at any moment we might have found ourselves the winners.

On the very day of the match Mr. Porter was taken ill, and the doctor forbad him to play; this was a great loss and necessitated an alteration in the disposition of the team at the very last moment.

We take this opportunity of thanking our friends of the Gunners and Calcutta Football Club for their great kindness to our team during its stay in Calcutta.

Names of the players:—

Calcutta:—Back.—J. W. Orr. ¾-Backs.—E. Watson (Capt.) E. A. Watson, H. R. Carruthers. ½-Backs—R. H. A. Gresson. C. P. Bartholomew. Forwards.—V. Christian, T. V. Philips. C. R. S. Walker, H. McVittie, W. E. Kitson, W. O. Grazebrook, F. Carter, H. W. McPherson, H. O. Pugh.

Buffs:—Back.—Pte. Adsley. ¾-Backs.—Sergt. C. Marshall. Ptes. R. Wherle. J. Saunders. ½-Backs—Pte. Bailey. Sergt. Smith. Forwards.—Mr. Bell, (Capt). Sergts. Crumby, Revell, Corpls. Manning, Lacey, Dillon. Ptes. Arms, Beer, Street. Referee.—Mr. Coley.

Touch Judges:—Mr E. C. Maxwell. Sussex Regiment and Mr. T. Bomswitch, Black Watch.

Account taken from the "Statesman."

The interest evinced in the Rugby game was plainly evident from the large number of spectators present yesterday evening to witness the final tie in the competition for the much coveted trophy—the Rugby Union Challenge Cup.

Unfortunately the Bombay team were unable at the last moment to come down, and owing to the Mofussil and Regimental teams having scratched, the competition had dwindled to six local teams only, and The Buffs, the holders of the cup. Of these only two teams displayed any form, the Calcutta and the Black Watch; the latter after one draw being just beaten, after a very keen contest with the Calcutta. The visitors, who had been here for some time, and played several matches, are a strong team, but they had not the services of some of their best men, such as Lieuts. Tarte and Annesley and Privates Jubb, Moth, Farrell, and one or two others, who considerably helped in winning the cup last year. They were further handicapped yesterday by Lieut Porter, their half-back, being ill with fever and unable to play. The Calcutta, on the other hand have had an accession of new members, and their team has not only been greatly strengthened, but there has been a good improvement in their general play from last year.

Long before the advertised hour, the Calcutta ground was thronged with spectators, and by the time play commence, done of the largest crowds ever assembled at a foot-ball match were present to witness the contest. As expected, the contest was very keen, The Buffs having come down

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with the full intention of taking the cup back with them, while the Calcutta were equally determined to win back the trophy which had been wrested from them two years in succession.

Each team as they filed out on the ground were cheered by the spectators and when they faced each other, looked evenly matched in weight. In the well-packed scrimmages, the visitors had the best of it, and frequently drove their opponents back, by which they gained considerable advantage, and obtained their only point—a try. The Calcutta, however, showed their superiority in passing and running, which gave them the advantage of scoring two goals to one try. Lieut. Bell, having won the toss, elected to defend the east end goal, and the Calcutta kicked off with a bright sun in their face.

The Buffs assumed the aggressive, but were unable to get a chance of a run owing to the smart tackling of the Calcutta, whose forwards were dead on the ball. Play was for some time confined to the Calcutta ground and their goal threatened, but the two Watsons, Carruthers and Bartholomew frequently relieved the pressure by some short runs and useful punting, by which they transferred the play on two or three occasions to their opponents' ground, but only to be driven back again. After some well-sustained scrimmages in neutral ground, Carter by a smart pick-up, passed to E. Watson who sent the ball to E A. Watson and the latter making a pretty pass to Carruthers, gave him a chance of a brilliant run in, and getting right behind the post, which he did amidst loud applause. The Buffs made a determined effort to equalise the score, and had penned their opponents close to their goal line when the whistle sounded for half time.

Nothing daunted, the Buffs renewed their attack after the interval, and for a considerable time the Calcutta could not get the ball away from their own 25 yards. A series of well-packed scrimmages close to their goal-line eventually gave the Buffs' forwards an opportunity of driving their opponents back, and the ball going out of the line, Lieut. Bell smartly dropped on it and secured a try. The place-kick, an easy one, was taken by Bailey, but the ball did not rise sufficiently and a goal did not result. The Buffs once again renewed their efforts, and looked dangerous, when Carter, from a loose scrimmage, dribbled the ball away, and relieved the pressure. A useful punt by Gresson was quickly followed up, and the Calcutta by some pretty short passing obtained an advantage which they did not fail to make the most of. The ¾ and ½ backs being well spread out, the ball passed from one pair of hands to another, and Carruthers, getting possession for the second time, made a splendid run in. E. Watson again converted the try into a goal, amidst much enthusiasm and time was soon afterwards called. Except for this one occasion, the ball scarcely ever left the Calcutta 25 yards in the second half. The Calcutta thus won the tie by two goals to one try, and after a hard struggle have once again got the Rugby Cup into their possession.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Papers:—

The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.

The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W K. Regt.

The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.

The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.

The Army Service Corps Journal.

I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.

The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.

The 16th Lancers Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers

The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.

The 5 & 9, The Lilywhites Gazette;—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.

The Thistle.—2nd Bn. The Royal Scots.

The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.

St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E. S. Regt.

The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.

The Sutherland News.—2nd Bn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders.

The XVI Monthly Journal,—1st Battn. Bedfordshire Regt.

The Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infty. } Somerset
Weekly Budget and Light Bob Gazette. } Light Infty.

The Tiger & Sphinx.—Gordon Highlanders.

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The Cart before the Horse.

Oh, for some deep secluded dell,
Where brick and mortar life shall cease,
To sit down in a pot of grease—
No, no—I mean a grot of peace!

I'd choose a home by Erin's wave,
With not a sound to mar life's lot;
I'd by the cannon have a shot—
No—by the Shannon have a cot.

How fair that rocky isle around,
That wide expanse, to scan it o'er!
I love a shiver by the roar—
No, no—a river by the shore.

Romantic Erin's sea-girt land!
How sweet—with one you love the most,
To watch the cocks upon the roast—
I mean, the rocks upon the coast!

'Twere sweet at moonlight's mystic hour,
To wander forth where few frequent,
And come upon a tipsy gent—
No, no—I mean a gipsy tent.

In that retirement, love, I could,
Pursue some rustic industry,
And make myself a boiling tea—
No, no—I mean a toiling bee.

Beneath a shady sycamore,
How sweet to breathe life's tender vow,
Your dear one bitten by a sow—
I mean—er—sitting by a bough!

Or sweet, with your good wife to sit,
Outside your door at daylight's close,
While she's hard hitting at your nose,
I mean—hard knitting at your hose.

Perhaps on early cares you brood,
While sympathy her sweet face shows;
'Tis good to walk upon one's toes—
I mean, to talk upon one's woes.!

Regimental Items.

Under instructions from the Horse Guards, the following Officers are detailed for duty with their Regimental Depôt, and, under such arrangements as General Officers Commanding may direct, will proceed to England during the ensuing season, doing duty with troops on the voyage:—

Captain P. F. Brine,
Lieut. L. I. B. Hulke, } 1st Battn. The Buffs.

His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief has been pleased to approve of the following promotion in the Corps of Armourers, with effect from the 5th July 1893.

2nd Class Armourer Sergeant W. Kemp, attached to the 1st Battn. The Buffs, to be 1st Class Armourer Sergeant.

The undermentioned N.-C. Officer on the Unattached List has been permitted to extend his period of Army Service to 12 years with the Colors:—

No. 2122 Sergt. S. W. Johnson.

The following men have been selected by the Superintendent, Punjab Division, Government Telegraph Department, to report themselves on 20th inst., at Mooltan, for instruction in telegraphy.

No. 2113	Private.	W. Girt,	1st Bn.	The Buffs
,, 2662	,,	W. Gale,	,,	,,
,, 2089	,,	H. Geddes,	,,	,,
,, 2634	,,	G. Muddle,	,,	,,
,, 3499	,,	A. Town.	,,	,,

No. 2884 Sergeant G. H. T. Sale, having been transferred to the Unattached List for employment on the Ordnance Department, with effect from the 28th December 1892, he is struck off the effective strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly.

The undermentioned men are assigned Territorial Numbers, on Transfer, as under:—

Private A. E. Davison, E. K. 4271.
,, G. Sedgwick, E. K. 4272.

The undermentioned men are granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and from the dates, stated opposite their names:—

"A" Company.

No. 2641	Pte.	P. Burke,	Granted 4d.	5-9-93.
,, 3123	,,	H. Barnes,	Restored 1d.	25-8-93.

"B" Company.

No. 2319	Pte.	W. Watts,	Granted 2d.	24-9-93.

"D" Company.

No. 2312	Pte.	A. Williams,	Granted 2d.	30-8-93.
,, 2777	,,	G. Rickwood,	,, 1d.	18-9-93.

"E" Company.

No 3554	Pte.	T. Ford,	Granted 1d.	11-8-93.
,, 3150	,,	E. Naish,	,, 1d.	22-4-93.
,, 2323	,,	E. Wittering	,, 2d.	2-9-93.
,, 3580	,,	W. Prior,	,, 1d.	7-9-93.

"F" Company.

No. 3581	Pte.	E. Gasson,	Granted 1d.	3-9-93.
,, 2318	,,	J. Watson,	,, 2d.	17-9-93.

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"G" Company.

No. 3557	Pte. H. Goodwin,	Granted	1d. 11-8-93.
„ 3536	„ R. France,	„	1d. 17-7-93.
„ 3685	„ R. Walsh,	Restored	2d. 4-9-93.
„ 2164	„ T. Benster,	Granted	1d. 16-9-93.

"H" Company,

No. 2315	Pte. W. Church,	Granted	2d. 8-9-93.
„ 2314	„ J. Paramor.	„	2d. 31-8-93.

The undermentioned men were awarded Swimming Certificates on the 26th inst.

No. 2008 Private W. Davis.
„ 2696 „ H. Brocklehurst.
„ 2044 „ A. Wilton.
„ 3200 „ W. Wilson.
„ 3284 „ F. Pocock.
„ 3293 Lce.-Corpl. W. Broadwood.
„ 3405 „ C. Canning
„ 3004 Private. A. Collard.
„ 3236 „ G. Sizer.

The undermentioned N.C. Officers have been granted leave to England from 12th October 1893 to 23rd March 1894.

No. 1 Color-Sergt. G. Holmes. accompanied by wife.
No. 1304 Sergt. J. Tomlin.

Sergeants' Dance.

ON the 15th inst the Sergeants gave a most enjoyable dance in their mess room.

A large number of visitors, including Major Hickson and all the officers of the Battalion present at Headquarters, responded to the invitation, but the arrangements made prevented anything like overcrowding, the reading-room and verandahs being fitted up for 'sitting out' purposes.

Owing chiefly to the weekly practice dances held during the past season there was no lack of the dancing element among the Sergeants.

Dancing commenced at 9.30 p.m. and was kept up with vigour till close on 3 a.m.

The floor, band, refreshments, in fact everything, was excellent, the entire arrangements reflecting the greatest credit on O. R. Sergt Gorin, to whose careful management the success of this dance was chiefly due.

MORE BARS FROM THE BARRACK ROOM.

No. (II).

Ever since '83.

Though the hand of time, dear comrade,
Has thy pristine smartness marred,
Though the wear and tear of seasons,
Leave thee battered, worn and scarred:
Still I love thee, fondly, truly,
What can sever me from thee?
Art thou not my faithful greyback,
Shown in kit, since '83.!

Trusty greyback, steadfast greyback,!
Never shall I part with thee;
Honest greyback, faithful greyback,
Shown in kit, since '83.!

Oft, when but a hair brained youngster,
I confess it with a tear,
Was I tempted, thee to barter,
For a dib to raise the beer.
But my better feelings rising,
Stung by conscientious dread,
To my box did I return thee
And did hackle socks instead.

Tender greyback, moral greyback,
Never shall I part with thee!
Breastplate greyback, bulwark greyback,
Shown in kit, since '83.!

Well, I know that others scorn thee.
Deeply did I feel the hurt,
When my kit inspecting Captain
Said "Do you call *this* a shirt"?
When he made me shake thee out, till
Yawned thy many rents and gaps.
When he said in tones sarcastic,
"Tear it up for cleaning traps!"

Call me foolish, call me balmy,
Call me dotty, what ye will,
If I o'er this ancient garment,
One small tear drop now distil.
How can human turnips sympa—
Thize with soulful scene like this?
On thy mildewed wristbands, greyback
Press I fond affection's kiss.

Charming greyback, tender greyback,
Never shall I part with thee.
Moss grown greyback, fossil greyback,
Shown in kit, since '83.

BOGGLEY WALLAH.

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ODDS & ENDS.

A Striking illustration of General Lee's tenderness of heart occurred at Petersburg during the closing week of the siege. General Lee's head-quarters were in a private house beyond the reach, it was thought, of the Federal artillery. One morning he was standing, with several members of his staff, under a large tree, when a heavy shell landed not far distant. "Gentlemen," he said, "the enemy has evidently got our range and we had better retire." Of course nobody would retire until the chief set the example. The next moment another shell crashed through the top of the tree above their heads, and all followed his advice, except himself. He stopped—and for what, do you suppose? The shells had knocked down a nest full of young birds, and when the retreating officers looked back they saw General Lee pick up the nest and place it carefully on one of the lower branches of the tree.

The following culled from some English Contemporary will doubtless interest many "Men of Kent:—

"As was only to be expected considering the fine weather and promise of interesting play, there was a large attendance at Canterbury for the time honoured cricket week. The usual strong muster of "fair women and brave men" was *en-evidence* on the famous St. Lawrence Ground, and it is now a matter of history that the Lo-country eleven valiantly preserved their prestage with bat and ball".

As usual:—

"The Officers of the 3rd Old Buffs were quieter (than the officers of other regiments, who were described as sporting about like cats on hot bricks) and walked about the cricket ground as if they had ducks in their hats." H'm, Yes!

In a small village there lives an old soldier who has for many years received a pension which, with his stray earnings by occasional jobs, makes him comfortable.

One day, while at work in the house of a neighbour, he slipped at the top of a flight of stairs, and fell to the bottom. The lady of the house heard the noise, and hurried to learn the cause.

"Why, Ambrose," she said, "is that you? Did you fall downstairs!"

"Yes, marm, I did," answered the old man, "and for about a couple of minutes I thought I'd lost my pension."

The Drill instructor—one of the old stamp of martinet sergeants, who was the terror of every recruit, and the remorseless tyrant of the awkward squad—was putting a firing party through the funeral exercise.

Having opened the ranks, so as to admit the passage of the supposed *cortege* between them, the instructor ordered the men to rest on their arms reversed.

Then by way of practical explanation, he walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks saying as he did so—

"Now, I'm the corpse; pay attention."

Having reached the end of the party, he turned round, regarded them steadily with a scrutinising eye for a moment or two, and then remarked, in a most solemn tone of voice—

"Your 'ands is right and your 'eads is right; but you haven't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave."

The following picture of Turkish apathy is taken from an account of the battle of Navarino, contained in the August number of *British Battles on Land and Sea*. When the firing ceased, Sir Edward Codrington, humanely sent an officer to the ship of Moharem Bey, offering medical or any other assistance he might require. Her losses were awful. Of her crew of 1,600 men, hundreds had been flung, corpses, overboard, and the mangled wounded yet encumbered her decks, about the guns, and everywhere. Amid this horrid scene, a group of Turkish officers sat smoking on divans, while slaves supplied them with coffee. On receiving the Admiral's message, the senior Turkish Captain replied frigidly, "We need no assistance whatever." "Shall not our surgeon attend to your wounded?" urged the officer. "No," replied the Turk; "wounded men need no assistance—they soon die." When one of our boats next day was

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putting the Turkish *kutb* and some of his companions ashore, a lieutenant of the Geyon was anxious to save some unfortunate creatures who were clinging to a half-scorched mast. "I must rescue them!" said he. "Bah!" replied the *kutb*; "they are only common soldiers, and will soon die." Then he burst out laughing. "Good heavens!" said the Englishman, angrily, "what is there here to laugh at?" "Laugh!" exclaimed the Turk scornfully. "By Allah! you English are a singular people. Yesterday you came into the bay while we were quietly at our coffee; you knocked our ships to pieces, killed or mangled all our men, till the fleet is one vast slaughter house, and this morning you pretend to be so humane that you cannot pass a score of wounded soldiers without putting yourself out of the way to save them".

General Drayson told a capital story a year or two ago of a Portsmouth military chaplain who was a victim to the common clerical ailment known as prolixity. Sir Hastings Doyle was the Commander of the Forces at Portsmouth at the time, and Archdeacon Wright was the chaplain's name. The reverend gentleman was so long-winded in his sermons that the officer adopted the following ruse to cut them short. He told the archdeacon that he would give him twelve minutes for his discourse, and that if he had not then finished he would diminish his contribution to the collection plate by 1s every two minutes that he exceeded his time. This had the desired effect: Sir Hastings used to have 5s. in his pocket when the sermon began. At the end of 14 minutes he took 1s out and placed it delicately in another pocket. Two minutes later the process was repeated. The chaplain hurriedly brought his sermon to an end, and the remainder of the officer's 5s. went into the plate.

About the commencement of the Northern and Southern American War Judge Rice made a speech in Alabama, in which he said that the Southern soldiers could whip the Yankees with popguns. Since the war, when he had not only changed his mind on that point, but signed himself with the Radical party, he chanced to make another speech in the same place.

A big double-jointed fellow was present, who heard and remembered the former speech, and, being in an unamiable frame of mind, concluded to go for Sam.

Rolling up his sleeves and popping his fist into the palm of his hand, he propounded the fearful question;

"Say, Sam Rice, didn't you make a speech here 1861?"

"I did," said Sam.

"And did'nt you say that we could whip the Yankees with popguns?"

"Certainly I did; but the rascals would'nt fight us that way."

A French officer of high rank in the Franco-German war had his leg shot away by a cannon ball.

While he was being cared for his valet wept bitterly.

"Don't cry, my good fellow," said the officer, with grim humour; "you've had all the luck to-day, for you'll never hereafter have to shine more than one boot."

In the old days of impetuous warfare caution was not regarded as so much a virtue on the part of a military commander as it is at present.

In a battle between French and Austrians, in which Marshal Bugeaud, commanded the French forces, an officer of the staff said to the Marshal: "The enemy are advancing. Shall I send a party to reconnoitre and see how numerous they are?"

"No," said Bugeaud, "we'll count 'em after we've beaten 'em."

General Sir Charles Napier, when Major in the 50th, was severely wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Corunna, and it was stated when he and his captors were proceeding to the rear through a lane, they met a soldier of the Fiftieth walking at a rapid pace. He instantly halted, recovered his arms, and cocked his piece, looking fiercely at us to know how it was. My recollection is that he levelled at Guibert (a French soldier who had saved the major from brutal treatment) and that I threw up his musket, calling out "For God's sake, don't fire. I'm a prisoner, badly wounded, and can't help you; surrender." "For why should I surrender?" he cried aloud, with the deepest of Irish brogue. "Because there are at least twenty men upon you." "Well, if I must surrender—there," said he, dashing down his firelock across their legs and making them jump. "There's my firelock for yez." Then coming close up he threw his arms around me, and giving Guibert a push that sent him and one or two more reeling against a wall, he shouted out, "Stand back, ye bloody spalpeens, I'll carry him myself; bad luck ta the whole of yez."

My expectation was to see them fall upon him, but John Hennessy was a strong and fierce man, and he now looked bigger than he was, for he stood on high ground. Apparently they thought him an awkward fellow to deal with. He seemed willing to go with me, and they let him have his own way.

Life of General Sir Charles Napier.

OBEDIENCE.

In 1852 the troopship Birkenhead struck on a sunken rock off the African coast; she had on board drafts of the 12th Lancers and other regiments, with 124 women and children. These were got into the boat, while the men, drawn up by their officers as on parade, saw without a murmur the boat shove off leaving them to go down with the sinking ship. The word of command was given by Major Seton, "Stand still, and die like Englishmen;" and those four hundred and fifty-four men went down to their seagrave that day in soldierly order, firm, steady and satisfied, since there was only room in the boats for the women and little ones. When the story was made public, the King of Prussia commanded that it should be read out at the head of every company in the Prussian Army; and stout Berliners and Pomeranians, who would have sworn with guttural oaths that they themselves were as good as the best at fighting, gave the drowned Englishmen a cheer of thunder for that matchless act of duty. It may be added that Montalembert, in his book, "Avenir Politique d'Angleterre," quotes the incident as the most striking proof of the discipline of the British Army.

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1898

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 79. **JULLUNDUR, October, 31st 1893.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

NICHOLAS—At Jullundur, on the 21st inst. the wife of Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Nicholas of a daughter. Nellie.

POLLARD:—At Calcutta, on the 9th inst. the wife of No, 1588 Pte. T. Pollard of a son. John.

Marriage.

EALES—PENNINGTON—At St. Luke's, Jullundur, on the 30th inst,, by the Revd. A. Bridge, Lionel George Nuttall Eales, Captain "The Buffs," to Laura Helen, daughter of Colonel Pennington.

Death.

WHALAN.—At the Station Hospital Jullundur, on24th inst., No. 2021 Pte. A. Whalan.

NOTES.

OUR heartest and sincerest congratulations to Captain and Mrs. Eales, and may their married life be one round of continuous prosperity, and may good luck attend their every step.

... ...

The wedding, of which a long account appears in another column, was an immense success and went without hitch from beginning to end. The Church was crowded with beauty and uniform and presented a very lively appearance.

At the Club, where the bride's parents received their guests after the ceremony, all the various weddings gifts were on view. The Officers' present was not to be seen as it had not yet arrived from England, but nevertheless the table was crowded. First and foremost in Capt. Eale's estimation was the very handsome chiming clock, which the Non.-Com. Officers and men of his Company gave him in such an exceedingly sporting manner. He himself confessed his inability to express in the mildest manner his sense of pleasure and gratification at this display of good feeling and generosity on the part of his (D) Company.

... ...

The Rugby Cup Ties are over, and for the 5th year in succession "G" stands undefeated. Although the best team, on paper, won yet their victory over a company which had been unable to practise at all since Calcutta days, was not the "walk over" that was expected under the

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circumstances, and everyone joins with the Editor in congratulating "C" Company on their pluck and endurance, and wishing better success to their efforts next year.

... ...

"G" played "E" on the 9th and after a very one sided game, ran off conquerors by 1 goal, 1 penalty goal, and 5 tries to nil. The scrimmages as usual was fairly even but "E" were out classed behind, especially at half back. In Bailey, Lawrence and Sergt. Smith, "G" Company have 3 half-backs hard to beat in India.

... ...

"B" Company on the 14th fared no better than "E" had done, and in fact in this match "G" got in 10 times and, of which they may with justice be ashamed, failed to convert *one* into a goal, although some were in front of the uprights.

... .

"G" are again the best athletic company, and Pte. Else is the best athlete. It is unnecessary to discuss the Sports here as there is a full account farther on, but Else ought to be congratulated on his excellent form, and for his spirit in running for points for the company, when he had already gained as many prizes and honors as the committee would suffer him to walk off with. He is a man who ought always to get on in the athletic line if he retains his present form after leaving the Regiment, an event that we all hope is in the far distant future.

... ...

While talking of weddings the Editor would like to ask for information on the two following points:—

(I) The origin of rice and slippers at a wedding.

(II) The best and safest way of getting rid of the above nuisances.

... ...

During the past month we had several "gaffs" of our own making in the Regimental Theatre. The Sergt.-Major is largely responsible for the swing that attends them all, and in his endeavours he is excellently well backed up by the band. Pte. Lever seems to be the reigning favourite at present. He is indeed a treat. "On the stage he is good man" to borrow from one of his own songs. His way of singing "Daisy" has quite taken Jullundur by storm, and it is a relief to go on parade even, in order to get rid of "Beautiful Daisy Bell."

... ...

Pte. Paramour, who "Gives it a name for one glass more," is always greeted with rounds of applause, as is Pte. Barrett, who is always beautifully turned out, with his medals on the right breast. Sergeant Eaton's song "Ju-jah" is quite a by-word and is, so they say, used extensively on the range by 3rd class shots.

... ...

We have to thank Pte. Taylor, of "D" Company, for the sincere pleasure he gives us when he "Comes up with his little lot," because "He only stands so 'igh." He is a new addition to the Jullundur stage and is already a very popular performer on it. As a singer of coster songs he ought to make a very decided mark. Oddly enough his best performance on the public stage in the singing line was "The song that reached my heart." sung in the Regimental Theatre at Athlone last January.

... ...

On Tuesday at 7-15 p.m. all the Officers and Mrs. Harley turned up at the Railway Station to see Capt. P. F. Brine off to England, for duty at the Depot. Considering that he had only had 25 hours' notice I think he would be justified in changing his motto to "*Semper paratus.*"

... ...

Mr. Birkhead, who arrived at Head quarters from furlough in England on the 18th inst., met with rather an unfortunate accident in returning from Capt. Eales' wedding. The trap in which he was driving was overturned, and both he and the Sergt.-Major were thrown out, the latter however being unhurt, but Mr. Birkhead sprained both ankles very badly.

... .

A very interesting ceremony, Trooping the Regimental Colour, was witnessed on the Regimental Parade Ground on the 17th inst., by a large assembly, including Colonel Pennington, and the whole of the elite of Jullundur. The parade was held to commemmorate the anniversary of the raising of the regiment and passed off very successfully.

... ...

The first cricket match of the season, Jullundur Cricket Club *Vs.* N.-C. O's and men of the

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"The Buffs," came off on Thursday 19th inst., The regiment were beaten somewhat badly on the first innings, but were making up for it rapidly in the second innings, when stumps were drawn. The scores are given further on.

... ...

The cold weather is having a wonderful effect on the appetites of the troops, and so the Non-Com. thought who arranged the dinner given by Capt. Eales to "D" Company, on the 8th inst., in honor of his promotion

For about 50 men, 270 lbs. of pumpkin were purchased,—and cooked we believe,—but we hope, for the credit of the Company, not eaten.

... .

A London school examiner has sent the following to the *Kentish Express*:—"As a Kent paper you may feel disposed to publish an answer made by a London school girl to the question, "Who are the men of Kent?" "The men of Kent are not of no gender. They are pubs, and fathir always goes to one in the Old Kent Road. Hops are growed in Kent. Hops make beer, beer makes Mans of Kent, and fathir must be nigh a Man of Kent he's so fond of beer."

The original manuscript was sent with the above answer.

Football.

"G" COMPANY *v.* "C" COMPANY.

This march, the final of the Inter. Company Cup Ties, was played off on Saturday 28th October, bringing to a successful finish, what for Jullundur was a very brisk and lively week."

At 5-25 p.m., both teams, looking awfully strong and fit, faced each other. Opinions as to the ultimate conquerors were fairly evenly balanced. "C" Company had some big strong men and were full of hill blood, whereas "G" Company, as everyone knew, were in good trim and had their big reputation behind them to back them up. To start the game Lce.-Sergt. Marshall (the Captain of "C" Company) tossed up, and being lucky enough to win, elected to defend the range goal, that is to say decided to play for the first half with his back to the setting sun. He having decided this much, Sergt. Crumby, whose hand by the way, is perfectly alright again, set the ball in motion for "G" Company. Despite some vigorous attempts by Ford and Kemp ("C"s ¾) to relieve the pressure by punting the ball to the centre flag, the game finally settled down to sound honest work on "C" Company's 25 line. From this moment for quite 15 or 17 minutes it was a very give-and-take sort of game, neither side scoring any perceptible advantage. At about 5.45 p.m., that is to say within 5 minutes of half-time "C" Company were twice forced to touch down, but "G" Company, despite strenuous efforts by Beer, Keeler and Saunders, failed to obtain any points whatsoever. Pte Templeton had 2 or 3 attempts to drop a goal but was hardly equal to the occasion.

After half-time, which was necessarily a very short rest, as it was getting dark so rapidly, "C" Company started the ball which was so splendidly returned by Else that no advantage accrued to "C" Company having taken the initiative. A very stiff 10 minutes followed, in which Sergt. Crumby gave us a little of his Calcutta form.

Else shortly after this got hold of the ball and managed to place it at rest behind "C" Company's goal line. Unfortunately this was not improved upon, but it made no difference as "G" Company who were now having all the best of the game, shortly afterwards scored another try.

Bailey, "G" Company's new half-back, by a tricky in-and-out run managed to get home, and it resulted in 5 points being added to "G" Company. Sergts. Eaton and Marshall tried their level best to equalize the scores before leaving the field, but Sergt. Crumby, was too much for them, as after a very neat dodging run, he succeeded in getting a third try which was not improved upon. Shortly afterwards "no side" was called and "G" left the field victorious by one goal and two tries (9 points) to nil.

Mrs. Harley very kindly presented the winning team with the handsome cup, but space prevents my giving this part in detail.

"G" Company's Team—Lce.-Corpl. Anderson, back; Ptes. Saunders, Else and Templeton, ¾ backs; Lce.-Sergt. Smith, Pte. Bailey ½ backs; Sergt. Crumby, Lce.-Corpl. Ward, Ptes. Beer, House, Keeler, Burstow, Golder, Gear—Forwards,

"C" Company's Team—Sergt. Eaton (back); Sergt. Marshall, Pte Kemp and Ford, ¾ backs; Howland, Frost, ½ backs; Clements, Brown, Wilton, Howse, Fricke, Thistlethwaite, Saddler, Weeks, North—Forwards.

Lieut A. Lynden-Bell—Referee.

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A very successful dance was given by the Station Dance Club, composed chiefly of the Departmental Warrant and Non.-Com. Officers of the Station, on the 5th inst., in the R. A. Theatre. The dance was well patronised, a very large number of guests being present, and dancing which commenced at 9.30 p.m. was carried on merrily till an early hour in the morning.

The floor, music, refreshments and all arrangements were excellent, and we congratulate the S.D.C. on the success of this their first venture.

... ...

The Photo-etching which we are giving with this month's issue is not quite as clear as we could wish, but as it is an experimental copy no doubt we shall do better next time.

... ...

The '69 Draft.

WE publish above a phototype of the only three men serving in The Buffs, who came to India with a draft in 1869, better known as the "Dhoolie Draft." Major R. A. Hickson is in the centre, Lieut. & Quarter.Master Cumber on his right, and Pte. Cheeseman on his left. We do not think there are many British Infantry Regiments in India who have three men serving that came to this country 24 years ago. Mr. Cumber and Pte. Cheeseman have served continuously with the Battalion, but Major Hickson has been with the 2nd Battalion for some years. We think our reader will agree they all look remarkably fit and well, and seem to have a great number of years' service in them yet. Just a word about this draft while on the subject to show the young soldiers of to-day how troops got to India 24 years ago.

Embarked on board H. M. S. "Serapis" and proceeded to Alexandria; then all got out of the ship into trains, travelled across the desert, and got on board H. M. S. Jumna where they took up exactly the same berths and billets. Duly arrived at Bombay, trained as far as Nagpore, bullock dâk from Nagpore to Jubbulpore, train to Umballa marched from there to Dagshai, last march 22 miles; this journey took over 2 months, while the present recruit joins his Regiment in about a month from the day he leaves England.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Dear Sir

Many notable projects have been mooted in the columns of "The Dragon" from time to time; but no proposal ever suggested, has been more worthy of consideration, than the one I shall now venture to submit.

I wonder that it never occurred to any-one to broach the subject before.

In stations such as the one we are now in, troops, and residents in cantonments generally, are dependent in a great measure, on the efforts of purely local performers for the "Gaffs" which beguile so many otherwise weary hours away. The various entertainments given are invariably appreciated and yet the performers receive no remuneration whatever.

During the time I have been in the Regiment our leading vocalists and histronic artists, have always been ready and willing to give their services gratuitously for the delectation of their audiences.

The success attending the concerts given recently, has not been achieved without a great deal of trouble and inconvenience to the performers. It appears to me only just that those who so successfully and unselfishly cater for our entertainments should not be allowed to go entirely unrewarded. As to the form this reward should take, my suggestion is that a concert be given annually for the sole benefit of those performers who intend to leave during the current trooping season of this, and each subsequent year.

The receipts that accrued—which could be administered by a committee—would always be substantial; and be only a deserving testimonial to the appreciation felt by their audiences at the constant efforts made on their behalf. It would help the recipients "on the way" after they left the service.

I hope this letter bears fruit; it is surely time some movement was initiated to show our appreciation of their untiring disinterestedness. Applause, no doubt, is very gratifying but when it is all over, nothing but pleasant memories linger; and they don't feel the pocket. If this suggestion is acted up to, and it becomes a custom in the regiment, it will hold out a great deal of inducement to those retiring vocalists, who, at present, prefer to exhibit their talents to audiences composed exclusively of boon companions. Undoubtedly it would also unearth a great deal of latent talent, that has been allowed to lie dormant much too long. Such a custom has long been a flourishing institution in several regiments out here, and I feel sure it only wants a start to become equally as successful a one in "The Buffs."

W. A. G.

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I am sorry to say I have not much news to send you this month

A draft of 1 Sergeant and 80 rank and file is being prepared by the 2nd Battalion to embark for Bombay in H. M's Troopship "Serapis" on 18th November, under command of Capt. H. Blackburn, who will then have completed his tour of duty at Depot.

Sergt. Hall is, I believe, the Sergeant who will proceed with it.

Major Gordon having completed his Musketry Course at Hythe, has rejoined Depot at Shorncliffe and assumed command. Capt. Blackburn has proceeded on leave pending embarkation.

Lieut. Rayden has been relieved of duty at Depot by Lieut. Sparrow,

Capt. Eustace was here a few days ago looking very fit, he was about to rejoin the Home Battalion off leave and proceed to Galway in command of the Detachment there.

Pte. W. Quittenton has joined Depot from Home Battn. for duty.

No, 3619 Pte, J. Boyles, who deserted at Calcutta in October 1892, was apprehended at Belfast by the Civil Power on 2nd September.

Color,-Sergt. John Quinn, Permanent Staff 3rd Battn., won the 250 yards race for N. C, Officers at the recent Army Athletic meeting at Aldershot,

Yours Faithfully
SECUNDUS.

Canterbury
5-10-93

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Papers :—

The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.

The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W K. Regt.

The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.

The Army Service Corps Journal.

The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.

The 16th Lancers Gazette.—The 16th Queens Lancers

The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.

The 5 & 9, The Lilywhites Gazette;—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.

The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.

St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E. S. Regt.

The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.

The XVI Monthly Journal,—1st Battn. Bedfordshire Regt.

The Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infty. } Somerset
Weekly Budget and Light Bob Gazette. } Light Infty.

The Tiger & Sphinx.—Gordon Highlanders.

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.

The Vedette.—21st Hussars.

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BHAGSU NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Its not a very easy task to write a letter when one has kept up no diary of events, so you must excuse me in sending only a short letter. Our chief excitement during last month was the Detachment Athletic Sports, which came off Friday October 6th, commencing at 10 a.m. About Rs 250 were given away in prizes, Rs 48 of which was sportingly given by the Gurkha Officers, who during our stay at Bhagsu went out of their way to give both officers and men of the Detachment a good time.

The Officers of the British Infantry Lines entertained the whole Station to lunch on the ground and I think everybody did themselves well, especially some young ladies of tender years, who were given hock cup instead of lemonade by some horrid officer.

Report says they slept after lunch but I don't believe it!

By kind permission of Col. Rogers D.S.O. and Officers 2-1 Gurkha Rifles we were allowed the use of their parade ground and their band played selections during the afternoon.

Herewith rough programme with the names of the winners.

Mile Race—1st Gilbert, 2nd Lce.-Corpl. Kemp, 3rd Mannings.

100 yards—1st Todd, 2nd Swain, 3rd G. F. Catt.

Throwing Cricket Ball—1st Judd, 2nd Ford, 3rd Clayton.

Quoit Competition—1st Ford & Frost, 2nd Gilbert & Ormsby.

Quarter Mile—1st Nicholson, 2nd Todd, 3rd Saddler.

Place Kick—Association Football—1st Kemp, 2nd Cavanagh.

Half Mile—1st Saddler, 2nd Todd, 3rd E Brown

Old Soldiers' Race—1st Lce.-Sergt, Else, 2nd Reynolds.

Steeple Chase 1½ miles—1st Gilbert, 2nd Ormsby, 3rd Dartnell.

Tilting at Bucket—1st Pointer & Gilbert, 2nd Gammon & Mannings, 3rd Barnes & Quartermain.

220 yards—1st Swain, 2nd Todd, 3rd Ford.

Section Race—No. 1 Section.

Three Legged Race—Each competitor to run with a Gurkha. 1st Hughes, 2nd Reynolds, 3rd Todd.

Obstacle Race, about 1 mile—1st Ormsby, 2nd Manning.

Sack Race—1st Frost, 2nd Lce.-Cpl. Shevlin, 3rd G Todd

Long Jump—1st Nicholson, 2nd Todd.

Consolation Race—1st Hawkins, 2nd G. F. Catt.

3rd Button.

There were in addition to the above events.

Section Race open to Gurkhas.
Khud Race " "
Boxing " "

Also Wheel Barrow Race, prizes Rs 18, presented by Officers, Gurkha Rifles—1st Scott & Clements, 2nd Quartermain & Sandown, 3rd Catt & Mercer.

Rs 20 presented by Officers Gurkhas Rifles to the best Athlete—Won by Pte. Todd.

The Officers, Gurkhas Rifles, gave the Officers of the Detachment a farewell dinner on October 14th, and also entertained to dinner both officers and ladies on Sunday 15th, the night before we started. Our march down to Jullundur would have been easier if we had been supplied with a rather stronger class of bullock carts. At least some of the baggage guard who were out all night on the road below Lower Dharmsala think so. Not only did these carts considerably retard our journey but I regret to say were the cause of one or more teetotalars breaking out.

Bottled Bass when one has had nothing for about 24 hours should be hard to withstand the temptation of. I never saw bottles opened so quickly before, and you may depend upon it, not much was "wasted."

However, all unpleasantness of the march was made up for by the excellent *Chota Hazri* given to us by the Regiment 6 miles from Jullundur.

Can't remember anything more Mr. Editor.

Yours faithfully
"C"

Fashionable Marriage.

"There's a joy beyond all that the minstrel hath told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills and love on till they die."

A more gay and festive party I'm sure has not assembled in St. Luke's Church, Jullundur, for a very long time past, than was to be seen there on the 30th of October 1893. Everybody that possibly could do so, did, in order to witness the ceremony of marriage between Capt. L. G. N. Eales, The Buffs, and Miss L. H. Pennington. The ceremony was fixed for 12-30 p.m., and long before noon quiet old Jullundur presented a very festive appearance. It was so different to its appearance of only six weeks before, when we had the last heavy rains; then everybody appeared to be wet, miserable and downhearted, besides being very nearly homeless, and even the mud bungalows were apparently shedding tears (of mud), but on Monday last, what a change! Even the aforesaid mud houses had been re-colored, and looked cosy, in fact everybody looked awfully happy and pleased with themselves. A guard of honour of the 14th Bengal Lancers (Colonel Pennington's old Regiment) was drawn up and lined the roads from the bride's residence to the church. "D" Company of The Buffs lined the aisle of the church, and every available seat in the church was crowded, all anxiously awaiting the arrival of the bridal party.

We had not long to wait, as punctually at half-past 12 the bridegroom elect, ably supported

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by his best man, Lieut. A. Lynden-Bell, arrived and took their stand outside the altar rails, awaiting the bride's arrival, which took place a few minutes after. The bride, as all brides do to my thinking, looked lovely, though decidedly nervous. The bridesmaids looked as all bridesmaids should, charming, and the very young Buff who accompanied them looked a perfect Scotchman.

The service was performed in a very impressive manner. The choral portion was perfection, and everything passed off as correct as if it had been on a Sergt.-major's parade. One thing I did not see and that was who had the first kiss, it was not the best man, of that I'm certain, he being much too shy.

The church ceremony being over, and the register duly signed, the party came down the aisle, and at the door of the church had to pass to their carriages under a regular avenue of crossed swords.

As the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Pennington, all adjourned to the club, where cake, wine, and other refreshments were spread out, the cake being cut by Mrs. Eales with her husband's sword.

The health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed in a few well-chosen words by Mr. Smythe, and the toast was heartily responded to. Captain Eales replied in a very neat speech proposing the health of the Bridesmaids, for whom the "best man" in a bright and able speech which lost none of its piquancy by being entirely *extempore*.

At this stage in the performance our old time-honoured friend, the hymeneal rice put in an appearance, and from this moment until the departure of the happy couple, to the strains of the Regimental "March Past," the "Athletic" neck was very much in vogue.

But time will fly, and as the joyful couple had a long drive in front of them to Kurpathalla, they left about 3 p.m., amidst showers of slippers and rice, and volley after volley of the most tremendously heartstirring cheers.

During the reception our noble band under the wing of Mr. Birkhead, discoursed very appropriate music.

In the evening in honor of the occasion, the fair beauties of Jullundur society drove down to the Club, where dancing was kept up briskly for a couple of hours before dinner! Awful thought! In barracks also was there a general festivity. The N. C. O's. and men of 'D" (Captain Eales' Company) all sat down to a big feed, at the close of which the bride and bridegroom's health was ably proposed by Sergt.-Major Featherstone, and as keenly drunk by the remainder of the Company, headed by Color-Sergt. Peters and Sergts. Goulds and Alderton, the latter of whom was responsible for the excellent manner in which the entertainment was carried out. It is as well to mention here the very pleasing and gratifying fact that the best and most useful present on view at the club was a chiming clock presented to Mrs. Eales by the N.C.O's. and men of his Company.

The same evening the married families of the Battalion were invited to a dance in the Sergeants' Mess Room, to celebrate the wedding. It went off with much life and merriment and came to a close at 10-30 p.m., when the health of Captain and Mrs. Eales was drunk by the whole company.

The dress of course must not be forgotten. The bride was dressed in a white silk trimmed with—well not being a lady,or even a lady's man, I will stop—and as I said before, looked lovely. The bridesmaids were in white trimmed with buff and blue.

One word about the "*chota*" bridesmaids and their grooms; they were Misses Harley and Stuart and Master Holme. The young ladies were dressed in buff dresses and the young gentlemen as a Highlander. They looked simply exquisite and quite enjoyed the whole show.

I am sorry you did not ask a much abler pen than mine to write this up, but will try and do much better at our next wedding, which I should think by all appearances will not be very long before it takes place.

P.Q.

TESTING A WARRIOR.

Children have their own ideas of greatness, as they have of everything else that comes within their ken.

General Lord Wolseley, who is fond of children, was introduced to a little girl four years old. She gazed at him with an expression half incredulous.

"Are you the General Wolseley that fought in the battles?" she asked.

"Yes, I was in a good many battles,' said Wolseley.

The little one looked at him in wondering silence, and then said:

"Let's hear you holler!"

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Among The Rebels.

IT was a stormy night in the month of December. Everywhere the earth was clad in a mantle of pure white snow.

I was going to spend my Christmas holidays, that season of mirth and festivity, with some friends in Edinburgh and was travelling there as fast as the renowned "Flying Scotchman" could carry me, heartily wishing that my journey was at an end, so that I might draw up to the blazing fire and get some life into my now thoroughly benumbed frame.

The only other person in the compartment was a tall, military-looking man, who, strange to say, had no ears, both apparently having been cut off close to his face.

As was quite natural under the circumstances, we entered into conversation, and soon exhausted all ordinary topics, when, in reply to a query on my part as to the manner in which he lost his ears, he said:

"Will I tell you how I lost them? Certainly I will. It is nothing to be ashamed of, I can assure you."

After lighting his pipe and settling himself down comfortably in the corner of the carriage, he forthwith related the following story, which I give as nearly as I can remember in his own words.

"In the first place you must know that I am, or rather that I was, a soldier, and first served under the gallant Sir Henry Havelock in the Indian Mutiny.

"It was during this war, while marching to the relief of Lucknow, then besieged by the rebels, that I lost my ears.

"We were camping for the night in a small village which the natives had deserted on our approach.

"After sentries had been posted, I and about half a dozen more of our men were sent out in couples in different directions to reconnoitre the surrounding country, to ascertain, if possible, whether any small bands of rebels were anywhere near.

"These small bands caused us a great deal of uneasiness, and did nearly as much damage as the larger ones. Strangling our sentries before the poor fellows could give the alarm, they would crawl silently into the camps at the dead of night, murder as many sleeping soldiers as they could, and then off they would go into the forest again, with a rapidity which was truly astonishing, before even a hand could be raised to intercept them.

"All this might suit the mutineers very well, but it did not suit us, and in every possible way we did our best to guard against these midnight attacks.

"I and my comrade in arms, a young Irishman called Roddy, left the village separately, walking leisurely along as if we were merely taking a stroll round the camp previous to 'laying in' for the night, intending to meet again just inside the forest to the west of the village, as we knew perfectly well if there were any of our enemies in the vicinity there would be plenty of keen eyes watching the camp, ready to carry news of the slightest movement on our part to the main body of the rebels. Once among the trees, we had little fear of anyone seeing us, the thickness of the underwood hiding everything from view which might be more than two or three yards away.

I soon reached the edge of the clearing, and there, after waiting a short time, I was joined by Roddy.

We proceeded carefully along, looking all around us for any trace of the enemy, but finding none.

"After about an hour's walk, still finding no signs of the presence of anyone but ourselves, we began to think of returning, but to our dismay we found that this was much easier thought of than carried out. We had taken no note of anything that would serve as a guide, and enable us to reach camp again.

"After a long and fruitless attempt to retrace our steps, we gave it up in despair.

"We were lost! Lost in the land of the enemy, and darkness rapidly coming on.

"Any moment we might be brought face to face with some ferocious animal, or, what was worse still, a horde of grinning savages thirsting for our blood. Even then they might be watch-

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ing us, and if we were once in their power we had nothing to expect but death—death in a most cruel and revolting form.

"However, it was no use crying over spilt milk. We should have to make the best of it.

"We accordingly climbed a large tree which stood by itself in the centre of a small clearing, and, making ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit, we prepared to pass the night, hoping that in the morning we might either be able to find our way back to camp, or be lucky enough to fall in with some of our friends, who would most certainly come in search of us.

"We had not been in the tree long when Roddy held up his finger to enjoin silence, saying, at the same time, he fancied he heard voices.

"We listened anxiously for a minute or two, and I had begun to think he must have been mistaken, when a score or more of desperate-looking Sepoys, all armed to the teeth, burst upon our astonished gaze, and halted round the tree in which we were seated.

"Miles away from our friends, and ignorant of the whereabout of our camp, a gang of insurgents within a few yards, who might find out our hiding-place any minute. Here was a fix indeed!

"The rebels seemed to be a sort of advance guard, and, from what we could see, looked as if they were going to camp directly beneath us.

"Such proved to be the case, and shortly afterwards one of their number built a fire at the foot of our tree, on which they cooked their evening meal.

"When their supper had been disposed of, all but two, who acted as sentries, lay down to sleep.

"As soon as all was quiet, Roddy and I crawled silently a few yards further up the tree, where the foliage grew a little thicker, and would screen us more effectually from the prying eyes of those below.

"Once during the night the sentries were relieved.

"Day had begun to dawn, and some of the blacks were already on the move. We were hoping that they would go off without discovering us, when one of the men threw some damp wood on the fire. This, of course, produced a dense volume of smoke, which, ascending our tree and getting into our throats and nostrils, caused a violent fit of coughing, which it was impossible to suppress.

"In an instant every man was on his feet, grasping his gun, and showering attentions upon us quite the reverse of pleasant.

"We resolved, however, not to give in without a struggle, and were soon emptying our revolvers —we had left our guns in camp—into their midst like mad, causing everyone who had any regard for his skin to seek shelter behind a neighbouring tree, where he could blaze away at us to his heart's content without exposing himself to our bullets, and thereby endangering his life.

"We kept this up for a minute or two without any material damage being done on either side, when I heard a loud report, felt a stinging sensation on my forehead, and I knew no more.

* * * * * *

"On coming to my senses, I found that I and my comrade were tied back to back, and were in the centre of a circle of our enemies, who were watching us in silence.

"My head ached terribly, and on asking Roddy what had happened, he informed me that while in the tree a bullet had grazed my forehead, rendering me unconscious. I had consequently fallen off my perch, and clutching at Roddy had brought him to the ground also, where we were both easily secured.

"After a short time one of the blacks stepped out of the ring, and coming up to us, asked, in broken English, who we were and what we wanted.

"We are two English soldiers," said I, knowing it would be next to useless to deny it in the face of our uniform. 'We came into the forest to hunt something for supper, but got lost. We had climbed into the tree to spend the night when your men attacked us.'

"I do not believe you," he said. "You are spies. If you came to hunt, where are your guns? You could not hunt without them."

"I was fairly caught, so I boldly stated for what purpose we came.

"The rebel gave a grim smile at this, and, turning from us, he went towards a group of officers standing a little apart from the rest, and bowing lowly to one, who, from his dress and haughty demeanour, I took to be the leader, he reported the result of his inquiries, no doubt adding a little colouring to it on his own account.

"After a few minutes' consultation the man

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who had spoken to me returned, and said that when their main body came up it was their intention to attack our camp, but before they did so they wanted to know the number of our men, their destination, etc.

"As I indignantly refused to tell him all this, he again went to the chief, and, after another short consultation, returned, saying that they had decided—unless we told them all they wished to know—to torture us into submission.

"Go and tell your Captain," cried I, "that the sooner he begins operations the better. He will get nothing out of me."

"Robby was also questioned, with the like result.

"These obstinate replies seemed to exasperate the leader, who gave some orders to his followers in an unknown tongue.

"We were at once seized and roughly untied.

"Roddy was led forward, and, before my very eyes, the demons—I cannot call them men—sawed, yes! actually sawed off one of his hands.

"The poor fellow bore this most heroically; not a groan escaped his lips.

"He was led back to where I was standing, with blood streaming from his wound. Here overtaxed nature gave way, and he fell down in a dead swoon.

"We were then both tied to separate trees, and there they left us without anything to eat and very little indeed to drink.

"Just before dusk I was questioned again, and, as I still refused to answer them, they spoiled my beauty for ever by cutting off both my ears.

"I was again fastened, more dead than alive, to the tree.

"The morning after, without a word, we were both untied and led forward. I wondered what was their game now. I was not left long in suspense. About twenty yards in front of us a line of rebels was drawn up. At the word of command their rifles were levelled at us.

"I closed my eyes and waited for the end, thanking God it was to be an instantaneous death, and not one of prolonged agony, which I had expected.

"Then I heard—

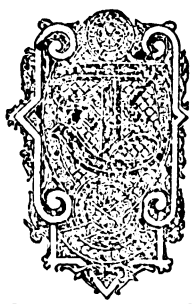
"Crack! Crack! Crack!

"A series of wild yells, followed by a hearty hurrah, such as Britannia's sons only can give, and opening my eyes in astonishment, I beheld the Sepoys flying in all directions, closely pursued by the soldiers of my own company.

"We were soon liberated and explaining our situation to our friends, who rejoiced exceedingly at their opportune arrival.

"It appeared, as I had expected, that when Roddy and I did not turn up, a search party was organised, and, following our trail, had come up just in time to save our lives."—

The Hamilton Challenge Cup.



THE Annual Competion for this handsome trophy was fired off by the Sergeants, 1st Battn. The Buffs, on the morning of Friday the 17th instant, and was won by Color-Sergeant Watts, with the creditable score of 59, the distances fired being 200 yards and 500 yards, 7 shots at each distance.

Nearly all the Sergeants competed, the four top scores being as follows:—

Color-Sergeant Watts, 59.
Lance Sergeant Davison, 58.
Lance Sergeant Jones, 58.
Color-Sergeant Andrews, 57.

With the cup was given the sum of Rs 50, a second prize of Rs 30, and a third prize of Rs 20.

The prizes were presented by Mrs. Harley, at the close of the sports, and in the evening the health of the donor of the cup, Hamilton & Co, Calcutta, and of this year's winner, was drunk with musical honours, in the Sergeants' Mess Room.

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Sergeants' Smoking Concert.

ON Thursday evening, the 26th inst., a very enjoyable Smoking Concert was held by the Sergeants in their Mess Room.

Besides the Sergeants of the Battalion a large number of guests were present, including Capt. Holme and most of the Officers of the Regiment, the Officers and Sergeants of the 68th F.B. R.A., and Surgeon-Major White.

Sergt.-Major Featherstone was in the chair & Color.-Sergeant Patterson filled the vice-chair, the songs being accompanied by a number of the band under Mr. Birkhead.

In addition to an excellent programme prepared by the members, the following songs were sung by the guests.

1. Song ... "You bet I do" Surgeon-Major White
2. „ ... "Old Kent Road" / "All Love Jack" } 2nd Lt. Perkins, The Buffs
3. Song ... "Upside Down" Capt. Eales „
4. „ ... "Old Stable Jacket" Lt. Vassar-Smith R.A.
5. „ ... "Good Evening" Lt. Gumber, The Buffs.
6. „ ... "Flowing Bowl" ... Lt. Burge, R.A.
7. „ ... "Killalloo" 2nd Lt. Trevor, The Buffs

Color.-Sergt. Patterson, to whom was entrusted the arrangement of the "Smoker" deserves great credit for the way in which it was carried out.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

March ... "Furchtlos und Treu" ... Unrath
1. Song ... "The Shop Walker" ... Sergt. Eaton
2. „ ... "Hi! Give it a Name" ... „ Marshall
3. „ ... "Jack's Wedding Morn" Colr.-Sgt. Andrews
4. „ ... ... "Daisy Bell" .. Sergt, Jones
5. „ ... "Good Company" Colr.-Sgt. Patterson
6. „ ... "Mashah up to date" Sergt. Alderton
7. „ ... "The King's Own" „ Borland

INTERVAL.

PART II.

1. (For Flute and Clarinet) "Lo here the Gentle Lark," Band. [Sergt. Roach, Sergt. Borland.
2. Song ... .. "Ju-jain," ... ... Sergt. Eaton.
3. „ ... ... "Tricky Voo," ... ... Sergt. Jones.
4. Duet ... "Larboard Watch," .. Colr.-Sergts- [Andrews and Patterson.
5. Song — "I only stand so high," ... Sergt. Smith.
6. „ ... "He thought of home," ... Colr, Sergt. Patterson
7. „ .. "The Admiral's Broom," ... Colr.-Sergt. Andrews.

OUR INTELLIGENT PRIVATE.

In his own tin-pot fashion, a clifty old joint
Was Private Augustus Fitz-Shiner.
But though well educated, he sometimes was made
To his great indignation, a "minor."
He knew Greek and Latin and French, so he said,
And none of us dared call him liar,
For how could poor blockheads like us, prove him wrong,
Or where could we go to enquire?

On politics, Gus could crack on for a week;
In the canteen at evening issue,
He would run down old Gladstone, drink beer like a fish,
Rolling hard bacca fags up in tissue.
He swore blind that Bradlaugh got poisoned by blokes
Engaged for the job by D'Israeli.
And one night he captured two splendid black eyes
For barging the toss with old Daley.

The Non-Coms., Gus reckoned, were down on him rough,
Had him taped like, because they were jealous.
But the reason Augustus got checked on parade
We did'nt want no one to tell us.
He never used pipe clay or blacking at all,
And his rifle in red rust did moulder;
Why, he could'nt form fours, and he showed us all up.
With his own patent 'slope' and his shoulder.

Our Augustus swore blind when detained out abroad
Till his eight was by fifteen days over,
That he'd sue 'em for breach of their contract, he would,
Just as soon as he got back to Dover.
And he made his complaint against Government too,
And five sheets of foolscap did fill in,
But they docked him his deferred and reserve pay as well,
And sent Gus adrift with a shilling.

His soul was too lofty for soldiering far!
For his true sphere was not in the Army.
And he knew his own worth, though his manner by some
Was considered a *thora*, well, balmy!
No doubt, with more scope for his genius, he
May turn out a regular beauty.
When last seen, Augustus, the Depot was at,
Rather down on his luck, cadging *rooty*!

BOGGLEY WALLAH.

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Regimental Items.

Lieut.-Colonel G. E. Harley, having returned from leave on the 12th inst., resumed command of the Battalion from that date inclusive.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments:—

To be Sergeant.

No. 2084 Lance-Sergt. J. G. Smith, *vice* Aherne reduced 4-8-93.

To be paid Lance-Sergeant.

No. 1715 Lance-Sergt. G. Leek * *vice* J. G, Smith, promoted 4-8-93.

To be Lance-Sergeant.

No. 4 Corpl. H. W. Davison.

To be Corporal.

No. 134 Lance-Corpl. E. A, Cochrane *vice* Smith promoted 4-8-93.

To be paid Lance-Corporals.

No. 1962 Lance-Corpl. J. Henniker *vice* Harryman deceased 3-8-93.

No. 2341 Lance-Corpl. J. Smith *vice* Cochrane, promoted 4-8-93,

* Subject to passing Educational Examination within three months from this date.

The following posting of Officers to Companies is published for information:—

"A" Company.
Capt. C. P. Lloyd,
Lieut. L. I. B. Hulke,
,, C. C, Cobbe,
,, R. Swetenham,

"B" Company.
Major A, E. Ommanney,
Lieut. R. H. D'Aeth,
,, W. A. Eaton,

"C" Company.
Capt. B. F. Holme,
Lieut. A. G. Trollope,
,, F. W. B. Dyne,
2nd Lieut. J. T. G. Adamson,

"D" Company.
Capt. R. E. Philips,
Lieut. J. Hasler,
2nd Lieut, Pritchard.

"E" Company.
Capt. G. V. Dauglish,
Lieut. F. D. J. Annesley,

"F" Company,
Major J. W. Hind,
2nd Lieut. R. McDonall,
,, ,, W, H. Trevor,

"G" Company.
Capt. P, F. Brine,
Lieut. R. F. Pearson,
2nd Lieut. W. H. Porter,

"H" Company.
Major N. Newnham-Davis,
Lieut. B, R. K. Tarte.
2nd Lieut, Æ. C. Perkins,

The undermentioned Officers will do duty with time expired details in the Troopships sailing from Karachi on the dates stated opposite their names:—

Capt. P, F. Brine, 23-12-93.
Lieut. L. I. B. Hulke. 17-3-94.

The undermentioned N,-C. Officers and men were on the 14th instant, granted Mounted Infantry Certificates:—

No. 727 Sergeant W. T, Webster,
,, 2954 Lce.-Sergt H. A. Jones,
,, 2962 Lce.-Corpl. J. H, Chapman,
,, 3024 ,, W, Hawtin,
No. 2943 Lce.-Corpl. E. Hill,
,, 2076 ,, H. Stevens,
,, 3608 Private A. Batchelon,
,, 3004 ,, A. Collard,
,, 1944 ,, W. Coveney,
,, 2961 ,, W. Dodd,
,, 3030 ,, G. Gearing,
,, 2802 ,, E. Howell,
,, 3266 ,, A. Marsh,
,, 2905 ,, E. Merton,
,, 1943 ,, G. Newing,
,, 3349 ,, T. Osborne,
,, 2812 ,, G. Pellett,
,, 2414 ,, J. Powell,
,, 3090 ,, A. Presbury,
,, 2325 ,, W. Saker,
,, 2560 ,, A, Turner,
,, 2990 ,, G. Tumber,
,, 3231 ,, W. Unwin,
,, 3178 ,, G. Wilson,
,, 1065 ,, E. Wickens.

Schoolmistress Miss A, K. Flinter, reported her arrival at this Station on the 17th instant, and commenced duty on the 19th instant.

No. 2084 Lance-Sergeant J. G. Smith, is appointed Assistant Sergeant Instructor in Gymnastics with effect from the 1st instant.

No. 2870 Private W. Muir, was on the 22nd instant, granted a certificate as a Soldier Signaller.

The undermentioned N. C. Officers and men were awarded 2nd Class Certificates of Education at Bhagsu on the 29th September 1893.

No. 2586 Lance.-Sergt. J Else,
,, 3052 ,, H Sayer,
,, 3454 Lce.-Corpl. W Shevlin
,, 3268 ,, B Draper
,, 2704 Private J Webb
,, 3841 ,, C Jubb
,, 3460 ,, R Ormsby
,, 3400 ,, E Wilson
,, 3721 ,, F Farley
,, 2078 ,, A Humphrey
,, 3527 ,, E F Ogle
,, 3474 ,, J Barnes
,, 3444 ,, F Saunders
,, 3143 ,, F Cheshire

The undermentioned N. C. Officer and men were awarded 3rd Class Certificates of Education, at an Examination held at Bhagsu on the 29th September 1893,

No. 2948 Lce.-Corpl, W Hawkins
,, 2754 Private G Hutchings
,, 3510 ,, W Padwick
,, 2933 ,, E McLean
,, 2636 ,, G Wood
,, 2372 ,, P Gambrill
,, 2402 ,, H Dartnell
,, 3006 ,, J Dartnell

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No. 3800 Private G Hunter
„ 3498 „ F Quartermain
„ 3581 „ E Gasson

The undermentioned N.C. Officers and man have been permitted to re-engage for such further periods as will make up total continuous periods of 21 years of Army Service.

No. 821 Sergt. B Gates (Commissariat Transport Dept.)
No. 663 Lce.-Corpl. T W Hickmott
„ 650 Private A Bramble.

The undermentioned N. C, Officer and man have been permitted to extend their periods of Army Service to 12 years with the Colors.

No. 2104 Lance.-Sergt. F. R. Kent.
„ 1963 Private H Shepherd

The undermentioned men are granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names:—

'B' Company.

No. 3686 Pte. Barrett, J. 2d. Granted 5-10-93.
„ 3620 „ Mackie, W. 1d. Granted 5-9-93.

'D' Company.

No. 3601 Pte. Gilbert, G. 1d. Granted 21-10-92.
„ 3007 „ Ralph, P. 1d. „ 5-10-93.
„ 2341 Lc.-Cpl. Smith, J. 2d. „ 22-10-93.
„ 3170 Pte. Brooks, G. 1d, „ 13-10-93.
„ 4179 Corpl. Campbell, J. M. Qualifying service restoration of 3rd. G. C. Badge 1-10-93.

'E' Company.

No. 3604 Pte. Foster, J, 1d. Granted 24-10-93.
„ 3513 „ Devenport H. 1d „ 11-6-93.

'F' Company.

No. 2339 Pte. Greenaway, R. 2d. Granted 15-10-93
„ 2327 „ Galvin, J. 2d. „ 30-9-93

'G' Company.

No. 2705 Pte, Roney, J. 1d. Granted 14-10-93

'H' Company.

No. 3234 Pte. Sullivan, D. 1d. Granted 23-10-93.

32lst Anniversary Athletic Sports.

Jullundur, Punjab, 25th, 26th & 27th October 1893.

President.
Major R. A. Hickson.

Vice-President.
Capt. P. F. Brine.

Committee.

Judges	*Starters.*
Capt. L. G. N. Eales,	Lieut. R. F. Pearson,
Lieut. A. Lynden-Bell,	Lieut. & Qr.-Mr. H. C. Cumber,

Hony. Secretary.
Lieut. & Qr.-Mr. H, C. Cumber.

Sub-Committee.

Sergt.-Major H. E. Featherstone (Asst. Hony. Secretary).

Qr.-Mr, Sgt, W. H. Nicholas,	Sergt. H. Marshall.
Color-Sergt. F. Andrews.	Pte. J. Hasler,
Sergt. W. A, Eaton.	Pte. J. Clarke.
„ J. Smith.	Pte. H. Veal.

HE scourges of India are popularly considered to be cholera and enteric fever, but their are other evils incidental to the country which very closely press the above mentioned brace of monstrosities in the great race for the Anti-Humanity stakes and their names are "Fitting Clothing" and "Travelling Theatrical Co npanies."

Our business fortunately is not to chronicle gruesome and harrowing records but to take a slight retrospective view of the very successful Athletic Sports, held at Jullundur on the 25th 26th and 27th of October.

Brilliant weather was associated with the three-days' Regimental Carnival, and although the fiery sun did not contribute much towards the comfort of the competitors in the various events; he did not appear to have exercised any deleterious effect on our respresentative gladiators, whose records are appended below.

On the morning of the 24th, the Athletic ball was opened with "Throwing the cricket ball;" this contest soon dwindled down to a struggle for supremacy between Wickens and Golder, and once again, that ancient motto "All is not Golder that glitters," was exemplified by Wickens outshining his rival and securing first prize.

The "Pole Jump" produced five competitors and was secured by Nash, closely scotched up by Else.

Else turned the tables on Nash, in the next event, the Long Jump, Hasler 2nd, Nash 3rd.

The preliminary struggles for the Tug-of-War prize resulted in a win for "G" Company *versus* "B," "H" defeating "E," but by no means E-asily.

In the afternoon, several interesting events were brought off, Wilson winning the Corporals' race, and Lees, one of our budding Athletes, romping

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in an easy winner of the boys' hundred yards.

Tilting at the ring, produced abundant merriment, the aspect of the deluged competitors at this event exciting much laughter and derisive rounds of applause—Martin and Steptoe 1st, Barrett and Godfrey (2nd).

In the 120 yards Band race, Corpl. Wilson once again proved his sterling sprinting powers, and came in first; a dead heat between Featherstone and Hasler caused the race for second honours to be run again, and again with a similar result; the second prize was eventually alloted to Hasler.

Space will not allow more than a passing reference to the Drummers' race, won by Devan, the Ghoorka Band race won by a swarthy musician with an unpronounceable name, and the 440 yards Native Establishment contest, wrested by a fleet footed Bildar without a spade.

On the following morning the Weight Putting Contest brought forward most of our strong men, and others, but Revell a formidable opponent at this event failed to put in an appearance. Leek won first prize.

A capital and interesting spectacle was the High Jump competition. Hasler and Wilson gave an excellent exhibition of graceful and workmanlike jumping; first honours fell to Hasler.

An athletic star of the first magnitude, has arisen on the Regimental firmament "which his name is Gilbert" who won the mile in splendid and easy fashion in the afternoon, when the sun was doing his most to damage pace, and record.

Corpl. Wilson offered an additional proof of his form in the Quarter Mile race and succeeded in getting home in front of the redoubtable Else.

The heats for the Section Race resulted in the survival of "C" "G" and "D" Companies.

The final afternoon of the Buffs' Sports passed off with musical brilliance and effect. The cream of Jullundur Society viewed the various Athletic contests with apparent interest and pleasure, and the Band of the good old Corps discoursed from time to time what the talented young man of the Indian Daily News terms "superb renditions."

The 120 yards Private's race produced a splendid field and Else succeeded in breasting the tape ahead of his rivals.

First honors also fell to Else in the Hundred yards, all ranks, with Corpl. Wilson second, followed closely by Featherstone.

Corpl. Wilson came in first in the hurdle race, but having already secured the maximum number of prizes allowed to him, Hasler was awarded the prize.

There was a similar occurrence in the Half Mile race, when Else came in first, with Gilbert a very respectable second.

The Mile Obstacle race proved a "teaser" and was won by Barrett.

Lieut. Annesley won the prize given by General Raines, with Lieut. Lynden Bell second, and the Colonel close behind.

The final for the Tug-of-War prize resulted in a well deserved victory for "A" Company, and "C" Company romped in first in the Section Race,

At the conclusion of the sports the prizes were very kindly distributed by Mrs. Harley, and thus were the Regimental Sports of The Buffs for 1893 brought to a highly successful termination.

The usual *finale* to our Sports—Tug-of-War, Officers *versus* Sergeants, over a ditch of water, was won by the Sergeants this year, all, however, with the exception 3 fleet footed "flags," had to pass through the water.

PROGRAMME.

Throwing Cricket Ball. Prizes Rs 6 & 3-1st Wickens 100 yds. 2nd Golder.

Pole Jump. Prizes Rs 6 & 3- 1st Nash 8ft. 7in. 2nd Else. 3rd Sayers.

Long Jump Prizes Rs 9 & 5-1st Else 2nd Hasler, 3rd Nash.

220yds. Corporals' Race. Prizes Rs 12 & 6-1st Wilson 25 sec. 2nd Featherstone, 3rd Chapman.

100yds Boys' Race. Prizes Rs 6 & 3-1st Lees. 12 sec. 2nd Culmer, 3rd Beazley.

Tilting at Ring. Prizes Rs. 5 & 3-1st Martin and Steptoe, 2nd Barrett and Godfrey.

120 yds. Band Race. Prizes Rs. 9 & 5-1st Wilson 13 secs 2nd Hasler, and 3rd Featherstone dead heats.

120 yds, Drummers' Race. prizes Rs. 9 & 5-1st Devan 13, sec. 2nd Manville, 3rd Barrett.

440 yds Gurkhas'. Race. Prizes Rs. 4, 2 & 1

440 yds. Native Establishment. prizes Rs. 3, 2 & 1,

Putting the weight, prizes Rs 6 & 3-1st Leek 26ft. 2nd Jarvis, 3rd Marshall.

High Jump, prize Rs. 9 & 5-1st Hasler 5ft. 2in., 2nd Wilson, 3rd Else.

Mile Race, prizes Rs, 12. 6 & 3-1st Gilbert 5min. 5 secs. 2nd Merton, 3rd Haydon.

120 yds. Sergeants' Race, prizes Rs. 15, 10, & 5-1st Marshall 13 secs. 2nd Eaton, 3rd Smith.

100 yds. Veterans' Race, prizes Rs. 12, 6 & 3-1st Leek. 2nd Ball, 3rd Campbell.

¼ Mile Race, prizes Rs. 12, 6 & 3,-1st Wilson 58 secs. 2nd

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Else. 3rd Featherstone.

100 yds 3 Legged Race, prizes Rs. 8 & 4-1st Lee & May, 2nd Manville & Canning, 3rd Eaton & Marshall.

120 yds. Hurdle Race (27th P.I.) prizes Rs. 4, 2 & 1-1st Sadr Khan, 2nd Maina Singh, 3rd Cheersha.

120 yds. Hurdle Race (14th B.L.) prizes Rs. 4 2 & 1-1st Bola Singh, 2nd Bakrat Singh, 3rd Ram Singh.

80 yds. Sack Race, prizes Rs. 5 & 3-1st. Cooper, 2nd Lees.

120 yds Privates' Race, prizes Rs. 12 6 & 3-1st Else, 2nd Hasler, 3rd Todd.

100 yds Privates' Race prizes Rs. 12 6 & 3-1st Else 10sec. 2nd Wilson, 3rd Featherstone.

120 yds Hurdle Race prizes Rs. 10 6 & 3-1st Hasler, 2nd Featherstone, 3rd Nash.

½ Mile Race, prizes Rs. 12 6 & 3-1st Gilbert 2min. 20sec. 2nd Hasler, 3rd Steptoe.

220 yds. Race 68th F.B.R.A. prizes Rs. 9 & 5-1st Moon, 2nd Fultan, 3rd Gascoigne.

Mile Obstacle Race, prizes Rs, 15, 10 & 5-1st Barrett 2nd Sayers, 3rd Staples.

Mule Race (½ Mile) prizes Rs. 5, 3 & 1-1st Nash 2nd Sayers, 3rd Duggin.

¼ Mile Race (Open to District) prizes Rs. 20, 10 & 5-1st Wilson 56min. 2nd Featherstone, 3rd Cooper.

120yds. Officers' Race (General Raines Prize,) handicapped 1 yd. for each year's service, Limit man to run 120 yds. 1st Lieut. Annesley, 2nd Lieut. Lynden-Bell, 3rd Lieut.-Colonel Harley.

Section Race, prizes Rs. 45 & 18-1st C Company, 2nd G Company.

Consolation Race, prizes Rs. 5, 3 & 1-1st Ralph, 2nd E Chapman, 3rd Sizer.

Tug-of-War (Final for Companies) prizes Rs. 50 & 20-1st A Company, 2nd H Company,

Tug-of-War (Officers *v.* Sergeants,) Honor & Glory. Sergeants won.

CRICKET.

Jullundur Cricket Club *v.* N.-C. Officers and Men of "The Buffs."

Played at Jullundur on the 19th October 1893. Won by Jullundur Cricket Club by 116 runs.

1st Innings J. C. C.

Mr. Cumber Buffs, b Bourne ...	27
Mr. Cumber junr. b Manville ...	39
Surgeon.-Major White c Manville b Bourne	11
Lieut. Burge R.A. c & b Hasler ...	41
Lt. Hughes, 14th B.L. c Nicholas b Wickens	23
Lieut. Robertson R. A., b Wickens ...	10
Lieut. Adamson, Buffs b Wickens ...	0
Lieut. Bedford 14th B.L. b Templeton	3
Capt. O'Bryen 27th P.I. c & b Nicholas	22
Corpl. Wilson, Buffs, c Templeton b Nicholas	1
Gunner Wright R. A., not out ..	0
Extras	3
Total	180

THE BUFFS.

1st Innings.

Pte. Cooper b Cumber junr. ...	3
„ Templeton run out	23
Lce.-Cpl. Lawrence c Burge b White	1
Pte. Pettitt b Cumber junr. ...	1
„ Wickens b White ...	3
„ Dunham std. Hughes b White ...	18
Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Nicholas b White ...	3
Corpl. Manville b Cumber junr. ...	2
Pte. Hasler not out	3
„ Bourne c Cumber b White ...	0
„ Read run out	6
Extras	1
Total	64

2nd Innings.

Pte. Templeton not out ...	58
Pte. Wickens b Cumber junr. ...	0
„ Dunham not out	17
„ Hasler b Cumber junr.	5
„ Bourne run out	4
„ Read c Cumber junr, b Robertson	5
Extras	9
Total	98

ODDS & ENDS.

A Brigade-Major serving in Gibraltar was in the habit of giving to soldiers, who had indulged not wisely but too well, a note addressed to the sergeant of the guard, in which it was written:

"Please confine bearer."

One day an astute Irishman happened to be one of the victims, and was handed the note and ordered to return to the barracks at once to deliver it.

On his way he met the Brigade-Major's groom, and knowing the contents of the note, asked him as a favour to take it to the barracks, as he did not wish to return for an hour or two.

On delivering it he was, of course, confined to the guard-room.

The Major, on learning the truth, said no more about it, thinking it very smart on the part of the soldier, and never again tried it.

The Russian Marshal, Suvaroff, was famous as a jester, and was fond of confusing the men under his command by asking them unexpected and absurd questions. But occasionally he met his match. Thus, one bitter January night, such as Russia only can produce, he rode up to a sentry and demanded:

"How many stars are there in the sky?"

The soldier, not a whit disturbed, answered coolly:

"Wait a little and I'll tell you." And he deliberately commenced counting. "One, two, three, etc,,"

When he had reached 100, Suvaroff, who was half frozen, thought it high time to ride off, not, however, without enquiring the name of the ready reckoner. The next day the latter found himself promoted.

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Same style, material and binding as "Defaulters' Sheets" cases, with cord, (instead of bolts), for holding sheets, and without buckle and strap to fasten case. British "Coat-of-Arms" and "Pay List" impressed on cover, in gold. Size, 14½ inch by 14½ inch. Price ~~Rs~~ 6.

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The New Combination Type, consists of Rubber Letters, Numerals, Punctuation Signs, &c., on handles, arranged in a large, thick, Cardboard Box, with an Inking Pad at one end.

Two sets, each, of the Alphabet A to Z, and figures 1 to 0, in Capitals and Lower case, are supplied, including the signs named above, and an Index. Border and Star Stamp.

The Capital letters and figures measure 1⅛ in. and 2⅛ in, respectively, and the Lower Case are ⅛ths of-an-inch and 1⅛ inches.

The N. C. T. Outfit would print any number of Circulars, &c.

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An Oblong Coloured Plate, 24 inches long by 16 inches broad, giving facsimiles of Uniforms of the Madras Native Infantry, and Central India Horse and Hyderabad Contingent.

The Uniforms contained in the Plate are—

M. N. I.—1st Madras Lancers, Governor of Madras' Body Guard, Queen's Own Sappers and Miners (Sapper in Field Service Kit). Queen's Own Madras Sappers and Miners (Native Officer, Review Order), Madras Pioneer, Sowar, Body-Guard, Governor of Madras.

C. I. Horse and H. C.—Camel Orderly, 3rd Cavalry H. C., 2nd Cavalry, H. C., Ressaldar (Sikh), C. I. H., No. 4 Battery, Drill Order, H. C., 1st Infantry, Subadar Major, H. C. Trooper, in Field Service Kit, C.I. H., 1st Cavalry Jemadar, H. C.

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Reeves' Tin Japanned Box, containing 14 moist Colours, 12 Pans and 2 Tubes, and 3 Brushes, size, 7½ in. by 3 in. by ⅛ths ... Re. 1-8.

Reeves' Tin Japanned Box, containing 12 tubes of moist colours, and 3 Brushes, size, 6 in. by 3 in, by ⅛ths. ... ... Rs. 3.

Reeves' Polished Mahogany Box, of Superior Water Colours, 10 Cakes, 4, 1½ in. China Saucers, 2 Brushes, and Lead Pencil, size of box 7½ in. by ½ in, by 1½ in. ... ... ~~Rs~~ 2.

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THE DRAGON

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1898

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 80. **JULLUNDUR, November. 30th 1893.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

OAKLEY.—At Jullundur, on the 21st inst., Mrs. A. Oakley, Schoolmistress, 1st Battn. The Buffs, of a son.

WINTER.—At Dalhousie. the wife of Sergt. Winter of twins, (boy and girl.)

Marriage.

WYNN—HALLIDAY.—At Shepscombe, Gloucester, on the 18th October 1893, by the Revd. R. Strong, Vicar, Sergt. E. A. Wynn, Permanent Staff, 3rd Battn. The Buffs, to Miss. Clara Amelia Halliday.

Deaths.

SARGENT.—At Mount Mascal, Bexley, Kent, on the 20th October, 1893, Lieut.-General J. N. Sargent, C.B.

FINN.—At the Station Hospital, Jullundur, on the 15th inst., No. 2830 Pte. Charles Finn.

LACKEY.—At the Station Hospital, Jullundur, on the 20th inst.. No. 1680 Pte. James Lackey.

HICKMOTT.—At the Station Hospital, Jullundur, on the 24th inst. No. 653 Lance-Corporal T. Hickmott.

NOTES.

THE Regiment marched from Jullundur on the morning of the 8th inst. to take part in a District Camp of Instruction at Ferozepore, under Major-General Viscount Frankfort. As a full account of the march and camp. by our Special Correspondent, is given further on we need not refer to it here at length.

... ...

A very small Depot was left behind at Jullundur under the command of Lieut. Hulke, who, on the arrival of Major Hind from England, was relieved of the command and proceeded to join the Regiment at Ferozepore.

... ...

Saturday the 11th saw our arrival on the Encamping Ground south of the Ferozepore Cantonments. Taken as a whole the march from Jullundur was perhaps a little dull for the

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majority of the men. The shooting was not so good as it had been coming up from Allahabad last cold weather, and our dinners were consequently not so varied. However things took a more lively turn, as soon as we had turned our backs upon Philour Camp. The passage of the Sutlej was an entirely novel experience to almost all of us, and we felt very much more cheerful than we had done since the start.

... ...

Ludhiana was the largest place that we halted at on the way, and during the afternoon and evening a lot of men found their way into the Grounds of the Zoological Gardens. Some who were tempted to take a longer stroll came across, in an old grave-yard, the tombs of the poor men of the 50th Regiment who were killed in 1846 by the barracks falling in upon them. The tomb also was found of a man who died of wounds received at Jallundur in 1857 while defending the "Bell of Arms" against the Mutineers.

.. ..

On arrival at Dakkah we heard that our enterprising Quarter-Master had shot a doe, for which a sporting captain took him severely to book. Imagine, therefore, our amazement on the following morning, Sunday, to see the aforesaid sportsman bring in as the results of his *shikar* a beautiful and comely doe, accompanied, some unkind friends say, by a *butcha*, but this must be doubted, I am sure.

.. ..

"D" Company ought to be grateful for possessing so good a shot as Lieut. Hasler, as he at Muhna knocked over the best of 85 blue rocks (what we heard described afterwards by a native as a *maund* of *kabutas*). The majority of these were consumed later on by his Company. For several stations pigeons were very numerous, and good bags were brought in daily.

... .

Work began seriously on Saturday 11th, when we had to fight our way in from Camp Ghull into Ferozepore. We fell in at 6-40 a.m, and dismissed at 4-30 p.m. This, without food and a large allowance of ploughed fields and sand to double over, is enough for the average unambitious Tommy. Nevertheless there was plenty of kick in us right up to the end, as we marched past General Frankfort at about 4 p.m. in a way that did the old Regiment great credit.

... ...

For our performance on Monday we fully expected to be "tried" for "losing by neglect a regimental necessary, in that we, while manœuvring near Ferozepore, did fail, within the period of 9 or 10 hours, to find our enemy" who, it appears, had heard of the approach of the Buffs and had wisely made tracks into the neighbouring jungle. This place is, in the opinion of the old soldiers, without exception, quite the most dusty place that eye of man ever rested upon. We consumed bushels and cartloads of it all day and everyday. If each man could have had his photograph taken on returning home on this eventful occasion, it would have been impossible for any of his nearest and best friends to distinguish him from Adam.

... ...

On the 22nd we marched past H. E. the Commander-in-Chief. From outside intelligence we hear that the Regiment went past in Double Company Column as near to perfection as it is possible to go. This was the first important public appearance of our new "Walking" Drum-Major, Corpl. Smith of "H" Company. He does his work with much pomp and dignity, and in every way makes up for the loss of Pte. Finn, whose death we are so sorry to have to chronicle. Corpl. Smith on a Transport Mule also carries out the duties of Regimental Postman.

... ...

On the 24th the Officers played a team of Officers and Men 2-1st Gurkhas at Association. Although the majority of the performers were unacquainted with the outlines of the game, yet we managed to get a great deal of fun and amusement out of it. The game was a very even one, but we were lucky in securing the only goal of the afternoon and so brought home the laurels. Lieut. & Adjutant A. Lynden-Bell excels at this game and several others would with practice make very passable players.

... ...

The Camp played the Garrison at cricket and succeeded in defeating them by 80 runs. Mr. Perkins managed to obtain 43 at the end.

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... ...

Pte. Lever and Taylor are to perform at a concert in a few days time, and if they only do themselves justice we shall see them the rage of the Camp.

... ...

The Football team will be glad to hear that our latest-joined-elect, Mr. Reeves, is a very good ¾ back. As this was our vulnerable point last season we may still entertain hopes of turning the tables on Calcutta when we next find ourselves playing against them.

... ...

We understand that a majority in the Manchester Regiment has been offered to Captain G. H. Chippindall, at present serving as adjutant of the 2nd V.B. Durham Light Infantry. Captain Chippindall entered the Service in 1874, and was promoted to his present rank in November 1883. He served throughout the Perak Expedition of 1875-6 and has the medal and clasp.

... .

On the 10th inst., Colonel R. E. Hart, V. C., Director of Military Education in India, visited the Schools of the Battalion.

Unfortunately his visit took place after the Regiment had left the station and so for the second year in succession he has missed meeting the Battalion.

... ...

We would draw our readers attention to the letter received from the Editor of "The Seventh Regiment Gazette," the Regimental Paper of the 7th Regiment, U S.A., which is inserted in the correspondence column.

This excellent paper, together with "The Countersign," a magazine devoted to the interests of the National Guard, U. S, has been received by us and placed on the Library table, where it can be seen by everyone in the Regiment.

We are sure all will be greatly interested with the entertaining articles to be found in their columns, as also with the splendid illustrations contained in both papers.

... ...

Captain Blackburn will not rejoin the battalion again, at least for a considerable time, he having received the appointment of Adjutant of the 1st Lanark Volunteers.

... ...

Majors Newnham-Davis, and Hind, and Capt. Philips, rejoined the Battalion during the month, having returned off leave from England. They are all looking remarkably well after their visit to the Old Country.

... ...

A move has at last been made in the right direction by the Railway Authorities in this Country. Non-Commissioned officers and men at home have for some considerable time had the privilege, when on leave, of travelling to and from their destination by paying the single railway fare only.

Now, as will be seen by the following order, the system is being introduced into India. We would suggest, however, that, as at home, it should extend for a longer period than six days.

"G. O. C. C. No. 965, dated Simla 9-11-93.

It is notified for general information that the Government of India have been pleased to sanction the grant to regimental European Non-Commissioned Officers and men of the British Army the concession of travelling with return tickets at single fares on open lines of railway, worked directly by the State, when such non-commissioned officers and men are permitted by the Officer Commanding to go out either individually or in small parties for purposes of sport or recreation. These tickets will be available for a period not exceeding 6 days from time of departure to time of return.

A certificate granted by the Officer Commanding must be handed to the railway booking clerks when the return tickets are applied for."

... ...

We regret that a slight error should have been made in the account of the "sports," published in last month's issue of the Dragon.

The High Jump was not, as stated, won by Hasler, but resulted in a tie between Hasler and Wilson.

They both cleared 5 feet 1 inch, and both failed at 5 feet 2 inches, consequently the money and points were equally divided.

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We regret to have to record the death of an old Buff, Lieut.-General J. N. Sargent, C.B., which took place at Mount Mascal, Bexley, Kent, on 20th October.

General Sargent, who at the time of his death was 67, entered the service in 1844 and served through the Crimean campaign of 1854-6; he was present at the battle of the Alma (wounded), commanded 95th Foot at the battle of Inkerman, and the siege and fall of Sevastopol (wounded). He was mentioned in despatches, received the medal with 3 clasps, was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour and received the 5th Class of the Medjidie, the Turkish medal and a brevet majority. He served through the China war of 1860 with the Buffs, and was present at the action of Sinho, the taking of Tangku and the capture of the Taku Forts; he was mentioned in despatches, London Gazette of 4th November 1860, received the medal with clasp and was made a C.B.

On the death of Colonel Ambrose in 1862, General Sargent succeeded to the command of the 1st Battalion, which he held until 1864, when he was placed on temporary half pay at his own request. He afterwards commanded the China and Hong Kong District, his old regiment serving under him for some time.

At the time of his death he was Colonel of the 27th Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. We offer our sincerest condolences to General Sargent's family, who are closely connected with the regiment, one of his daughters having married an officer in the 2nd Battalion.

It is with sincere regret we chronicle this month the deaths of three well-known men of the Battalion: Lce.-Corpl. Hickmott and Ptes. Finn and Lackey.

All three deaths have taken place since the Battalion left Jullundur and have cast quite a gloom over the small Depot remaining behind.

Lce.-Corpl. Hickmott had taken on for 21 years' service and was not known to be seriously ill till shortly before his death.

Pte. Finn, who had been walking Drum-Major for the last twelvemonths, has been very ill for a long time and was expecting to be invalided to England shortly.

Pte. Lackey of "C" Company was sent back ill off the march.

To the relatives of these men we offer our sincere sympathy.

Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22 d of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

Editor of "The Dragon,"

Jullundur.

Sir,

You will greatly oblige the 7th Regiment Gazette by inserting in your interesting publication the following notice.

Yours very respectfully,
C. S. Clark, Editor.

The 7th Regiment Gazette, published by the Seventh Regiment of New York, U.S.A., will feel greatly obliged if publishers of regimental newspapers published in England, India, and the Colonies will send the addresses of such newspapers, and the copies of the same, to the Editor of the Gazette, 237 Broadway, New York, who will be glad to send in return copies of the only regimental newspaper published in America.

DEPOT NEWS.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Dear Mr. Editor,

As regards news I am similarly placed this month as I was when writing to you last time *i.e.* very little to communicate.

Sergt. A. J. Hall and Lce.-Corporal C. Williams, have been re-posted to the Home Battalion with a view to their being included in the draft.

Pte. C. Hayward has been transferred to the Army Reserve on the expiration of the period of his Army Service.

Color-Sergt. G. Hodges and 18 men of Depot attended the funeral of the late Lieutenant-General J. N. Sargent, C. B. on 25th October.

Captain H. Blackburn, has been offered, and has accepted, the Adjutancy of the 1st Lanark Volunteers.

Recruits are joining the Home Battalion pretty freely, the London District being now open to raise men for the Regiment, and for the first time for a long period the Battalion is actually over its establishment.

I hear Colonel Halahan is about to the married.

No. 2616 Pte, W. J. Bassenden has been discharged at Netley "Medically unfit for further service."

Yours Faithfully
"Old Buff."

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WITH "THE BUFFS" TO FEROZEPORE.

After a short rest of about six months we again find ourselves on the move, this time to Ferozepore, where we are to take part in a District Camp of Instruction. At this Camp there will be the largest assembly of troops in India this cold weather, and it will consist of the following Batteries, Regiments and Corps.

Q. Battery R. H. A	1st Battn. The Buffs.
10th F. B. R. A.	2nd Bn. Seaforth Highlanders,
68th F. B. R. A.	24th Punjab Infantry.
No. 1 Company E.D.R.A.	27th " "
11th Hussars	34th Pioneers
18th Bengal Lancers	2-1st Goorkah Rifles.
	1-4th Goorkah Rifles.

Ammunition Column, composed of the units from Ferozepore, Meean Meer and Mooltan.

The whole to be under the command of Major-General Viscount Frankfort. I may as well mention that the whole movements and camp is to be worked as nearly as possible on Active Service Scale, the last 14 days strictly so. We are using all our Mobilization Equipment, and all look forward with pleasure to the last fortnight when the following only will be taken, viz.,

1 Cook per Company.
1 Sweeper "
2 Bheesties "

The above is as far as the men are concerned, now for the Officers.

1 servant between 3 Officers.

I did hear that it was proposed to carry.

1 Toothbrush between 3 Officers,
1 Tent " " "

Only fancy Lieuts. Perkins, Swetenham and Cobbe, average height 6ft. 2½in, packed in a Subaltern Cabul tent which measures inside about 8x6,. I am glad to say these last proposals have fallen through.

The 8th of November was fixed for our march from Jullundur, and the day before, as is usual in all such cases, was a very busy day; for what with the Quarter-Master issuing Camp Equipment, the Transport Officer the Transport, the Adjutant and the Sergt.-Major orders, and a wretched strolling Company of *world-famed artistes* at the Regimental Theatre, we were all very glad to turn in for a night's rest, and I can safely say, all of us, (chowkidars included) slept soundly till 5 a.m., the 8th, when Reveille sounded; at 6 a.m, 15 Officers and 747 Non-Commissioned Officers and men paraded under the command of Lieut.-Colonel G. E. Harley for the march.

The Companies paraded as follows.

A Coy. under command of Lieut, Adamson, (until Lieut. Hulke joins at Ferozepore,)
B " " " " Lieut. Swetenham,
C " " " " Capt Holme & Lieut. Trollope,
D " " " " Lt. Hasler, until Capt. Philips [joins at Ferozepore.
E Coy. under command of Lieut. Annesley
F " " " " Lieut. McDouall,
G " " " " Lieut. Pearson
H " " " " Lt. Perkins, until Mjr Newnham-[Davis joins at Ferozepore

STAFF,
Major R. A. Hickson.
Lieut. & Adjutant A Lynden-Bell.
Lieut. & Qr.-Mr. H, C. Cumber.
Surgeon-Capt. W. H. Starr in Medical charge of the Battn.

We left Barracks shortly afterwards, and at the Coffee Shop we found nearly the whole of the beauty of Jullundur, for the ladies had all turned out, to *a man*, to bid us a two months' farewell. After a substantial chota hazri and many a tender farewell, we trudged on, arrived at our first Camp, Phugwaree, (12 miles 2 furlongs) in due course, pitched tents had breakfast, and settled down for the day, each one to his own style of ease and pleasure; some off shooting, some to sleep, some to the A.T.A tent, and others to the Canteen.

We made an early start on the 9th for Phillour, distant 11 miles 6 furlongs, where we arrived about 8.45 a.m. On the way there, Mr. Pearson had the misfortune to lose his pet dog "Squib" which was well known to all ranks of the Battalion. The poor beast was run over by a heavily laden hackery; it happened owing to the stupidity of the bullock driver. That driver was well abused in the choicest Hindustani by the soldier escort, and I have no doubt would have been very roughly handled by the same escort only for the law. A large jheel close to Phillour proved "birdless." Our next move was to Ludhiana, distant 10 miles; this is one of the most peculiar moves I should say in India. About 400 officers and men are packed in a train and behind them, in the wagons, are stored the Transport consisting, of camels, mules, bullocks, and cows. Of course all our followers have to come, and you see in the same trucks all mixed up together, horses and traps, camels, mules, bullocks, sheep, goats, pigs, monkeys and human beings; the scene is really indescribable. It is a regular Noah's Ark (Mrs. Noah excepted). The natives of course talking and shouting, the mules kicking, the camels gurgling, cattle bellowing and the wretched monkeys chattering with fear; Babel I'm sure would not be in it with a Ferry Train. The camel may be a very useful animal in its way, but I must say in a ferry train he is a decided "Mule." It lays down, and you may be sure, crossways in the trucks, and can only be persuaded to get up by being kicked, prodded with something very sharp, thrashed with sticks and tent pegs, and all its female relations cursed by the driver: at least this was the experience of the advanced party this journey, and as the Quarter-Master wired back to Head Quarters, "Camels great brutes in ferry train, lie down, won't get up," it was decided to make those with the Battalion go through the river Sutlej.

We were all in Camp at Ludhiana by about 10.30 a.m. and during the day were surprised at our old friends the 2-1st Gurkhas also coming in. The Officers of the Gurkhas dined with our Officers that night and their band played us out of camp next morning.

While at Ludhiana, Pte. Shepherd of the Band picked up the leaf of a Bengal Army List dated 1867, on one side being the names of the Officers of the 3rd Buffs and on the other side the Officers of the 21st Hussars. The following are the names of the Buffs' Officers, and no doubt a great many of our readers will bring some of their names to memory.

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3rd East Kent, "The Buffs."

LANDED IN BENGAL ON 13th NOVEMBER 1866.

Head Quarters, Meerut. Arrived 4th January 1867.

Rank and Names.	Regimental Rank.	Army Rank.	
COLONEL.			
Macdowall, H. D.	9th Sep '64	General 4-3-66	England
LIEUT.-COLONEL.			
Gardiner. T. G.	9th Dec '64		
MAJORS.			
Dunbar, P. I.	20th May '64		
Siree, C. M. D.	9th Dec '64		
CAPTAINS.			
Walker, M., V.C.	15th May '55	Lt.-Colonel 15-2-61.	Depot
Arbuckle. E. K. V.	29th June '55		
Eteson, F.	5th March '58		L.S.
Cox, T. A. P.	17th Sept '58		Depot
Daubeny, W. A.	20th May '64		
Ker, W.	5th July '64		L.S.
Le Cocq, J. H.	3rd Sept '64		
Blaksley, J.	8th March '64		
Graves, S.	15th May '66		
Fox, R. F.		16th Jan. '66	
Hobson, F. T.	29th June '66		
Halahan, H. T.	2nd Oct '66		
LIEUTENANTS.			
Baillie, C. D.	5th May '58		
Kerr. W. F.	25th Feb '62		
Whitworth, J. F.	5th Sept '62		I. of M.
Jackson. A.	9th Aug '63		L.S.
Harrison, H. D.	29th Mar '64		
Carpenter, T. W.	20th May '64		
Gelston, A. W. H.	5th July '64		
Cooper, W. S.	3rd Sept '64		Depot
Kane, F. W.	3rd Jan '65		Adjutant
Reeves, C. E.	2nd May '65		Duty at Landour Depot
Fulton, R. G.	12th Jan '66		
Green, T. P.	3rd June '64		L.S.
Griffiths, D. G.	15th May '66		
Franks, R. N.	29th May '66		Depot
Haly, W. R. A.	26th June '67		Depot
ENSIGNS.			
Rennick A. de C.	6th July '64		
Taylor, G. R.	19th July '64		
Pochin, A.	9th Dec '64		
Barnard, A. A.	2nd May '65		
Lewes, J. M. D.	30th Jan '66		
McCally, W. R.	31st Janv '66		
Maul, R. C.	15th May '66		
Innes, A.	29th May '66		
Grey, L. S. H.	15th May '67		
Hickson, R. A.	26th June '67		Not joined
STAFF.			
Bailey, J. J.	10th July '66		Paymaster
Whitworth, J. F.	2nd May '65		I. of Musketry
Kane, F. W.	3rd Jan '65		Adjutant
Berry, A.	30th Jan '66		Quarter Master
Jeevan, T.	16th Oct '66		Surgeon
Fergusson, J.	19th Jan '60		Assistant Surgeon
Atkinson, J.	16th Oct '66		do

ESTABLISHMENT.—10 Companies, 1 Colonel, 1 Lt.-Colonel, 2 Majors, 10 Captains, 12 Lieutenants. 8 Ensigns, 1 Paymaster, 1 Adjutant, 1 Quarter Master, 1 Surgeon, 2 Assistant Surgeons, 1 Sergt.-Major, 1 Quarter Master Sergeant, 1 Instructor of Musketry, 1 Paymaster Sergeant, 1 Band Master, 1 Armourer Sergeant, 1 Hospital Sergeant, 1 Orderly-room Clerk, 1 Sergeant Cook. 40 Sergeants, 1 Drum Major, 20 Drummers, 40 Corporals, 750 Privates.

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The Battalion marched to Dakkah, (11 miles 5 furlongs) on the 11th inst., and as this was Saturday, every one that wanted to. "dhobied" away in the canal at the back of the camp. Sunday being our rest day all took advantage of a long sleep in the morning, as church parade was not until 10-30 a.m. Up to date very little shooting on this march; no jheels, consequently no duck &c., and only a herd or two of deer about, but these very wild.

Our next march was to Jugraon(12 miles,)The city of Jugraon is about a mile from the camp. In this camp under a clump of trees is a soldier's grave; a large wooden cross marks the spot, and the following is the inscription on the cross.

I H S
In memory of
Sergt. GEORGE BAKER,
XXXTH
15th December '88.

Our pioneers banked up the grave, which had been damaged very much during the late monsoon, and the Quarter-Master had a half dozen trees (from a garden close by,) planted round it, and on our return journey we shall be able to ascertain whether the mali has earned the baksheesh promised him, if the plants thrive.

Muhna was our next camp (12 miles 2 furlongs,) where we arrived in due course; one of the blessings of this Camp was that there was no Post Office, consequently we were not worried with letters. An alarming rumour which spread like a jungle fire was that several burglaries had been committed at Jullundur. All the benedicts promptly wrote to their wives to put more chowkidars on, and I should think chowkidars will soon be at a premium. However next morning much pleasanter news was received and the married men again were happy.

Dugroo was reached after a 13 mile march. Nothing very extraordinary here, except that it is a much more dusty camp than any up to date. About 200 pigeons were shot in the vicinity during the day.

Ghull our next Camp was 14½ miles, and we were very pleased to find the Camp Colors laid out amongst some firs, and as this was to be a resting camp we were all delighted. We found the camps from Ludhiana much hotter than those towards Jullundur.

The 27th Punjaub Infantry passed us at 8 a.m., on the 17th inst. en-route to Pyarana, which is 7 miles from Ferozepore, where they await our arrival on the 18th; our band played them past our Camp and a short distance on the road. Our band also played the 2-1st Gurkah Rifles into Ghull this morning.

Operations commenced early on the 18th, the idea being to attack, and if possible, capture the Arsenal at Ferozepore.

The Attacking Brigade was commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Harley. I cannot describe the fight not having had the pleasure of accompanying them, but as is usual in such mimic battles both sides won; anyhow our men worked well and after a long day, and a very hot one, arrived at Ferozepore Camp at 4.45 p.m. We only had one man fall out the whole day.

Everyone was precious glad to turn in that night, and I fancy slept very soundly. Major Newnham-Davis, Capt, Philips and Lieut. Hulke joined us here. Major Newnham-Davis joined the General's Staff, Cpt. Philips and Lieut. Hulke to "D" and "A" Companies, respectively. The next day being Sunday we had Divine Service in the Camp at 9 a.m. Monday is to be a Divisional Day. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief is here so we shall be very busy indeed for a few day.

P.Q.

The Aasvogels.

I had bin out all day, and to'rds sundown we came upon a small lot of Kaffirs: we went potting away after 'em, and I think we must a-killed two thirds of the poor beggars. We had been skirmishing down a hill to'rds an open piece of veldt, and I had blazed away till my last cartridge was fired off. I had gone a little ahead of my comrades, when about a hundred yards in front of me, more or less, a Kaffir jumped up and bolted.

He seemed quite alone, and I thought if I ran I might get him to give up for fear of the gun, for he wern't to know it wern't loaded, and he hadn't got even a assegai.

I called out to him to stop and give up, for even then I knew Kaffir enough to do that, or I would fire. He took no notice, and then I see that he was wounded in the leg, so I put on a spurt and began to get nigher to him.

All at once, before I could say Jack Robinson, he went out of sight, and I found that he had dropped clean over th'edge of a little river, that had cut its way deep thro' the clay—you know the sort of place I mean, Master Charles.

I stood still for a minute, and I could see the Kaffir stealing slowly along, for he didn't seem any the nimbler for the jump. In another moment, like a fool, I made up my mind that if I could I would catch him, so I dropped over the edge with my gun and all, just as I was. In another second I was down, but, alas! with one leg doubled under me broken in two. The pain was so great that I must have fainted away, for I remembered nothing till I found myself waking up to the greatest pain and a-thinking what on earth I was to do.

Lucky for me the Kaffir didn't know how I

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was, or 'stead of my taking of him, he would have finished me. As I laid there I was wicked 'nough to think it would 'a bin a good thing if the savages had done for me, I was in such dreadful pain.

I could hear now and then the sounds of the guns of my comrades, but they never came nigh enough to hear me, and I was afraid to call too bold, or too often, for fear I might bring the Kaffirs down on me.

At last it began to get dark, and I felt I must try to get my broken leg straight, or I should die, so I tried Oh! Master Charles, that dreadful pain. Sometimes in the night it comes over me all again in a dream, and I have the cold sweats.

At last I managed to get my leg from under me, and laid myself a little higher, for my one foot had been in the little stream that ran through the sort of deep gully I was in. Before it got quite dark, I was able to get the ramrod out of my gun, and with my neckcloth and a handkerchief I had with me, I tied my poor broken limb to it, and thus I was able to drag myself along backwards an inch at a time. I don't think I could have gone many yards, when the darkness grew so deep that I was awful afraid to move, for fear I should fall into some fresh hole, and to make matters worse, the darkness brought with it another terror, for it began to rain hard—one of those thunderstorms which come on pretty often in this 'ere country.

The thunder rolled over my head and the lightning flashed. I was thankful enough for this last, for I was able to see fur enough to make sure of the next move. Thus I went on for more than an hour, tho' I couldn't have gone but a very few yards, I suppose, when soon a new fear came over me. As I said, it was raining heavy for some time, and I was wet thro,' but it wer'nt the danger of catching cold I feared; it was this, the river was beginning to rise.

I could see, when the lightning played; that the water at times rose feet above my head, and if it come down in a lot, as I knew it did sometimes on all Cape rivers, I should be carried away and drowned dead as a door-nail.

But, thank God, I wern't to be drowned that time, at any rate. For, putting forth all the strength I had left, I moved slowly along, dragging my poor leg after me. Every limb in my body seemed to ache each time I moved, till at last I come to a place which seemed to a-bin made by the wild animals a-coming down to drink, for 'twas worn smooth by their coming up and down, and there was many marks of all kinds of feet. Up this rather steep rise I managed to pull myself, and I can tell you I did feel thankful as I laid down worn out on the top and looked down at the water rising up the side so fast.

It could not-a-bin more than an hour 'fore daylight that I got to a place of safety, for very soon after I see the first faint light on the sky. Now that I lay on the top I could hear the various sounds what the noise of the water had before drowned, and I could 'a told you it were near day' had I been a blind man, for the howling of the wolves and jackals died away. I didn't think then, Master Charles, but I 'a often a-thought since of the verse out of the Psalms of David: "The sun ariseth, and they get them away together, and lay them down in their dens." I was mighty glad to think daylight was-a-coming, for no doubt I should be missed. They were sure to look for my dead body at least, even if they thought I was killed, for one's fellow's never left a dead man for the Kaffirs to hack about, if they could anyhow prevent it.

All this time it never entered my head that the wolves and jackals might attack me, but you will think with me, Master Charles, when you hear the rest of my story, that I had need to be thankful that I didn't get out of the river before the wild beasts were going to their rest.

As the sun got up, I soon found I should have another trouble. I had been dreadful cold, as you may think, wet thro', and with one leg for a long time in the water; but that I didn't mind so much, as it helped me to bear the pain of my broken limb, but now the hot sun (for it was January, like our July sun at home, and his blazes scorched you directly he was up) began to make my leg more painful, and I found it was a-swelling terrible. To add to my misery I began to feel awful thirsty, and I almost wished myself back in the river, but I thought that if I could crawl back I should lose my chance of being seen, or seeing anyone who passed by; besides the river was frightful full, and I was

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afraid that I might roll in and be washed away. I cried out with all my might now and then, but nothing answered me, and I began to despair. The sun, he got higher and higher, and my leg stiffer and stiffer and more swelled. The pain got wus and wus, and I think I wus beginning to wander like. I was in too much pain to be dozing, when I got a fresh fright.

As I lay on my back and looked up into the air, I saw such a number of birds, and I watched 'em as they swung round and round.

And then, tho' my heart was a-beating fast, and my head aching ready to split, I began to count 'em. First I counted five, and then after a little I found I could see ten, and then in another short space I found there was twenty, and when I came to fifty I made an end of counting, for there were too many a-coming and a-going.

All this time it never come into my head that in their coming there was any danger for me, for I had often seen these birds. "Aasvogels," the Cape people call them, but we English say, vultures, and vultures they be, Master Charles. I had often a-seen hundreds of them hovering over some dying or dead beast, not to speak of the dead Kaffirs, waiting to make a full meal; but now all at once it flashed over my mind that these 'orrid birds were coming for me.

I noticed that they seemed to make the spot where I was, the centre round which they swung as they flew. My mates had often told me tales how these birds don't care for anything so that they may fill their beastly bellies, but I had never heard that they would attack a living man. I thought over the matter, you may believe me, and for a moment all my heart and courage was gone, when I thought of having to fight with such a number of these monsters. I had left my gun at the place where I fell, for of course I could'nt drag that with me; it was as much as I could do to drag myself. How I wished and wished again that I had been able to bring it along with me. All at once I remembered that even if I had had it, there were no cartridges left.

In a few minutes I saw the creatures descending in numbers about a hundred yards off. I raised myself as well as I could on my elbow and looked at my enemies—and enemies, deadly enemies, they were, and demons they looked. It almost seemed to me that they were talking over amongst themselves how soon it would be safe to pitch into me, and how much they would relish me.

I was utterly defenceless, except my bayonet, though I had a secret kind of hope that they would not dare attack me, and were only waiting for me to die to begin making their meal.

But I made a great mistake, for they seemed as if they meant to send out skirmishers to try what could be done, for about half a dozen of 'em come out of the big lot and came on to'rds me. In a moment they were close upon me, and I could see their horrid eyes, fiery with hunger for my flesh: I could hear their bills quash one over the other, as they seemed-like to lick their chops, and then they smelt like the dead themselves.

I don't mean for to say I saw all this at the time, but I remember it now. They were close to me when I thought of my bay'net, With a terrible wrench and awful pain I drew out the weapon, and I made up my mind to kill as many of the brutes as I could. The sight of the bay'net seemed to infuriate one of the birds, and with a hoarse cry, with one wing raised to strike, he dashed at me and tried to tear me with his beak.

Shouting as loudly as I could, I gave him as hard a thrust as I could manage, and I drew back my bayonet to give him another dig. But his wound only seemed to make him more savage, and the others come joining in. At this moment I hears in the distance a cry of "Who's there?" What a joyful sound it was to me! I never heard anything sweeter in all my life.

You can hardly think how sweet it was unless you have been in danger such as I was. At the top of my voice I shouted for help, and in another minute our adjutant came riding up. With his horsewhip at first, and afterwards with his sword, he slashed and cut at the aasvogels, until with sullen cries they left me, who had been almost down their throats, as I may say. They slowly went away, soaring and wheeling over my head, as if longing, as no doubt they did, to make a skeleton of me.

"Why, Cook!" exclaimed our adjutant, when he had finished driving off the birds: "they told me you had lost the number of your mess last night, and it seems I was only just in time

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to prevent its being true this morning. There's a picquet out, looking for your body just over the hill. I will ride over until they can hear my voice, for I won't go far away, for I am sure those birds will be down again if they can."

The picquet soon came up, and I told them my state, and to make a long story short, if I can, in half an hour's time I was being carried in a sort of hammock to the field hospital.

And there I layed a weary time, until my bones grew together again. I weren't no use for a soldier after that, and I got my discharge and went home.

It weren't till two years after that I came across your father, the Colonel. He had just sold out then, and was talking of coming out to the Cape, and he says to me. "Cook, would you like to go out with me again to the Cape? I am going to farm there. You would be a useful man, I know."

Well, Master Charles, I said, "Yes," and so you see my breaking my leg had something to do with my being here now; because if I had not met with such an accident I should have stayed with the regiment long arter your father had sold out, and most likely I should never a-seen him any more.

Regimental Items.

The undermentioned have been permitted to extend their periods of Army Service to complete 12 years with the colours.

No. 2084 Sergt. J. G. Smith.
,, 1967 Corpl. H. Brown.
,, 2013 Pte. E. J. Grant.

The undermentioned have been permitted to re-engage for such further periods as will make up a total continuous service of 21 years.

No. 680 1st Class Armourer Sergt. W. Kemp (in Corps of Armourers).
No. 234 Lce.-Corpl. G. Fuller.

No. 1301 Band-Sergt. M. Roach has been permitted to continue in the Service beyond 21 years.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the ollowing appointments.

To be Lance-Corporal.
No. 2078 Pte. A. Humphrey.
,, 3472 ,, E. Mills.
,, 2769 ,, H. Cox.
,, 3058 ,, E. F. G. Saker.

Schoolmistress Mrs. A. Oakley joined the battalion at Jullundur on 10th inst., on transfer from 2nd Battalion Scottish Rifles,

The undermentioned men were granted G. C. Pay, as stated opposite their names.

No.	3218	Pte.	F. Duggan, Granted	1d.
,,	3358	,,	J. Lutchford, ,,	1d.
,,	3701	,,	E. Wood, Restored	2d.
,,	3734	Boy	J. Moore, Granted	1d.
,,	1048	Pte.	G. Cox, Restored	2d.
,,	2369	,,	W. Ennis, Granted	2d.
,,	3543	,,	F. Gilby, ,,	1d.
,,	3522	,,	H. Langley, ,,	1d.
,,	2833	,,	C. Smith, ,,	1d.
,,	1680	,,	J. Lackey, ,,	2d.
,,	2407	,,	A. Branchett, Rest.	1d.
,,	3300	,,	W. Scott, Granted	1d.
,,	3642	,,	A. Swain, ,,	1d.
,,	62	,,	J. Chapman, ,,	3d.
,,	3802	,,	G. Siffleet, ,,	2d.
,,	3534	,,	J. Conway, Restored	1d.
,,	2595	,,	S. Leach, ,,	1d.
,,	2341	,,	S. Pilcher, Granted	2d.
,,	3893	,,	W. Gilbert, ,,	1d.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Papers:—

The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.
The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W K. Regt.
The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.
The Army Service Corps Journal, with Supplement.
The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.
The 16th Lancers Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers.
The 5 & 9. The Lilywhites Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.
The Lancashire Lad.- North Lancashire Regt.
St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.
7th Regiment Gazette.—7th Regt. of New York. U.S.A.
The Countersign.—National Guards, U.S.A.
1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E. S. Regt.
The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.
The Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infty. } Somerset
Weekly Budget and Light Bob Gazette. } Light Infty.
The Tiger & Sphinx.—Gordon Highlanders.
The XXX—1st East Lancashire Regt.
The Vedette.—21st Hussars.
I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.
The Sutherland News.—2nd Bn Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders.
The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.
"*Ours*"—Princess of Wales Own Yorkshire Regt.
The 79th News.—79th Cameron Highlanders.

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MORE BARS FROM THE BARRACK ROOM.
No. IV.

TIME-EX.

Yes, it's me right enough, there, don't slobber !
But sling this 'ere baggage inside ;
Don't be frightened, it only 'olds clobber,
Some socks and a shirt, worn and snide.
And *I'm* a bit part-worn, I know it !
Seven summers abroad put the fix
On a feller's appearance, for blow it !
I'm bald and not turned twenty-six.

For the parrot pegged out at Deolally,
The monkey got drowned just off Gib,
And the shawl bought from old Amir Ali,
I sold to a bloke for a dib.
I aint brought no curios mother !
No treasures from over the sea,
Save one, and that treasure's none other
My own darling mother but me !

Yes, I reckon I'm lucky in dodgin'
What many a poor soldier cops,
And finds in some graveyard a lodgin'
Where jackals howl over his tots.
It's all touch and go like in Indy,
A chap snuffs it there in a jiff,
In the canteen at night makes a shindy,
Next mornin' he's lyin' out stiff.

So 'eres to your fireside enticin',
And 'eres to your old apron strings,
Around 'em a big knot I'm splicin',
My 'ook from my 'ome I ne'er slings.
And give to some "ringer" my rifle,
And give him my straps and valise,
Just tell him to clean 'em a trifle,
I'm on the Kent County Police !

BOGGLEY WALLAH.

JULLUNDUR DEPOT.

In order to relieve the monotony of their existence at Jullundur during the absence of the Regiment at Ferozepore, the Sergeants remaining at the Depôt have arranged a series of competitions with their Departmental friends, consisting of tennis, billiard, whist and shooting matches.

The Departments scored strongly at tennis, but at an exciting shooting match, held on the morning of the 29th inst., the Depôt The Buffs were the victors by five points.

The finals in the whist and billiard handicaps have yet to be played off.

ODDS AND ENDS.

"The Naval and Military Sketch Book" contains a good story of a dog whose perseverance saved his master's life. In the year 1758, when the English made an attack upon St. Malo, a French shepherd was compelled to act as guide to the Coldstream Guards, and purposely led them astray. General Vernon ordered him to be hanged. That officer used to say that he never witnessed anything more affecting than the efforts of the shepherd's dog to hinder the men from putting the rope round his master's neck. The executioner had no small difficulty in keeping the affectionate animal off, although assisted by two drummers who enjoyed the reputation of having been practised dog stealers in Westminster. "But John Bull is a poor creature when it comes to the pinch," General Vernon used to add, when telling the story, "and I could not find it in my heart to put the stubborn fellow to death for his patriotism. So, after well frightening him, and almost breaking his heart by threatening to have his dog destroyed, I let him go, and the faithful creature with him."

The "rifle-trenching tool" of M. de Layen, which was recently tried at the Armoury House Parade Ground, Finsbury, and is expected "in one sense to revolutionise the warfare of the future," consists essentially of an arrangement by which a spade or such like tool can be fixed to the butt of a rifle without preventing the weapon being ready for use either with shot or bayonet. To this end there is a receptacle in the butt, and the spade fits into it with a spring catch. Of course the stock and barrel of the rifle become the handle of the spade. It is claimed for this appliance that it will enable every Infantry soldier to be his own sapper and rifle-pit maker, and the tool wagon will become unnecessary. Moreover, if there is no time to fix the bayonet the spade itself will be a makeshift ; and when not in use it can be carried in a leather case slung across the chest of the soldier, thus balancing the weight of his haversack and forming a breastplate against sword, bayonet, or lance, and possibly bullets.

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A very large selection of all the newest and most fashionable Cards of the present season.

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The variety of pattern, and the beauty of design of these Cards becomes more noticeable year by year.

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Pattern Cards for approval and proof sent.

CALENDARS FOR 1894.

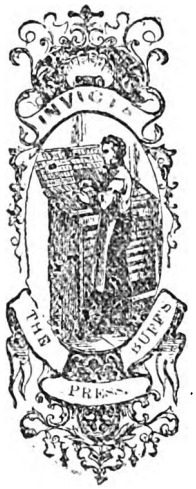
The Daily Business Calendar.
A hollow, varnished Bronze Stand, 6½ by 4 by 2½ inches, closed at one end, with a Brass-nutted Pin at the other end for holding Calendar block.
Complete, with Block for 1894. Re. 1-8.
Spare Blocks for 1894, for old Stand, As. 12.
The Daily Business Memo. Calendar Stand is just the Porcelain Engagement Tablet, with the only difference of its being in Bronze and larger.

Block Calendars for 1894.
Consisting of a Card (size 10 by 8) for hanging on the—with design in colours. The dates are printed in large figures—

The "Shakespear," with quotations from Shakespear's works	Re.	1	0
The "Every Day," with quotations from Eminent Authors	,,	1	0

THACKER, SPINK AND CO. CALCUTTA.

THE BUFFS'
REGIMENTAL PRESS.



The above Press, having recently added a large quantity of fancy and ornamental type, borders &c., to its already, large and well-selected stock, is now in a position to undertake every description of Plain, Ornamental, and Color Printing.

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Apply to the Sub-Editor, or at the Regimental Printing Office.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

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1936.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 81. **JULLUNDUR, December 31st 1893.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

TALBOT.—At Karachi, on the 25th November, the wife of Sergeant Instructor M. Talbot, N. W. R. Volunteers, of a daughter. Dorothy Lilian.

EATON.—At Jullundur on the 26th inst., the wife of Sergeant Instructor of Gymnastics G. Eaton of a daughter.

BARRON.—At Agra, on the 18th inst., the wife of Sergeant-Major F. Barron, 1st East Surrey Regiment, and formerly School-mistress The Buffs, of a son.

Marriage.

HILL—PARKINSON.—At St. James's. Picadilly, on the 19th inst. Lieut. H. C. de la Montagu Hill, The Buffs, to Miss Lily Ethel Ada Parkinson.

Deaths.

PEPPER.—At Clacton-on-Sea, on the 28th November, Joseph Pepper, retired Quarter-Master and Hon. Lieut., 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, and formerly Sergeant-Major 1st Bn. The Buffs.

HATTON.—Near Rugby, on the 14th November, by accidentally falling from a railway train, Pte. Hatton, 2nd Bn. The Buffs.

NOTES.

MERRY CHRISTMAS and a Happy New Year to all, to the sunburnt Buffs just returned from the dustiest camp on record, to sweethearts and wives, and to our relatives and friends across the *Kala Pani* in far off England.

... ...

It is the fate of every man to eat in his life a peck of dust and during the last month we must all have swallowed our ration and a bit over, for of all dusty places on earth Ferozepore is the dustiest. And it was march, march, march, over plough which sent up clouds of dust and roads one degree dustier than the plough. However, we marched in triumph into the fort at the end of the first three day's fighting, and no doubt on the last day would have gained a glorious victory, after being ferried over the river, if time had only permitted the battle.

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I asked of a Buff, if the ration meat
Had satisfied him fully.
His smile as he turned to me was sweet
And he gently murmured "Bully!"

On the subject of flour I wished to touch
And I dared at last to risk it.
"The bread," I said, "must have pleased you much."
He answered, "It took the biscuit."

Our first duty is to offer our sincerest thanks to all the Non-Commissioned Officers and men of the Seaforth Highlanders for their great and exceeding hospitality. Every company of the Battalion was on arrival in camp invited by the corresponding one in the Highland Regiment to a spread.

In a paper like this lies our only chance of expressing our great appreciation of such kindness and of stating that, should at any future time the positions be reversed, we shall consider it to be our bounden duty to repay these attentions to the full.

... ...

As will be seen further on, the Sergeants of the Seaforths played our Sergeants at cricket on Thursday 30th November. An exceedingly close and friendly game eventually ended in a victory for the Scotchmen on the first innings by 1 run. For the winners Sergt. MacDonald and Schoolmaster Ward were the most successful batsmen, scoring 41 and 36 respectively on both innings. Qr.-Mr. Sergeant King was their most dangerous bowler. For the Regiment, Sergt. Patten was the only one who seemed at home with the bowling and he scored his 21 in capital style. Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Nicholas was not in practice at all, and bad luck was the principal enemy of Sergts. Marshall and Golds. Sergt. Carnell took most wickets, though Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Nicholas, with 3 wickets for 5 runs, had an average that takes a deal of beating at its weight.

... ...

"G" and "H" Companies each played the corresponding companies in the Seaforths at Association, but were unable to gain a victory on either occasion. Both Companies were beaten by 3 goals to nil. When next we meet let us see all this reversed.

... ...

The Gurkhas, who have already been warmly welcomed by our men with whom the little Nepalese Highlanders are prime favourites, and the Seaforths, "The good old Jocks," played us out of Camp in the grey of the morning and as *Old Lang Syne* was struck up and the regiment quitted its friends our men cheered them again and again.

... ...

There were very few incidents to mark the journey not even the slaughter of a black buck doe—and the only remarkable event was our double march, in which without turning a hair we disposed of 25 miles in a morning.

... ...

How was it that the Buffs were not up to time between Muhna and Dakkah? Because they did a double march at the quick step.

... ...

And while we are at riddles how is this for one justifying homicide? Why is a Siberian exile without a copeck like the headquarters of the Lahore District Manœuvres? Because he is froze-poor.

... ...

We finished our return march by an excursion trip. LUDHIANA TO JULLUNDUR AT SIX ANNAS A HEAD! And seated comfortably in the train we smiled superior upon the Battery who were marching along the Trunk Road alongside the line. The 27th P.I. trained into Jullundur on Christmas Eve and the Battery marched in that day, so that all the Garrison were in their lines for Xmas.

... ...

There was little decoration in the barrack rooms this Christmas, for the regiment only arrived late on the Saturday, but to make up for it there was abundant enthusiasm and plenty of good cheer. The Captains of the Companies came in for the first round of hurrahs and afterwards the Colonel, who went round most of the dinners with Mrs. Harley, set the men cheering again. The camp rations of bully beef, biscuits, unlimited sand and water that was sometimes brackish, if they did nothing else lent by contrast an especial relish to the good fare of Christmas.

... ...

Our polo team went up to Lahore for the Punjab polo tournament, but an unfortunate accident to Mr. Hasler, did away with their chances. Mr. Hasler had dismounted to pick up his stick and mounting again crossed two of other players, his pony falling and rolling over

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him. At first it was feared that the accident was a serious one ; but he had only been knocked out of time. The first telegram announcing the accident was after a time followed by one from Mr. Hasler saying that he was out of hospital and asking for three days' leave—a telegram which quite reassured his anxious brother officers. After Mr. Hasler's accident our team retired. We hope to see our team make up for their disappointment by doing well in the approaching Infantry tournament at Umballa.

... ...

The decorations in Jullundur church on Christmas day were very pretty. The liberal use of cotton wool sprinkled with some shiny stuff, with flowers springing up through it, made most realistic snow, and the grey sky outside and chilly bite in the air lent themselves to the illusion.

... ...

Two "Dragons," one addressed to Mr. T. Gibson, South Ashford. etc., and the other to Mr. E. Newett, Upper Holloway etc., have been returned to the Editor through the Dead Letter Office. Lahore.

The senders of those papers can obtain them on application to the Sub-Editor.

... ...

On our return to Jullundur we were very glad to see Mr. Porter looking himself once more after his somewhat lengthy trip to Calcutta.

... ...

By the time this number appears the new draft will be amongst us and we welcome them sincerely and trust to find some able exponents in the arts of running, football and cricket to replace our old friends amongst the "Time Ex."

... ...

We are delighted to hear that Captain Lloyd is very much better in health and is bearing the journey down country from Dalhousie well. We have missed our champion gaffer and Chief of the great Pond Lily Tribe sadly and we hope that it will not be very long before we see him again as a permanency in our midst, running the regimental theatrical show with all his old energy.

... ...

The Officers and Sergeants of the 68th Field Battery were just a little too good for our Officers and Sergeants, though Mr. Bell was playing and captaining our team in his best form. They won the match by two goals ; but as their team was the champion one at Muridki the other day there is nothing for us to be ashamed of.

... ...

Hare and Hounds is the latest phase of athletics. Lieuts. Adamson and Bell were the hares at the first run on New Year's Day and a fair field turned out as hounds. Next time we hope that our company football teams will remember the date and come in great numbers.

... ...

Jullundur is to have a week, like other bigger places. Our especial friends, the Gurkha Regt., send down an officers' team to play cricket on Monday the 22nd and Tuesday the 23rd of this month (January), there is to be a polo match on the Thursday and a Gymkhana on the Saturday in the week, the 27th P.I. are to be "at home" at their mess on Wednesday afternoon, the Club taking the Friday afternoon for a Badminton Tournament. The Buffs give a small dance on Monday evenings and the next night there is to be a variety show in the Regimental Theatre, the R.A. and R.E. extend hospitality on the cricket field on the two first days of the week, while the sporting 14th B.L. send down a tent to the polo match and the Gymkhana.

... ...

We find, on perusal of the Annual Report on Musketry Instructions in India for the year 1892-93, received on the 24th November last, that Sergt.-Major (then Color-Sergeant) H. E. Featherstone passed first amongst the Warrant and Non-Commissioned Officers of the 1st Class held at Pachmarhi, 1892, with the very creditable percentage of 98·33 to highest possible marks obtainable.

... ...

As a result of the investigation of a number of cases of distinguished gallantry in saving life by officers and men of both services, brought under the notice of the Royal Humane Society during November, the Society's medal and other rewards have been conferred, among others, on Capt. E. C. J. Williams and Color-Sergt. S. H. Westcott, The Buffs.

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Our readers may remember the sad accident which occurred at Galway on the 9th June last, when No, 2953 Lce.-Corpl. E. H. Swaffer was drowned during a bathing parade. Capt. Williams was on the beach at the time and taking off only his coat swam to the rescue followed by Color-Sergt. Westcott who had stripped. Both reached the spot where Lce.-Corpl. Swaffer sank, and could see him lying in about ten feet of water. Color-Sergt. Westcott dived and brought Swaffer to the surface, and he and Capt. Williams took him ashore, where unhappily every effort to revive him was unsuccessful, though medical assistance was quickly on the spot.

We heartily congratulate Capt. Williams and Color.-Sergt. Westcott on receiving these rewards for their gallant conduct.

Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

We commend to the notice of the "Time-ex" the following letters received by the Adjutant while at Ferozepore.

The Barracks,
High Barnet, Herts,
Nov. 8th. '93

Dear Sir,

Color-Sergeant————, of the Permanent Staff of this militia battalion, is very anxious that his nephew,———— ————of the 1st Battalion The Buffs, should stop in the service. He believes his 1st period of army service is near, and has heard he is coming home to the Reserve, and is very desirous that the young fellow should understand the terrible state of the labour market, and how poor the chance of his getting any employment is: with a view to his asking his Commanding Officer to allow him to prolong his service.

Possibly you can assist Color-Sergeant————with this matter, and I am sure you will forgive my asking in his behalf. Neither Color-Sergeant———— nor I know how the young fellow has got on during his service, so you will understand that my request is only made on the assumption that there is no regimental objection to his retention, and his desire to do so after due consideration of his uncle's letter, who has himself served 19 years in the Service, both at home and abroad, and latterly has had many opportunities of seeing the distress that so many men of the Army Reserve are in for want of employment after their deferred pay is spent, even though bearing good characters.

Yours truly,
————Captain,
King's Royal Rifles.

The following is the letter sent by Color-Sergeant————

The Barracks,
High Barnet, Herts.
8th Nov. '93.

Sir,

There is a nephew of mine serving in The Buffs, by the name of————, and I believe he comes home this trooping season. I should like you to ask him to take on in the Corps, if his character is good, as things are so bad at home. Numbers of my own battalion, who came home last December, are now glad to serve in the militia—men who have served 12 years and more. There are sergeants, corporals, men without a single entry in defaulter's book, obliged to come up and take on. When men come to the barrack gate and say they are hungry, it makes one wish to serve on. These are men who have served as sergeants, also pensioners. Hoping that if my nephew's character is good, you will get him to take on, for you will do himself and others a good turn. Hoping you will excuse the liberty I have taken,

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
————, Color-Sergt.,
King's Royal Rifles.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

The cutting in "*The Soldier*," from your pages, anent three "Old Buffs," is very interesting. There is in this Station, well known to the Buffs, one who came to India before the "Dhoolie" draft. He joined The Buffs on the 23rd March 1868 in Meerut. The names of Hickson, Cumber and Cheeseman are still fresh in his memory, with many others of those good old times, when T. G. Gardner held the reins of that fine animal, THE DRAGON, and old Frank was major. Well, the honour of bringing this old Buff to India was shared by the "Serapis," the "Euphrates," and the Egyptian train, open from the engine to the brake in rear. Rail from Bombay to Deolali, and thence to Khandwa, then a long march from Khandwa to Agra on foot, under the command of Lieut. H. N. Franks, then rail from Agra to Meerut. If any old or young Buff coming to Meerut should desire to see this old Buff, he may be found at the Coffee shop in Church Street, known as

RED, WHITE, BLUE.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Your reference in the October number of the Dragon, to some of the old soldiers still serving with you in India, who also served during the previous tour of the 1st Battalion, has awakened memories of the past.

Would it be too much to ask you to publish the names of all those now serving, in either Battalion, who come home from India in 1879.

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The following is a list of those in 2nd Battn.—

Capt. McLachlan.
Qr.-Mr. Boon.
Sergt-Major Aherne.
Q.M. Sergt..(O.R.S.) Roberts.
Pte. Colloppy.
" Shaw } Band
" McDonald }

Yours Faithfully,
Jay Aye.

Names of those still serving in 1st Battn.—

Colonel Harley.
Major Hickson.
Capt. Holme.
Qr.-Mr. Cumber.
Band Sergt. Roach.
Sergt. Tozer.

(Editor.)

HOME BATTALION NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor

Secundus was away from head-quarters last month and, unhappily, forgot to ask an understudy to fill his place, hence the hiatus in the news from the home battalion. for which omission he craves your indulgence.

A good deal has happened in a small way since our return from the Curragh, the first event being the Annual Inspection by the G.O.C., Dublin District, which occurred on the 4th and 5th September.

General Moncrieff, who was accompanied by his A.A.G., Colonel Dundas, saw the whole of the battalion, as the Galway and Castlebar detachments were permitted to remain at Athlone for a few days, and after witnessing a formal parade in barracks, and some operations at Hodson's bay, and going through the usual routine of inspections, expressed to Lieut.-Colonel Kelly his entire satisfaction with everything he saw, which was the more gratifying owing to the fact that the battalion had only been in the barracks two days after coming off the line of march, thus again shewing the excellent *esprit de corps*, which we are happy to think pervades all ranks, and which comes to the front on occasions when a good deal of extra work has to be done, and is done cheerfully and with good will.

Long may the feeling flourish among our lads from Kent, and continue to maintain for them the reputation for steadiness and good conduct which has always distinguished The Buffs.

The inspection over, a holiday was granted for the remainder of the week, and preparations were made for the Battalion Athletic Sports, the principal events of which took place on Saturday the 8th. in the Ranelagh School Ground, kindly placed at the disposal of the Committee by Mr. Baile.

The weather, unfortunately, was most unpropitious, heavy rain squalls sweeping over the ground at frequent intervals, and making things uncomfortable for both competitors and spectators, nevertheless, civilian as well as military friends mustered in strong numbers, and were entertained in the officers' and sergeants' enclosures, the marquees in each being in great demand as shelters.

The band, in spite of the weather, played not only a good selection of music, but also performed in a musical race, which caused much amusement.

A minstrel troupe, under the leadership of our popular comedian, Private Browne, helped to enliven the afternoon with all the latest comic songs and jokes, and the day was brought to a close by the presentation of money prizes to the successful competitors by Mrs. Kelly, who with Lieut.-Colonel Kelly was present throughout the afternoon.

On the 11th September the detachments for Castlebar and Galway left headquarters, A and B Companies, under command of Major Moody proceeding to the former station, and D, under Lieut. Price, to the latter.

The rolls of men composing the Draft for the 1st Battalion were issued on the 18th, and on the same day instructions were given for the formation of a detachment to proceed to Aldershot in December, under Lieut. Bainbridge, for training as Mounted Infantry.

F Company has been selected by the Commanding Officer as the best shooting company of the battalion for the current year.

The prospects of the football season is encouraging, there is plenty of good material in the battalion from which to form a team, and it is hoped that next year may see us represented in the competition for the Army Cup.

Two matches played locally have resulted in victories. viz., against Ranelagh College and Athlone.

Captain Eustace has joined the battalion and has proceeded to Galway to take command of D Company.

2nd Lieut. Nairne has joined headquarters on being posted to the battalion.

A large number of recruits have lately joined the battalion, most of them are promising lads who ought to turn out well.

Major Jackson is under orders to proceed to Hythe for a short course at the School of Musketry, on the 3rd October.

On the 21st a very successful ball was given by the Officers of the Battalion in the Gymnasium, which was very prettily disguised for the occasion.

OCTOBER NEWS.

This month has seen the beginning of the leave and furlough season which has thinned our numbers at Head Quarters but has not diminished our activity, and happily so far the season has been on the whole a dry one and favourable to all out door amusements. Football flourishes ; the Regimental Team have inflicted a second defeat on Athlone in spite of their opponents being a heavier team, but were not so fortunate at Birr where a match was played against the South Lancashire Regiment and lost by 2 goals to nil. Our team were somewhat out matched and had to play a defensive game throughout, being greatly indebted to the excellent goal keeping of Pte. Brandon who was the means of averting a more severe defeat. The South Lancashire team are entered for the Army Cup and being heavy and well trained should take a lot of beating.

Our team accompanied by a party of 14 Sergeants drove to Birr and back, a distance of 54 miles in all, and were most hospitably entertained by the South Lancashire Regt.

On the 23rd 24th and 25th, performances were given in the Recreation Room by a troupe of Magpie Minstrels got up by Lieut. Col. Kelly. The troupe was composed of ladies and gentlemen, the former dressed in white with powdered hair,the latter in evening dress with faces and hands blackened; the effect was decidedly good and the programme very well rendered. Lieut. Col. Kelly as Bones, and Lieut. Col.

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Winter (A. S. C.) as Tambourine made us all laugh very much, and Capt. Preston, the Resident Magistrate here, was an excellent Massa Johnson. It is not necessary to say that Colonel Kelly's songs were vociferously encored, as he is never let off and received the usual ovation which greets him each time he appears; it is fortunate for his audience that his good nature is as great as his talent, and the invariable demand for "some more" is pretty sure to be complied with. Of the other performers, Mrs. Joy, Mrs. Backhouse and Miss Evelyn Kelly met with deservedly warm applause for the pretty songs allotted to them, and Mr. Pritchard's rendering of that old favourite "The Whistling Coon" was highly appreciated and loudly accompanied in parts by the back benches.

The Quakers song and dance which closed the programme was very well got up and carried out and proved a most amusing finish to a good "show."

The following changes, movements etc., have occurred during the month.

Sergt. Foster proceeded to Hythe for a course in the School of Musketry.

An examination for promotion resulted in the qualification of N. C. Officers as follows:

For Sergeant—Lance.-Sergeant Kesby, and Corporals Tye, Clifford, Sutton, Kirby and Robinson.

For Corporal—Corporals Seeley and Birrell.

Lance-Corpls. Harris, Stephens, Martin, Smith, Suckling, Inglis, Tauton, Sillick, Port, Sinwood, Pooley, Miller, and Philpott.

Pte. Hobbs has been appointed Lance.-Corporal.

Sergt. P. Barrett has been disharged to pension after 21 years' service in the Battalion; including the South African Campaign 1879 (medal with clasp) he carries with him the hearty good wishes of all his old and young comrades of all ranks.

No. 92 Pte. Mason and No. 4075 Pte. Town have been discharged and No. 2128 Pte. J. Dixon has been transferred to the Army Reserve.

Pte. Tapp has been permitted to continue in the service under para. 10, sec. ix, Q. R, and has become entitled to his 5th good conduct badge.

Sergt. A. J. Hall and Lce.-Corpl. C. Williams have joined the Battalion from the Depot for the purpose of proceeding with the draft next month.

Sergt. Newing has been posted to the Depot *vice* Hall, but remains for the present at Athlone as a Drill Instructor.

Route marching has begun and classes for instruction of N.C. Officers in Reconnaissance are about to be formed.

NOVEMBER NEWS.

This month has been chiefly occupied by entertainments of various sorts so I may as well give them the first place and begin with the String Band which has given three fortnightly afternoon concerts in the Recreation Room under the conductorship of Mr. Griffiths. We are glad to congratulate him on the steady improvement which the String Band continues to show under his careful tuition, and the evident pleasure with which its performances were received at these concerts by a large gathering of visitors should prove a useful encouragement to all concerned.

On the 3rd, a smoking concert took place in the Recreation Room with the following programme:—

1.	Overture	... ...	Band
2.	Song & Chorus	"Eileen Machree"	
3.	Song ...	"Twiggy Voo" ...	Pte. O'Brien,
4.	Song & Dance	"Pretty as a Picture"	Lce.-Cpl. Killoran
5,	Song	"The Postman's Rat-tat"	Pte Reeves
6.	Song	"Steer my bark"	Lce.-Sergt. Reynolds
7.	Song ...	"The lost key" ...	Pte. Browne
8.	Duet	... ...	Ptes. Davis & O'Brien
9.	Song ...	"Rowdy Dowdy Boys"	Sergt. Coulby
10.	Song ...	"After the Ball" ...	Pte Reeves
11.	Song & Dance	... ...	Ptes. Davis & O'Brien
12.	Song ...	"Bally Hooly Buffs"	Pte Browne
13.	Song ...	"The Postillion" ...	Sergt. Erlam
14,	Clarionet Trio—Lce-Sergt. Hindmarsh, Ptes Tomkins & O'Brien		
15.	Song ...	"The Whistling Coon"	2nd Lt. Pritchard
16.	Song	"Taken in and done for"	Lt.-Col. Kelly
17.	Step Dance	... . .	Lce.-Corpl, Killoran
18.	Selection	... ...	The Band

After the songs and dances came an amusing sketch entitled "Black Justice," with Pte. Browne as Judge, Policeman, Lce.-Corpl. Killoran, Clerk, Pte. O'Brien, and Prisoners witnesses etc. Several small babies attended the performance and made an effective chorus at intervals; perhaps the smoke was too much for them as the atmosphere became rather clouded towards the end of the evening, but, whatever it was that excited their young minds, they let everyone knew all about it, and at one time had all the performance to themselves.

On the 23rd the "Private Secretary" was produced under Lieut.-Colonel Kelly's management with the following cast, and was played with great success on that and the following night to crowded audiences. A third performance was announced for the benefit of many people who had been unable to obtain seats, every available inch of room being occupied each night, but was not given owing to the sudden indisposition of one of the company.

As in the last piece, the whole of the success attending the production of Mr. Hawtrey's amusing comedy was due to the assiduous coaching and admirable stage management of Lieut. Col. Kelly, who was as usual unwearied in his endeavours to ensure that everybody and everything connected with the piece was up to the mark, and anyone who has had anything to do with acting knows what an amount of thought labour and patience is required to "make the wheels go round."

In addition to this, Colonel Kelly played the principal *role* with his customary vigour.and gave an excellent interpretation of the inoffensive private secretary who is sat upon by everyone in turn but never quenched, and is always ready with the invariable "Do you know" which has become almost proverbial.

Mr. Pritchard was very good as the crusty Uncle, and managed his voice throughout with the greatest success, his make up was also good and he is to be much congratulated on his clever performance of a difficult part.

The ladies parts were very well filled and sustained, the library scene being especially well done and provoking much laughter among the audience, as did also the scene earlier in the piece between Mr, Cattermole senior and Mrs. Stead.

Major Backhouse, in hunting kit, looked the picture of a

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country squire and Mr. Joy made a good exponent of the "sower of wild oats" who masquerades as the Private Secretary and vainly endeavours to fulfil the duties of his post.

The other characters were all efficiently sustained and both performances went off without a hitch of any kind.

PROGRAMME.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Farcial Comedy in 3 Acts,

Characters.

Mr. Marsland, M. F H. ...	Major J. B. Backhouse.
Harry Marsland (his nephew) ...	Mr. A. D. Geddes
Mr. Cattermole, ...	Mr. C. C. H. Pritchard,
Douglas Cattermole (his nephew) ...	Mr. Joy, R. I. C.
The Rev. Robert Spalding ...	Lt.-Colonel Kelly
Mr. Sydney Gibson, (Tailor of Bond St.) ...	Capt. C. B. Vyvyan
John (a servant)	Mr. G. B. Mairis
Knox (a writ Server) ...	Mr. C. D. K. Greenway
Gardener	Pte. Bourne
Edith Marsland (daughter of Mr. Marsland) ...	Mrs. Joy
Eva Webster (her friend & companion) ...	Miss Evelyn Kelly
Mrs. Stead, (Douglas' Landlady) ...	Mrs. Backhouse.
Miss Ashford	Miss Ethel Kelly

Programme of Music.

1. Overture	...	"Bohemian Girl"	... Baife
2. Valse	...	"Santiago"	... Corbin
3. Mazurka	...	"Violetta"	... Faust
4. Valse	...	"Donau Wellen"	... Ivanovici
5. Gavotte	...	"First Primrose"	... Eillenberg.

Act 1.

"Found" ... ... Douglas' Cattermole's Chambers

Act 2.

"Full Cry" ... ... Mr. Marsland's Country Seat

Act 3.

"Ran to Earth" ... Mr. Marsland's Country Seat.

General Moncrieff, who had come down to Dublin to inspect the draft and was staying with Col. and Mrs. Kelly, was present on the 24th as were also most of the residents in Athlone and the neighbourhood.

We hear that another piece, probably the "Pantomime Rehearsal," is to be produced about Christmas, as well as another edition of "Minstrels" in a different binding. Meanwhile the "Magpie" troupe is about to give an entertainment at Ballinasloe, in aid of some local fund, and will no doubt be warmly welcomed.

SPORTS, GAMES, ETC.—The hunting season has not proved a success in this district so far, want of scent being the general complaint, and shooting is not easy to obtain, at least with any prospect of making a bag. Perhaps a turn of hard weather may improve sport for the gun, though it will not be welcomed by the foxhunters.

Football has languished somewhat lately owing to the difficulty of arranging matches within a reasonable distance, the regimental team have, however, again defeated the Ranelagh School by 6 goals to nil, and have also won a match by 3 goals to nil, against a team at Galway, drawn from our detachment (D Company), the 88th Regimental District, and a company of the South Lancashire Regiment.

It is proposed to start Hockey as a suitable game, to be played on the barrack squares during the winter months.

DRAFT.—The draft for the 1st Battalion is to leave Queenstown in the "Bothnia" transport on the 4th December. The men composing it were inspected on the 24th by Major-General Moncrieff, Commanding the Dublin District, who in bidding them farewell gave them some useful advice on various matters connected with a soldier's career. We may congratulate the 1st Battalion on acquiring, in our comrades who leave us to-morrow, a number of good young soldiers, who both by their physique and their characters, are likely to prove a credit to their old battalion, and we wish them good-bye, a pleasant voyage, success in their new home and a safe return to Old England when the time comes.

Captain Vickerman obtains, on promotion, command of 'E' Company.

2nd Lieuts. Gregson, Greenway and Pritchard have qualified for promotion in subjects (*a*) and (*b*).

I regret to have to record the death, by an accident, while returning off furlough, of a promising young soldier, Private Hatton, 'B' Company, who was killed by falling out of a train on the L. & N. W. Railway, near Rugby, on the 14th November.

DISCHARGES AND TRANSFERS.—The following discharges and transfers have taken place during the past month :—

Discharged.

No. 4264 Pte. Pinyon, No. 2813 Pte. W. Goodsell, No. 3902 Pte. W. Bartholomew, No. 4045 Pte. W. Carr, No. 4267 Pte. C. Stacey, No. 3501 Pte. Watson.

Transferred to Army Reserve.

No, 2182 Pte. Sandford, No. 1620 Pte. Lindsay.

To Depot.

No. 2333 Pte. J. Custance, No. 2832 Pte. W. Higgins, No. 3122 Pte. F. Walsh, No. 3968 Lance-Corporal A. J. Brooman.

To Army Service Corps.

No. 4286 Pte. G. Moorman.

To Connaught Rangers.

No. 4294 Pte. G. Lamb.

Re-engaged.

Color-Sergeant R. Ellis, Sergeant A. J. Hall.

To complete 21 years.

Pte C. J. Collier, Sergeant A. Naish.

To complete 12 years.

Corporal A. E. Austin, Sergeant W. Fawcett.

Appointments.

The following appointments have been made by the Commanding Officer :—

To be Lance-Corporals.

Pte. A. Scragg, Pte. E. S. D. Dixon.

The following non-commissioned officers have qualified for promotion :—

To Sergeant.

Corporals Rylott. Holloway, Merchant, and Lance-Sergt. H. Jones.

To Corporal.

Corporal Pullee, Lance-Corporals Johns, Barton, Foster, Hyder and Pringle.

Yours faithfully
"Secundus."

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Some Notes on the Manœuvres.

LOOKERS on it is said see most of the game and as I was a looker on during most of the manœuvres I may be able to give some account of the reasons which lay behind those long marches and counter marches on the sandy plains near Ferozepore.

There has to be a good deal of make belief in every mimic campaign and the first thing is to invent a little fairy tale called a "General Idea," the plot so to speak of the military drama. The "General Idea" of the war at Ferozepore was that an invading force, our old enemies the Russians probably, were entering India from the north and were sending the forces, one *via* Lahore and one *via* Jullundur to seize Ferozepore.

It is not likely that any enemy, in the first place, would get into India and, in the second place, he would not separate his forces in this way, but that is all part of the fairy tale.

Anyway it was as the hated enemy that The Buffs and the 27th P.I., and the Gurkhas made their first appearance on the east of Ferozepore, while the 11th Hussars and the 34th Pioneers and the other Gurkhas arrived from the north.

The crossing of the Sutlej miles away from where the Regiment was engaged was the point of interest that day, and Colonel Waterfield who had opposed to the regiment three very strong lines of defence, the irrigation canal, a line of entrenched villages and the railway, kept throughout the day sending away as many of the troops as he could spare from the eastern side to where the passage of the river was being disputed on the north. The defenders had calculated that the passage of the river would take six hours, it only took two ; but dusk came on before the fight on the river side had been fought out and the "cease fire" was sounded,

We went on again with this "General Idea" when we went out to the extended manœuvres.

The second day's work, the Monday's, when the Regiment attacked across the dusty plough an enemy that could'nt be found, was nothing to do with the main idea ; but was ordered in order to put under the eyes of the Commander-in-Chief the two forms of attack, the thin red line which is the traditional British formation for attack or defence and the modern form—"From yer centre schatter like haymakers" as the Irish Captain put it. I fancy the General inclines towards the thin red line, as being the handiest formation and giving the least depth, and indeed if we are to follow the lead the Germans are giving us of sending their men forward in close formations and getting them over the dangerous ground as quickly as possible, that is what our formation will come to. The fight that day ought to have come off at two villages, one in front of the first and the other in front of the second brigade ; but owing to a misunderstanding, the skeleton enemy had taken up a position some way further back and the brigades never reached him. The Commander-in-Chief who was riding about on the field paid especial attention to the thin red line and is reported to have said that it was "too dangerous."

At the march past the regiment certainly did very well, the first and last double companies being the pick of the basket.

Then came the fortnight's preparatory drill of attacks against no one in particular. and of out-posts against non-existent enemies, and then the fighting began again with the two little infantry battles, brigade against brigade.

In warfare it is always said that the General who makes the fewest mistakes is the General who wins the battle, and in manœuvres the same holds good.

The other brigade made a mistake on the day of the fight at Khai and paid for it. Our brigade was supposed to be retreating down the road to Fazilka and if it found an enemy across the road holding the strong position at Khai, it would have been a hard job to get round them. It was to save Khai, if possible, that the detachment was pushed on on ekkas and mules. The enemy, however, saved us the trouble, for Colonel Wilson's regiments started at full speed for Khai, but started in the wrong direction, and it was the minutes wasted in forming them up again and giving them the true direction that enabled Colonel Harley to pass his force into Khai.

And again on the next day an incident not in accordance with drill book tactics occurred. When the brigade started to make its turning movement to seize the rifle-butts and the southern portion of cantonments, the covering parties in advance of Gurkhas and Buffs marched on in their original direction supremely indifferent to the movements of the brigade they were supposed to cover.

The Colonel commanding the opposing force in position at the race course had out, as we had, a number of the younger officers on their polo ponies as scouts, and a subaltern of the Highlanders brought him information of every detail of the movements of Colonel Harley's brigade. Had the defending force moved on this information, our brigade tired by a long forced march might have been caught in flank before reaching cantonments ; but just at that moment the covering parties of Gurkhas and Buffs came upon the defending force and attacked,and before Colonel Mercer could be sure that this force attacking him was nothing more than a cloud of men with no serious force to back them, the moment for action was past and the Buffs and Gurkhas had seized the rifle butts.

Now as to the extended manœuvres. The "General Idea" came into play again there. Colonel Roger's brigade was again the wicked enemy, who having only been partially successful in his attack on Ferozepore, had withdrawn N. E., leaving an outpost at the village of Walour on the irrigation canal. The 27th P.I., a battery, and a squadron took their ease in Ferozepore as the Garrison, while Colonel Waterfield with the rest of his brigade was sent away to the east to be a reinforcement hurrying to help Ferozepore.

Of course in all "General Ideas" the designer has an idea of what will happen in the carrying out of them and Walour was undoubtedly dangled as a bait before Colonel Waterfield's eyes, while it was a shade of odds-on that the final battle, whether the force at Walour was snapped up or not, would take place on the plain over which the brigade marched on the third day when the fort was taken. Both commanders on the first day seized all the bridges they could. Colonel Waterfield found the Ferozeshah bridge blown up, but got the next one up the canal uninjured. He also tried to get the Hastewalla bridge, so as to cut off Major Courteney's retreat from Walour, but the wing of the 27th he sent to do this found some Gurkhas and Hussars holding the bridge and could not drive them away. This first day was a day of marching. If Colonel Waterfield could destroy the force

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at Walour it would leave Colonel Rogers minus a regiment of foot, a squadron of cavalry and all his artillery, and to gain this advantage Colonel Waterfield hurried all his available force up both banks of the canal towards Walour while the Garrison from Ferozepore occupied the defenders in front.

On the second day the fight at Walour came off. If Major Courteney could get back to Hastewalla he would be in safety for Colonel Rogers had pushed the regiment down so far to help him; but it looked at one time as if he could hardly make his escape for the 34th Pioneers attacked on one side the Gurkhas on another and as the defending Gurkhas retired from their camping ground across the open Colonel Richardson charged them with three squadrons of the 18th B.L., and the Horse Artillery came into action with ease. It was a very pretty little fight at Walour and enough powder was burnt there to satisfy even a Volunteer on Easter Monday. Major Courteney got away with severe losses but still brought his force triumphantly off.

The fighting afterwards at Hastewalla was only to gain possession of the bridge which Colonel Waterfield wanted in order to cross the Pioneers over to the Ferozepore side before he marched away to take up a position covering Ferozepore.

At 10 o'clock on the Wednesday it looked very much as if Colonel Waterfield must win. He had the larger force, he was in a position covering Ferozepore and he could get to the Empress bridge by a shorter road than Colonel Rogers. But the eyes and ears of his force failed him.

The 18th B.L. were caught, early in the day, on the flank by the 11th and had to retire and the Hussars never again throughout the day let them get near enough to the brigade to see what was going on. An officer sent out to scout saw Colonel Roger's brigade marching across the plain towards the Empress bridge and galloped back to give that information. Had he waited 10 minutes longer he would have seen the brigade halt and change front towards the city.

Colonel Waterfield, as we all know, acted on this information and went off post haste to the bridge, while Colonel Rogers quietly marched into the fort. And so the great fight that should have been fought on the plain and which half Ferozepore, with tiffin baskets and cooling drinks, was waiting at the cross roads by the bridge to see never came off.

And on the Friday, the last day, when the rearranged forces were to meet again and the Northern force had crossed the river after a long and tiring march, time interfered. Another half hour would have found the force advancing over the long stretch of sand opposed by the Highlanders entrenched at the edge of the jungle; but 3 o'clock had struck and the General remembering the long march to camp before the men sounded the "cease fire."

N. N-D.

FOOTBALL MATCH.

Pioneers, Seaforth Highlanders v. *Pioneers, The Buffs.*

The above match was played on the ground of the former on Saturday the 2nd December and resulted in a win for the Highlanders by 2 goals to nil. Our pioneers with Sergt. Henniker in charge, as we all know, are all there at laying out camps, pitching the canteen tent, &c., &c, but when it comes to football it is quite a different thing, as this match proved; on the other hand, the pioneers of the Seaforths (who by the way did not play in kilts) might have been taken for a fairly good Regimental Team. One spectator declared he was quite sure, that Jock "this," and Mac "that," did actually play in their Regimental Team. Nevertheless Sergeant Henniker pioneered his team in grand style, and evidently knew his men, having Pte. Dedman in goal, whose defence between the posts was nothing short of professional form.

The game was most amusing from beginning to end, as those sort of matches generally are, and of a very friendly kind, and once more we must chronicle the generosity of the Seaforths, by their entertaining the losing team, after the match, to a smoking concert in their Painters' Shop, and I can assure you it was not paint that was laid out on the table. *Observer.*

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Papers:—

The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.

The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W K. Regt.

The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.

The Army Service Corps Journal, with Supplement.

The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.

The 16th Lancers Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers.

The 5 & 9, The Lilywhites' Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.

The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.

St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

7th Regiment Gazette.—7th Regt. of New York. U.S.A.

1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E. S. Regt.

The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.

The Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infty. Weekly Budget and Light Bob Gazette. { Somerset Light Infty.

The Tiger & Sphinx.—Gordon Highlanders.

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.

The Vedette.—21st Hussars.

I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.

The Sutherland News.—2nd Bn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders.

The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.

"Ours."—Princess of Wales Own Yorkshire Regt.

The 79th News.—79th Cameron Highlanders.

The XVI Monthly Journal,—1st Battn. Bedfordshire Regt.

The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.

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The Very Veracious Ballad

OF

BROWN, JONES & ROBINSON.

(*Being a leaf from the note-book of Lord Chief Baron Gurney.*)

" Un homme libre & qui n'a point de femme, s'il a quelque esprit, peut s'elever an dessus de sa fortune. * * * il semble que le mariage met tout le monde dans son ordre."

LABRUYERE.

At Corpus, where I spent my youth,
Or early manhood on me stealing,
I met with men who proved the truth
Of maxims I am now revealing:
Culled from the writings of a Sage,
(To-day but changed our nomenclature,)
Who studied in a by-gone age,
His Human Nature,

"The man who's free from partner dear,
His better part as *solus* deeming,
May rise above his pristine sphere,
To heights undreamt of in his dreaming;
While those on Fortune's middle rung
Who bow to youth's erotic fire,
Can seldom, if they marry young,
Climb any higher."

Now take the case of Jones & Brown,
(We owned as Coach, a common Don,)
And when you've writ their history down,
Compare with that of Robinson.
I would not choose a single life,
To prove a theorem succinctly,
But Robinson without a wife,
Has scored distinctly.

Brown married first—a lucky man,
We thought; (tho' *pseudo* woman-haters,)
He just had joined the canting clan
Of Exeter Hall regenerators,
And ranted about "Opium Curse,"
And "purity" and other matters.
In point of fact I thought him worse.
Than many hatters.

So beauty he of course despised,
And goodness unadulterated,
Was chiefest virtue which he prized,
In the dowdy person whom he mated.
I think her maiden name was Wood—
I can't be certain tho'—how should I?
I knew that she was more than good
Quite goody-goody.

This marriage was the bane of Brown;
Her virtues may be, undermined him.
He in the social scale went down,
Till even Exeter Hall declined him.
They both in the Salvation band,
As supers were incorporated,
Where now he is—I understand,
As Corporal rated.

Jones followed next. His choice was worth
The sacrifice to social duty.
Of vasty wealth, and noble birth,
The lady was a famous beauty;
So in an elevated sphere,
A little while his place he owns as
"Husband of that pretty dear
Sweet Mrs. Jones'es"

But while she soared to heights sublime,
(E'en Royalty deigned to smile upon her,)
Poor Jones put in a wretched time,
As he assured me on his honour.
Still struggling against fate, he hoped
To domesticity to win her,
Till one fine morning she eloped:—
The little sinner!

Young Robinson, as Cælebs gay,
Was welcomed in the best of houses,
He made of life one holiday,
And flirted with his neighbours' spouses,
They asked him to each gathering grand;—
No party was complete without him,—
Till all the ladies in the land
Were wild about him.

But Robinson his weather eye,
Kept guarded against fear of closing,
He had a stereotyped reply,
For Misses when they meant proposing;
He'd kiss those maidens in their teens,
Who used to slipper, brace, and nit him,
And say he'd marry, but his means,
Did not permit him.

On which the maidens—little geese!
Beset their Pas, with social ferment,
Until they promised—just for peace,
To get this youngster some preferment.
Now when promotion came, surprise,
These ladies felt:—he did not fly to them:
Young Robinson, the wordly-wise,
Just said "Good-bye" to them.

And passed, and sought some other maid.
A few rungs up the social ladder.
(A sad example, I'm afraid,
Indeed I've never known a sadder).
But still he prospered in his lot
By system of exchange and barter:
Now Robinson's a Duke—he's got,
The vacant garter!

LATAKIA.

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Roasted Potatoes.

A SURVIVOR of the battle of Gettysburg, one of the most dreadful encounters of the American Civil War, has lately recalled his experiences in the hospital after the conflict was over. He was so terribly wounded that when he said to the surgeon: "I am not afraid to hear the worst. Is there any hope for me doctor?" the answer came tenderly, but decidedly: "No my boy, none whatever."

The man had been shot through the lungs, and there followed in his case one of those struggles for life that show the wonderful vitality of the human body, and surprise both physician and patient. During the first week of unexpected convalescence, when his life might have been extinguished by an adverse breath and was saved only by the devoted care of nurses, there came to this soldier's cot, as to many others, clergymen of different denominations. Each tried to administer comfort in his own way.

Among these good men, two stood out in the wounded man's mind in striking contrast, and at the end of a quarter of a century are thus dispassionately portrayed.

The first was a portly man of perhaps 55 years of age. His face was grave in expression, its lines somewhat stiff and hard. In his hands he carried an imposing Bible and hymn-book. He never brought a delicacy to the hospital, nor offered the sufferers there even a glass of water. Neither his hands nor his feet were used for the physical benefit of these agonised and dying men.

His first question at the patient's bedside was: "Are you prepared to die?"

Then he sat down comfortably, and read a chapter from the Bible. After this, he selected what seemed to the sufferer who relates the incident the longest hymn he had ever heard, and sang it through without omitting a stanza. He concluded with a long prayer, which was general in its pleadings, and had but little in it to help the poor soldier lying there in pain and weakness, possibly awaiting death.

The only thing that prevented the patient from being exasperated beyond endurance was the fact that he knew that, however mistaken the clergyman might be in his methods, he meant well, and was acting out his own ideal of Christian duty.

But, as after each visit the patient had a relapse, the surgeon finally forbade the good man, who relied on prayer without good works, to enter the tent again.

The other clergyman was simple and unassuming in his manners. He did not confuse the sufferer, who was too feeble to talk, with deep religious questions, or worry him by his exhortations or long prayers. But he never entered the tent without doing something for the wounded soldier's comfort. Intuitively he knew that his personal sympathy and help would lead the patient sooner or later to listen to the story he longed to tell of God's sympathy and love.

Sick people have their whims, and our captain conceived an unreasonable notion that he could eat nothing but a roasted potato. Now there was not a potato to be had within miles of the hospital camp, and of course, that being so, he wanted one all the more.

One very hot Sunday morning he caught sight of the man of God earlier than usual. The clergyman was hurrying along with eager steps, his face bathed with perspiration and his coat flung over his arm. As he saw the wasted face watching for him he swung a bundle exhultingly, and called out, with the enthusiasm of a boy:—

"I've got them, captain! I've got them!"

He undid the corners of his handkerchief and drew forth a dozen potatoes; and in a few minutes proceeded to wash some of them and to put them in the ashes to roast. Not all the jewels in the world would have compared in the eyes of that wounded man with the cluster of Irish potatoes brought to him by that perspiring Samaritan.

Now, as the minister was washing the rest of the potatoes outside of the tent, the captain suddenly sent this message:—

"It's Sunday morning; won't you come and give us a prayer?,"

"I'll gladly come," replied the good man tenderly.

He had only done unselfish, unpleasant things for the wounded man. He had not forced his prayers upon him when he was in no mood to

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listen. He knew the time must come when he would be willing to hear his message. And he knelt down with his sleeves rolled up, his hands grimy with ashes, and his head and throat bare.

The prayer was short and earnest. His whole heart was in it, and it touched the heart of his hearer. When it was ended he went back and finished washing the potatoes he had obtained with so much trouble.

Regimental Items.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments.

To be Lance.-Corporals.

No. 3719 Pte. H. Ashdown,
" 3815 " A. Price,
" 3841 " C. Judd,
" 3655 " C. Piper.

2nd Lieut. R. E. Power has been posted to the Battalion.

No. 251 Sergt. D. Sheppard was on the 11th inst. permitted to re-engage for such further period as will make up a total continuous period of 21 years' service.

No. 3135 Boy W. Heifnan having attained 18 years of age will rank and draw pay as private from the 28th inst.

The undermentioned men were granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names.

"A" Company.

No. 3257	Pte.	S Baker	1d.	Granted	10-12-93
" 3521	"	A Patching	1d.	"	27-6-93
" 3633	"	F Parsons	1d.	"	16-11-93

"B" Company.

No. 2521	Pte.	E Savin	1d.	Restored	21-9-93

"C" Company.

No. 2095	Pte.	G Blake	1d.	Granted	11-12-93
" 2372	"	F Gambrill	2d.	"	11-12-93
" 1241	"	H McStea	4d. per day,		
" 2377	"	G Hodge	2d.	"	6-12-93
" 3249	"	J Clayton	1d.	"	3-12-93
" 2374	"	A Thistlethwaite	1d.	Restored	21-9-93
" 2653	"	W Wain	1d.	"	21-9-93
" 2828	"	G Goodban	1d.	Granted	12-12-93

"D" Company

No. 3179	"	J Barnes	1d.	"	5-8-93
" 2387	"	E Bunn	2d.	"	15-12-23
" 2370	"	J Jarvis	2d.	"	3-12-93
" 2375	"	J Kemp	2d.	"	7-12-93
" 2391	"	T Shoesmith	2d.	"	21-12-93
" 3502	"	H Stutley	1d.	"	30-11-93

"E" Company.

No. 3689	Pte.	Hazelwood	1d.	Granted	7-12-93
" 3064	"	G T Pointer	1d.	"	10-12-93
" 2132	"	W Swift	2d.	Restored	21-9-93

"F" Company

No. 2382	Pte.	H Childs	2d.	Granted	30-11-93
" 2365	"	W Durrant	2d.	"	29-11-93
" 2352	"	S Piper	2d.	"	17-11-93
" 3655	"	C Piper	1d.	"	21-12-93

"G" Company

No. 3697	"	H Hollowby	1d.	Granted	30-12-93
" 3656	"	G Malthouse	1d.	"	23-12-93
" 2405	"	T Haydon	2d.	"	29-12-93
" 2373	"	W Bustow	2d.	"	1-12-93
" 3299	"	G Hurley	1d.	"	29-12-93
" 2340	"	F Beaves	2d.	"	18-10-93

"H" Company.

No. 2345	Pte.	A Bradle	2d.	Granted	8-11-93
" 2362	"	P Ambrose	2d.	"	21-11-93
" 1798	"	E Jarvis	1d.	"	11-12-93

CRICKET.

SERGEANTS THE BUFFS v. SERGEANTS 2ND SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

Seaforth Highlanders	1st Inning	2nd Ins.
Q.M.S. King c Patten b Marshall	7	1
Ar. Sergt. Watson c Featherstone b Marshall	0	0
Sergt. MacDonald b Carnell	11	30
S. Sergt. Gregory b Carnell	3	2
Sergt. Richmond b Carnell	7	2
Color-Sergt. Makin b Carnell	8	13
Schoolmaster Ward not out	17	19
Sergt. Lee c Featherstone b Nicholas	5	5
Sergt. R. Thomson b Nicholas	0	0
Color.-Sergt. Liddle c Patten b Patterson	2	0
Sergt. Young b Nicholas	0	0
Extras	8	13
	68	85

The Buffs	1st Innings	2nd Ins.
Sergt. Marshall c Richmond b MacDonald	2	
Sergt. Tozer b King	2	
Q.M.S. Nicholas b King	8	
Sergt. Patten not out	21	
Sergt. Carnell c King b MacDonald	0	
Color.-Sergt. Patterson c Makin b King	3	
Sergt.-Major Featherstone b MacDonald	1	
Sergt. Leek b King	7 not out	11
Sergt. Stirke run out	2	
Sergt. Golds l b w	0	5
Sergt. Cogger c and b King	7 not out	7
Extras	14	1
	67	24

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WITH "THE BUFFS" AT CAMP FEROZEPORE.

My last finished up with the attack on the fort, the first day of our arrival at Ferozepore, and a precious hard day it was, but we little thought what was in store for us on the Monday following; it turned out to be a much harder day than the Saturday fight, the troops were out from early morning until late in the evening looking for an enemy who took precious good care to keep out of the way. I do not think that any one mother of the 700 stalwart Buffs could possibly have recognised her son on his return to camp, as they were simply one walking block of fine dirty dust. I heard one man remark that he had done a good many "stiff uns" at Aldershot, but this day certainly "took the cake." Tuesday was a fairly easy day, so as to get ready for the show parade on Wednesday for the Chief. On Wednesday the whole division paraded in khaki, and from the saluting point looked a very fine body of men and horses. I should think there were about 5500 men, 1000 horses and 6 guns on parade. The whole marched past the Chief in first-rate style, the old corps doing very well.

Every day after this, up to the 7th of December, was utilized in Brigade or Divisional drills, outpost duty, &c.

Great preparations were being made for our move out of Ferozepore, to what was to be known as the "Extended Manœuvres," which were to be conducted on strictly field service scale of baggage, rations, &c. At first it was ordered we were to go out with 2 blankets only, and without straw for bedding, and as the weather had set in very cold and there were signs of rain about, we all wished the "Extended Manœuvres" were over.

However, everybody, even to the doctors, were satisfied when another order was published ordering 3 blankets and straw for bedding. At last we left camp Ferozepore (should be called Dusty-pore, for a more dusty place I think would be hard to find), for Moolanwallah, which is 20½ miles on the old Jullundur road. We reached the camp about 2 p.m. on the 8th December. Marched next day to Makhu, 13 miles, still on the same road, so that we were only 37 miles from Jullundur. As "Tommy" did not actually know what was going to happen during the next few days, he naturally came to the conclusion that by Wednesday (3 more marches) we should be in Jullundur, but great was his disgust on Monday morning to find that the Colonel instead of wheeling to the right for Jullundur wheeled to the left back again towards Ferozepore.

Our force known as the Northern force, consisted of the—

68th Field Battery, R.A.
11th Hussars.
1st Buffs.
37th Punjab Infantry.
2-1st Gurkhas.

The whole commanded by Colonel Rogers, D.S.O., 2-1st Gurkhas.

It would take up the whole of the Dragon to describe the fighting, &c., that took place during these manœuvres, so I will simply give outlines, shewing length of marches, &c.

When we left Makhu on Monday morning we marched for a place called Katora (20 miles) and encamped there for the night. The next day was a very lively one, we retired over the Punjab canal, all the baggage going over a temporary bridge erected by a young engineer, who seemed to be in an awful funk every time a heavily laden cart crossed. It was decided at last to take the bullocks out of the shafts and employ men. Buffs and Hussars worked with a will, and by 5 o'clock the last cart had crossed safely. Our camp was in some rice fields, this meant awkward work for the wheeled transport, but it all got there somehow or another, and sometime or another.

On Wednesday we still kept retiring and, unfortunately, across country which was most difficult for transport. The enemy mistook the brigade baggage escort for the main body, and this mistake cost them the loss of Ferozepore Fort, Arsenal and City, as our force simply walked straight into the place without opposition. We lost our baggage, a few officers and men, but our main body had made a great capture. We all retired over the Sutlej by the Empress Bridge, which, by the way, is a splendid piece of work, and is nearly a mile long, foot and wheel traffic on top, railway underneath. We reached our camp about 6 p.m., very tired and dusty, and I suppose had marched during the last three days more than 50 miles, over frightfully rough ground. Scarcely a man fell out, and everybody was as fit as possible. Thursday was a day of rest for both man and beast, and we all wanted it, as both had been worked very hard indeed.

Friday was also to be a hard day, the force having been reinforced during Thursday, was divided into 2 brigades, one commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Harley, the other by Lieut.-Colonel Mercer, the whole under Colonel Rogers. Their object was to cross the Sutlej and capture Ferozepore, of course crossing by the Empress Bridge was out of the question as a large placard announced it had been "BLOWN UP." One brigade went down and the other up the river, and succeeded in crossing by boats, but as the time for ceasing hostilities was 3 p.m., which passed before the troops had crossed the river, the attack on Ferozepore did not take place. We reached our dusty camp once again about 6 p.m., and were precious glad to find our baggage in and the tents pitched.

The following day, Saturday, was devoted to another march past, this time in red, for Lord Frankfort, the General Officer Commanding the District. It was a fine sight, the whole of the troops looking thoroughly sunburnt and as hard as iron. On Monday the Division got through their field firing without accident, and on Tuesday, 19th December, we left good old Dusty-pore behind us, and reached Ghull, our first camp towards Jullundur, about 11 a.m., all very pleased to again find ourselves making tracks for our quiet little station. Wednesday the 20th we reached to Dugroo, and on Thursday to Muhna. On Friday the 22nd we marched to Dakka, a distance of 24½ miles, and to shew how fit everybody is, only 8 men fell out during the long march.

On Saturday the 23rd we marched to Ludhiana, another 12 miles, had breakfast and then took train to Jullundur, where we arrived at 2 o'clock, all very pleased to be back once again in barracks.

The bands of the following Regiments were massed while we were at Ferozepore, and played a very nice selection under the able leadership of Bandmaster McChesney of the Seaforths and Mr. Balch of the 11th Hussars. I may as well give you a list of the bands and the programme played :—

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11th Hussars.
1st Buffs.
2nd Seaforth Highlanders.
24th Punjab Infantry.
27th " "
2-1st Goorkhas.
1-4th Gurkhas.
34th Pioneers.

PROGRAMME.

Grand March ...	*"Silver Trumpets."*	...	Viviani.
Reminiscences of England			Arr. Godfrey.
Overture ...	*"Flotte Bursche."*	...	Suppe.
Reminiscences of Ireland			Arr. Godfrey.
Valse ...	*"Soldaten Leides."*	...	Gung'l.
Reminiscences of Scotland			Arr. Godfrey.
Tattoo ...	*"Grand Military."*	...	Saro.

We have again settled down to our routine of ordinary barrack work, and I suppose will soon be selecting the hill parrots for Bhagsu, Dharmsala, Murree and other hill stations.

Yours faithfully,

P.Q.

OBITUARY.

We deeply regret having to record the death of Mr. Joseph Pepper which occurred at Clacton-on-Sea on the 23rd November last. Mr. Pepper enlisted into The Buffs in December 1867, and was promoted Sergt.-Major in October 1873, and was no doubt the youngest Sergt.-Major in the service. He elected to serve with the 3rd Battalion in 1884 and was promoted Quarter-Master of the same Battalion in 1885, afterwards exchanging into the 1-5th Northumberland Fusiliers. He served with the Fusiliers until the early part of this year when he retired on pension after 26 years' service.

He served with the Buffs in India from 1868 until 1879, and took part in the Expedition to the Straits Settlements in 1875-76 for which he received N. W. Frontier medal and clasp for Perâk.

He leaves a widow and five children with whom we deeply sympathize in their great grief.

ODDS AND ENDS.

AN amusing story was current in London some ten years ago about a man who rejoiced in the name of Doherty. The incident occurred in the drill square of the Royal Engineers barracks. A squad of recruits were at drill, among whom was Doherty, 6ft. 1½ins. in height. At that time the Sergt.-Major was Mr. G—g, whose height was only 5ft. 4ins. On this day he was seen approaching the squad looking sharply about for some fault. All squared up with the exception of Doherty, and the Sergt.-Major made straight for him, when the following dialogue ensued:

Sergeant-Major: "Heads up there, man;" (Doherty raised his head slightly) "Up higher, sir!" (The head was raised again.) Then the Sergt.-Major, by standing on his toes, managed to reach Doherty's chin and poke it higher still, with the remark, "That's better! Don't let me see your head down again."

By this time all were interested at seeing Doherty staring far away and above the Sergt.-Major's head, when a voice from above us, in a rich brogue, said, "Am I to be always like this, Sir?"

Sergt.-Major; "Yes, certainly!"

Doherty; "Then I'll say good-bye to ye, Sergt-Major, for I'll niver see yez again."

In the life of Sir Richard Burton, just written by his widow, some good stories are told of Sir Charles Napier, under whom Sir Richard served:

Sir Charles liked decision; he hated a man who had not an answer ready for him. For instance, a young man would go and ask for an appointment. Sir Charles would say, "What do you want." The youth of firm mind would answer, "an adjutancy, sir." "All right," said Sir Charles, and he probably got it. But, "Anything you please, Sir Charles," would be sure to be contemptuously dismissed. He once asked Richard (Burton) how many bricks there were in a newly built bridge (an impossible question, such as are put to lads whom the examiner intends to pluck). Richard, knowing his foible,

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answered, "229,010, Sir Charles." He turned away and smiled. Another time he ordered a review on a grand scale to impress certain chiefs. "Lieut. Burton, be pleased to inform these gentlemen that I propose to form these men in line, then to break into echelon by the right, and to form square on the centre battalion," and so on for about five minutes in military technical terms for which there was no equivalent in these men's dialect. "Yes, sir," said Richard, saluting. Turning to the chiefs, Richard said," "Oh, Chiefs, our Great Man is going to show you the way we fight, and you must be attentive to the rules." He then touched his cap to Sir Charles. "Have you explained all," he asked. Everything sir," answered Richard. "A most concentrated language that must be," said Sir Charles, riding off with his nose in the air.

I wonder asks Sir Edward Braddon, if the Indian colonel continues to the present day to play the Munchausen. Somehow it always happened in my time that the colonel monopolised this role in public estimation. It was of a colonel (the brilliant if erratic Teddy Oakes) that people told the tale how, being at sea in a violent storm when hope was abandoned, and the passengers were bidden to pray, his nearest approach to orison was, "Oh, Pilot, 'tis a fearful night!" It was a colonel who, according to fable, declared that on a voyage round the Cape his ship was spoken (thousands of miles from land) by a man in a tub who would not come on board the ship, but took in a supply of biscuit and water and was left in mid-ocean. It was a colonel from whom the wily snake escaped by entering a bamboo tail first, after that colonel had twice pulled it from that refuge by the tail. And, according to popular belief, a colonel told that story about the quail which nearly resulted in his prompt discomfiture. For that colonel described a flight of quail that clouded the sky, and then, having settled, covered the parade-ground in close-packed swarm; and he told how he got out an 18-pounder cannon and loaded it almost to the muzzle with powder and No. 10 shot, and trained that gun to volley its contents into the thick of the birds, and then he asked of those who sat at mess, "How many do you think I shot?" and a subaltern of more wit than veneration answered him "a million." Whereupon that colonel changed his tactics to meet the situation, and said, "No, by G—, sir, not one!'

In many paragraphs in the newspapers concerning the work of the late Mr. Charles Bell Birch, A.R.A., mention is made of "the griffin" upon the Temple Bar Memorial. How this misnomer originated one is at a loss to understand, as the animal is very plainly a dragon and not a griffin. A dragon is covered with scales, has bat's wings, a barbed tongue and tail, and has claws upon all its four feet, all of which requirements the "creature" at the Law Courts properly fulfils. A griffin is half-eagle and half-lion, and was originated, doubtless, by the old heraldic practice of "dimidiation"—*i.e.*, the halving of two coats of arms, and the conjunction of the dexter half of one with the sinister half of the other. It combines the head, beak, wings, and claws of an eagle with the body, hind-legs, and tail of a lion; the upper part of the body being feathered, and the other covered with hair.

THOMAS IN THE RANKS.

Coming back from a long field day at Ferozepore Camp.

Well this is a blooming dusty place and no mistake, every time I spit out comes a ready made brick.

GOT'EM MIXED.

A sergeant was once drilling a squad of Militia-men. One of them, a country bumpkin, did not know his right hand from his left. The sergeant proceeded to teach him, and, after holding them out several times, he seemed to have some idea of which was which.

"Now," said his instructor, "hold them in front of you, and twist them round quickly one over the other. Stop; Now which is the right and left?"

After staring at them a moment, he said;

"I'm blowed if I know now; I've gone and mixed them,"

Two soldiers lay under their blankets looking up at the stars. Said Jack; "What made you go into the army, Tom?"

"Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife, and I loved war, Jack; so I went. What made you go?"

"Well," returned Jack. "I had a wife, and I love peace, Tom; so I went."

When Colonel Van Wick was putting up for election there was a certain Irishman who steadfastly refused to give the old soldier any encouragement. The Colonel was greatly surprised, therefore, when Pat informed him on election day that he had concluded to vote for him.

"Glad to hear it, glad to hear it," said the Colonel; "I rather thought you were against me, Patrick."

"Well, sir," said Patrick, "I was; but when ye stud by me pig-pen and talked that day ye didn't budge me an hair's breadth, sir; but after ye was gone away I got to thinkin' how yer reached yer hand over the fence and scratched the pig on the back till he laid down wid the pleasure of it, and I made up my mind that whin a rale Kernel wuz as sociable as that, I wa'nt the man to vote agin him."

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1893

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 82. **JULLUNDUR, January 31st 1894.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

STEVENS—At Jullundur, on the 8th inst, the wife of Sergt. Drummer J. Stevens, of a son.

HOLLANDS—At Shorncliffe, on 9th December 1893, the wife of Color-Sergt. C. Hollands of a daughter. Mary Elizabeth.

HUNT—At Eden Hospital, Calcutta, on the 29th November 1893. the wife of W. H. Hunt, B. M. Police of a son.

Marriage.

GREY—GERESON—At Lahore, on the 29th January 1894, by the Ven. Archdeacon A. N. W. Spens., Sergt.-Instructor Charles Grey, 1st P. V. R. Corps, (Unattached List, The Buffs), to Isabel, daughter of R. Gereson Esq., of Lahore.

Death.

FRYER—At Jullundur, on the 4th inst., No. 2911 Pte. A. Fryer.

NOTES.

WE certainly cannot complain of the lack of seasonable weather. The nights have been cold enough to recall memories of an English winter, and even as late as eleven in the morning it has been pleasant to get out of the shade into the warmth of the sun.

There have been several down-pours of rain, not the little Christmas showers we were used to in Calcutta; but heavy continuous rain which stopped for days the regiments marching up the trunk road, and formed great lagoons on all the level land. The country all round Jullundur is green with the tender colour of the young crops, and the Himalayas whitened with snow almost to their bases look no distance away, seen through the clear air of a Punjab winter.

... ...

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The only sign as yet of the coming hot weather is that the talk of men has veered towards the hills, what company is to go to Bhagsu? who will be for Dalhousie? and so on.

... ...

But before the break up for the hot weather comes, there is the General's inspection to be gone through, and we may at any time now find Lord Frankfort and his staff in our midst.

... ...

We have had quite a large number of regiments passing through the station in the past month. First came the 5th Fusiliers moving down country, and then moving upwards towards Rawal Pindi came the Gordon Highlanders. It had been hoped that the Gordons would make a halt here and take part in the dissipations of the week; but owing to the rain which delayed them between Umballa and this station they could make no stay at all, and passed on up the road. The Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders were our last visitors, and they halted for a day. Our second battalion and the Highlanders lay together at Aldershot and the two regiments were great friends. Our men found many old acquaintances in the Scotchmen's camp, our sergeants entertained theirs, friendly football matches were played between companies of the two regiments, and the stream of kilted men and Buffs setting up and down the Mall between the camp and barracks seemed never ending.

... ...

The Jullundur week has come and gone. The weather, threatening at first, changed into perfect sunshiny days. The Gurkha eleven had the glory of their previous victories dimmed by the station cricket eleven; the officers of our Regiment a gave a dance at the club and our polo team gave good account of the picked four of the rest of the station. The week will be found described in detail further on in our columns.

... ...

We are sorry to hear that two of the Gurkha team were badly hurt at Ferozepore, whither they went to play cricket. The pole of a gharry broke and there was an upset. One Gurkha broke his collar bone and Mr. Champain, the captain of the team, was insensible for some hours.

... ...

Our polo team have started for Lucknow to play in the Infantry Polo Tournament. The members of the team are Mr. Cobbe, Mr. Annesley, Mr. Eaton and Mr. Hasler. We wish them better luck this time than they had at Lahore when the accident to Mr. Hasler quite did away with their chance.

... ...

Lucknow as the *venue* for the tournament does not suit the Regiment nearly as well as Umballa would. It is a difficult place to get to, for the various railway companies have exercised much ingenuity in keeping any of the trains from connecting with each other, and the fares both for passengers and ponies mount up to a big sum. The votes of regiments in favor of Lucknow are said to have been one more than for Umballa.

... ...

Information has been received from home that Major Newnham-Davis will, at his own request, be promoted to a half pay Lieut.-Colonelcy "on or about" the 27th February.

... ...

The success of the shadow pantomime and the variety show—you will read of both in our columns—has filled the air with rumours of coming performances. A little burlesque, a revival of the shadow pantomime, and two farces have been talked of. We ought in Jullundur to revive the glories of Ranikhet. Have we not in the Regiment talent enough to put on a piece like "*Waiting for the Verdict*" or some other fine startling melodrama?

... ...

THE DRAGON is not given to *bukh*; but it would be much shorter for us to print the events that we did'nt win than to record those we were victorious in in the District Assault-at-Arms at Mian Mir. Our men were first and second at single stick, first and second in fencing, third in bayonet *v.* bayonet, first and second in the horizontal and parallel bars, first and second for "Best man at arms," first in the bayonet exercise, first in physical drill, first in transport loading. We were unlucky in the tug of war. We drew the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, far and away the best team of the other regiments, and were pulled over the line after a tremendous

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struggle lasting about five minutes. But our record is too brilliant as it is to grudge a victory to another corps. We congratulate our men and would give a special word of thanks to Color-Sergeant Watts, who showed so much energy and smartness in getting together and training the teams for bayonet exercise, physical drill, transport loading and tug of war. Sergt. Eaton also gave time and attention to the training of our men for single sticks. The regiments who sent teams, besides ourselves, to the Assault-at-Arms were the Seaforth Highlanders, the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, the Border Regt., the K.O.S.B's, and the Royal Scots Fusilers. We publish a list of our men in the winning teams.

... ...

The second change of Viceroys since we came to the country has taken place, and Lord Elgin now governs in the great buff-coloured palace at Calcutta in the place of Lord Lansdowne. As a regiment we were brought into very close contact with the late Viceroy, for he took a great interest in the regiment, he presented us with new colours, and while we were in garrison at Calcutta he made, with Lady Lansdowne, a point of being present at our regimental entertainments. We shall not soon forget the kindly gentleman who could always spare time from the heavy duties of his great office to do us the compliment of honouring our amusements by his presence, or the gracious lady who won all hearts as his helpmate.

... ...

It was a big parade on proclamation day, for all the corps in garrison turned out "as strong as possible" to hear the proclamation of the accession of the new Viceroy read, to listen to the royal salute of 32 guns and to present arms to the new dignity. The line stretched far over the race course into the fields of young grain beyond, and when the Station Staff Officer had read out the name and style of the new ruler, with all his high sounding titles, the corps formed up for a march past, the double companies of the two infantry regiments showing a strength that is rarely seen upon parade now a days.

... ...

What is the new draft to be called? They neither arrived in dhoolies, nor in gharries; there was not even an ekka in their train to give them a name. It would be rather hard to record their youthful indiscretions by calling them the "Tent pitchers," so what are they to be called? Wanted, a good name.

... ...

The wheel of time brings many changes. Little more than a year ago the subalterns of the regiment could show longer service than the Guards, and now were it not that our senior subalterns can claim "distinguished service," there might be some difficulty as to their satisfying the length of service condition for promotion. When a run of promotion starts after a long block it sets in with a will, and from what we hear it is not likely to stop yet.

... ...

Lieut. Hulke has sailed for England and Capt. Lloyd's leave is in orders. Mr. Reeves and Mr. Power, the latest accessions to the ranks of the subalterns, have arrived.

... ...

Lieut.-Colonel Harley now commands the station, in succession to Colonel Eardley Wilmott of the 14th B.L., who has taken 9 months' sick leave home and then retires. Colonel Eardley Wilmott had served 30 years in the 14th, and when he left by train, all his officers, British and Native, were there to say good-bye to their Commandant. The station master was equal to the occasion, and as the train moved out amidst cheers a salute of fog signals was fired giving the retiring veteran a royal send off.

... ...

We should have in our last number made special mention of the Christmas number of the Seventh Regiment Gazette which reaches us from New York. It's illustrations, portraits of various celebrities of the corps, sketches of uniforms, comic cuts, are excellent, and the news of the various companies dished up with a spice of bright American humour is interspersed with humorous tales and poems, comic and sentimental. But what specially commends the Seventh Regiment Gazette to us Britishers is the friendly feeling it shows towards the soldiers across the "herring pond". It is not always so in American journalism, and we are glad to find that those who mount the grey coat reciprocate the kindly feeling we red coats have for them.

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Jullundur Gymkhana Club.

A pleasant little meeting of the above Club was held on Saturday the 27th January, and owing a good deal to the fine weather, turned out a complete success. Proceedings began with a Polo Scurry, for which a field of 7 faced the starter. Mr. Hasler's "Cassidy" proved too good for the rest, but he would have had all his work cut out had Major Allason chosen to have run some of his flyers. The Affinity Stakes, gentlemen tent pegging and ladies tilting at the ring, was chiefly remarkable for the nervousness of the ladies, and the bad performances of their affinities, the winners, though, Mr. Hasler and Mrs. Trollope must be excepted, as no fault could be found either in their pace or style. Much amusement was caused by the mule race; for this eleven men, good and true, essayed to ride mules barebacked, and to wear variegated costumes, from crinolines to nightshirts. The course luckily was a wide one; there was a good deal of hustling and tumbling off, and after a very mixed race the winner, as was right, turned up in the Transport Officer of The Buffs, Mr. Pearson. Sixteen entries for the Polo Ball race necessitated it being run in 2 heats, Mr. McDouall won the final, proving once again, that the race is not always to the swiftest. Four teams turned out for the Lloyd Lindsay, and although the bottles that had to be broken were only 3 in number, and only 9 yards off, they might have been 100 yards off, for the time the men took to break them. The winning team, Mrs. Eales, Mrs. Trollope, Captain Eales and Mr. McDouall took 2.'40," the next best time being 3.'10." Another time we should like to see a jump introduced in this event.

The last event, a Postillion Race, riding one and leading another pony, was one of the best of the day, as ten ponies were entered. Two heats were again necessary, Mr. Robertson of the R.A., winning cleverly from Mr. Hasler, who was a good second.

Distribution of prizes by Colonel Eardley-Wilmott, brought the day to a close, and as the events were all up to time people had a chance of listening to the last piece on the programme of The Buffs' Band, which, under Mr. Birkhead had played some excellent selections during the afternoon, before going away. As Captain Eales will shortly be leaving, the next gymkhana will probably be under the management of Captain Slee, of the R.A., whose reputation in this line is a guarantee for the future of the Gymkhana Club.

ENTRIES.

1st Event, 3 p.m.—Polo Scurry.

	Owner	Pony	Rider
1.	Mr. Haslers's	Cassidy	Owner
2.	Mr. Burge's	Thakore	,,
3.	Mr. Hughes's	Fancyball	,,
4.	Mr. Porter's	Saint	,,
5.	Mr. Trollope's	Maize	,,
6.	Major Allason's	Ironmonger	,,
7.	,, ,,	Redleaf	Capt. Slee.

2nd Event, 3.30 p.m. Affinity Stakes.

1. Mrs. Robinson and Mr. Taylor.
2. Mrs. Eales and Capt. Eales.
3. Mrs. Stewart and Mr. McDouall.
4. Mrs. Trollope and Mr. Hasler.
5. Mrs. Kelly and Capt. Younghusband.
6. Mrs. Bowden and Mr. Stewart.

3rd Event, 4 p.m. Costume Race.

Messrs. McDouall, Trevor, Robertson, Burge, Taylor, Hughes, Porter, Reeves, Power, Pearson, Hasler, Kemball and Stewart,

One garment and one hat to be correctly put on. Competitors improperly dressed on arrival at winning post will be disqualified.

4th Event, 4-30 p.m, Polo Ball Race.

1st Heat	*2nd Heat*
Major Allason	Captain Phillips.
Mr. Cobbe,	,, Slee
,, Trollope,	Mr. Taylor
,, Burge	,, Annesley
,, Trevor	,, Hughes
,, Hasler	,, McDouall
,, Kemball	,, Robinson
Captain Wingate	,, Robertson

5th Event, 5 p.m.—Lloyd Lindsay.

Mrs. Stewart, Mr. Hasler.	1
,, Bowden, ,, Pearson.	
Mrs. Eales, Captain Eales.	2
,, Trollope, Mr. McDouall	
Mrs. Maturin, Captain Philips,	3
,, O'Bryen, Mr. Porter	
Mrs. Lecky Capt. Younghusband	4
,, Robinson, Mr. Taylor,	

6th Event, 5.30 p.m.—Postillion Race.

1st Heat		*2nd Heat*	
Capt. Slee's	pair.	Major Allason's	pair,
Mr, Hughe's	,,	Mr. Taylor's	,,
Mr. Trevor's	,,	Mr. Cobbe's	,,
Mr. Burge's	,,	Mr. McDouall's	,,
Mr. Trollope's	,,	Mr. Porter's	,,
		Mr. Robertson's	,,

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I must apologise to Major Hind and Pte. Cheeseman for not including their names amongst the others who went home with the Battalion from India in 1879.

The names should now read:—

Colonel Harley.
Major Hickson,
Major Hind,
Captain Holme,
Qr.-Mr. Cumber,
Sergt. Roach
,, Tozer,
Pte. Cheesman.

I think I might also add the following viz:—

Mrs. Harley,
Mrs. Cumber,
Mrs. Nicholas (*nee* Miss Orr)
Mrs. Manville.

Who are still with us, and who went home in the "Euphrates"

Yours Faithfully
"Sea Sick."

The following letter has been received by Colonel Harley from the Officer Commanding the East Lancashire Regt.

Lucknow,
30th December 1893.

Dear Sir,

I notice in your Regimental Paper of November 30th a reference to the grave of Sergeant Baker of this Battalion.

We are all very much obliged to you and your Regiment for the very kind way in which you had the grave put in order, and to your Quarter-Master and Pioneers for the trouble and kind thought they gave in the matter.

I hope you will let us know if you were put to any expense, and allow us to recoup you, if you were.

Once more thanking you on behalf of this Battalion.

I am, sir,
Yours truly
H. T. P. Evans, Major,
Comdg. East. Lancashire Regt.

The following letter has been received by Colonel Harley from the Chaplain to the troops at Dagshai.

Dagshai 1-1-94.

Dear Sir

I am much obliged for your Cheque for Rs 60 which I am sending to the Alliance Bank to the credit of the Cemetery Fund—we have founded a special fund for the up-keep and repairs of the graves. They have all been thoroughly repaired and now look well cared for and clean as they ought to be.

I am dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
W F. Burroughs.

The undermentioned graves are the ones referred to in above letter.

THE BUFFS.
Pte. John Hobbs.
,, Charles Church
,, Henry Lord
,, Edward Eady
,, Thomas Milton
,, John Russell.

[Ed.]

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor

I did not write to you last month for the simple reason that I had nothing to communicate.

Captain Brine joined the Depot at Shorncliffe on 2nd December in succession to Capt. Blackburn appointed Adjutant of the 1st Lanark Rifle Volunteers.

Capt. Blackburn took over his new duties on 1st January.

Lieut. R. H. D'Aeth is under orders to embark at Queenstown on 9th February in charge of a draft of 1 Sergeant (Sergt. Price) 1 Corporal (Lce.-Sergt. Reynolds) and 70 Privates being prepared by 2nd Battalion.

No. 3968 Lce.-Corpl. Brooman, No. 2333 Pte. J. Custance, 2832 Pte. W. Higgins and 2841 Pte. C. W. Noyes have been posted to Depot from 2nd Battn. to complete establishment.

Lance.-Corpl. Brooman is at Canterbury, employed as an Assistant Clerk in the Orderly Room.

No. 2245 Pte. W. Crow has been awarded a Silver Medal for "Long Service and Good Conduct" with a gratuity of £5.

No. 2964 Lce.-Sergt. Grindley has been promoted Sergeant in 2nd Battalion *vice* Smith and No. 704 Lance-Corpl, C. Davison Corporal *viee* Grindley.

No. 1885 Pte. J. Beaney has been discharged at Netley "Medically Unfit" and awarded a pension of 7d per diem for 24 months final.

No. 3619 Pte. J. Boyles who joined Depot from desertion has been posted to the 2nd Battn.

I regret to inform you that Mr. Joseph Pepper *late* Sergt.-Major of the 1st Battn. The Buffs, and afterwards Quarter-Master of the 4th Battn. Northumberland Fusiliers, from which latter regiment he retired, committed suicide a few days ago at Clacton-on-Sea.

We are just getting a touch of winter weather, snow having fallen each day since the 2nd January with a piercing east wind.

Wishing you all a happy new year.

Believe me,
Yours faithfully,
"Old Buff."

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OLD BUFFS DECEASED.

No. 1086 1st East Kent, Private George Peek. Died at Worksop, Notts, 25th November 1893, aged 51 years. Discharged September 1885, after 21 years' Service, and granted a pension of 1s. per diem for life. Medals none.

No. 1065 E.K. Private William A Smith died at Colchester, 22nd November 1893, aged 45 years. Discharged 1st August 1882, after 19 years, 5 months' service (prematurely, for the benefit of the public service), and granted a pension of 9½d. per diem for life. Medals N.W. Frontier with Clasp for Perak. Employed as barrack labourer at Colchester at time of death.

Dear Mr. Editor.

Three Earthquakes in as many months I should think is a fair record for Jullundur, and as you have not recorded any in the good old "Dragon," I suppose you think they are much too common to be taken note of. By the word Earthquakes, I dont want our friends and relations at home to think for a minute that the earth opens and swallows up a couple of Regiments and their barracks, oh, no, thank goodness it has not come to that, but we feel the shocks of the Earthquake which are quite unpleasant enough while they last.

The first one of this series occurred on the 5th November 1893 at 9-15 a.m. It was very distinctly felt all over Jullundur, houses rocked, glasses rattled and a feeling the same as one feels on board ship the first time she rolls, was experienced. The second one happened in December, the date I canot give, and the third last Sunday 21st instant about 8-40 p.m. The latter was very sharp but only lasted about two seconds, the dinner table perceptibly moved, and the glasses on the side board rattled very loudly.

The Hindoos have a superstition that the world rests on one horn of a cow, and when she gets tired of having it in this position she tosses the world on to the other horn, this they say causes the Earthquake.

If you like I will keep you posted up to date with our Earthquakes.

Yours Faithfully,
QUAKER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Esprit-de-Corps.—We quite agree with your letter *re* Association Football, but perhaps it would be wiser not to publish it.

[ED.]

A Gr-rand Invention.

In 1889, a Captain Arthur Linn of Baroda invented a jointed lance in three pieces. The scheme was submitted by Lord Roberts to the Inspector-General of Cavalry for report, to celebrate which event, the following verses were written, but never finished until now.

From far Baroda, glorious news!
(Tune up the shawm and fiddle!)
A threefold lance that neatly screws
Together in the middle.

A thing of joy—when not required
To make the foemen shiver,
Unscrewed, it packs upon our backs,
As Phœbus wore his quiver.

In days of peace it still has use;
(Sing chorus boys, and solo!)
Hoe, spud, or rake, and what could make
Three better sticks for polo?

Then should it be our lot to go
To Bori or to Pishin,
An extra top or so, and lo!
The very thing for fishin'!

To scale a wall, a soldier tall
Of old, could scarcely win it;
Now ladder's formed, and place is stormed
In less than half a minute.

When—stables done, and bent on fun,
We turn our thoughts to cricket,
We need but call for bat and ball,
The lance will form the wicket.

So varied are its uses that
My muse would fail to sing 'em:
As spade or pick, or walking stick,
As handle for a gingham.

To clear the cobwebs off the wall
From corners dark and pokey,
Or—screw a mop upon the top,
And clean your chimneys smokey.

To spear a pig, correct a nig,
(More uses I could mention)
Or bear a flag for signal-wag,
How gr-rand is this invention!

Then pour the festive whisky in,
Uncork the sparkling soda,
And drink to enterprising Linn,
A man, and a Baroda!

LATAKIA.

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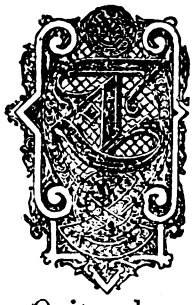
Xmas Children's Party.



HURSDAY the 18th inst. was a great day for the young folk of Jullundur, the occasion being the annual Christmas Treat of the children of The Buffs. Besides the Regimental children, their mothers, and the children and mothers of the 68th F. B. R. A. were present.

Quite a large party sat down to tea at 4.30 p.m., the good things laid before the children vanishing speedily with the aid of vigorous appetites.

During tea time the Band of the Regiment enlivened the proceedings.

Two great novelties were introduced for the amusement of the children after tea—a Punch and Judy Show and a Shadow Pantomime. The first, worked by Ptes. Cash and Burgess, certainly amused the youngsters immensely, while the Shadow Pantomime proved quite as entertaining to the grown up folk as to the children.

Sergt. Eaton aided by Ptes. Sheppard, Burgess and Cash deserve great credit for this performance, it being by far the best and most amusing of its kind we have ever seen.

Then followed the distribution of Prizes to the school children by Mrs. Harley, who had an encouraging word for each recipient.

The following is the list of prize winners :—

Prize List, Schools, 1st Battn. The Buffs.

1. Ruth Bloomfield, - Church Service.
2. Charles Cheesman - Every Boy's Book.
3. Mary Eaton - Longfellow's Birthday Book.
4. Georgina Bagg - Girl's Own Annual.
5. Annie Eaton - Girl's Own Annual.
6. Curtis Bloomfield - Boy's Own Annual.
7. Alice Hammond - Child's Bible, Illustrated.
8. William Nicholas - Our Armies, Illustrated.
9. Annie Featherstone - Child's Bible, Illustrated.
10. Hettie Nicholas - Child's Bible, Illustrated.
11. Edward Featherstone - Little Lord Fauntleroy.
12. Ada Newton - Red Fairy Book.
13. William Campbell - Green Fairy Book.
14. George Steele - Little Lord Fauntleroy.
15. Rose Bloomfield - Nonsense Songs and Stories.
16. Maggie Eaton - The Princess and Goblin.
17. John McNeir - Blue Fairy Book.
18. Reginald Birkhead - Little Lord Fauntleroy.
19. George West - Little Songs for Little People.
20. Mary West - The Funny Picture Book.
21. John Heppolette - Æsop's Fables.
22. Emily Hammond - The Wide Wide World.
23. Thomas Hammond - Young England.

Special prize for excellent conduct.

Ruth Bloomfield - Peep behind the Scenes.

No sooner were the prizes disposed of than Father Xmas appeared on the Stage with an immense bag of what he termed "Presents sent by Santa Claus for the Good Children."

The babies first received rattles from Father Xmas ; afterwards from his big bag more suitable toys were selected for the elder children, everyone from the youngest to the oldest receiv- a present.

By this time the young people were quite tired out, and were sent home laden, each one receiving an additional burden of oranges and bags of sweets before leaving.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Papers :—

The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.

The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W K. Regt.

The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.

The Army Service Corps Journal, with Supplement.

The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.

The 16th Lancers Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers.

The 5 & 9, The Lilywhites' Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.

The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.

St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

7th Regiment Gazette.—7th Regt. of New York. U.S.A.

1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E. S. Regt.

The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.

The Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infty. Weekly Budget and Light Bob Gazette. { Somerset Light Infty.

The Tiger & Sphinx.—Gordon Highlanders.

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.

The Vedette.—21st Hussars.

I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.

The Sutherland News.—2nd Bn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders.

The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.

"*Ours.*"—Princess of Wales Own Yorkshire Regt.

The 79th News.—79th Cameron Highlanders.

The XVI Monthly Journal,—1st Battn. Bedfordshire Regt.

The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.

The Globe and Laurel.—Royal Marines.

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A Way out of it.

"Private Mooney, you are drunk!"

"Divil a bit of it, sargint!"

"I say you *are* drunk!"

"No more drunk than yourself, sargint!"

"You're a liar Mooney!"

Smack! Thud!

"Guard turn out! Arrest that man!"

The sergeant had sprung to his feet. Dennis Mooney is seized by two files of his own comrades, deprived of his belt and side arm, and clapped under handcuffs in the tent that on the march serves for a guardroom.

Then he faces the situation, and it is so gloomy that he who has never been known to quail at the sight of steel or smoke groans as he thinks of it.

Court-martial, degradation, and the stripes almost within his grasp gone for ever, and the cat——!

For his offence had happened in the time of war—on the march across the Soudan desert, and the Articles of War are definite. Dennis is done for, all his hopes are blighted; the good will of his comrades, the esteem of his officers, who have marked his real "grit," these cannot save him, for these themselves will not survive the disgrace of the triangle and the lash—will not heal the scars the cruel thongs will make, not only on his back, but on his heart.

And so he sits brooding, while nothing save the tramp, tramp of the sentry without his tent and the distant howl of a stray jackal breaks the stillness of a hot night.

How hot the desert wind blows to-night into the tent! How does it come in such a body? What is that gleaming in the darkness? By Heaven, a star! One of the guy ropes of the tent has given way, and the canvas is flapping wide open in the night breeze that blows hot as a panther's breath. If Denny could only detach these bracelets! He twists and wrenches and jerks at them till the iron bites in his flesh, and his wrists are raw and bleeding. Snap! a flaw in the metal; one of them has gone. Concentrating all his muscular forces, he has wrenched one hand free: and the whole and the broken ring hang round the other wrist.

Stealthily he creeps through the aperture in the tent. In the darkness, the watch fires glimmer, scintillating on the bayonets of the sentries. Like a snake Denny writhes and crawls on the sand, till at last he is clear of the lines; then, springing to his feet, he runs like a deer, and only halts breathless; and there he stands, in the seeming illimitable desert, alone with the stars. Whither shall he pursue his journey? His purpose is vague; the only fixed point to escape the drum-head Court-Martial, the terrible triangle and lash. He has some undefined notion of reaching the bank of the Nile, which he knows flows some twenty miles to the right—of being taken aboard some trading vessel. The rest is blank.

So he tramps on and on over the yielding sand. A deserter! He who till yesterday was the smartest private in the ranks of the Onety Oneth.

What is that? A cloud resting on the horizon, and drifting nearer, nearer.

Denny falls prone and peers through the darkness across the ocean of sand towards what seems a distant ship upon it.

Troops! and natives moving in the direction of the encampment. A grey streak of dawn glimmers in the east, and Denny can see the pennons on their lances; also little points against the rising light no bigger than pins, but which he sees are spears.

By skirting to the left he can escape them. But then the brigade. They may be surprised. Then he remembers he is an Irishman, a comrade of the men who are sleeping, unconscious of the advancing enemy; and that he is a link, if a small one, of the chain that stretches over the earth—a soldier in the British Army. He will go back to the Court-martial, to the lash, maybe to the firing party. He will go back and raise the alarm.

To the right-about he turns, trotting, walking, running, dead beat, but pressing on and on. The troops behind have halted for the rest before the rush. There is yet time.

"Halt! Who goes there?" and the bayonet flashes in the starlight as the sentry brings his rifle to the point. "Stand! Who goes?"

"Deserter."

"Deserter, advance," and Denny, covered by

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the sentry's Martini-Henry, marches right up to the door of his own Colonel's tent.

In a moment the bugles are pealing, the brigade is in line. Denny having told his story, asks his Colonel, "Shall I go back to arrest, Sir?"

The Colonel pauses a moment, then replies, "Not yet, fall in with your company." And Denny is a soldier again. His heart beats high; perhaps a bullet or spear may cheat the Court-martial yet. And now the enemy's line is visible against the roseate sky-line. It is going to be a surprise party after all—only the surprise will be on the other side. They have the advantage of numbers, but our Gatlings will diminish that long before they get to close quarters. Not until the Soudanese were within rifle range did the brigade give any sign. Then suddenly the seeming sleeping host sprang into life, death-dealing life; a solid human line is thrown out across the plain, from the right wing of which the Nordenfeldts belch out destruction. The Soudanese waver; then a banner is seen fluttering in their front. It has been blessed by the Mahdi; he who bears it will lead them either to victory or through death to Paradise.

On they come like a human torrent—to be met by a human rock, a solid British square; and as the waves from the rocks they recede, panting exhausted, leaving their dead in their wake.

So far there has been no flash of steel, only the rattle of muskets. Now, the brigadier-general gives the order to open out; there is a merry chink along our line, and the bayonets flash in the now risen sun. The order for advance is given, the bugle peals out the "Charge!" then, with a wild cheer, our line, let loose, dash on the panic-stricken foe.

The Onety-Oneth are in the middle of it, and Private Mooney, not being by any means, a tall man, is in the middle of the Onety-Oneth. By his side is the sergeant, whom he was arrested for striking.

"It's hot work, Denny," says the sergeant as for a moment he stands panting for breath.

"Allah il Allah!" A white-robed figure, furious as though possessed of demons, hurled itself upon him.

Clink! the spear is met by the bayonet—Denny's bayonet, which in a moment is under the spear, in another under the ribs beneath the flowing robes.

"Denny, boy, I'm sorry I called you a liar."

Private Mooney makes no answer; he is too busy for conversation.

The blacks have made a stand, and are rallying round their sacred banner. Around it there is already a rampart of dead and dying. The Onety-Oneth have sworn to have that flag.

Through the belt of brave men defending it with their lives one company of the regiment is working its way even as a steel screw bites and worms its way through timber. Foremost in its line is a man with smoke-blacked face, streaked here and there with blood; at every thrust of his sword-bayonet a native falls; at last he grapples the banner and wrests it from the hands of its dying bearer. A cheer rises from the brigade. The Soudanese, disorganised, collapsed, turn and fly, save such of them as cannot escape the fleeter death behind them.

Then the pursuers return to their base. The brigade is paraded; the Colonel of the Onety-Oneth attends the Brigadier-General as he rides along their lines.

"It is a terrible thing to have to put such a brave man under arrest," says the General, "but what else can we do?"

"There's no way out of it," said the Colonel, "Insubordination, striking a superior officer, then desertion! We're bound hand and foot. He ought to get his stripes and the Victoria Cross, but we must satisfy the Articles of War."

Private Mooney is ordered twenty-five paces to the front. A murmur of pity and admiration travels along the line as he advances.

"Halt! Present! Shun! Private Mooney, I would to God I could spare you. You're a gallant soldier. You've saved us from a surprise; maybe, we owe this victory to you. You have fought like a hero. But," the old warrior bites the lip under his white monstache, "there is no way out of it. Duty is the soldier's all in all, whether he be a private or a commanding officer."

He gave the order for Denny's arrest; the sergeant, with tears in his eyes, orders two files to advance to the front to make it.

There is a way out of it after all. As they march up to Private Mooney, he sinks back into

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their arms. Opening his tunic they see where the life blood is gushing fast away from a spear wound in his side.

There is a smile on his lips, though they are paling as he murmurs,

"There is a way out of it, after all. The best way in the world, boys!"

The smoke of the volley that is his comrade's last farewell has scarcely died away in the breathless air when the order for advance is given, and the brigade moves forward, leaving Private Dennis Mooney there in the desert, in a soldier's grave.

The Jullundur Week.

IT is a little difficult, even in the company of Gurkhas, to be jovial when the rain is coming down in a chilling downpour and on Sunday the first day of the week it looked as if the rain had set in for a steady week's work. Disconsolate cricketers put on *barsati* coats and went to look at the picturesque lake that represented the cricket ground, and the more energetic souls organised a football match—to come off on the Monday, between the Buffs' Officers and the Gurkha visitors. The list of players was duly drawn up and the enthusiasm for the coming struggle was on Sunday evening of the keenest; but on Monday morning, when a reminder was sent round to the team, it was marvellous what a number of engagements had interfered, and so the match never came off.

Cricket was out of the question on Monday; but the rain stopped. It was a half-hearted sort of cessation, for instead of clearing up in a gentlemanly manner and showing a bright blue sky, the weather sulkily consented not to rain; but kept a threatening grey sky overhead.

The evening brought with it the Buffs' dance. From daylight Sergt. Clifton and his assistants had been at work—and on the Sunday afternoon most of the Subalterns had spent an hour or two with hammers and nails and the result was good. The dancing room of the club, which in its ordinary guise is a large empty room with lemon coloured walls, was turned into an arrangement in buff and blue. The ceiling was all buff and blue, in parallel stripes, and four broad streamers of the Regimental Colours drooped from the chandelier and were caught up at the corners of the ceiling. The dado was buff and blue and the curtains carried out the same scheme of decoration. Groups of lances twined with the all-present buff and blue were against the walls—we may have carried long spears at some prehistoric period—and bayonet stars and shields with the various devices of the Regiment on them were distributed about the walls. In one of the recesses formed by the bow windows the drums formed the foundation of a glittering trophy with a buff back ground to show it up, and at the other window Mr. Birkhead conducting the band found himself enshrined in an arbor of blossoms.

There was a tent for the male guests to smoke in and the most energetic helper among the subalterns spent much thought and ingenuity in constructing *kala juggas* which were marvels of concealment.

On a buffet in the billiard room was piled the regimental silver, the group of the Polish Lancer hacking at the gallant Latham standing high above the surrounding cups, and the billard table was turned into a supper table.

The floor, which a crowd of small native boys had rubbed and dusted and bottled all day, was excellent; there were twelve dances and two extras, and next day everybody said "Why did'nt you give us more," which was a proof that the programme was just of the right length. Mrs. Harley received the guests and the ladies of the Regiment were all present.

The clerk of the weather was out of his sulks, and Tuesday opened with a cloudless sky.

Cricket was the order of the day but the scribe who indites this is not much of a cricketer, though he did make 50 once in a match against the second eleven of the sergeants, and having business elsewhere—barracks are elsewhere—did not see very much of the game. All he is personally prepared to vouch for is that arriving early in the afternoon on the ground he found the Jullundur eleven watching anxiously the batting of their men at the wicket, for there

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were some ten runs more to be made and only one more man to join. Presently a great shout came from the field for the ninth wicket was down. The Gurkhas were on their metal, it was their ambition to show an unbroken record of victory throughout their tour, and if careful fielding and steady bowling could save the match they intended to win it. Whack! and the ball went to the boundary for four, the two last men were stepping out and swiping as if there were half a dozen men to follow them. Whack! and again the ball went into the long field. Whack! and a cheer from the pavilion showed that the Gurkha score had been topped and that Jullundur had won the match. Our cricketing editor will give you all details elsewhere in this noble journal.

In the evening all Jullundur, in carriages and tumtums and gharries sped barrackwards to the big thatched bungalow, which contains the theatre, to see the Variety show.

The big room was crammed, front, second, and third seats were all full to overflowing and it is said that money was turned away from the doors.

At 9.30 sharp Mr. Birkhead's baton brought the band to attention and away they went at the overture. Then followed Sergeant Eaton, attired in the swallow tail of the man of fashion, to tell in simple melody the tale of a lady who had a "Simple pimple" on her nose. The back seats came to the front (*joke*) with a rousing chorus, and everybody was put in a good humour to start with. A quartette, with the Messrs. Cumber and one of the Miss Cumbers as excellent violinists, and the other Miss Cumber at the piano, brought such a thunder of applause that it seemed as if the Draconian law of the stage manager as to no encores being allowed would have to be broken through, and then Mrs. Hind, sang "She wandered down the mountain side." Mrs. Hind was in splendid voice and sang with a sureness and finish that are rarely attained by amateurs. "Ting, ting," went the prompter's bell, the band began a gavotte air, and Mrs Maturin tripped on to the stage for her skirt dance. Very light and very deft and very graceful was the verdict, and the lady carried off with her an armful of bouquets.

The first part concluded with a scene in pantomime, real pantomime, which means dumb play, in which Private Sheppard as a British subaltern, looking very distinguished and smart in his polo kit, Sergeant Eaton as a grey-bearded Afghan horse-coper and Private Burgess as the steed of the desert—our old friend the Blondin donkey under another name—played a little farce, showing how the subaltern, being sick with love, swears to win his lady by most gallant deeds, and in pursuance of this high resolve doth purchase from a wild man of the mountain a steed whereon to play polo, and of the mischance that befel the subaltern in striving to curb the rebellious child of the desert.

It was very well played by all, and a quarter of an hour of dumb show takes a lot of study and work, easy as it looks, and the curtain went down on the first part to a big burst of applause.

The Jullundur banjo band, chiefly composed of charming and beautiful ladies, opened the second part with a lively march, followed by Mrs. Leckie who sang very sweetly "Sailing," with a thunderous chorus from the back benches, and after "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell," by Major Newnham Davis, came "Tommy Atkins," by Mr. Trevor, with accompaniment by the band and a stirring chorus. First the front benches caught the air and joined in and finally the whole great room echoed with the words—

> Tommy, Tommy Athins, you're a good'un heart and hand,
> You're a credit to your country and to all your native land;
> May your luck be never failing, may your girl be ever true,
> God bless you Tommy Atkins, here's your country's love to you.

Sergeant Roach played a brilliant clarionet solo, and then with lights half down and magnesium wire flaring at the wings, Mrs. Maturin, in dark draperies and with gold and black wings at her shoulders, flitted about the stage as a dancing Will o' the Wisp, as lightly and brightly as the little flame she represented.

Mr. McDouall and Sergeant Eaton finished the programme with a song and dance, which received its full complement of laughs, and there only remained to say on that evening good-bye and good luck to our guests, the Gurkhas, who were off, five on an ekka, so 'tis said, to catch the midnight train for Ferozepore.

(*To be continued on Page 13.*)

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Regimental Items.

2nd Lieut. F. S. Reeves, having landed in India on the 27th December 1893, he is taken on the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly and posted to "D" Company.

2nd Lieut. R. E. Power, having landed in India on the 4th inst., he is taken on the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly.

No. 2058 Lance-Sergeant D. Revell has been permitted to extend his period of Army Service to complete 12 years with the Colors.

The undermentioned men have been permitted to extend their period of Army Service to 12 years with the Colors on appointment as Drummers :—

No. 2803 Private W. J. Sedgewick.
„ 2829 „ E. Dixon.
„ 3348 „ A. Hills.

The undermentioned Officers were, on the 1st December 1893, granted Officers' Extra Certificates of Musketry at Changli Gully :—

Lieut. L. I. B. Hulke.
„ J. Hasler.

The undermentioned non-commissioned officers were, on the 1st December 1893. granted Warrant and N.C. Officers' Certificates of Musketry at Changli Gully :—

No. 1178 Color-Sergeant G. Cork.
„ 945 „ C. Peters.

Sergeant D. Sheppard was granted a Warrant and N.C. Officers' Certificate of Musketry at an examination held at Pachmari.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotion:—

To be Color-Sergeant—
No. 632 Sergeant J. Smith,

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments:—

To be Lance-Corporal—
No. 3691 Pte. J. T. Rees,
„ 3064 „ A. Collard,
„ 3109 „ R. Austin,
„ 3460 „ R. Ormsby,
„ 3447 „ C. Williams,
„ 3683 „ W. Relph.

To be Drummers—
No. 2803 Pte. W. Sedgewick,
„ 1151 „ P. Breen,
„ 2829 „ E. Dixon,
„ 3348 „ A. Hills,
„ 3505 „ R. Beazley,
„ 3363 Boy C, Tozer,
„ 3734 „ A. Moore.

Capt. L. G. N. Eales passed the examination in Hindustani by the Lower Standard on the 2nd January 1894.

The undermentioned men are granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names.

"A" Company.

3659	Pte. W. Cox,	1d.	Granted	1-1-94
3508	„ G. Moss,	1d.	„	20-1-94
3269	„ J. Drury,	1d.	Restored	21-9-93
328	Lce-Cpl. T. Hammond,	3d.	Granted	25-1-94
2077	Pte. C. Hook	2d.	„	31-12-93
2679	„ C. Freeman	1d.	Restored	3-10-93
3694	„ R. Sedgewick	1d.	Granted	19-12-93

"B" Company.

2599	Pte. W. Clarke	1d.	Restored	21-9-93
3371	„ F. Hicks	1d.	Granted	9-12-93
3634	„ H. Harnden	1d.	„	17-11-93
3598	„ W. Fassoms	1d.	„	14-10-93
422	„ W. Hawkins, Resumes	1d.	G. C. Pay on reduction	21-10-93.

"C" Company.

164	Pte. J. Sutton	3d.	Granted	9-1-
2572	„ P McGrath	1d.	Restored	21-9-93
2799	„ W King	1d.	„	21-9-93
3665	„ W. Webb	1d.	Granted	4-1-94

"D" Company

2411	Pte. E Collins	2d.	Granted	9-1-94
2397	„ E Cork	2d.	„	3-1-94
2396	„ T Pettette	2d.	„	12-1-94
3670	„ S Box	1d.	„	20-1-94

"E" Company.

3278	Pte. J Lawler	1d.	Granted	7-12-93
3691	„ J T Rees	1d.	„	10-12-93
3274	„ G P Dundas	1d.	Restored	6-12-93

"F" Company

2395	Pte. A Bourne	1d.	Granted	22-12-93
3666	„ H Warr	1d.	„	7-1-94
2389	„ J Ballard	2d.	„	20-12-93

"G" Company.

3117	Pte. E Seagrave	1d.	Granted	4-1-94

"H" Company

2601	Pte. A Bailey	2d.	Granted	24-1-94
3629	„ W Gilham	1d.	„	12-11-93
2379	„ G Townsend	2d.	„	8-12-93
2461	„ H May	1d.	Restored	21-9-93

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The Jullundur Week.

(*Continued.*)

ON Wednesday the 27th P.I. were at home at their mess. The Park, and badminton, lawn-tennis and rounders were the chief amusements. When it grew dark a big bonfire in the grounds was lighted and some fifty of the Pathans of the Regiment who had marched into the compound headed by a pipe and native drums began to dance around it. The men were in mufti and in their long white garments looked very picturesque. Their first dance was one without swords, a gradually quickening movement round the fire, to the music of the squeaking pipe and the different toned drums, with much twisting of hands and swaying of arms.

The second dance was the far famed Cuttack sword dance, a dance which tells the story of a captured village set on fire and the slaughter of the inhabitants as they try to escape.

All the dancers carry swords, some hold two, one in each hand, and as they twist and whirl in the movements of the dance there is continually the swish of sword cuts as the dancers hack and hew at their imaginary victims. The drums quicken their beat as the dance goes on, and the dancers move quicker and quicker, working up their excitement until at last they stop from pure exhaustion. The *mise en scene* at the 27th's mess was excellent, the great bonfire casting its light on the rows of ladies sitting under a shamiana and the circle of burly picturesque hill men in their picturesque garb all moving in perfect unison, at one moment silhouettes against the blaze, the next twisting into the full glare of the fire. Red and blue "flares" lighted on the outside of the circle added to the weirdness of the effects.

On Thursday the Buffs' polo team encountered a team picked from the rest of the Garrison on the polo ground behind the Quarter-Guard. The 14th B. L. had sent a tent down to the ground and by means of many flowering plants had converted the space before it into a lawn and flower garden. Our team had throughout the best of the game being the better mounted team of the two. Our polo correspondent has been particularly requested to send in a full report which, no doubt, will be found elsewhere.

The subscription dance on Thursday night showed no falling off either in numbers or spirit from the gathering of Monday.

Surgeon-Colonel Shearer, the energetic Hony. Secretary of the Club, gave great attention to the decoration and the result was excellent. The lances round the walls bore the red and white pennons of the 14th B.L., one of the bow windows was draped with crimson and blue, the colours of the Gunners and a gun thrust its muzzle through a mass of palms. The other recess was khaki and scarlet, in honour of the 27th P.I. and a stalwart Pathan in the uniform of the corps stood sentry over a small brass field piece, captured by the regiment in Burma, and finally, the buff and blue draperies and stars of bayonets left up from the regimental dance gave due prominence to the Buffs.

Friday was almost a *dies non* for the wind was so high that badminton, which was the game of the day, could only be played with difficulty.

The band of the Regiment played in the gardens; but it was too cold and windy for outdoor amusements and the dancers began to congregate early at the club for two or three waltzes before dinner.

Saturday ended the week with a very cheery gymkhana—again look for our special corresdent's report—with H. H. The Maharaja of Kapurthala and all the beauty and fashion of Jullundur looking on. The Lloyd-Lindsay competition and the mule race brought large entries. It was surprising to see what a bad shot the British Officer makes at a bottle with a brick.

In the mule race our last joined subaltern attired in a huge pair of scarlet Turkish unmentionables attracted much attention.

District Assault-at-Arms.

MEEAN MEER.

Single Sticks.

Pte. Guthrie, "B" Company, 1st Prize Rs 15.

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Pte. Hobbs, "A" Company, 2nd Prize Rs.10.

Fencing.

Sergt. Stirke, "C" Company, 1st Prize Rs. 20
Cr.-Sgt. Cork, "H" „ 2nd „ Rs. 10

Bayonet *v.* Bayonet.

Pte. Hobbs, "A" Company, 3rd Prize Rs. 5.

Horizontal & Parallel Bars.

Cr.-Sgt. Cork, "H" Company, 1st Prize Rs. 30
Lce.-Sgt. Marshall, "C" „ 2nd „ Rs. 15

Best Man at Arms.

Cr.-Sgt. Cork, "H" Company, 1st Prize Rs.30
Lce.-Sgt. Marshall, "C" „ 2nd „ Rs. 15

Bayonet Exercise.

1st Prize—The Buffs' Team, Prize Rs. 80.
Instructor—Color.-Sergt. Watts, "G" Company

Corpl. Judges,	"H"	Company.
Lce.-Corpl. Ralph	"G"	„
„ „ Winder	"A"	„
Private Tiller	„	„
„ Hobbs	„	„
„ Hughes	„	„
„ Scott	"C"	„
„ Oliver	„	„
„ Savory	"B"	„
„ Ford	„	„
„ Booker	"D"	„
„ Baker	"E"	„
„ Wherle	„	„
„ Odd	"F"	„
„ Tapsell	"G"	„
„ Mercer	"H"	„

Waiting Men.

Private Mockett	"A"	Company.
„ Sales	"G"	„
„ Burstow	„	„

Physical Drill.

1st Prize, The Buffs' Team, Rs. 80.
Same Team and same Instructor as for Bayonet Exercise.

Transport Loading.

1st Prize, The Buffs' Team, Rs. 80
Commander—Color.-Sergt. Watts, "G" Company

Corpl. Judges	"H"	Company
Lce.-Corpl. Ralph	"G"	„
„ „ Winder	"A"	„
Private Hobbs	„	„
„ Hughes	„	„
„ Mockett	„	„
„ Tiller	„	„
„ Oliver	"C"	„
„ Williams	"D"	„
Private Wherle	"E"	Company,
„ Odd	"F"	„
„ Sales	"G"	„
„ Tapsell	„	„
„ Burstow	„	„
„ Mercer	"H"	„

Polo Match.

THE BUFFS *v.* THE STATION.

This match took place on Thursday the 25th January, and after a good game resulted in favour of the Buffs by 5 goals and 3 subsidiaries to 1 goal and 1 subsidiary. The ground was not all that could be desired, and play was at times a bit sticky—but after the rain that there had been, the players were lucky to get a ground at all to play on. Some good play was shown by Mr. Hasler and Mr. Taylor for their respective sides. The Buffs being better mounted than their opponents, gave them a great advantage, as the station full back probably found out, as the Buffs No. 1 kept so close that his play was very much hampered, and if the Station had not had a tower of strength in their No. 3, Mr. Taylor, the score against them would have been greater than it was. Mr. Annesley made an efficient back, and Mr. Cobbe was always in his place as 3, one of the hardest things to do in the whole game. Most of the Station turned out to watch the game and to do justice to the excellent sweets and cakes at the 14th "At Home" on the Polo ground.

The Buffs' team, with the exception of their No. 1, is the same as is going to Lucknow, and we hope that they will make as good a show at the Infantry Tournament there.

Sides as follows:—

THE BUFFS.

Lieut. Annesley	back
„ Cobbe	3
„ Hasler	2
Capt. Philips	1

STATION.

Lieut. Huges 14th B.L.	back
„ Taylor „ „	3
Major Allason, R. A.	2
Capt. Younghusband 14th B.L.	1

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CRICKET.

GOORKAH BRIGADE *V* JULLUNDUR.

Played at Jullundur on 23rd January 1894. Won by Jullundur.

Cumber bowled well, and Fox and Allason batted well for Jullundur, Rose, Walker and Brown, played well for the Goorkhas.

Goorkhas. 1st Innings		Goorkhas 2nd Innings.	
Mr. Walker b Cumber	10	not out	33
„ Rose l b w Cumber ...	17	b Cumber ...	25
„ H.B. Champain st. Craven [b Northern	9		
„ Brown run out ...	17		
„ Money b Northern ...	11		
„ A. B. Champain c Slee [b Hughes	13		
Capt. Hatch b Northern ...	0	b Cumber ...	0
Mr. Thompson b Cumber ...	8		
„ Johnson b Cumber ...	11		
„ Watson not out ...	1	b Cumber ...	29
„ Ducat b Cumber ...	0		
Extras ...	8	Extras ...	6
	105		93

Jullundur.

Pte. Lawrence, Buffs, c Thompson b Brown	0
Mr. Fox run out	25
Mr. C. H. S. Cumber st. Champain b Rose ...	7.
Major Allason, R.A. c Champain b Rose ...	47
Capt. Slee R.A. c & b Brown	0
Lieut. Craven R.E. b Brown ...	6
Lieut. Perkins, Buffs, b Brown	0
Lieut. Hughes 14th B.L. c Money b Brown ...	6
Pte. Wickens. Buffs, c Rose b Brown ...	0
Lieut. Robertson, R.A., c Brown, b Rose ...	12
Gunner Northern, R.A.. not out ...	3
Extras	7
	113

ODDS AND ENDS.

TOMMIE on the Range—a bad 3rd Class shot at Firing Point. 1st and 2nd Shots fired are signalled "misses."

After firing 3rd shot, Captain waits a short time for result to be signalled and then remarks: "They have evidently not seen that one."

Tommie—"It left here all right Sir."

In battle a soldier was wounded in the head by a sword. The surgeon examined the wound and told the man that as the weapon had not touched the brain there was every prospect of his recovery.

"Had I possessed any brain," said the soldier "I should not have been in this battle."

"What is that said a ruler at his banquet, "which did not come last year, has not come this year, and will not come next year?" An officer, unabashed, replied, "It must surely be our back pay." Instead of being punished for his humour, the man received what was due to him, and was promoted to a higher position.

He is a Brick.

If this is slang, it is really classical slang. And yet, of the thousands who use the phrase, how few know its origin or its primitive significance. Truly, it is a heroic things to say of a man, to call him a "brick." The word so used, if not twisted from its original intent, implies all that is brave, patriotic, and loyal. Plutarch, in his life of Agesilaus, King of Sparta, gives us the origin of the quaint and familiar expression. On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the king over his capital. The ambassador knew that, though only nominally a King of Sparta, he was yet a ruler of Greece, and he looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defence of the chief towns; but he found nothing of the kind. He marvelled much at this, and spoke of it to the King. "Sire," he said, I have visited most of thy principal towns, and find no walls reared for defence. Why is this?" "Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Agesilaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning, and I will show you the walls of Sparta." On the following morning the King led his guest out upon the plains, where his army was drawn up in full battle array, and pointing proudly to the serried host, he said, "There, sir, thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men, and *every man a brick!*"

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Christmas and New Year Cards.

A very large selection of all the newest and most fashionable Cards of the present season.

Chromo-Lithograph Cards.
The variety of pattern, and the beauty of design of these Cards becomes more noticeable year by year.

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A special artist has been engaged upon these productions, and the selection of water color paintings of flowers in pure wash and in body color is exceptionally fine. Prices from Re. 1 to Rs. 120.

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A very large selection of Platinotype Photographs of Indian Views and Native Character Sketches, most suitable for sending to friends in England.
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Special Cards.
Messrs. Thacker, Spink & Co. will be pleased to receive early orders for Cards to be specially printed or stamped with die or monogram.
Pattern Cards for approval and proof sent.

CALENDARS FOR 1894.

The Daily Business Calendar.
A hollow, varnished Bronze Stand, 6½ by 4 by 2½ inches, closed at one end, with a Brass-nutted Pin at the other end for holding Calendar block.
Complete, with Block for 1894. Re. 1-8.
Spare Blocks for 1894, for old Stand, As. 12.
The Daily Business Memo. Calendar Stand is just the Porcelain Engagement Tablet, with the only difference of its being in Bronze and larger.

Block Calendars for 1894.
Consisting of a Card (size 10 by 8) for hanging on the— with design in colours. The dates are printed in large figures—

The "Shakespeare," with quotations from Shakespeare's works	Re.	1	0
The "Every Day," with quotations from Eminent Authors	„	1	0

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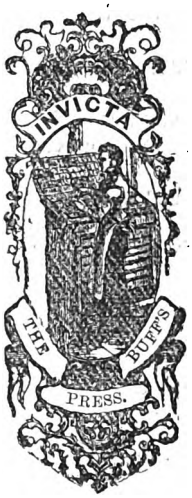
THE BUFFS' REGIMENTAL PRESS.



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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 83. **JULLUNDUR, February 28th 1894.** Price, Annas 2.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

CLIFTON.—At Jullundur, on the 22nd January, the wife of No. 593 Sergeant E. R. Clifton, of a son, Edwin James Warren.

MCNEIR.—At Jullundur, on the 3rd January, the wife of No. 3700 Private M. McNeir, of a son. Alfred George.

HAMMOND.—At Jullundur, on the 14th inst., the wife of Lce.-Corpl. T. Hammond, of a son. Alfred James.

AVIS.—At Ghaziabad, on the 12th inst., the wife of Sergt.-Instructor G. Avis, Unattached List, of a daughter Cora Sybil.

Marriages.

BIZLEY—CARTER.—On the 10th December, Drum-Major Bizley, 2nd Battn. The Buffs. to Miss Carter.

SMITH—KENNETT.—At St Mildred's Church, Canterbury, by the Revd. J. Parmiter, Rector, Sergeant John George Smith, 1st Battn. The Buffs, fourth son of George Smith, Photographer, Canterbury, to Elizabeth Harriet Kennett, only daughter of Thomas Kennett, Engineer, London Fire Brigade.

NOTES.

THE first warning of the hot weather has come, though as yet only in a change from the biting cold of mid-winter to the softer air of spring. The rain came down in the early days of the month with a will and on the last day of the inspection the regiment marched past through a sheet of water; but towards the end of the month fine weather came again bringing a sun to be guarded against at mid-day and evenings and mornings mild enough to make a lounge in the open air a pleasure. The country round the station is one great sheet of green with crops

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now grown knee high and the foot hills of the Himalayas, to which men's eyes are beginning to turn, stand clear of their winter's covering of snow.

... ...

In our climate at all events our change from Calcutta to Jullundur has been an improvement. We hear that in the Bengal capital the hot weather has set in some six weeks before it was due and that the punkahs are now in full swing.

... ...

The clerk of the weather treated us unkindly on the days of our inspection, sending on the Friday the most uncomfortable weather possible to see us through a long day's work. The regiment had fallen in on parade on Friday at 7.30 in the morning and was to have marched to some ground beyond the Artillery Lines to throw out outposts ; but just as we were ready to march off a great bank of cloud which had been creeping up from the west threw its shadow over the Station and brought with it a hurricane of wind followed by a sheet of bone chilling rain.

... ...

Throughout the Friday there was more rain than fine weather. We had dry coats for outpost work and wet ones for the attack, the physical drill was done in a wind that piped an accompaniment to the band and the range in the afternoon was a slough of despond.

... ...

But on Saturday the weather mended and the long line drawn up in review order to receive the General stood in the glare of the bright sunshine though facing a lake which would have been an ornament to any park but was a little disconcerting in front of a saluting post. However, as is our custom, we did the best we could under the circumstances and that best Lord Frankfort told us afterwards was good.

... ...

Few Generals consider their words of praise more carefully than Lord Frankfort does and therefore the speech made by him as Inspecting General to the Regiment on parade carries with it a note of praise beyond the ordinary. Speaking to Lieut.-Colonel Harley at the head of the Regiment he told him that it was scarcely necessary to assure him that the report upon the regiment would be a very favourable one. Lord Frankfort also referred in terms of high praise to the works of all ranks, remarked favourably on the drill, and singled out especially the physical drill and the bayonet exercise, saying that he believed that a better performance of these two exercises could not be seen anywhere. In conclusion our General after speaking of the healthy and contented look of all ranks bade us farewell till he came again in the hot weather.

... ...

Any of the older soldiers amongst us who may remember the 32nd in the old days, when they were at the Cape and were under Lord Frankfort's command, will know that there is no soldier better qualified to judge of the smartness of a regiment than the Colonel of that then magnificent corps.

... ...

We did not win the Infantry Polo Cup at Lucknow. We intend to do so one of these days; but the date is at present unsettled. Our team however had a very good time and did their level best for the credit of the regiment, and if we had to be beaten there is no corps from whose hands a defeat carries less sting than from those of the kindliest of hosts and best of good fellows, the Royal Irish. That our team made three goals against the four of the Irishmen proves that the match was a very even one.

... ...

Lucknow, pleasantest of winter stations, is unfortunately one of the unhealthiest and has innumerable alleys and nullahs and holes which breed disease. We are afraid that the severe fever which for a time prostrated one of our team on his return must be attributed to the Capital of the North West Provinces.

... ...

"C" Company has defeated "E" in the final tie for the Association Cup. The first game was indecisive neither side scoring at all ; but in the second game "C" scored two goals to nothing. Both games were excellent ones.

... ...

We find that most unintentionally we did not give our Sergeants credit for the full measure of hospitality that they always offer to passing

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corps. While mentioning that they did the honors of the station to the sergeants of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders we should have added that they extended the same measure of welcome to the 5th Fusiliers and the Gordons.

... ...

The week's holiday that succeeded the inspection was taken advantage of by all our sportsmen, both officers and men, to go in pursuit of the wily black-buck and the elusive wild duck. Up to the time of going to press we have not heard of anything surprising in the way of a bag.

... ...

There is no "week" to record this month ; but all the same there has been plenty of gaiety and amusement. A paper chase with the meet near the Cantonment Station and a good four mile run over fair hunting country ; a very successful gymkhana in which the ladies' driving competition was the most interesting item ; a ladies' cricket match ; a subscription dance at the Club ; a smoking concert at the Regimental Theatre ; the Golf Club "at home" ; and at the club a performance of "*My Lord in Livery*" and "*A Dreadful Secret*" in which little pieces Major-Newnham-Davis made his farewell bow upon the Indian stage.

... ...

The photographer has been having a busy time in barracks lately, most companies being photoed *en masse*. Many teams and groups also have handed down their features to a no doubt admiring posterity through the art of the photographer.

... ...

"There are two Richmonds in the field." The Victoria and St. George's Rifle Volunteers have started a regimental paper and called it *The Dragon*. This is what The Broad Arrow has to say of the new venture.

"We have been favoured with copies of *The Dragon*, the monthly Gazette of the Victoria and St. George's Rifle Volunteers, which is an excellent publication, well got up and interesting. It is however somewhat unfortunate that the title chosen should be that which has for many years designated the regimental paper of The Buffs. The Volunteer *Dragon*, if we may so refer to the 1st Middlesex paper, is likely from its tone to do much to cement the recent amalgamation of the two distinguished corps which now form one battalion under Colonel Stanley Bird, whose portrait adorns the December number. The historical records of the old "Vics ' are commenced, and each number is marked by careful editing of much interesting and instructive matter.

... ...

We congratulate Capt. Annesley on his promotion and we hope before our next month's issue to see our Adjutant with two stars on each shoulder.

... ...

The team of sergeants who went down to Ferozepore seem to have had a most pleasant visit. We could not beat the Highlanders on the range but gave a good account of ourselves at all the other events. As will be seen by the account we publish the hospitality of our firm friends, The Ross-shire Buffs, was unlimited. We hope to see the sergeants of the Highlanders before long in our Station and to be able to give them as good a time as they gave us.

... ...

Sergt.-Major Featherstone has been the recipient this month of two splendid presents, one a silver salver, teapot and cream jug from the officers of the Battalion, and the othe. a tantalus stand from Capt. R. E. Philips.

The first was given in return for the trouble taken by the Sergt.-Major with the band during the absence of the Bandmaster on furlough last summer, and the other was from the Captain of his company whose Colour-Sergeant, Sergt.-Major Featherstone was for four years.

... ...

We must congratulate Sergt. Eaton on his success in the Lucknow Assault-at-Arms. For the best "Man at Arms" in India he was the last Infantryman left in the competition, being only beaten in the semi-final by that finished swordsman, Sergt.-Major Greenwood of the "Bays," the winner of the event.

... ...

The single sergeants were "at home" to the married sergeants and their friends on the Tennis Courts, outside their mess room, on Friday the 25th inst. Several good sets were played and light refreshments were provided by the "Hosts."

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The new draft which arrived at Karachi in the "Bothnia" on the 25th inst., are expected at Jullundur on 5th March.

... ...

It is a source of genuine regret to see so good and popular a soldier as Sergeant Crumby so seriously ill in hospital. It seems only the other day that he was playing Rugby-Football with the rest of us, as well and keenly as anyone, and now we see him in hospital as a bad patient. However, the last accounts are very reassuring and we shall shortly, we hope, see him back to his work in "C" Company. In the meantime he has our heartiest wishes for a quick and complete recovery.

... ...

Inter-Company cricket matches have not yet been started although various friendly games have been played on the Rugby-Football Ground. The Sergeants defeated "H" Company by 24 runs owing to the good services of Sergt. Golds, who had a long and merry life, and the good bowling of Sergts. Carnell and Marshall.

"B" Company are decidedly good and ought to do well against any company. Pte. Hasler and Lance-Corpl. Ormsby are batting well and Corporal Manville has been bowling several good length balls.

.. ..

On the 6th March the Officers are to play off the annual tie with the Sergeants. It is rumoured that two XIs will turn out, and we are also told that the game may be played with 17-a-side. However it is sure to be the cheery game it always has been and will be worth watching.

... ...

On the 26th Major Newnham-Davis got up some amateur theatricals: "My Lord in Livery," and "A Dreadful Secret." He himself was, it is needless to say, most excellent in both pieces. Mr. McDouall, the coming serio-comic, was capital as a "buttons" in the first piece. Mr. Robertson, 68th F. B. R. A., acted the difficult part of "Hopkins" with much life. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart's minuet was very pretty and *took* very well indeed. The other ladies who helped to amuse us, Mrs. Stewart and Miss Barlow, looked charming, and their acting was better. The second piece, a dialogue between Major Newnham-Davis and Mrs. Rose, gave both of them chances to show their acting qualities which they were by no means slow in taking. Their success was very decided and the applause after Mrs. Rose's "Daisy Bell" and on the fall of the curtain was hearty and prolonged.

... ...

On the 1st a Regimental Team, as representative as circumstances allowed, played the rest of Jullundur. The number of runs by which we were defeated on the first innings is not at all a criterion of the respective strengths of the teams. We ought really to have had the services of Mr. Cumber, an excellent bowler and a better bat. He has now left Jullundur for Pindi where he will doubtless have many a good innings. Our weak point was the bowling as Capt. Eales and Pte. Wickens were both out of practice. Pte. Bourne is not bowling as well now as he was 12 months ago.

... ...

A very amusing letter on the opium commission, which we received from a correspondent, we are compelled to hold over for want of space.

... ...

A will written with a pencil on a stone was once admitted to probate in the United States. The author of "Gossip of the Century" tells a story still more curious:—

"Two British soldiers, comrades, while talking over the chances of war on the eve of a battle, agreed that whichever of them survived the other should inherit all his possessions. To ensure the carrying out of their agreement, they made their wills. As paper and pens were not at hand, they scratched their "last will and testament" on a horn lantern, with a rusty nail.

"The battle was fought, and one of the comrades was killed. The other man, in course of time, returned to England, carrying with him the singular document. He took it to Doctors Commons, where it was proved and allowed.

"Then it appeared that the poor fellow who had died in battle had, without hearing of it, inherited property yielding £200 a year, and the legatee under the horn lantern will received the inheritance.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

HOME BATTALION.

Dear Mr. Editor,

My first letter in the new year must begin by assuring our friends in the 1st Battalion of our good wishes for their health and happiness in 1894, and for the continual prosperity of the DRAGON.

There is not much to record in the way of news during the past month.

The first draft left headquarters on the 2nd December under command of Captain Fowle, 1st Bedfordshire Regiment, and we heard that all embarked safely, and now the second is preparing to start on the 1st February, a good deal earlier than had been expected,

Lieut. Bainbridge and his Mounted Infantry Detachment proceeded to Aldershot on the 4th December, and on their way through London were indebted to the forethought and kindness of Captain Colley, 4th Vol. Battn. Royal West Surrey Regt., who provided breakfast for the detachment at Waterloo Station on the morning of the 5th.

The District Inspector of Musketry paid us a visit on the 14th and made his musketry inspection of the battalion.

On the same date 2nd Lieut. Greenway proceeded to Castlebar for duty with the detachment.

Christmas passed off very quietly; great preparations were made by various companies in the way of decorations, and the ladies and officers who accompanied Colonel Kelly in his visit to each of the rooms were much struck with the ingenuity and taste displayed, especially by the Drummers' mess, which was generally acknowledged to be the best, though closely rivalled by "G" Company.

On Sunday, December 10th, after Divine Service, the Commanding Officer, in the presence of the battalion, presented to Colour-Sergeant Westcott the testimonial awarded to him by the Royal Humane Society for his gallant attempt (in conjunction with Captain Williams) to save the life of a comrade at Galway last summer, under circumstances recorded in a former number of the DRAGON.

Captain Williams is also the recipient of a similar award,

Lieut. Marriott has passed in subjects *(c)* and *(d)* for promotion to the rank of Captain (Distinguished in Tactics).

1st Class Certificates of Education have been awarded to Sergt. I. of M. Johnson and Sergt. O.R.C. Erlam.

The following promotions and appointments have been notified in orders during the past month :—

To be Sergeants.

Lance-Sergeant A. Grindley *vice* Smith, and W. Stanger *vice* Hall.

To be paid Lance-Sergeant.

Lance-Sergeant E. West.

To be Corporals.

Lance-Corporals C. Pringle, A. Spicer, C. Abrams.

To be paid Lance-Corporals.

Lance-Corporals W. Brown, B. Inglis, F. Johns, R. Seal, W. Morley, T. Bowen.

To be Lance-Corporals.

Privates Moutrion, A. Green, W. Tutt, R. Allen, H. Bromley, F. Hollingwood, F. Collins, F. Burchett, H. Bizley.

Discharges, Transfers, etc., during December.

Sergeant A. Grindley joins the battalion on transfer from the Depot.

Transferred to Army Reserve,

No. 2154 Private J. E. Dixon.

„ 2216 „ E, Kitchenham (Band).

Discharged.

Privates A. Lawrence, G. Page, G. Tompkins, H. Stevens, G. Wetherall, F. Prior, G. Mason.

Corporal C. Davison has joined from the Depot for duty.

No. 2190 Private E. Quy has been permitted to extend his service with the Colours to 12 years.

Private H. M. Bizley has joined the battalion on transfer from the Royal Marines; he is a younger brother of our Drum-Major, whose marriage with the daughter of Mr. Carter, Canteen Steward, took place on the 10th December.

I had hoped to have been able to forward an outside criticism on the "Private Secretary," as represented by Colonel Kelly's troupe (which by the way he was asked to take down to the Curragh in order to give a performance there), but the local newsman got so mixed in his ideas that one can only suppose that he viewed it through a medium, spirituous or otherwise, and his account is almost incomprehensible, I therefore enclose it for your private delectation and warning.

The Magpie Minstrels performance to which we had all been looking forward, was fixed to take place during the last week of the year, but had to be indefinitely postponed owing to an outbreak of influenza, which laid low most of the "Magpies." Much sympathy was felt for Colonel Kelly, who had worked very hard to ensure success, and who was himself one of the victims.

YOURS FAITHFULLY,

SECUNDUS.

Dear Mr. Editor.

In your January issue, slight errors of description have been made I think in the numbers and one man's name in the notice of "Old Buffs deceased."

They should read No. 1/3rd 1086 Pte George Peck and 1/3rd 1065 Pte. William A. Smith.

While writing I may as well mention that both were great favourites throughout the Battalion, and amongst the men Peck was as a rule called "Nosey" but more often "Snouty,' the reason for these nicknames is obvious. For years and years cricket matches were incomplete without Peck, he was the recognised Umpire of the Battalion, and if by any chance duty prevented him standing umpire he would somehow or another contrive to be on the spot just as the refreshments arrived. He had very quaint and as a rule original sayings and used to keep his listeners in roars of laughter. During the latter part of his service he was servant to Mr. Kekewich (now Major) and I believe a very useful one he was.

Smith was born in The Buffs; after enlistment he joined the Band where he was christened "Clown Smith" and known by

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that name up to the day he left : why he was called this I never knew for as a rule every Smith in the Buffs was and is still known as "Shiner," but this man was an exception to the rule. Both Smith and Peck were very good soldiers and left the service with their full complement of good conduct badges.

Yours truly,
P. Q.

BUFF SERGEANTS AT FEROZEPORE.

Dear Sir,

In accepting a very sporting challenge received from our old friends the members of the Sergeants' Mess, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, stationed at Ferozepore, sixteen members of our own Sergeants' Mess left this Station at 12 midnight, the 21st inst., to shoot, play cricket, football, &c., &c., for the honor of the "Good Old Corps." The team, myself among the number, arrived at Ferozepore about 9 a.m., and from the hour of our arrival at the Railway Station until our departure on the 24th inst., the hospitality of the gallant "Rosshire Buffs" was unbounded. Gharries and phætons were at the Railway Station to convey us to barracks, provided by the Highlanders, and as we raced along the almost deserted road, more than one spot was recognised by those who took part in the Battle of Ferozepore in December last. On arrival in barracks we found that every little detail for our comfort had been carefully thought out, for in very quick time we were all settled in very comfortable quarters. As we had been travelling all night, our captain of the shooting team considered it advisable to rest that day and shoot the next. In the evening we witnessed a football tie between "A" and "G" Companies of the "Rosshires," in which the former won, after a hard and fast game, although I was of opinion that the latter were the best team, but had the usual hard luck.

Color-Sergeant Makin, who was entrusted with the whole arranging and carrying out of the programme during our stay, deserves great credit, the proverbial hitch was conspicuous by its absence, which as your correspondent "Bobby," once remarked, speaks volumes. At 8 p.m. billiards commenced the series of events ; the game was played by four on each side, the first to play were Q.M.S. King and O.R.S. (Q.M.S.) Robertson, "Rosshires," against Q.M.S. Nicholas and Color-Sergeant Andrews, "The Buffs," time being limited, 100 could only be played by each four and 200 by the final. Color-Sergeant Andrews being in fine form the first game we easily disposed of our opponents, the game being called 100—48. Color-Sergt. Makin and Sergt. Walker then played Sergt. Major Featherstone and Color-Sergt. Patterson, "The Buffs" the latter losing by 36 points.

The final ended in a win for our side, the game being called 200—142. At 9-30 a.m., the 22nd, saw us all on the range for the shooting, which was considered the principal item on the programme, and we were all very sorry to see our team quite at a loss ; the strange range no doubt had a little to do with it, but I think they were too anxious to bring off this event, and that means unsteadiness ; the winning team, as will be seen by the scores, made only a fair score, and we hope the next time we try conclusions with them there will be a vast improvement on each side. Ten fired on each side but only the best eight to count.

Appended are the scores :—

	200	500	600	Total.
2nd Seaforths,	188	230	181	599.
1st The Buffs,	153	175	159	487.

At 5 p.m., the same day, we turned out for football, Association Game; this, unlike the shooting, was most interesting and amusing, and I am sure the game was more pleasing to the troops watching it than to the players. Sergt.-Major Gair was quite at home in goal, and had evidently been there before, "many a time," but while he was reading a note from his Adjutant, we shot the only goal that was scored during the game. Our opponents played hard and fast to equalize matters but failed. At the call of time we were left the winners by one goal to nil. In the evening we went to the Theatre where seats had been reserved for us, and thoroughly enjoyed the burlesque entitled "Where there's a will there's a way." I enclose a programme.

CASTE.

Fatima - - -	Mrs. Crippe,
Xenerene ... { *Daughter of Mahommed Guzl-o-faz.* } ...	Mrs. Tighe
Nero	F. A. Maxwell, Esq., 24th P.I
Cæsar	F. A. Tighe, Esq., R.A.
Mahommed Guzl-o-Faz { *Commander-in-Chief Turkish Forces.* }	J. Clark, Esq.,
Abdoolah	Mr. W. H. Lindsay, Esq. 2nd Seaforth High'ers
Officer of the Guard ...	A. C. B. Alexander, Esq., 2nd Seaforth High'ers.

TURKISH SENTRIES &c.,

Stage Manager ... ... Major J. W. Hughes-Hallett. 2nd Seaforth High'ers.

SCENE I.

TURKISH GARDEN (forenoon.)

SCENE II.

TURKISH GARDEN (afternoon.)

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

On Friday morning, at 10 a.m., we commenced the cricket match, which at one time looked as though it would be as one sided as the shooting, but which eventually proved to be most exciting at the finish. Winning the toss we put the Highlanders in and disposed of them for 62 runs, Sergeant Golds and Q.M.S. Nicholas sharing the honors. We started our first innings very unfavourably, 3 wickets going down for 10 runs, but Sergeant Golds and Q.M.S. Nicholas getting together were fortunate enough to run the score to 98, when the Q.M.S. was caught in the slips for 38, the remaining wickets falling for the respectable total of 127, Sergt. Golds being top score with 39. After tiffin the Highlanders went in and scored 123, leaving us 59 runs to win, which took eight wickets to accomplish, Sergt.-Major Featherstone being top score with a short and merry innings for 27.

Mr. Ward, Schoolmaster, Q.M.S. King and Sergeant

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McDonald and Color-Sergeant Makin did their utmost to avert a defeat, and were the mainstays of their side.

Colonel Grant, Officer Commanding 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, was present during the afternoon and stayed till he saw the winning hit made, he having been an excellent cricketer in his younger days, and still plays for his battalion, appeared to be very pleased with the match. I append the scores.

SERGEANTS, THE BUFFS,

1st Innings.		2nd Innings,	
Lce.-Sergt. Marshall b MacDonald	0	c Makin b MacDonald	7
Sergt. Veitch b King ...	3	b King ...	0
Q.M.S. Nicholas c MacDonald b Makin	38	c Lee b King ...	15
Lce.-Sergt. Leek c Makin b Macdonald	0	b King ...	2
Sergt. Golds c Lee b Makin ...	39	c Makin b King	4
Sergt.-Major Featherstone b MacDonald	5	b King ...	27
Cr.-Sgt. Patterson c King b Makin	5	run out ...	1
Bd.-Sgt. Roach b King ...	2	did not bat ...	0
Sergt Perry b MacDonald ...	10	not out ...	2
Sgt.-Dr. Stevens b King ...	0	did not bat ...	0
Cr.-Sergt. Andrews not out ...	3	did not bat ...	0
Extras ...	22	Extras ...	1
Total for Innings	137	Total for 7 wickets	59

SERGEANTS, SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

1st Innings		2nd Innings.	
Cr.-Sergt. Makin c Nicholas b Marshall	21	b Marshall	7
Armr.-Sgt. Watson c & b Marshall ...	5	b Marshall ...	10
Lce.-Sgt. Mitchell c Golds b Marshall	3	b Marshall ...	2
Q.M.S. King b Golds ...	17	b Patterson ...	31
Sgt. MacDonald c Nicholas b Marshall	0	b Marshall ...	11
Sch.-Mr. Ward c Golds b Marshall	8	c Veitch	36
Cr.-Sergt, Laing b Golds ...	0	c Nicholas b Veitch	0
Sergt. Richmond c Nicholas b Golds	0	not out ...	8
„ Mackay b Colds ...	0	b Golds ...	1
„ Liddle not out ...	0	run out ...	0
„ Lee b Golds ...	2	c Patterson b Golds	0
Extras ...	6	Extras ...	17
Total for Innings	62	Total 2nd Innings	123

We had now won three events out of the four, but would, sooner have won the shooting and lost the other three, however, when we know that we have a better shooting team but that some were unable to go to Ferozepore, I feel quite sure that everyone will be pleased to hear they did so well considering they went not to win silver medals or cups but purely for the love of sport, added to a little *esprit de corps*.

Friday evening saw us again in a whirl of enjoyment, at a quadrille party held in the Sergeants' Mess, and that, like everything else, was a great success, the room was crowded with visitors, which is a further proof that the Sergeants of the Rosshire Buffs are as popular in Ferozepore as they have been in any other station in India and elsewhere, *good luck to them*.

We left the barracks at 10-30 a.m. on Saturday after much hand shaking, and all of us speaking Gælic, to the strains of the good old Scotch tune, "Happy have we been," on the pipes by Pipe-Major McLellan. We arrived at Jullundur at 7 a.m., none the worse for our trip, but with hearty good wishes to one and all in the 2nd Battn. Seaforth Highlanders.

OBSERVER.

READ THIS ALOUD QUICKLY.

As I was going down the street I saw two bootblacks; one was a black bootblack and the other a white bootblack, and both had black boots as well as blacking and blacking-brushes. The black boot black asked the white bootblack to black his, the black bootblack's, black boot with blacking. The white bootblack consented to black the black boots of the black bootblack with blacking, but when he, the white bootblack, had blacked one black boot of the black bootblack with blacking, he, the white bootblack, refused to black his, the black bootblack's other black boot with blacking unless he, the black bootblack paid him, the white bootblack, the same as what he, the white bootblack, got for blacking other people's boots; whereupon the black bootblack grew still blacker in the face, called the white bootblack a blackguard, at the same time hitting the white bootblack with the black boot that he, the white bootblack, had already blacked with blacking.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Papers :—

The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.

The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W K. Regt.
The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.
The Army Service Corps Journal.
The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers:
The 16th Lancers Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers.
The 5 & 9, The Lilywhites' Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.
St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.
7th Regiment Gazette.—7th Regt. of New York. U.S.A.
1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E. S. Regt.
The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.
The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.
I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.
The Sutherland News.—2nd Bn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders.
"*Ours.*"—Princess of Wales Own Yorkshire Regt.
The XVI Monthly Journal,—1st Battn. Bedfordshire Regt.
The Globe and Laurel.—Royal Marines.
The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.

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THE KHYBER PASS.

THE outside world used to say of the gallant Onety-Onth Royal Busters, the dear old regiment, that we carried far more gold on our mess-waist-coats than in our pockets. But, what we lacked in cash, we made up for in fun; and I shall ever look back to the "sixties" with a sigh for the good old days, gone never to return.

No inconsiderable part of my service with the "colours" was put in at Peshawar.

I had always longed to visit the famous Khyber Pass, the scene of the bloody massacre during the British Army's retreat from Cabul, many years ago; but somehow or other, despite the fact that the pass was within an easy ride, I was nearly six months in Peshawar before the visit came off.

To tell the truth, I funked the Khyber, much as I longed to visit that classic spot. The gentlemen of the locality were not altogether desirable people to meet either in darkness or light according to the samples I had met with in Peshawar city and in the cantonments.

As a rule, they came to tout our horses. I don't mean to watch their daily work; but to "pipe off" the strategic position of their stables with a view to capturing the more valuable of said horses some dark night, and bearing them off to fair Cabul.

One of my neighbour's gee-gees, a grey Arab, they coveted mightily, and many a night was an unsuccessful attempt made to possess him. Once they carried off a hack of my own in mistake, and next day came the most impudent letter (written in the vernacular) that I ever received. It was something to this effect:—

"In the name of the Prophet to the most noble standard-bearer and protector of the poor Lord Gubbins!

Your wretched and accursed beast is of no value to us. Send, then, for him to the solitary banyan tree, one koss from the village of Buriana, where fastened up, he fasteth.

"There is but one God, and Mohammed is his Prophet!"

Not long afterwards a horse-thief was shot in the stomach by my neighbour's *chowkeeder*.

The next morning, but one, that *chowkeeder* was found, not a hundred yards from the parade-ground, in small pieces. They are a fine, noble, revengeful race, the Kyberees, and invariably disjoint their victims after death, in the belief that there is a special furnace in Gehenna for the mutilated.

About six months after my arrival in Peshawar, one desperately hot summer's evening, a tall figure stalked into my verandah, and seating himself on his heels, commenced to unpack his pedlar's bundle of sable-skins, apples, grapes, packed singly in cotton wool in boxes, turquoises glued to the ends of straws, and other wares from Afganistan, Central Asia, and the steppes of Chinese Tartary.

He was a fine, handsome man, with eyes like a hawk, a decidedly Yiddish cast of countenance, fair as any European, with his hair and beard dyed red, as is the custom of those worthies.

I could catch a glimpse of a long Afghan knife beneath the *kummerband* which enfolds his sheep-skin coat.

"How, in the name of the Prophet," I asked, "can you stand such a garment as that, this grilling weather?"

"Ah! *sahib*," he replied, "in my country it is useful, for the nights are cold, nor do the days grill our bodies much. The protector of the poor has not visited my country?"

The Khyber Pass? No, I don't want to die a violent death, at all events till after the Peshawar Cesarewitch has been run."

"My lion-hearted lord is only jesting? My people do not slay without reason."

"How about that wretched *moonshee* who was chopped up in our bazaar, two nights ago?"

"O! chief of red-backed warriors, it was necessary that that accursed should be removed. 'Tis not two moons since two of our wives clave unto him. May dogs defile the hole which holds his fragments! The *sahib* is fond of sport?"

"What do *you* think?"

"Then, visit my country for two or three days, where the climate is sublime, and the hunting of wild creatures unrivalled. Your skin shall be untouched, unless ye fall in with the Sheik Nubbee Baksheesh, who is demented, and slayeth much. But bring with ye neither horse of price nor young infant, for the same are of value in our eyes, to be, peradventure, afterwards ransomed."

"Possessing neither horse of price nor infant," I replied, "I will not bring them. But is this

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straight you're telling me ?

"My lord," said the Kyberee, "may the wild sow lap my blood if I lie ! I have eaten your bread and salt— or, rather, drunk of your cup. I have spoken. *Salaam, sahib* !"

"Gad !" I thought to myself, "I'll go." So, promising to look him up in a day or two—he left no card, but gave the awe-inspiring name of Ahmed Abdullah Akbar—I tubbed, dressed, and cantered over to mess.

I obtained three days' leave—ostensibly to visit a camp of exercise, and improve my knowledge of tactics—and shortly afterwards set out for the famed Pass, mounted on a galloway of infinitesimal value. I had been specially warned by Ahmed to come alone, as the presence on the scene of more than one *sahib* at a time might possibly be resented by the locals.

In about an hour and a half, having eluded the vigilance of the sentries, European and native, I had arrived at the mouth of the Khyber Pass. And what a strategic position !

It wanted but an hour or so of nightfall when I arrived, and having well dined before starting, a pipe and a glass were all that I required before wrapping myself in the blanket and dozing off, having previously tethered the pony within reach, on some fairish pasture land. Next morning, betimes, I penetrated further into the recesses of the Pass, and had some excellent sport, both with rod and gun. So that, when dinner time came, the repast I had prepared would have satisfied most sybarites—hare soup—your Khyber hare is almost as large as a Russian, and is of peculiarly fine flavour—grilled fillets of *mahseer*, a juicy steak out of a wild boar, cooked over wood ashes, all washed down with some of Justerini's quarter of a century old brandy, *un*-diluted. After a pipe or two, being pretty well exhausted, I fell asleep hard by my still-burning fire.

My rest was somewhat disturbed that night. Wild, weird dreams of battle, murder, and sudden death visited me, until, at length, I awoke with a start. Within a few paces of me the pony was peacefully grazing, and the fire had burnt itself out. The full moon was shining with almost dazzling brightness, laying bare every nook and cranny of the gorge around. The hoarse screech of the ill-omened owl awoke the echoes, mingled with the roar of ferocious animals, and the chatter of monkeys.

But what was that stooping figure within a yard of my right hand ? Clear and distinct in the moonbeams, I could distinguish a man of gigantic stature in the act of examining the mechanism of my gun ! As I rose, to go for him with the frying-pan, he turned his head, and then—merciful Heavens ! I saw—or was it but the continuation of some frightful dream ?—despite the beard and eyebrows dyed scarlet, despite the fantastic dress, I saw the face and form of one whom I had long mourned as dead !

"Jack Bollinger ?" I fairly screamed. "Why, I buried you three years ago in Ferozepore !"

"You *thought* you did, old man," returned the fictitious Kyberee, as cool as a cucumber. "You see, things were getting precious hot for me, and I should probably have been tried for killing one of my creditors if I'd stayed on with the dear old regiment. So I bribed my bearer to swear I'd died of cholera, and you buried nothing more than a few bricks, empty bottles, and an odd number or two of the "Queen's Regulations." I bolted in the night, fell in with a chap coming this way, and eventually got him to give me an introduction or two here. Of course, they made a Mussulman of me. Don't laugh. They're a wildish lot, and you carry your life in your hands all the time ; but it's not bad fun. The shooting is excellent, and the women the prettiest in the world. Here I am known as Nubbee Baksheesh."

"The very man I was warned against."

"Yes, they think I'm mad, and that's probably the reason why I'm alive now. Some of these days I may take a trip to Europe, overland. I often see the dear old regiment on parade. And how are they all ? I suppose Skinner got my step. And who bought my monkey ? By the way, got any brandy ? These Mahomedan drinks are not up to the old form."

We went on talking for an hour or two, when distant firing was heard.

"By jove, I must be off !" cried Jack. "There's that darned fellow, Hassan Hussan poaching on my preserves. I've got a feud with him, and he's sworn to kill me and bag all my wives."

And as he was preparing to go, wreaths of smoke could be seen curling up to the sky, at about a mile's distance.

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"Gad!" continued Jack, "dashed if he hasn't set fire to my house, now. I must go and stop this. So long, old man."

I didn't stay much longer in the Khyber Pass, and never wanted to go there again. Poor old Jack! Perhaps his bones are whitening in that dreadful ravine.

Who can tell?

From "The Man of the World."

Sir Christopher.

(*A legend of St. Valentine's Day.*)

To horse and away!
Sir Christopher gay,
His holiday suit him adorning,
To his Lady's abode
Right gallantly rode
On St. Valentine's day in the morning.

Tied his steed to a yew—
Too early he knew
For an interview yet, but perceiving
Her window ajar,
He unslung his guitar,
And in music gave vent to love's grieving.

(Song.)

Awake my Lady, hear the vow
Thy faithful swain is making,
That he will e'er be true as now
At every future waking,

And should it chance, in distant France,
He fall while fighting duly,
Vouchsafe a tear upon the bier
Of one who lov'd thee truly.

Should Fate ordain that he remain
And Death should thee be taking,
He swears a swear, my dearest dear,
He will attend thy waking.

Then rise and fly, thy lover's nigh,
His steed's a thoroughbred one:
He'll shield his wife from care and strife,
That is, when he has wed one.

You will say this is stuff
Which is silly enough,
And that scarcely deserves repetition;
Well, that I agree,
But dear reader you see
It was all of his own composition.

He mounted his horse,
Not expecting of course
To receive a reply to his wooing,
Save a flower or glove,
When he noticed above
A white hand the venetians undoing.

"Sir Christopher, stay!
Nay, haste not away"—
A musical murmur was sighing,
"I'll be down in a trice,
'Twill be awfully nice
With you far away to be flying."

"A moment pray wait
Till my bonnet is straight."
(Astonishment still seems to bind him
Then a white figure clings
To the balcony—springs,
Aud his Lady is seated behind him!)

Sir Christopher dazed,
Rode away much amazed:
This was queer his perception advised him.
He could *not* understand
Her alacrity, and
Her agility greatly surprised him.

Thought he—"here's a row!
I am in for it now.
I am saddled for life with a missis.
I ne'er meant to wed—
At least not (getting red)
In quite such a hurry as this is."

"Oh 'tis pleasant to woo
A maiden—or two—
With sighs and with sentiment toying,
But to *have* to elope
With a lady *en croupe*
Is decidedly deuced annoying!"

"And what (lack-a-day!)
Will my Landlady say?—
She'll never see matters in my sense;
I've no settled plans,
I've not put up the banns,
And I'm sure they won't give me a license."

Here the lady behind
Her white arms 'gan to wind
Round his neck till he threatened to smother,
Then a lengthy guffaw—
When he turned him, and saw
He was running away with her brother!!

* * * *

(Master Robin—the scamp,
Had complained of the damp
The evening before as he kissed her,
And, pretending a tic,
Had declared himself sick
So proposed changing rooms with his sister.

He'd a notion that some
Serenader would come
In the morn, so the youngster—a terror,
Dressed up in the clothes
Of the sweet Lady Rose,
And this was the source of the error.)

Sir Christopher starts—

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Well he may, for his heart's
Like an 8-day chronometer ticking;
Over-joyed and agape
At his lucky escape,
He forgets to give Robin a licking.

* * * *

That night at the Hall
They'd a gathering small,
Quite informal—the neighbours, and so on,
And none of them laughed
As a bumper he quaffed,
Half as loud as Sir Christopher Mohun.

LATAKIA.

The Lucknow Week.

THE Lucknow week of 1894 is admitted by all who were there to be about the best on record. The racing was excellent, the polo above the form of previous years and the management capital. The only drawback was the rain; nearly every night and sometimes during the day it came down in torrents.

We stayed with the 18th Royal Irish and cannot praise them sufficiently for the way they ran the show, having over 60 guests staying with them.

On Saturday morning we played a practice game of polo with the K. O. S. Borderers, and after a good game they beat us four goals to nothing. On Monday morning we had another game with the Rifle Brigade who also beat us three goals to one. In the afternoon the Durhams beat the East Lancashires, and the K.O.S. Borderers beat the 93rd Highlanders—the former a very good game as these two teams were considered about equal favourites for the Cup, but the Durhams were a better mounted and better drilled team as it turned out. The second match was a walk over for the K. O. S. B's

On Tuesday morning the Gordons beat the 7th Fusiliers by 11 goals to nothing. Kerr of the Gordons, who played a wonderful dribbling game, seemed to utterly puzzle the 7th Fusiliers and they could make no show at all. The afternoon produced some good racing; the best race being the Calcutta Stakes. In the Grand Military "R.B." when going well came down and the unlucky Mr. Paget of the Rifle Brigade, who had only just recovered from a broken collar bone from a fall off the same horse at Ballygunge, put his other collar bone out and was prevented from playing for the Rifle Brigade in the Tournament. All Tuesday night it rained in torrents, and up till 2.30 p.m. on Wednesday it was uncertain whether polo was possible; but, as everyone was anxious to get the tournament finished up to date, they decided to play, and on a wet ground we played the 18th. Only one fall happened however, Mr. Hasler slipped up, but luckily neither he nor pony were hurt.

We had a good game and were just beaten by four goals to three.

The Rifle Brigade then beat the K. O. S. Borderers after a good game.

Mr. Gough who played back for the Rifle Brigade instead of Mr. Paget played perfectly.

Thursday was *the* day of the meeting so of course it rained hard all Wednesday night and till 9 a.m. Thursday morning, and tried its best to rain in the afternoon but, as everyone took mackintoshes and umbrellas, it held up. The Cup was an excellent race "Wee Lassie" coming up well at the finish but was unable to catch 'Mite' who got the best of the start.

Friday afternoon saw the semifinals of the polo. The first game was between the Gordons and 18th, the former winning very easily, the second, a good game, between the Rifle Brigade and Durhams, but the combination of the latter again told.

Saturday again saw us racing. The two jump races being the best. In the pony chase Capt. Shakespear rode a beautiful race on "Lal Khan" who was carrying the enormous weight of 12st. 7lb.

On Saturday we received a wire recalling us (language used unprintable) so were unable to see the last day's racing on Monday, and the final of the Tornament which the Durhams just won.

Besides polo & racing there were other entertainments such as concerts at the Mohammed Bagh and dinners at the Chutter Munzil from which three of the Buffs were seen on more than one occasion creeping home in the early hours—I won't mention names. In concluding I advise everyone who can get away to go to Lucknow for the week in future—I know one who will and that is

Yours truly
"THE SNIPE"

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Regimental Items.

Promotions and Appointments.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments.

To be Sergeant.

No. 2586 Lance-Sergt. T. Else.

To be Sergeant.

With a view to his taking up the permanent appointment of Warder, Military Prison, Fort William.

No. 2013 Pte. E. J. Grant.

To be paid Lance.-Sergeant.

No, 951 Lance.-Sergeant H. Borland.

To be Lance.-Sergeants

No. 3165 Corpl. F. Judges.
„ 1840 „ W. Castle.

To be Corporals.

No. 1962 Lance.-Corpl. J. Henniker.
„ 783 „ W. Wittering.
„ 2088 „ J. Pearson.
„ 2454 „ A. Grainger
„ 1052 „ J. Cafferty.
„ 2341 „ J. Smith

To be paid Lance.-Corporals.

No, 2677 Lance-Corporal J. Matthews.
„ 2598 „ H. A. Ellis
„ 2804 „ A. Goldfinch,
„ 1385 „ H. Anderson,
„ 3454 „ W. Shevlin,
„ 2731 „ W. J. Kemp.
„ 2963 „ S. Willey,
„ 2656 „ A. Foord.

To be Lance.-Corporals.

No. 3007 Pte. P. Ralph.
„ 2308 Drummer P. Devan,
„ 3009 Pte. J. Redman,
„ 2756 „ P. Johnson

Absorptions.

The following absorptions will take place:—

No. 2320 Sergeant E. Smith, from Home Battalion *vice* Baker to Home Battalion 30-1-94.

No. 1230 Sergeant A. J. Hall, from Home Battalion *vice* Latter to Home Battalion, 30-1-94.

No, 4126 Corporal A. Rae, remanded from Unattached List, *vice* Smith, reduced 8-12-93.

No 2295 Corporal J. Turner, *vice* Else, promoted Sergeant 1-11-93.

No. 3165 Corpl, F, J. Judges from Home Battalion. *vice* Cochrane, to discharge 30-1-94.

No. 3409 Corporal. A. Ferne, from Home Battalion, *vice* Croucher to Army Reserve, 8-2-94.

The undermentioned N.C. Officers passed in Group I. of the subjects for a 1st Class Certificate of Education at an examination held at Jullundur on the 26th September 1893.

No. 1366 Color-Sergt. (O. R. Sergt). W. H. Gorin.
„ 443 „ J. Greig.

The undermentioned N. C. Officer and man were awarded 1st Class Certificates of Education at an examination held at Jullundur on the 26th September 1893:—

No. 2341 Corporal J. Smith.
„ 3821 Private A. H. Austen,

The undermentioned N. C. Officers and men were awarded 2nd Class Certificates of Education at an examination held at Jullundur on the 2nd inst.

No. 2896 Lance-Corpl. R. Knott.
„ 2313 „ J, Geddes,
„ 3051 „ A. Hayward,
„ 3580 „ W. Prior,
„ 3738 „ T. Johncock,
„ 2963 „ S. Willey,
„ 3461 Private F. Fletcher,
„ 3186 „ J. Lever.
„ 3055 „ L. Robinson,
„ 3407 „ T. White,
„ 2771 „ J. Collins,

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officers and men were awarded 3rd Class Certificates at an examination held on the 2nd inst.

No. 2828 Lance.-Corpl. G. Goodban.
„ 3719 „ S. Ashdown.
„ 3655 „ C. Piper.
„ 3472 „ E. Mills,
„ 3566 Private J. Dale,
„ 3257 „ S. Baker
„ 2487 „ A. Pennell.
„ 3670 „ W. Box,
„ 3640 „ T. Lane,
„ 3353 „ F. Redgewell,
„ 3484 „ S. Abram.

The following N.C. Officers passed the examination for promotion to Sergeant and Corporal at an examination held at Jullundur on the 5th and 6th inst.

To Sergeant.

No. 1225 Corporal W. A. Featherstone.
„ 4179 „ J. M. Campbell.

To Corporal.

No. 2699 Lance-Corporal R. Lacey.
„ 2656 „ A. Ford,
„ 2963 „ S. Willey,
„ 3256 „ E. Chapman,
„ 2890 „ R. Knott
„ 2738 „ T. Johncock.
„ 3393 „ R. Steptoe.

Ruth Bloomfield, daughter of Private Bloomfield, is appointed Monitress to the Schools of the Battalion from the 1st inst.

The following prizes for cooking have been awarded in accordance with para. 1192, Army Regulations India, Vol. I, Part I.

				Rs.	A.	P.
A Coy.	No. 2771 Pte.	J. Collins,	1st Prize	10	0	0
„	„ 2679 „	C. Freeman	2nd „	5	0	0
B Coy.	„ 2538 „	F. Sponder	1st „	10	0	0
„	„ 2802 „	W. Howell	2nd „	5	0	0

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C Coy.	No. 3476	Pte.	J. Croft	1st	Prize	10	0	0
„	„ 2977	„	C. Humphrey	2nd	„	5	0	0
D Coy.	„ 468	„	W. Evenden	1st	„	10	0	0
„	„ 3045	„	G. Drage	2nd	„	5	0	0
E Coy.	„ 850	„	J. Clements	1st	„	10	0	0
„	„ 2061	„	P. Cocklyn	2nd	„	5	0	0
F Coy.	„ 2946	„	J. Vickers	1st	„	10	0	0
„	„ 2966	„	W. Vaughan	2nd	„	5	0	0
G Coy.	„ 1717	„	J. Cassidy	1st	„	10	0	0
„	„ 1831	„	D. Saunders	2nd	„	5	0	0
H Coy.	„ 1798	„	E. Jarvis	1st	„	10	0	0
„	„ 3137	„	H. Davis	2nd	„	5	0	0

The undermentioned men were granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names:—

	A Company.			
3339	Pte. E. Gurney	1d.	Restored	21-9-93
3112	„ J. Overton	1d.	Granted	11-2-94
	B Company.			
697	Pte. J. Staples	1d.	Restored	9-2-94
	C Company.			
2467	Pte. G. Gammon	2d.	Granted	28-2-94
3717	„ J. Restall	1d.	„	27-1-94
2457	„ A. Homewood	2d.	„	14-2-94
2462	„ C. Sherwood	2d.	„	23-2-94
	D Company.			
3726	Pte. W. Sandom	1d.	Granted	12-2-94
	E Company.			
2796	Pte. J. T. Snare	1d.	Restored	21-9-93
	F Company.			
3692	Pte. F. Beavin	1d.	Granted	9-12-93
2740	„ W. E. Quilter	1d.	„	13-2-94
	G Company.			
2458	Pte. J. Maskell	2d.	Granted	15-2-94
3744	„ H. Mills	1d.	„	19-2-94
3723	„ F. W. Silver	1d.	„	8-2-94
	H Company.			
2769	Lce.-Cpl. Cox	1d.	Restored	21-9-93
3650	Pte. W. Crowe	1d.	Granted	3-12-93
2449	„ W. Pert	2d.	„	13-2-94
3661	„ B. Sharpe	1d.	„	5-1-94
3188	„ H. Beecham	1d.	„	19-2-94

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.

It may be of interest to our readers to know that Sir John Lawrence was the first Commissioner of the Jullundur District, a post to which he was appointed on the close of the Sikh War in 1846.

So well did he discharge his duties that ere long the conquered tribes were reduced to content, while the name of "Jan Larans Sahib" became a household word among the people whom he had been so opportunely sent to govern.

In the eleven years preceding the Indian Mutiny his strong, just and merciful government had wrought such a change that on the outbreak of the Rebellion, the Sikh chiefs with alacrity sent 14000 Punjabi Troops to the aid of the English.

AN INCIDENT OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

If in the June days of 1857, the great fortress and arsenal of Allahabad, the invaluable base for all future operations to the west, the north, and the south, had fallen into the hands of the mutineers, the problem of the subjugation of India, hard enough as it was, would have been complicated to an idefinite extent.

Akbar's great citadel, commanding the junction of the Jumna with the Ganges, was of full as much value to us intrinsically as was Delhi itself; and we had lost that stronghold but for the heroic constancy of an ex-sergeant who had earned a lieutenant's commission, and who was in command of a Sikh regiment of irregulars garrisoning the fortress. The ex-ranker whose dauntless fortitude preserved for England that fortress, and saved all that the maintenance of it meant for us, was none other than the Colonel Brasyer whom his sovereign has worthily promoted and decorated.

On the night of June 6th the Sepoy regiment in the Allahabad cantonments broke into furious mutiny, butchered 14 of their officers as they sat at the mess-table—many of the slain being young cadets who had just joined—fired the cantonments, and threw open the jails. A company of the mutinous regiment was on guard at the main gate of the fortress, ready to give admittance to their comrades, when the colonel of the regiment, having escaped with bare life from the slaughter in the cantonments, galloped into the fort and bade Brasyer turn out his Sikhs and disarm the Sepoys holding the gate.

The Sikhs, in a ferment of disaffection, bearded their commander and refused to obey his orders. The lone man confronted resolutely the fierce concourse of malcontents, and quelled the mutiny by a recourse not less desperate than convincing.

Standing over the magazine with a red-hot

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iron in his hand, he swore by Nanac, Ran Das, Gooind, and all other Gooroos of the Khalsa, that if his men did not promptly fall in and obey his orders, he would incontinently blow the regiment to the Sikh equivalent of Hades.

This trenchant argument prevailed ; the Sikhs were cowed into submission to the behests of a chief so masterful. The Sepoys on the gate were disarmed, the handful of invalid gunners manned the cannon on the ramparts, and the fortress of Allahabad was saved by the stern fortitude of Brasyer. He was easily able to hold his own against the loose beleaguerment of the mutineers, which was broken up by Neill's arrival five days later, and the repentant Sikhs, with Brasyer ever at their heads, co-operated strenuously with Neill's "Lambs" in sweeping the revolted Sepoys from Allahabad and its environs.

SHOOTING OUR FRIENDS.

APROPOS of the unfortunate collision between British and French troops in West Africa, Gen. Sir William Olpherts, V.C., sends to the *Times* a letter recalling an incident which happened to him in 1843 at the battle of Punniar, in the hope that it may tend to allay any unpleasant or unfriendly feeling on the side of either French or English :—

"I commanded a battery of field artillery manned by native gunners at the battle of Punniar, when, our rearguard having been attacked on the morning of Dec. 29th, 1843, after the main body had got into camp, the force under Sir John Grey were ordered out, and proceeded in the direction of the enemy as fast as they could go, each regiment moving independently. I hurried out with my battery, and seeing what I supposed was a regiment of the enemy, who were dressed like our own men in red uniform at the position of Manyore, I halted, unlimbered, and was on the point of opening fire on Her Majesty's 3rd Regiment (The Buffs) when my good genius suggested to me to make certain before I fired. I then discovered that the supposed enemy were The Buffs, who had just stormed the position of Manyore. I, of course, limbered up and moved on to Manyore, from whence I opened fire on the real enemy. What the result would have been had I actually fired on The Buffs I have often wondered. A good many of the regiment would doubtless have been killed ; on the other hand, as they would in their turn have mistaken my battery for the enemy, the chances are my guns would have been captured and the writer of this would not have lived to tell the tale. Another incident happened to me in the Crimea When walking up from Ramiesh Bay towards Lord Ralgan's headquarters—I felt rather tired tramping through the snow—a party of French cavalry were coming along with led horses carrying provisions. One of the troopers, seeing I was tired, kindly invited me to get up on one of the led horses, which I did. While going along the officer commanding the party noticed me ; but on the French trooper explaining matters, I was allowed to go on. I shall never forget the trooper's kind expression when I grasped his hand in token of acknowledgement of such a friendly action on his part, all the more appreciated as I could speak very little French. I sincerely hope that the unfortunate occurrence in West Africa may lead to a better feeling between two of the most warlike and chivalrous nations in the world, instead of embitterings of resentment between them."

JULLUNDUR CLUB *v.* THE BUFFS.

Played at Jullundur 1st February and won by Jullundur. Cumber bowled and batted well for his side. Pte. Lawrence and Mr. Perkins did good service for The Buffs.

JULLUNDUR.

Major Allason, R.A., c & b Wickens,	8
Mr. H. S. Cumber, b Perkins,	89
Capt. Slee, R.A., b Eales,	19
Lieut. Craven, R.E., b Templeton,	12
Lieut. Hughes, 14th B.L., s Lawrence b Templeton,	25
Mr. Spencer, C.S., l b w, b Perkins,	3
Lieut. Robertson, R.A., b Perkins	10
Mr. Millar. C.S., "	6
Capt. Kelly, R E., "	2
Lieut. W. H. Miller, 27th P-I., "	0
Lieut. F. Burge, R A., not out	1
Extras	10
Total	185

THE BUFFS.

	1st Innings.		1st Innings.
Lce.-Corpl. Lawrence, c Craven, b Cumber	15	b Hughes	33
Qr.-Mr. Sergeant Nicholas, c Miller b Slee ,	8	b Cumber,	2
Capt. Eales, b Cumber,	10	b Cumber,	4
Lieut. Perkins, c Craven, b Hughes,	10	c Kelly, b Cumber	16
Private Templeton, c Hughes, b Cumber	3	not out	4
" Wickens c Slee. b Hughes,	13	c Craven b Cumber	0
Lieut. Porter, s Craven, b Hughes,	0	c Cumber, b Slee	3
Private Bourne, run out,	4		
" Cooper, s Slee, b Cumber,	6		
Lieut. Pearson, c Miller, b Slee.	9		
Lieut. Reeves, not out,	0		
Extras	1	Extras	12
Total	79	Total	74

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ODDS AND ENDS.

DURING the Peninsular war the Duke of Wellington ordered a battalion to attempt a very dangerous enterprise. In doing so he complimented its Commanding officer very highly, saying that his regiment was the first in the world. "Yes," replied the officer, leading on his men, "and before your lordship's orders are executed it will probably be the first in the next."

When General Sir Thomas Maitland was in the West Indies a small town was taken ; the soldiers were as usual restrained from violence, when a shot was fired from a window and one of the men killed. On going into the house they found several men playing at billiards. The British insisted that the man should be given up to them. All his friends agreed in pointing out one as the culprit, and as he was carried off, Sir Thomas, considering a severe example was necessary, ordered the man to be tied to a cannon and shot away. He was present, but turned his head when the signal was given. The explosion took place, when, to his amazement, the man appeared alive, but with his hair literally standing up on his head with terror. In his agony he had squeezed through the ropes and twisted on one side of the cannon's mouth, so that the ball had not touched him. "You see, General," he exclaimed, "that it was the will of Heaven my life should be spared ; and I solemnly assure you I am innocent." Maitland was so much struck by this that he ordered strict inquiries to be made, and it was discovered that indeed the man *was* innocent.

Perhaps few stories of battle so thoroughly illustrate what we are pleased to consider the true British spirit and way of doing things, as the little incident at a reconnaissance before the battle of Ulundi, of which Lord William Beresford was the hero.

The British were almot led into a terrible trap, and discovered the danger only just in time. They turned to retreat, and the Zulus poured in a volley which brought down the grey horse of a mounted infantryman. His rider fell head foremost,

The rest thought that both man and horse were killed at first, but the former soon struggled to his feet, with his face covered with blood, and dazed with his fall.

Lord William Beresford, seeing what had happened, pulled up, and, in the face of advancing hosts of yelling savages within easy range, quickly trotted back and told the man to mount behind him.

With a cool courage scarcely second to Lord William's, the man refused, noble fellow that he was, preferring the certain sacrifice of his own life to the probability of destroying his preserver.

The reply was admirable, terse, and telling.

The savages swarmed closer and closer, bullets rattled around them ; the two who lingered were almost within reach of the assegais, and Lord William replied :

"Get up, or I'll punch your head !"

The man obeyed, and rescuer and rescued escaped.

A traveller has this to say of an old women now living on the wind-swept moor of Caithness who, though not one of the Six Hundred, was the heroine of Balaclava ;

"Her name is Elizabeth Coull. She is the wife of John Coull, a sergeant of the 93rd Highlanders. The 93rd, that "thin red line." was drawn up to repel an attack of Russian cavalry. It was supported by a regiment of Turkish artillery, which, as they saw the Russians approaching, became panic-stricken and fled.

"As they ran between the Highlanders and their camp, they met a new and terrible foe. A woman came out of one of the Scottish tents armed with a stick, and with invective beat every Turk within reach.

"The Highlanders were drawn up to receive the charge ; but, although staring death in the face, they were so amused they burst into laughter. The Turks, confronted by this new foe, rallied. The Russians were repulsed. The Highlanders covered themselves with glory, and Mrs. Coull was known far and wide as the woman who thrashed an army."

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Complete, with Block for 1894. Re. 1-8.
Spare Blocks for 1894, for old Stand, As. 12.
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The "Every Day," with quotations from Eminent Authors	„	1	0

THACKER, SPINK AND CO. CALCUTTA.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

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1898.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 84. **JULLUNDUR, MARCH 31st 1894.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

CARDEN.—At Canterbury, on the 8th February, the wife of Sergeant Instructor T. Carden, of a daughter.

EMILBY.—At Deolali, on 26th February 1894, the wife of O R. Sergt. E. A. Beilby, Deolali Depôt Staff (late 1st Battn. The Buffs), of a daughter.
Ethel Maud.

WRIGHT.—At Canterbury, on 25th January 1894, the wife of Color-Sergeant J P. Wright, of a daughter.
Maria Alice Daisy.

Marriages.

HALAHAN—FRANKLIN.—Nov. 16th, at St. Gabriel's, Warwick-square, by the Vicar, the Rev. J. H. Ellison, assisted by the Rev. A. J. Howell, Colonel Henry T. Halahan, late The Buffs, to Charlotte Harriette, widow of Charles Franklin, Esq., of Ingatstone, Essex.

TOMLIN—SMITH.—19th February 1894, at the Congregational Church, Balaam-street, Plaistow, Essex, Serg ant Joseph Tomlin, 1st Battn. The Buffs, to Ada Florence Smith.

Deaths.

NEVILLE.—At Jullundur, on the 8th inst., No 2221 Pte J. Neville.

BENNELL.—At Canterbury, on the 5th February, Annie, daughter of Sergeant-Major and Emily Bennell, The Buffs, aged 1 year.

HAMMOND.—At Jullundur, on the 28th inst., Alfred James, son of Lance-Corpl. T. Hammond, 1st Battn. The Buffs, aged 6 weeks.

NOTES.

IT was unfortunate that we had so much rain when the Mooltan Cricket team paid us a visit on the 2nd and 3rd of the month. The tricky state of the wicket no doubt accounted to a large extent for Jullundur's disgraceful collapse, but with all that thrown in, no station team that is at all a representative one, should be beaten in an innings and 100 to spare.

... ...

"The good old annual," the Officers *versus* Sergeants' Cricket Match has come and gone, and a very cheery entertainment it was too. The scores were small on both sides in the first innings, but with 14 men in the field, and a fairly enormous luncheon in between, what can do, as the Babu remarked.

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... ...

The Right half played the Left half on the 13th Considering that we had spent 5 hours of the morning studying the art of Attack and Defence to the best of our ability, under a sun that is already commencing to warm the cockles of our heart, our performance in the afternoon was by no means a bad one. The left half, with 5 wickets down, declared their innings closed, and put the Right half in and out twice, before stumps were drawn. A very brilliant exhibition of batting was given us by Master Jim Holme, who for a long time successfully resisted Pte. Wicken's most wily balls.

... ...

At the sports on the 27th and 28th, Pte. Else was very conspicuous by his absence, not that this was without its advantages, as the competition was greater and the prizes were more largely distributed. The entries for some of the events, notably the drop-kicking and walking race, were very large. A large number of spectators turned up and were entertained by the Officers and Sergeants, who each had a tent up on both days on the course.

... ...

The victory of Mr. Cumber in the Officers' race was a very popular and well deserved one. The conditions of the race had been altered and each competitor received 10 yards start for every full year's service. This is a tremendous handicap for those who count their service more by months than years, and we may perhaps see the race altered accordingly next year.

... ...

Mr. D'Aeth and Mr. Tarte have rejoined us, we are glad to say, from the Depot and leave respectively, Major Newnham-Davis and Mr. Swetenham have both gone home, the former, we grieve to say, for good and the latter for one year. Major Moody and Mr. Bainbridge are expected to join us shortly from the other Battn.

... ...

The Regimental Gymkhana took place on the 29th and went off very well indeed. The afternoon was a very hot one and a large number of our lady friends and others appeared in white. Our band was in attendance and added considerably to the general "*Tamasha.*" Captain Annesley secured half the races, but had the misfortune to be beaten by Mr. Hasler's Cassidy for the Regimental Cup.

... ...

On Easter Monday, thanks to the exertions of Mr. Robertson, who now, lucky man, is on his way home, we were enabled to see some really first-rate Amateur Theatricals at the R.A. Theatre. The two Buffs who performed in "Trying it on" fully sustained our gaffing reputation. Captain Holme as Walsingham Potts was inimitable, while Mr. Trevor had created an excellent character out of almost nothing. Capt. Stewart and Mrs. Rose, as Mr. and Mrs. Jobstock, belonged to the class known as "A1," whilst Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Bowden, as Lucy and Fanny, considerably interfered with the normal state of the left-half of our chests.

... ...

The Maven Company have paid us an all too short a visit during the month. Their show was bright, very cheery and went with a bang. We had but one fault to find with them and their bill of fare, and was that we did not get enough, but enough is always rather more than one gets of a good thing.

... ...

In the absence of Mr. Steele, the sub-editor, on 6 months' furlough to the old country, his shoes are being temporarily filled by Sergt. Winstanley, who has our heartiest wishes for success in carrying on this little paper.

... ...

After a long and wearisome delay, definite news has arrived of the exchange of battalions which Captains Philips and Eales have for some months been trying to effect. Captain Philips we regret to say, has gone to the other battalion, and very sorry we are to lose him. He will be a very great and deeply-felt loss to all ranks and especially to his Company, "D." At the same time we are delighted still to have Captain Eales amongst us, though in his capacity of a married S.S.O. we shall see little of him just yet regimentally.

... ...

The hot weather and that enemy of man and beast, the mosquito, are already amongst us, and quite ten days or a fortnight earlier than last year. The view of the hills, which used to fill our hearts with glee, has melted like a cloud in the summer heaven, and now we see but glare, sunshine and storms of dust.

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The Photo Type in this month's issue is of the Rugby Football team who went to Calcutta last year to play off the final tie for the Calcutta Rugby Cup. We hear that a much stronger team will visit Calcutta this year, and we hope to see this splendid trophy once more in our possession.

... ...

This month we have to regret the loss of an old friend in Major N. Newnham-Davis, who has accepted a half-pay Lieut.-Colonelcy pending retirement. Popular alike with all ranks of the regiment and with the Indian world in general, a great gaffer and stage manager and the best of good fellows, his place will indeed be hard to fill. We trust that when we go home we shall be fortunate enough to meet him in London, when we know from past experience that he will be as glad to meet us as we shall be to see him again. We wish him all success in his new rôle as an editor.

Jullundur will in all probability be very empty next winter. Our good friends, the 14th B.L. and the Gunners, are leaving the Station, and they will probably march early, and their successors will not arrive till about February.

... ...

The Annual gathering of "the Officers past and present" "Dinner Club," will take place as usual on Wednesday in the Ascot week, viz—13th June, and the committee have decided on the hotel "Victoria," where the meeting has been held for the past 5 years, as the place of rendezvous this year; but we fear the 2nd Battn. will be poorly represented, as Athlone is a long distance from London.

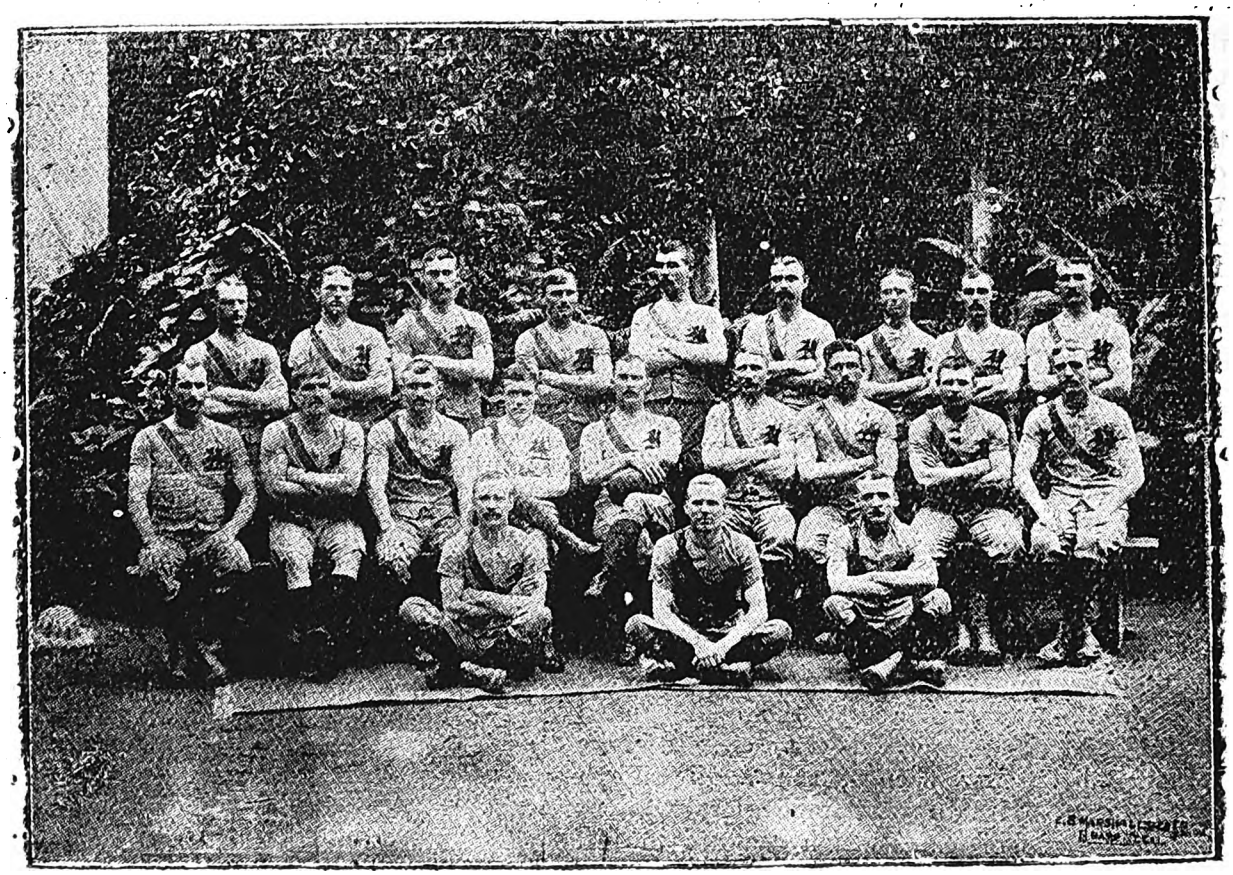
... ...

We apologize to our readers for the late appearance of The Dragon this month, but what with our Rifle Meeting, Regimental Sports and the Gymkhana, the printers have had a very busy time of it.

... ...

More dramatic performances are on the tapes, and with such well-known performers as Capt. Holme, Mr. Trevor, Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Rose the show is sure to be a success.

... ...



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... ...

There will indeed be a chance for the coming men to show their ability as Color-Sergeants during this hot weather, as what with one at Changla Gali as an instructor, Color-Sergt. Greig, one at Bhagsu. Color.-Sergt. Andrews, one on furlough, Color-Sergt. Patterson, and the possibility of some going to Changla Gali for the Musketry Certificate. there will indeed be a dearth of "flags" for some time.

... ...

Sergeant Crumby. by the last reports we have of him, is getting on well, and is being well looked after by his many friends.

... ...

On 19th Mrs. Harley very kindly presented a prize for the best shot amongst the Officers at 200, 500, 600, in any military position. The prize, which took the shape of a very nice silver cigarette case, was won by Mr. Pearson, with a score of 82—28, 28, 26. Captain Holme came second with 76.

... ...

The Sergeants' Mess was again a scene of much gaiety on the 30th instant, when nearly the whole of the beauty of Jullundur turned up to a Cinderella dance kindly given by the Warrant Officers, Staff Sergeants and Sergeants of the Battalion. Dancing commenced about 9 o'clock, and with only very short intervals between each dance, was kept up until a little after 12. The hosts appeared to vie with each other in looking after the welfare of their guests. Whisky pegs seemed better known to everybody as "strawberries," and by the same token the aforesaid strawberries seemed in great request. The padre seemed to thoroughly enjoy himself in the awkward squad, which was composed entirely of staff except one young second Lieutenant, who is not yet qualified for staff employ.

Great credit is due to the president, Color-Sergeant Patterson, and the M.C., Color-Sergeant Cork.

... ...

Our Sergeants, we are glad to see, have not allowed very much time to elapse before returning to the best of their ability the open-handed hospitality extended towards them at Ferozepore by our old Bareilly friends, the 78th Seaforth Highlanders. If we may take the excellent letter of "One of 'em," which appears in full on another page, as a criterion of the feelings of the remainder of our guests, then can our Sergeants indeed congratulate themselves on having fully sustained our reputation as a Regiment for hospitality.

... ...

The conditions for the shooting match were the same as on the previous occasion. We fired ten men a side, the eight best aggregate scores only to count. The scores published are those of the eight men who were chosen as the best of the side. However, had the whole side, *i e.*, the ten men on each side stood in, the match would have been a very much closer one and more advantageous to ourselves. Nevertheless we must not forget to congratulate the Jocks on walking off the conquerors in the match which was the "*piece de resistance*" of the "week," especially after losing the cricket. The shooting of our own Sergeants was a decided improvement on their previous attempt.

... ...

The cricketing community have been a little disappointed to see the Company cricket ties sink so very far into the background. It was, of course, very unfortunate that this should have happened, but under the circumstances it has been unavoidable. Musketry has been the chief and principal enemy that the wielders of the willow have had to contend with. The whole Battalion has been so completely thrown off its balance by our little jaunt to Ferozepore in November, that every day has simply been as busy as the proverbial bee. The postponement of these ties to next cold weather will be a great blow to "B" Company, who will in all human probability lose thereby Mr. D'Aeth, who, although he has but lately rejoined from the Depôt, will in a few days be a Captain and expects to be ordered off almost immediately to Athlone. In the event of this taking place, "G" Company will be a hotter favourite than ever, as they have in their team Q.M.S. Nicholas, Corporal Reynolds, who has just come out again, Lance-Corpl. Lawrance, than whom no one in the Corps is more deadly behind the stumps, Pte. Templeton, the great bowler, and others whose name is legion.

... ...

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

SERGTS., SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS, AT JULLUNDUR.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Dear Sir,

To use a hackneyed expression, "one of those incidents in life which makes it worth living in our land of exile," was most successfully brought off between the 16th and 18th March, when the Sergeants of the Seaforth Highlanders visited their old friends, The Buffs, to try conclusions at shooting, cricket, and extras, the latter consisting of billiards, whist and tennis. It should be stated that the two battalions first became acquainted with each other at Bareilly, some years ago, but there are not many of us now who knew them then. Our present ripe acquaintance may be dated from the day The Buffs arrived in Ferozepore (hereafter known as "Dustypore") for the last camp of Exercise. Our men had a substantial meal awaiting them, and I for one can understand their appreciation of it after their dusty march in this inhospitable region. Thanks to the good feeling which then came into existence, and which since has become matured, the Sergeants of the "Old and the Young Buffs" are now fast friends.

The Ferozepore party arrived at Jullundur at 7 p.m. on the 16th and were at once reminded of the fact by a ringing cheer that went up from the platform by those who had come down to welcome us. There seemed some prospect then that our visit might be spoiled by rain, but happily the heavy clouds had cleared off by the morning. Having boarded the gharries provided for us, we quickly arrived at barracks, and having been told off to our respective nurseries, proceeded to do justice to the dinner which was ready. The evening was spent in social chat, billiards and whist, and we were not altogether sorry when the time came for taking the last "Strawberry" and turning in.

11 a.m. next morning saw us on the range to battle for supremacy with the "*bundak*." This item of the programme is justly considered by both teams to be the *piece de resistance*, and naturally everyone is very keen as to the result. It looked at one time as though it would be a very close thing; but The Buffs at the last distance lost ground steadily, with the result that the Seaforths were ultimately declared winners by 21 points. The best shots on both sides failed. I don't know what was meted out by The Buffs to their delinquents, but soon after arrival here our Pipe-Major was duly immersed in the fire-tank for his share in the shooting. The other will duly follow suit as opportunity occurs. The scores at each distance are appended :—

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total
2nd Seaforth Highlanders	225	265	222	712
1st Battn. The Buffs ...	236	265	205	706

The afternoon was devoted to tennis, when the Seaforths did not show up well, one of our members being handicapped with a bad hand, and having to play with a racquet that had sprung a leak. Nevertheless The Buffs play was better than ours, the "in" play of Q.M. Sergeant Nicholas being especially good. The games were 6-5, 6-3, 6-2, in favor of The Buffs. A fourth set was started, and as the set was 3-0 in favour of the Seaforths, the Q.M. Sergeant thought "it would be as well to drop it" as it was getting dark. I should like to be possessed of a little of the tactical skill of that Q.M. Sergeant. Mr. Steele, the Schoolmaster, was Q.M Sergeant Nicholas's partner, and though I am told he played much below his form, he was good nevertheless, his serving being difficult to negotiate.

The Buffs also won the billiards by a few points.

A Quadrille Party was given in our honor in the evening, a feature of it being the introduction of bagpipes for reels and Highland schottisches. The sword dance was also in great request, but as "*talwars*" were not handy, any available articles were pressed into the service. I saw one distinguished Buff doing a series of evolutions round a couple of lucifer matches placed at right angles. The ladies turned up in force, and were good enough to give most, if not all, their dances to the Seaforths. The party was a most enjoyable one, and everyone seemed thoroughly happy. There were a few side shows, but it would be a breach of confidence to go into these now.

Cricket came off on the 18th on the beautiful turf of the Club grounds. I would like to draw a veil over this part of the proceedings, but justice compels me to state that we were miserably beaten, an innings and runs to spare. For the visitors, Mr. White did well with the bat, scoring 60 not out. For The Buffs, Sergt: Veitch also did well. The bowling of Carnell and Marshall materially helped The Buffs to their victory, while MacDonald for the Seaforths bowled well all through the innings, but not with much luck. It is generally agreed that there might have been more than one ball on the field that day, but no one can positively state that such was the case. The captain of the Ferozepore team has had a few years put on his life, and his language on the occasion is not fit for publication.

Appended is the full score :—

"Sergeants, The Buffs, *v.* Sergeants, Seaforth Highlanders.

The above match, played on the 17th March 1894, was won by Sergeants, The Buffs, by an innings and 12 runs. For the visitors Mr. White batted well. Score—

SERGEANTS, SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

	1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Sergt. Mitchell, b Carnell	10	b Marshall	3
" McDonald, b Marshall	0	b Carnell	1
" Liddle, b Marshall	0	Not out	3
Mr. White, not out	60	b Marshall	7
Band Sergt. Gregory, b Patterson	10	c Featherstone, b Marshall	15
Sergt Richmond, c Patten, b Patterson	0	b Carnell	0
Color-Sergt. Laing, b Marshall	3	b Carnell	1
" Makin, b Marshall	0	b Carnell	3
Sergt. Lee, b Marshall	0	b Marshall	6
" McIntosh, b Carnell	2	c and b Marshall	4
" Ferguson, run out	1	Run out	2
	Extras 13		Extras 7
	Total 99		Total 96

SERGEANTS, THE BUFFS.

Sergt. Patten, b Gregory	23
" Carnell, b Gregory	8
Sergt.-Major Featherstone, c McIntosh, b McDonald	1
Q.M. Sergt Nicholas, b McDonald	22
Sergt. Marshall, c McIntosh, b Gregory	23
Color-Sergt. Patterson, b McDonald	9

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Sergt. Golds, b McDonald	2
„ Leek, b McDonald	0
„ Veitch, not out	35
Band Sergt. Roach, l. b. w., b McDonald	0
Sergt.-Drummer Stevens, b McDonald	13
Extras	15
Total	157

The Buffs were determined to eclipse themselves as hosts, and in the evening took seats for us at their theatre to witness Maven's Variety Entertainment, which was very good.

This may be said to have finished our visit, and at noon next day three hearty cheers having been given by The Buffs, a procession of gharries, headed by the Sergt.-Major's trap with the pipes playing, indicated that we were off. Arrived at the station more good things were provided preparatory to entraining. Everyone seemed to vie with each other to do us honour, and in this connection I must not forget to mention the popular Station Master, Mr. O'Grady, who not only turned up to all the functions during our stay, but honoured us with a salute of fog signals as we left the station. Barrack Sergeant Hennesy, an old Seaforth man, was on the spot, and his old comrades made the most of their time to fraternise with him, and appreciate his presence. Thus ended one of the pleasantest outings one can conceive. The hospitality of The Buffs, whether on the shooting range, the cricket field or elsewhere, was unbounded. We guessed we knew how to entertain our friends when in our midst, but as the Yankee says, "The Buffs went one more."

"*Quis Separabit.*"

Believe me,
Dear Sir,
Yours very faithfully,
"One of 'em."

DEPOT NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Corporals T. Croucher and J. Eaton and 17 privates who arrived home in the Troop Freight Ship "Bothnia," on 24th January, were transferred to Army Reserve on 27th idem.

Sergts. A. H. Baker, W. Cox and J. Latter, and Corpls. C. Newport, J. Pickett and J. Towers also arrived home in the "Bothnia," and were sent to join Home Battalion.

Corpl. Cochrane, Dr. Harrison and Privates Carter, Chapman, Dove, Frost, Rogers and Veal were discharged time-expired, 1st period, on 27th January.

No. 1568 Pte. Patrick Aherne and No. 1867 Private C Cheesman were discharged on 5th February, the former being granted a pension of 11d. and the latter 1/2½ per diem for life.

Corpl. A. Ashelford and 28 privates who arrived home in H.M.S. "Serapis," on 6th February, were transferred to the Army Reserve on 10th idem.

Pte. J. Burke, R. Noble, M. McCann and H. McStea arrived at Gosport on 6th February, and were sent the following day to join the Home Battalion.

Lance-Sergt. Reese, Lance-Corpl. Barrett and Privates Pidgeon and Folwell were discharged time-expired, 1st period, on 9th February.

Privates H. Siffleet, G. Vile and J. Still of Depot have been transferred to Army Reserve.

Color-Sergt. C. Holland, Sergt. R. Newing and Private J. Costen have re-engaged to complete 21 years' service.

Nos. 2855 Ptes. A. Taylor, 2645 C. R. Marsden, 2611 P. Burke and 3414 A. J. Russell have been posted to Depot from 2nd Battalion to complete establishment.

No. 69 Private E. Butler was discharged with ignominy on 30th January.

Lieut. Hulke reported his arrival home on 16th February for duty with Depot, and has been granted leave until 31st March.

Captain P. F. Brine has been granted leave from 1st February to 31st March.

Sergts. Tomlin and Smith, with their wives, are under order to embark in H.M.S. "Malabar" on 9th March for conveyance to Bombay. Color-Sergeant Holmes will also proceed in the "Malabar" but without his wife, she being reported medically unfit to travel.

The following Invalids have arrived at Netley :—

Lance-Corpl. J. A. Yorke, Ptes. G. Burns, J. W. Bradford, A. Button, C. S. Fraser, J. Harris, L. Lennard, H. Robinson and E. Sharp, of these Ptes. Burns and Sharp have been found fit for further duty and sent to Home Battalion, and Pte. J. Harris discharged as unfit.

Corpl. J. Fooks has been transferred to the Suffolk Regt. for the purpose of taking up the appointment of Master Shoemaker to the 1st Battalion.

No. 2297 Pte. J. W. Plumpton, who came home as an orderly to Captain Lloyd, has joined Depot.

Yours Faithfully,
"Old Buff."

Athletic Sports.

322nd Anniversary.

Jullundur, Punjaub, 27th & 28th March 1894.

President.
Major R. A. Hickson.

Committee.
Capt. B. F. Holme.
Capt. & Adjt. A. Lynden-Bell.
Lieut. R. F. Pearson.
Lieut. & Qr.-Mr. H. C. Cumber.

Hon. Sec.
Lieut. & Qr.-Mr. H. C. Cumber.

Sub-Committee.
Sergt.-Major H. E. Featherstone.

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Qr.-Mr. Sergt. W. H. Nicholas.
Color-Sergt. W. Watts.
Sergt. C. Carnell
Lance.-Sergt. H. Marshall.
Corpl. A. H. Dillon.
Pte. W. Hobbs,
„ W. Hasler.

It is only six months ago we celebrated our 321st Anniversary. so our readers must not imagine we have an Anniversary every six months, we have held our sports in March so as to give all the men who are just about to leave for the hills a chance of competing. The events were very keenly contested, and the entries were, with one exception, always sufficient to enable a third prize to be given.

Throwing the cricket ball on Tuesday morning brought out 12 competitors, but none could come up to Pte. Wickens, who in his third attempt threw 99 yds., 10 in.

The pole jump does not seem so popular now Ptes. Else and Nash have gone away, and the only one who appeared to make any show at jumping was Pte Sayers, who won with ease at something under 8 feet.

The long jump was won by Pte. Bell, 17ft., 9in., Pte. Todd being close up with a jump of 17ft. 6in.

In the afternoon the programme opened with the Band race, which was won in good style and time (58 sec.) by Pte. Cooper.

The Drummers' race fell to Corpl. Manville, with Drummer Burgess close up.

The Corporals' race was won by Corpl. Featherstone after a very close finish with Corpl. Chapman

The Sergeants' race was taken by Sergt. Marshall, Sergt. Eaton (in evening dress) second.

The Native troops' hurdle race had to be run off in heats, and caused great excitement among the "*Bhai log*."

The Mile race brought out 16 competitors, and was well won by Pte. Merton, with Corporal Lacey a good second, time, 5 min., 11 sec.

Tilting the bucket had to be postponed owing to the bucket refusing to turn over at the proper moment.

Several white-haired old gentlemen came to the mark for the Veterans' race, which was won by Sergeant Leek in great style.

The open quarter did not bring any outsiders, and was won by Cooper in 58 sec.

The Native followers had a row about their event, the Bheesties absolutely refusing to run or to be seen with the Mehtars, so it was decided to give them each a separate event.

On Wednesday morning we commenced with a high jump, which was won at 5ft., 2in., by Pte. Hasler.

The drop kicking brought out half the battalion, amongst them all the Rugby team. the three places were taken by Saunders, Manning and Adsley, all of the Regimental team.

For the 2 mile Walking race 25 competitors started, and was secured by Pte. Cuerton in 18 min., 57 sec.

Corpl. Revell secured the shot putting with 28ft., 2in.

In the afternoon Pte. Hasler won the Privates' 120 yards in 13⅓ sec.

The R.A. Driving Competition was taken by No. 1 Sub-Division, 68th F.B. R.A.

Pte. Hasler took the 100 yards and hurdle race, while Pte. Barnett won the obstacles which was over a very difficult course.

The Mule race caused great amusement, and so did the Officers servants' race.

Pte. Cooper took the ½ mile race, with Sergeant Marshall close behind

The Section race of 8 men per Company, to run in Drill Order about a 1000 yards, then fire a volley and order, was won by "A" Company.

The Company Tugs of War resulted as follows :—

B beat F. }
E beat D. } First round.
G beat C. }
A beat H. }

Second round—A beat B.
G beat E.
Final—A beat G.

The longest pull was between "A" and "H," it lasted 4½ min

The Officers' ¼ mile was won easily by Mr. Cumber (250 yds. start.) Captain Holme being second (200 yds. start), and Mr. D'Aeth third (80 yards start).

EVENTS :

Throwing cricket ball—1st, Pte. Wickens ; 2nd, Pte. Harvey ; 3rd, Pte, Brooks.—99 yds. 10 in.
Pole jump.—1st, Pte. Sayers ; 2nd, Ptes. Knox and Goodban.—7 ft. 9 in.
Long jump.—1st, Pte. Bell ; 2nd, Pte. Todd.—17 ft. 9 in.
Band race, ¼ mile,—1st, Pte. Cooper ; 2nd, Corpl. Featherstone ; 3rd, Pte. Lees.—58 sec.
Drummers' race, ¼ mile.—1st, Corpl. Manville ; 2nd, Dr. Burgess ; 3rd, Dr. Hills 67 sec.
Corporals' race, 220 yards.—1st, Corpl. Featherstone ; 2nd, Corpl. Chapman , 3rd, Corpl. Rees.—24 sec.
Sergeants' race, ¼ mile.—1st, Sergt. Marshall ; 2nd, Sergt. Eaton : 3rd, Sergt. Tozer.—Not taken.
Three-legged race.—1st, Corpl. Manville ; 2nd, Pte. May.
Mile race.—1st, Pte. Merton ; 2nd, Corpl. Lacey ; 3rd, Pte. Hayden.—5 min. 11 sec.
Tilting the bucket.—1st, Corpl. Steptoe ; 2nd, Pte. Sayers.
Old Soldiers' race, 100 yards.—1st, Sergt. Leek ; 2nd, Pte. Ball ; 3rd, Corpl. Rae.
British Troops ¼ mile.—1st, Pte. Cooper; 2nd, Sergt. Marshall ; 3rd, Corpl. Featherstone.—58 sec.
High Jump.—1st, Pte. Hasler ; 2nd, Pte. Ellicock ; 3rd, Pte. Todd.—5 ft., 2 in.
Drop Kick.—1st, Pte. Saunders; 2nd, Corpl. Manning ; 3rd, Pte. Adsley.
Walking race, 2 miles.—1st, Pte. Cuerton ; 2nd Pte. Sayers ; 3rd, Pte. Smith.—18 min., 57 sec.
Putting the Shot.—1st, Corpl. Revell ; 2nd, Sergt. Leek ; 3rd, Pte. Shircore.—28 ft., 2 in.
Privates' race, 120 yards.—1st, Pte. Hasler ; 2nd, Pte. Sizer ; 3rd, Pte. Todd.—13⅓ sec.
Driving, R.A.—1st, No. 1 Sub-Division, 68th F.B.R.A. ; 2nd, No. 6 Sub-Division, 68th F.B.R.A.
Regimental 100 yards.—1st, Pte. Hasler ; 2nd, Pte. Cooper ; 3rd, Sergt. Marshall.—11 sec.
Hurdle race, 120 yards.—1st, Pte: Hasler ; 2nd, Sergt. Marshall ; 3rd, Pte. Todd.
Obstacle race, —1st, Pte. Barnett ; 2nd, Pte. Steptoe ; 3rd, Pte. Staples.
Mule race.—1st, Pte. Moss ; 2nd, Pte. Faircloth.
Regimental ¼ mile.—1st, Pte. Cooper ; 2nd, Sergt. Marshall ; 3rd, Corpl. Featherstone. —59 sec.
Section race.—1st, "A" Company ; 2nd, "F" Company.
Officers' race, ½ mile.—1st Lieut. & Quarter-Master Cumber ; 2nd Capt. Holmes ; 3rd, Lieut. D'Aeth.
Consolation race —1st, Pte. Saddler ; 2nd, Pte. Galvin.
Tug of War.—1st, "A" Company ; 2nd, "G" Company.
The Hamilton Cup.—1st, Band Sergeant Roach ; 2nd, Sergt.-Major Featherstone ; 3rd, Sergt. Laing.

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"Sis."

Reed Daniels was the black sheep in the family. Not that he was daft, by any means, but he was not handsome and quick to learn, like his four brothers, and from his infancy he had been a consummate coward. The boys in school had always imposed upon him, for, no matter what the provocation, he could never be induced to lift a finger in self-defence. For this girlish trait they had nicknamed him "Sis," and even after he had passed his majority this sounded more familiar than the baptismal Reed. When the news of the fall of Fort Sumter reached the little settlement where he dwelt his sturdy frame shook like an aspen leaf. At the very sound of the drum he would turn pale, and the evening that Colonel Taylor visited the hamlet to muster the boys in, poor Reed, lay hid in the hay in the stable loft. He could hear the music and the boys cheering, and he knew that two of his brothers were among the number who would march away at the next sunrise; but if he was to have been shot the next minute, for his cowardice, he could not have been induced to leave his place of concealment.

As the war went on, and more men were called out to take the places of those who had fallen, the poor fellow grew thin and white at the bare thought of what might be in store for him. At last there came a time when volunteers did not respond in sufficient numbers to fill the quota, and in the draft that followed his twin brother's name was drawn. Robert Daniels was no coward; but he had a delicate wife and two little children depending upon his daily labours, and he was greatly perplexed about leaving them, for a substitute was not to be obtained without hundreds of dollars, and he was a very poor man. It was in this emergency that the real heroism in the coward's nature asserted itself. It cost him a fearful struggle, but in the end he gained the glorious victory. He had loved Alice years ago, before Robert had won her; but when he would have made known his adoration, his heart failed him, and the prize went into his brother's keeping. Burying his own sorrow, Reed smiled on Robert's happiness, although it had been purchased at the cost of his own. "I must go in Robert's place," he said to himself, after a desperate effort to conquer his terrible fear. "Yes, I must go, for it would break Alice's heart to be left, and she is so frail, too. I have no one depending upon me, for Ben will see to father and mother, and no one will miss me if I am slain." "You go in my place?" exclaimed Robert, his grave face relaxing into a smile, after listening to his brother's timid offer.

"What would become of you, Reed? You know that you would nearly faint at the horrible smell of powder; and then the very sight of a gun would set you wild. No, Sis; as loth as I am to leave Alice and the babies, without either provider or protector, I would prefer a thousand deaths to the disgrace of having my brother shot as a deserter, for I am certain that you would never stand fire."

"I will never desert, Robert. If die I must, cowardly as I am, it will be at my post."

But his face expressed the anguish that decision had cost him. It was with quaking hearts that his friends saw him depart; but their anxiety was soon relieved by a notice in the papers applauding his meritorious conduct during a severe engagement.

And several months later, amidst the carnage at Lookout Mountain, the colour-bearer was shot down. Then it was that cowardly Reed Daniels snatched up the riddled flag, and, running up the heights, shouted to the wavering lines—"Come on, boys!" Right into the very jaws of death he went, and after the battle was over his comrades buried what they supposed to be his mutilated body, and a letter went back to the old home recounting in glowing terms the bravery of cowardly "Sis" Daniels.

But it was not Reed's body that was carried so tenderly back to his native home on the beautiful Ohio, for he found a far less restful sleep in a rebel prison. For months he languished in a hospital, and it was while there that an old comrade, mortally wounded, informed him of the press stories regarding his gallant conduct and noble death. He was not exchanged until the close of the war, and then, thinking that the memory of the character he had redeemed would be much more precious to his friends, than his cowardly presence, he determined not to undeceive them, but to make a lonely home for himself in the sunny south.

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Eighteen years after the bloody strife had ceased, such an irresistible longing for a sight of the old familiar scenes and the dear faces of his kindred took possession of his soul, that he determined to take a journey northward. When he started he had not fully made up his mind whether he would make himself known or merely look upon the forms of those he had loved so dearly in former years. The little straggling village he entered had not changed greatly during the years that had made him an old, white-haired man, but to-day it was festooned with flags and garlanded with flowers. At first he could not account for its strange quietness, so out of keeping with its gala attire, but the waving banners and muffled drums in the direction of the graveyard reminded him that it was the 30th of May—Decoration Day. Turning his steps thither, he was soon mingling with a vast crowd that was diligently strewing the graves of the soldier dead with beautiful flowers. He searched very earnestly among the passers-by for familiar faces, but the cases were rare when he could trace the features of an old acquaintance. Joining a little group that stood sadly around a solitary grave, he was not long in discovering that he was once more in the bosom of his family.

Thinking that the grave around which they lingered was that of one of his brothers, he drew nearer and read the incription:—"Reed Daniels, Company E, 15th O. V. I., Killed at Lookout Mountain, November 24th, 1863. Died at his post."

Observing the stranger, who seemed much moved, Robert related the circumstances in connection with the enlistment and death of the noble self-sacrificing brother who slept beneath the flowers. With the tears flowing down his sun-burnt cheeks he exclaimed:

"Oh, sir! the bullet that pierced his brave heart was intended for me. We used to call him a coward, but he was the grandest, bravest brother a man ever had. I would give all I possess to have an opportunity to beg his forgiveness for all the unkind things I used to fling at him."

"Robert! Dont you know me? Your brother was compelled to sleep in a far more dismal bed than the one provided by Mother Earth when that memorable battle ended." And then, to his weeping kindred, Reed rehearsed the story of his sad lonely life since that November day, when among the clouds, he redeemed his life from the stigma of a coward. There was joy in the Daniel's home that day over the return of the long-lost son and brother, and from that time forth no one ever dared to call Reed Daniels a coward.

Four years ago Robert Fleming Jones, a young clerk in the Birmingham Telegraph Office, disgusted with the slow progress he was making, threw up his appointment, and sought to better his fortunes in the States. He was engaged by the Western Union Company as a telegraphist at Chicago, and finding himself with a good deal of leisure, devoted it to the study of medicine. In a year or two he graduated in Louisiana, and shortly blossomed out as medical officer of the Louisiana State Board of Health. Then he became quarantine physician on the steamship Pizzati, which traded with Honduras, and was secretly chartered to the Government of that country in the late rebellion, so that before he appreciated the situation the ship was shelling Ceiba, a port then held by the rebels. After the town was carried by assault, Dr. Jones went ashore, and at great personal risk extemporised a hospital, for which service the Honduras Government has granted him a commission in the Army, with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. The days of adventure are evidently not over, at least, for the adventurous.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Papers:—

The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.

The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W K. Regt.
The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.
The Army Service Corps Journal.
The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.
The 16th Lancers Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers.
The 5 & 9, The Lilywhites' Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.
St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.
7th Regiment Gazette.—7th Regt. of New York, U.S.A.
The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.
The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.
I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.

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The Sutherland News.—2nd Bn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders.
"*Ours*"—Princess of Wales Own Yorkshire Regt.
The XVI Monthly Journal,—1st Battn. Bedfordshire Regt.
The Globe and Laurel.—Royal Marines.
The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.
The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.
The Light Bob Gazette—Somerset Light Infty.
The Thin Red Line.—1st Battn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders
The Vedette.—21st Hussars.
The Tiger & Sphinx.—Gordon Highlanders.

The Buffs' Gymkhana.

The Annual Regimental Races took place on Thursday, March 29th, and turned out to be one of the most successful meetings we have ever held. The day was not at all oppressively hot, good fields contested in almost every race, and there were some capital finishes. The races began a little after the advertised time, chiefly because the "correct cards" were only just finished at 4-30 p.m., owing to stress of work in the printing press, the printers having to work like slaves to get them out at all.

Proceedings opened with the hurdle race, for which "Lord Gobby" was a hot favourite, which he justified by winning after a good race with "Lobengula II." The hack-charger race fell to Captain Younghusband on "Gamecock," Mr. Taylor again occupying the unenviable position of second. The 3 furlongs closed race was also carried off by "Lord Gobby," the "Dwarf of Blood" running disappointingly. The next event was the Regimental Cup, and although only two faced the starter, it turned out to be quite the best race of the day; there was never daylight between the two ponies and the race being in the balance right up to the last stride, "Cassidy" winning by a head. The distance handicap was contested by a field of 19, the starts ranging from "Aureoline," scratch to "Rough Luck" 155 yards. The Adjutant and his game pony, "The Bailiff," led for some way, till the "Dwarf of Blood" came through and took up the running; at about 150 yards from home, the "Dwarf" was caught and passed by "Sheer," who won comfortably from "Aureoline." The polo scurry resulted in an unexpected win for "Cherry," nominated by Mrs. Sherrard.

Our best thanks are due to Colonel Rose, Major Bairnsfather and Captain Slee, who performed their onerous duties very creditably. The lotteries were held on the preceding evening at the Officers' mess and were very well supported. An inovation was introduced in the shape of a "place lottery" in the distance handicap. Great praise is due to Mr. Cobbe, whose position as Hon. Sec. involves a considerable amount of work.

THE HAMILTON CHALLENGE CUP.

The Annual Competition for this handsone trophy was fired off by the Sergeants, 1st Battn. The Buffs, on Tuesday the 27th inst., and was won by Band Sergeant Roach with the excellent score of 60, beating last year's score by one point, the distances fired being 200 yards and 500 yards, 7 shots at each distance.

Nearly all the Sergeants competed, the three best scores being as follows:—

Band Sergeant Roach	60
Sergt.-Major Featherstone	55
Sergeant Laing	54

With the cup was given the sum of ~~Rs~~ 50, a second prize ~~Rs~~ 30, and a third prize of ~~Rs~~ 20.

The prizes were presented by Mrs. Harley at the close of the sports, and in the evening the health of the doners of the cup, Messrs. Hamilton & Co., Calcutta, and of the winners, was drunk with musical honours in the Sergeants' Mess.

CRICKET.

OFFICERS *v.* SERGEANTS, 14 a side.

This annual match was played at Jullundur on the 6th March 1894, and resulted in a win for the Officers by 11 wickets. For the winners Captain Eales, Lieuts. Cumber and Perkins were in great form with the ball, while Lieut. D'Aeth, Captain Holme and Lieut. Perkins distinguished themselves batting. For the losers the Sergeant-Major and Sergeant Carnell batted very well, and Sergeants Carnell and Marshall shared the bowling honours. A most enjoyable day was spent, and ample justice was done by both sides to a most excellent lunch, kindly provided for the occasion by the Officers.

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SERGEANTS.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Sergt. Perry, b D'Aeth	0	b Perkins	0
,, Carnell, c Porter, b Eales	17	b Bell	10
,, Stevens, c and b Eales	0	c McDouall, b Cumber	5
Q.M.S. Nicholas, c D'Aeth, b Cumber	3	c Porter, b Perkins	2
Sergt. Golds, c Eales, b Cumber	8	b Perkins	2
,, Tozer, b Cumber	0	b Perkins	2
C.S. Smith, b Eales	2	b Cumber	6
S.M. Featherstone, not out	37	b Perkins	6
C.S. Patterson, b Eales	0	Not out	9
Lance-Sergt. Marshall, b Cumber	0	b Perkins	11
C.S. Andrews, b Cumber	0	c Perkins, b McDouall	0
Sergt. Patten, run out	1	c D'Aeth, b Bell	6
,, Veitch, c McDouall, b Cumber	0	b Perkins	4
,, Alderton, c Holme, b Cumber	4	c Holme, b Cumber	8
Extras	3	Extras	2
Total	74	Total	73

OFFICERS.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Capt. Eales, c Smith, b Golds	4	Did not bat.	
Lieut. Cumber, c Andrews, b Carnell	4		
Lieut. Porter, b Marshall	10		
,, D'Aeth, run out	30		
,, Perkins, l.b.w., Marshall	0	Not out.	33
Major Hickson, l.b.w., Carnell	2	l.b.w., Carnell	11
Lieut. Pearson, c Smith, b Marshall	0	Not out	11
,, McDouall, b Marshall	0		
Capt. Bell, run out	7		
,, Holme, not out	22		
Lieut. Trevor, b Carnell	3	Did not bat.	
,, Swetenham, b Carnell	3		
,, Power, b Marshall	0		
,, Cubbe, c Andrews, b Marshall	2		
Extras	3		
Total	96	Total	55

A match, "The Buffs" *v.* The Station, played on 9th March 1894, resulting in a win for the Regiment by 63 runs.

The following are the scores:—

STATION.

Major Allason, b Templeton	2
Capt. Slee, c Q.M.S. Nicholas, b Sergt. Carnell	69
,, O'Bryen, c and b Templeton	7
Mr. Hughes, b Sergt. Carnell	20
,, Robertson, c Lawrance, b Carnell	5
Gr. Northan, stumped Lawrance, b Carnell	2
Mr. Millar, b Carnell	3
,, Burge, l.b.w., b Perkins	0
Gr. Wilson, not out	9
Trumpeter Bunt, stumped Lawrance, b Carnell	0
Gr. Thomson, c Reeves, b Perkins	0
Extras	6
Total	120

THE BUFFS.

Mr. Perkins, c and b Hughes	16
Lance-Corpl. Lawrance, l.b.w., b Hughes	10
Q.M.S. Nicholas, c Allason, b Slee	20
Mr. D'Aeth, b Hughes	4
Pte. Wickens, b Northan	29
Capt. Eales, c Millar, b O'Bryen,	29
Pte. Templeton, b Northan	16
Corpl. Manville, b Capt. Slee	7
Sergt. Carnell, b Burge	12
,, Marshall, c Thompson, b O'Bryen	21
Mr. Reeve, not out	0
Extras	19
Total	183

A Match, Right *v.* Left Half Battalion, played on the Club ground on the 13th March 1894, was won by the Left Half by 7 wickets and 96 runs.

Scores are as follows:—

* L. H. Battalion.

Lce.-Cpl. Lawrence b Marshall	18
Pte. Wickens c Hasler b Marshall	36
Sergt. Carnell c & b Hasler	1
Mr. Perkins not out	48
Mr. Cumber c Hasler b Marshall	1
Pte. Templeton run out	41
Corpl. Reynolds not out	6
Mr. Pearson, Pte. Ryard, ,, Bourne, S. M. Featherstone — did not bat.	
Extras	5
*Innings declared closed. Total 5 wickets.	157

R. H. Battalion.

Corpl. Manville b Wickens	6
Pte. Cooper run out	0
,, Hasler st. Lawrence b Reynolds	8
Corpl. Dillon b Wickens	7
Pte. Reeve b Templeton	7
,, Kluckner b Wickens	4
Mr. Reeves c Mr. Cumber b Wickens	1
Pte. Pettett b Wickens	6
Corpl Rae b Wickens	0
Sgt. Marshall c Mr. Pearson b Wickens	2
Capt. Lynden-Bell not out	0
,, Holme c Reynolds, b Templeton	12
Extras	8
Total	61

ECCENTRIC BULLETS.

THE strange freaks and antics of these leaden messengers of death on the field of battle seem almost like the demon sport of destroyers possessed of intelligence and self-direction.

The allusion to "bayonets that think" is a familiar one, and General Desaix's metaphor of bullets that seemed controlled by fate, is quite as vivid and significant when applied to men like Washington, whom the deadly missiles always seemed to shun.

* * * *

Desaix had carried the same "charmed life" in battle, but when he came to fight at Marengo he had but lately returned from the campaign in Egypt. "It is so long," said he, "since I fought a battle in Europe that the bullets will not know me. Something will happen." And sure enough he was killed.

* * * *

Here are some instances of the eccentric course of bullets on battle-fields of the American Civil War:—

At the battle of Peach Orchard, when McClellan was making his change of base, a Michigan infantry-man fell in a heap as the regiment changed position. The ball which had hit him first struck the barrel of his gun, glanced, and struck a button off his coat, tore the watch out of his vest pocket, and then struck the man just over the heart, and was stopped there by a song-book in his shirt pocket. He was unconscious for three quarters of an hour, and it was a full month before the black and blue disappeared.

* * * *

At Pittsburg a member of the Twelfth Michigan Infantry stooped to give a wounded man a drink from his canteen. While in this act a bullet aimed at his breast struck the canteen, turned aside, passed through the body of a man, and buried itself in the leg of a horse. The canteen was split open and dropped to the ground in halves.

* * * *

At the second battle of Bull's Run, a New York infantry-man was passing tobacco to a comrade; a bullet struck the plug, glanced off, and buried itself in a knapsack. The tobacco was rolled up like a ball of shavings, and carried a hundred feet away. Directly in the line of the bullet was the head of a lieutenant, and had not the bullet been deflected he would certainly have received it. As it was he had both eyes filled with tobacco dust, and had to be led to the rear.

* * * *

At Brandy Station, one of Custer's troopers had his left stirrup-strap cut away by a grape shot, which passed between his leg and the horse, blistering his skin as if a red-hot iron had been used. He dismounted to ascertain the extent of his injuries, and as he bent over a bullet knocked his hat off and killed his horse.

* * * *

In the same fight was a trooper who had suffered several days with a toothache. In a hand-to-hand fight he received a pistol ball in the right cheek. It knocked out his aching double tooth, and passed out of the left-hand corner of his mouth, taking along a part of an upper tooth. The joy of being rid of the toothache was so great that the trooper could not be made to go to the rear to have his wound dressed.

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Regimental Items.

Lieut. R. H. D'Aeth, having landed in India on the 26th February 1894, he is taken on the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly.

The undermentioned Officer is granted leave to England :—

Captain C. P. Lloyd, for six months on medical certificate.

The undermentioned officer is granted leave out of India :—

Lieut. F. W. B. Dyne, for 9 months on medical certificate.

Schoolmaster G. A. Steele and No. 680 Color-Sergeant W. N. Patterson, have been granted six months leave to Europe from date of embarkation on private affairs, under the conditions laid down in I.A.C., Clause 166 of 1891 (as amended by Clause 182 of 1891).

Schoolmaster G. A. Steele will be accompanied by his wife and 2 children.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments :—

To be Lance-Sergeant.

4179 Corporal J. M. Campbell.

To be Lance-Corporals.

1798 Private E. Jarvis.
3152 ,, J. Strutt.
2414 ,, J. D. Powell.
3439 ,, C. Durrant.
3527 ,, C. T. Ogle.
3464 ,, E. Foreman.

No. 2407 Private A. Reeve is appointed Bandsman *vice* Tibball.

No. 1962 Corporal F. J. Henniker has been permitted to extend his period of Army Service to 12 years with the Colors.

The undermentioned N. C. Officer and men were awarded prizes by a Station Committee on the 14th inst., for work done in the Battalion Workshops during the past year in accordance with paras. 1190, 1191 and 1205, ARI, Vol. I, Part I. :—

	Rs	As.
Sergeant C. H. Henniker	15	0
Private W. Sands,	15	0
,, E. Watts,	7	8
,, T. Brown,	15	0
,, W. French,	15	0
,, A. Green,	15	0
,, W. Pert,	7	8
,, H. Price,	7	8
,, A. Brown,	15	0
,, T. Hammond,	15	0
,, F. Bellchambers,	15	0
,, C. Durrant,	7	8
,, C. Goodhew,	7	8

Bonus to Apprentices.

	Rs	As.
Private T. Brown,	25	0
,, A. Brown,	15	0

Territorial Number assigned to Sergeant C. Fennell on transfer is E. Kent 4503.

No. 570 Private F. Bellchambers has passed a satisfactory course of Instruction in boot-making, and is considered qualified to perform the duties of a Master Shoemaker in a Regiment.

No. 715 Lance-Corpl. G. Milgate has been permitted to re-engage for the 2nd Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, for such further period as will make up a total continuous period of 21 years' Army Service.

The undermentioned men have been granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names :—

		"A" Company.		
No. 3745	Pte. A. Beetles,	granted	1d.	22-2-94
,, 3725	,, R. Stead,	,,	1d.	13-2-94
,, 3727	,, T. Miller,	,,	1d.	15-2-94
,, 3829	,, J. Powell,	,,	1d.	18-3-94
		"B" Company.		
No. 3774	Pte. G. H. Wisking,	granted	1d.	8-3-94
		"C" Company.		
No. 2545	Pte. E. Macallan,	granted	1d.	31-3-94
,, 3600	,, G. Wilson,	,,	1d.	21-3-94
		"D" Company.		
No. 3045	Pte. G. Drage,	restored	1d.	1-10-93
,, 2684	,, S. Farrier,	,,	1d.	29-9-93
,, 2706	,, A. Green,	,,	1d.	4-10-93
,, 3746	,, H. W. Keen,	granted	1d.	23-2-94
,, 3631	,, J. Obbard,	,,	1d.	27-1-94
,, 3748	,, R. W. Turner,	,,	1d.	22-2-94
		"E" Company.		
No. 2493	Pte. C. Broadbridge,	granted	2d.	10-3-94
,, 3757	,, J. Carey,	restored	3d.	1-3-94
,, 3777	,, C. Duly,	granted	1d.	5-3-94
,, 3444	,, A. Miller,	,,	1d.	9-3-94
,, 3728	,, H. Stanley,	,,	1d.	15-2-94
,, 3729	,, W. T. London.	,,	1d.	15-2-94
		"F" Company.		
No. 2445	Pte. A. Noakes,	granted	2d.	6-2-94
,, 3783	,, C. Perkins,	,,	1d.	22-3-94
,, 2608	,, J. Clarke,	,,	4d.	5-3-94
,, 2335	,, G. Martin,	,,	1d	13-2-94
,, 2336	,, E. Payne,	,,	2d.	1-3-94
		"G" Company.		
No. 3786	Pte. F. C. Joyce,	granted	1d.	17-3-94
,, 3752	,, A. Laing,	,,	1d.	27-2-94
		"H" Company.		
No. 3722	Pte. C. Archer,	granted	1d.	8-2-94
,, 3773	,, T. Andrews,	,,	1d.	8-3-94
,, 3424	,, W. Bellingham,	,,	1d.	6-1-94
,, 2480	,, A. Clifton,	,,	2d.	5-3-94
,, 2499	,, W. Frampton,	,,	2d.	15-3-94
,, 3737	,, J. Kesby,	,,	1d.	16-2-94
,, 2489	,, F. King,	,,	2d.	6-3-94
,, 3088	,, H. May,	,,	1d.	6-2-94
,, 2479	,, A. Redsell,	,,	2d.	5-3-94
,, 3152	Lce.-Cpl. J Strutt.	,,	1d.	1-3-94

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MESS-ROOM STORIES.

IT is a guest-night with the old "Smashers," the "Mashers' are dining with them, and the "Crashers," who are in the same garrison, have sent some of their most festive members to do honour to the occasion. The "Queen's health" has been drunk, and tongues are generally loosened. It should be observed that the "Mashers" and "Smashers" have served together in India, whilst the "Smashers" and "Crashers" have served together at the Cape. It is usually said that men who have been at the Cape are inclined to draw the long bow with regard to their exploits, whilst the exaggerations of those who have served both in India and the Cape pass all bounds. Consequently, what between the wine and good fellowship and a natural desire to promote the conviviality of the meeting, the stories get a little "tall." The conversation, like that of Othello, naturally turns on "stirring incidents by flood and field." Campaigning is mentioned, and the colonel observes on modern luxuries—jams, tinned meats, turtle soup, and so forth. "Ha," says he, "you young fellows are spoilt now-days; when I was a subaltern in the mutiny my bearer brought me an omelette he had made for breakfast, devilish glad to get it, gave him a rupee at once, didn't ask where he got the eggs, ate it, thought it tasted odd, asked about eggs, scoundrel confessed they were vultures' eggs. Held on to it however, but I have never eaten an omelette since." A "Smasher" takes up the ball, and relates how he was shooting in China with a favourite pointer, and lost his way, and how he had to spend the night in the jungle, and how he would have been starved if a happy thought had not occurred to him. He cut off the dog's tail, cooked and ate it, and gave the owner his own bones, and so saved both their lives.

The conversation shifts to reptiles, and the unpleasantness of cobras in your bedroom is descanted on. A "Crasher" relates how he was lying in his bungalow half asleep on his charpoy, with a hookah beside him at which he took an occasional pull, and how, putting his hand to the ground, he took up the tube of the hookah and put in his mouth without opening his eyes. "By jove," says he, "found it wouldn't draw a bit, suddenly felt it wriggle, opened my eyes, and found I had got the tail of a cobra in my mouth, and the remainder of him on the ground, damned angry, with his hood up." This story creates considerable impression, especially among the youngsters who have never been to India. Hereupon another, not to be outdone, relates how he was chased at Natal by an imamba for two miles; how the animal, like our periods of prosperity described by Mr. Gladstone, advanced with leaps and bounds, and that he barely escaped with his life.

There is a general agreement that the Cape stations nowadays are beastly places, sport all done for; but the older officers who have known it years ago, talk of the days when the shooting was first-class, and one relates how he went shooting with John Dunn in the Zulu country. He tells a story how he had wounded a buffalo, and was spooring it through scattered bush, when all of a sudden it emerged with a bellow from behind a bush where it had been lying in wait for him, and before he had time to turn and fire, caught him full in the stern and tossed him clean on top of a "Cameel Dorn," whose thorns are six inches long and as strong and sharp as packing needles.

The Capers here get a good innings, and one relates how he stalked "Pauw." On one occasion he had stalked two pauws, and when very near them, behind a piece of speck-boem," they suddenly rose and flew close over his head. He covered the leading bird, but did not fire as it was so close, and he goes on to relate how it suddenly fell down dead at his feet with funk, and how he promptly shot the other. Pauw introduce ostriches, and another Caper relates how his regiment kept a cock ostrich which used to march in front of the band, and how this interesting bird swallowed everything that it could lay its bill to—"didn't he put his head into the canteen window one day and swallow all the bagatelle balls, and was never a penny the worse—*must* have digested them, because they were never seen again." There is a silence for a while after this, and all take a drink so as to get the bagatelle balls down, like the ostrich.

The conversation shifts to fishing, and the Indian heroes, who have been rather extinguished by the Cape men, now get a turn. They have been discussing the respective merits of the

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Shannon and the Tweed, and the size of the salmon in these rivers. "Well," say an ardent disciple of the gentle art, "salmon fishing is all very well, but it's nothing to mahseer fishing. I had some excellent fishing at a place on the Jhelum, and we never caught anything under 60lb. We tried 'em at first with our biggest Shannon flies, and they wouldn't look at them. But one day we saw them rising at the swallows under a bridge as they picked the gnats off the water. So what did we do but shoot some of the swallows and put them on our largest salmon hooks, and used them as flies—threw 'em easily with a twenty-foot rod—grand sport we had, the fish rose to them splendidly." There is a general agreement that there is no place like India now for the British officer for sport and general fun. It has its objections, of course—hot weather, early parades, insects, smells, &c. "What rum'uns the adjutants are," said a young fellow. "There was one walking about our parade ground, and I had in my hands, a largish sized kitten which I had picked up near the cook-house, and as the adjutant came near me I chucked the kitten towards it, when, would you believe it, the adjutant gravely took a step forward and swallowed the kitten whole! Wouldn't have believed it unless I had seen it." The company, like the Duke of Wellington, reserve the same right to themselves. This lets in another man's most veracious story, which is how they kill sharks in the West Indies. They heat a stone red-hot, and then, wrap it up in an old blanket and throw it into the sea when sharks are about. *Of course* a shark swallows it at once, and at first he likes it, but after a while the stone burns through the blanket and begins upon the shark's inside. Isn't there a commotion then! At last the stone burns its way clean through the shark's inside, and he comes to the surface dead. "Often seen it done," he adds.

The company then begin to abuse Mr. Gladstone, who is credited with having given up all the good stations formerly occupied by the British Army—Canada, Corfu, &c. Ah, what a quarter Canada was! Moose calling. Salmons as thick as minnows in the river! But the mosquitoes and flies. A man who has been quartered in Canada takes the opportunity of relating how he was shooting in the back-woods and that coming one morning early to a settler's clearing he saw a tall stout man coming down the wide garden path towards him; how the man got leisurely over the style, and he did not find out until he got close to him that the apparent man was a "grizzly," with a pumpkin under each arm and one in his mouth.

With such stories our friends enliven the evening, and there is a sort of tacit agreement of "You swallow my story and I'll swallow yours." Such are mess-room stories, travellers' tales in fact; for if we take all the officers of a mixed company sitting round a mess-table we shall find hardly a place on the globe that some one present has not been to. This practical experience of the world is in itself a liberal education, and an advantage such as the officers of no other army in the world possess.

Cruel Clementina or those Confounded Cigarettes.

I am an active, energetic member of the anti-narcotic league, of tobacco-phobish of the most blatant and virulent type, the terror of all youthful indulgers in surreptitious puff; and yet, but nine months ago, I was as much addicted as the next man to the use of the fragrant weed. Fragrant indeed—faugh!

Miss Clementina-de-Sarsaparilla, a slender willowy darling of scarce eighteen monsoons, possessed in stock exchange phraseology, a 'corner' in my affections for upwards of a year and half. The daughter of a cheese and bacon midas, Clemmy had been brought up in the lap of luxury. As for me, I was driving the quill of commerce on the slender salary of thirty shillings a week, with her love for expensive gewgaws indented so heavily on my modest stipend that I frequently had to subsist for a week at a time on cigarettes and suction, in order to provide some costly trifle which Clementina, in her own artless words, "really seemed to fancy."

At length the time arrived when I ventured to suggest to my beloved—Matrimony. Reclining in strictly *Bow Bells Novellette* attitude, her divine halo-encircled head on my breast, Clementina, in good old approved manner, murmured an andante "Y-e-e-s." Embraces and all the other delicious corollaries of love followed as a matter of course. My cup of bliss seemed full to overflowing.

For several weeks I dwelt so to speak in the clouds; the dry bones of commerce appeared to be inoculated with an injection of the '*Ars Amatoria*:' my dull quill shrieked "Clementina" as it spluttered athwart the musty ledgers of Messrs. Cullem and Dockem. I lost my promotion to, Sergeant in the Volunteers through boxing up the new musketry in front of my squad in this manner: "and without the Clementina, standing, kneeling, sitting or lying down, at the ground line, with fixed sights, I would drop me down and die, so as to form a bed for the butt."

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And so, for a brief season, all went merrily as the proverbial marriage bell. One evening as I lounged luxuriously on a geological sofa in my lodgings, abandoning myself to the *dolce-far-niente*, my cigarette went out. The matches were on the mantel-piece, but I picked up a scrap of paper and, lighting it at the fire proceeded to cremate my half finished smoke. The paper was tissue, and flared up instantly, burning my eyebrows and lashes fearfully. Jumping up in agony I made for the nearest looking glass, and there beheld a deplorable looking object, shorn of all facial hirsute adornments. But even this catastrophe was not to be permitted to come between me and my Clementina and her owness. I did my best to remove all traces of the accident, and started for the marble halls of the De-Sarsaparillas punctually at 8-30.

My advent was greeted with merriment among the younger branches of the family; even Clementina appeared to be amused, and her manner towards me did not carry out that hackneyed expression 'love is blind.' Later on in the evening I was called upon for a song. My voice is a sympathetic tenor, not perhaps of such volume as Sims Reeve's, but sweeter and more expressive. Now is the time, thought I, to strike a responsive chord in the heart of my darling, who really this evening appears a trifle farouche and sarcastic. Selecting from my repertoire Balfe's 'When other lips and other hearts,' I imparted to the melody as much grace and tenderness as I could compass. Commencing the second verse, 'When coldness or deceit shall slight the beauty now they prize,' I distinctly heard Clementina's younger sister Charlotte cap the first line with "And wonder why no lashes grow upon those goggle eyes."

Laughter drowned this song completely; and when I beheld my *fiancée* convulsed with merriment, guffawing louder than the rest, I dashed the roll of music on the ground, shook the dust off my unpaid-uppers and left the house, never, never to return.

A few months later Clementina was given away to an opulent tea merchant, with a soul for nothing but Assam and China blends. As for me, I still remain single. The man who offers me a cigarette stands in imminent danger of paying the penalty with his life's blood.

ODDS AND ENDS.

COLD frosty morning, fellow of 27th Inniskillings on sentry, and old civilian came along and sentry wished him good morning.

"Good morning," said the old fellow, and "what are you doing now, my son?"

"I'm on sentry go father."

Said the old fellow "may the Lord bless you, my son, and may you always be on sentry go."

Color-Sergeant to Officer just returned off leave. "Poor old Jones died at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, and we buried him last night."

Officer (absent mindedly), "Well, if he's dead, its about the best thing you could have done with him."

On the occasion of a famous dinner party given by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland at the Viceregal Lodge, a young aide-de-camp asked Archbishop Whateley, who was always a favoured guest, if his Grace could tell the company "the difference between an ass and an Archbishop." "I must give it up," said Dr. Whateley, "but please tell us." "The answer is simple," said the young officer. "An archbishop has a cross (worked in his apron) which he wears in the front; an ass has one on its back." After the merriment caused by this rather personal and "cheeky conundrum, and, as it proved, its very simple and truthful answer, had subsided, the Archbishop had his revenge. "My young friend." said he, "can you tell me the difference between an aide-de-camp and a little donkey?" "No I can't." "Neither can I," retorted the Primate.

"What did Neighbob say when you told him you wanted to marry his daughter?"

"He didn't absolutely refuse, but he imposed a very serious condition."

"What was it?"

"He said he would see me hanged first."

The county town of Donegal seems to be a second edition of Sleepy Hollow. A newspaper correspondent who recently visited there says: At Donegal the goal is the most striking building. There are some strange marks in the principal square; a number of parallel lines which puzzled me. I turned to the gaoler who had just liberated me for some explanation.

"Faith, thin, it's the militia officers that made them"

"Studying fortification?"

"Divil a fortification, thin. 'Tis lawn tennis, it is jist."

And so it was. Two courts of lawn tennis in the square of the country town of Donegal. That will give some idea of the business traffic."

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TO ALL SMOKERS.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

That the following Tobaccos are manufactured from the choicest Crops grown in Virginia according to our special instructions by an entirely new and improved process and are guaranteed by the manufacturers not to contain any artificial colouring, flavouring or any impurities, which are universally acknowledged by smokers to be the sole cause of the deterioration in Tobaccos.

These Tobaccos will keep in any climate in splendid condition for any length of time.

ROSE BUD.—Bright Gold-flaked Honey Dew manufactured by LAMBERT & BUTLER, London. Pronounced to be the best Pipe Tobacco of the day, and its cheapness is a marvel! **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

HONEY DEW MIXTURE.—Prepared by THOMAS OGDEN, "LD." Liverpool, from Sun-dried Virginia (sweet and mellow) Old Kentucky (full flavoured), Turkey (Dubec mild), Latakia (fragrant), all matured in Bond and judiciously blended and assures a sweet and pleasant smoke, which is enjoyed by the most fastidious smokers. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Bright Cut Navy.—Manufactured by THOS. OGDEN, "LD." Liverpool, smokes with delightful aroma and taste; it does not swell, burn hot, or "pop," nor does it cake or go hard in the Pipe, however tightly filled, and burns to the last grain. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Reliable Bird's-eye.—Manufactured by COPE BROTHERS, Liverpool, a sweet and cool High Class Cigarette Tobacco. It can be inhaled with entire satisfaction without irritating the lungs or throat. **Rs. 2-0 per lb.**

SPORT DE JAVA.

The demand for these Cigars continues very steady, besides having increasing Sales from all parts of the World and more particularly from Australia.

	Rs.	As.	P.
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 1, 4½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	3	0	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 2, 4 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	2	12	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 3, 3½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	2	8	0
REGALIA, 6 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 50, per box	2	0	0
CONCHAS, 3 inches long, thin Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	1	12	0
MINUTOS, 3 inches long, Cigar Cigarette, in boxes of 100, per box	1	8	0

BEST BLACK THICK TWIST TOBACCO,

Rs. 1-8 per lb.

CHILD & Co., CALCUTTA.

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The above Press, having recently added a large quantity of fancy and ornamental type, borders &c., to its already large and well-selected stock, is now in a position to undertake every description of Plain, Ornamental, and Color Printing.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent

Chronicle.

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1898

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 85. **JULLUNDUR, APRIL 30th 1894.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

TYLDEN-PATTENSON.—On the 27th March, at Priory-Gate, Dover, the wife of Captain A. H. Tylden-Pattenson The Buffs, of a son.

HENNIKER—At Jullundur the 6th inst. the wife of Pioneer Sergeant C, H. Henniker of a daughter.

BREWIN—At Cossipore on the 22nd December 1823 the wife of Store Sergeant G. E. M. Brewin Ordnance Department of a daughter.

DORAN.—At Jullundur on the 26th inst,, the wife of Sergt. Doran, of a daughter.

EDWARDS.—At Jullundur on the 26th inst., the wife of Sergeant Edwards, of a daughter.

LAING.—At Jullundur on the 29th inst., the wife of Sergt. J. Laing, of a son.

Marriage.

ALDERTON—TURNER.—At St. Luke's Church Jullundur on the 4th inst., Sergt. J. Alderton to Miss L. Turner.

Death.

TOZER.—At Jullundur on the 23rd inst., Mary, step-daughter of Sergeant Tozer 1st Battn. The Buffs.

NOTES.

THE present issue of The Dragon must commence with an apology for its own late arrival. This is owing to an accumulation of disastrious events. The recent Editor is lying on a bed of sickness. The Sub-editor, a a more fortunate man, is enjoy- a well-earned holiday in cooler climes, and most of the printers are *hors de combat*, or away. Both Privates Green and Sunnuck being, we regret to say, in hospital.

Copy for next month should therefore be sent in early.

* * * * * *

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Harley have left us for Simla, where they are staying at the the Elysium Hotel.

* * * * * *

Captain Annesley and Color-Sergt. Cheal

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have proceeded to Chungli Gully to improve their military minds by undergoing the usual course of instruction in musketry.

... ...

Major Moody has rejoined the 1st Battalion after an absence of nearly nine years. He is in command of "A" Company, the troop he handed over in Vitoriosa Barracks, Malta, in the month of August, 1885. Color-Sergt. Cheal was then a lance-corporal in the Company, as was Sergt. Perry, and Sergeant-Major Featherstone was Captain Moody's color-sergt.

. . ..

Lieut. Bainbridge, from the Home Battalion, and 2nd Lieut. Bright, have joined from England.

The former brings with him a sporting reputation. He plays polo, and is a good wicket-keep. We have seen his name, and indeed Major Moody's too in connection with more than one theatrical performance, referred to in some of "Secundus'" home letters.

... .

Captain Dauglish's appointment will, we presume, give Mr. Essell a step. We hear the latter officer will return to regimental duty on promotion. The subalterns can no longer complain of hard fortune. Two years ago Captain Lloyd was the senior lieutenant, and now a long list of captains figure as junior to him in the Army List. While on this subject we offer our congratulations to Captain D'Aeth, who has gone up since our last issue. His company awaits him, we take it, at Castlebar, in County Mayo, where the 2nd Battalion have a two company detachment.

... .

Elsewhere will be found a short account of an amusing evening spent on April 14th in our Regimental Theatre. We congratulate the manager on the success of his little undertaking.

... .

We have it on good authority that we are not to have Captain Dauglish with us again for five years or so, he being about to be confirmed in his appointment as D.A.A.G., and so to add to the already swollen list of seconded Buff captains.

... ...

Our Rifle Meeting was a great success, and it is to be hoped that we shall have them a little oftener and in a little cooler weather.

. . ..

The shooting on the whole was very good Black powder was used, and at the next meeting, when cordite is used, we expect "possible" will be required to take a prize.

... ...

Pte. Barrett, of "D" Company, fired very well right through the meeting, and his winning the B.P.R.A. Medal was a very popular win.

The Rifle Club Committee and Sergt. Campbell are to be congratulated upon the success of the meeting, and it is to be hoped that we shall soon have another,

... .

Mrs. Harley kindly gave the children of the Battalion an outing in the Empress Gardens on the 31st ultimo.

... ...

The little ones were taken there in the R. A. brake (kindly lent for the occasion), and gharries under the special care of the Schoolmaster and Schoolmistress.

... ...

Games of every sort were indulged in, after which they all sat down and did ample justice to a most substantial tea. Tea over, more games and romps, and then home at dusk all tired out and having thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

... ...

Mrs. Ibbotson (the wife of the Commissioner of Jullundur), very kindly entertained all our married women and their children on the 6th inst., at her residence, just outside the cantonments.

It was quite a sight to see the stream of tikka gharries (all densely packed) flying down the Mall towards the "Missioner Sahibs Cootee" as the gharry drivers called Mr. Ibbotsons house.

The families enjoyed themselves thoroughly and came back saying all sorts of nice things about their hostess and her charming daughters.

... .

The 68th Field Battery R. A. sports came off on the 12th inst., and were quite a success (as usual). All the events were keenly contested. The niggers were decidedly good, and our men entered with great spirit for the event opened to to them, viz.: ½ mile, which was won by Pte. Cooper, Todd second, and Sadler third.

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... ...

Something wrong with the clocks or the distance, as we do not think 50 seconds for a ¼ mile in this country is quite the correct time. but we hope that both clocks and distance were correct for Cooper's sake.

... ...

Rain and dust storms on the 13th and 14th have postponed the inevitable punkah, and the pullers for a little longer, thank goodness.

But everything comes to him who waits, and the punkahs in barracks commenced on the 25th instant.

... ...

We congratulate Sergt. Davison on winning the prize so kindly presented by Mrs. Harley, for shooting competition amongst the sergeants. It is a very pretty and most useful prize, indeed, in the shape of a valuable carriage clock.

... ...

It is always gratifying to any corps to hear good accounts of their N. C. Officers who are on detached duty, and we have much pleasure in publishing an extract from the *Englishman* with respect to Sergt. Sheppard :—

"Second-class Instructor Sheppard, attached to the Calcutta Volunteer Rifles. has been appointed first-class Instructor to the North-Western Railway Volunteers, and is under orders to proceed to Lahore. Sergt. Sheppard has given the greatest satisfaction during the two years of his connection with the corps, and has well earned the golden opinion of the Volunteer Rifles. During the past season he has been employed at the range as musketry sergeant, and has given an excellent account of himself, if one may judge by the increased number of extra efficients and efficients on whose account the corps is entitled to draw a larger capitation grant."

... ...

We regret to have to record an accident which has placed a well-known and highly esteemed lady of this battalion upon a bed of pain, from which we fear she is not likely to rise for some few days yet. On Thursday April 26th Mrs, Cumber and her daughter were driving home from viewing the cricket match between G and E Companies when their horse bolted. Mrs. Cumber either jumped or was thrown from the Tum-Tum, the wheel of which passed over her body, inflicted severe injuries. The horse feeling the absence of all control, increased his pace and Miss Cumber, who must have had a bad fright, would have shared her mothers lot but for the pluck and presence of mind of Adsley, of "D." Company, who managed to stop the pony, by boldly facing him and seizing his head.

Assistance was immediately at Mrs. Cumbers disposal, indeed her husband himself was on the spot and she was tenderly raised and removed to her bungalow. At first it was feared that some internal injury had resulted but we are glad to announce that the medical gentleman who attends her has declared that such is not the case.

The readers of The Dragon will I am sure unite in wishing a speedy recovery to Mrs. Cumber.

... ...

THE ADVENTURES OF CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

A Serial by Glum.

IT is more or less of a recognised fact in our service that an old soldier has a right to an occasional grumble, and I, Colonel Christopher Fescue, having faithfully served Her Majesty in all parts of the globe for a little over three and thirty years, have quite in my opinion, earned the honourable title of "old soldier," and so I like others of my cloth have my grumble, and my present complaint is, that a thoroughly deserving well educated sober honest and respectable man, who has served his country in the Army and is discharged, through no fault of his own, but rather by reason of the hardships he has undergone, should find it so hard to earn his living in this country. I am no doubt a wicked old fellow enough, but I was once selected to stand as godfather to an infant, which child, now grown to man's estate, called upon me the other day to ask me to try and get him some work to do. Christopher Hatton late Color Sergeant in the famous Kentish Rangers

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has, at the age of 31 been invalided from the Army on a pension of 2s. 6d. per diem, which cannot of course keep himself wife and two children in decentcy.

The doctor's objections to him is a certain weakness of the chest, which most unfortunately prevents his joining the ranks of the commissionaires, as the medicos forbid his standing about in cold or wet weather. He would make an excellent clerk but on my venturing to say so to people who employ clerks, I am asked if he knows shorthand and can use the type writer. I wrote to a friend of mine, who is a great manufacturer in the black Northern lands and recommended my godson as a time-keeper or whatever they call the punctual fellow who sees that all the workmen get their wages docked if they are late, but I was told that there were at least 50 or 60 applicants, with splendid testimonials, for every vacancy that ever occurs. Christopher Hatton with all his virtues knows no trade. He cannot dig, to beg he is ashamed, though he has done that too during his eventful career. What shall I do with my godson? His story may be of interest, though no doubt not so much so to others as it is to me, but I will give you a short account now of his life and adventures, in the hopes that some of your readers may be interested, and when I tell them that there are a great many more cases similar to that of Hatton to be found at this moment in our country.

When I, Ensign Fescue, joined the good old Kentish Rangers, so many years ago, there was serving in its ranks one Corporal John Hatton, who was a favourite amongst his officers and comrades by reason of a very gallant deed he did in India. The Rangers were proud of John Hatton, but John was a thirsty soul; many years in India had made his interior like a sand-heap, which could readily absorb a miraculously large quantity of liquid, and poor John tried its capacity to the utmost.

The kind old Colonel was always promoting Hatton so that on his leaving the Regiment, he would be able to take a sergeants pension away with him, but it invariably happened that, after a year or two of exemplary conduct, and Hatton was a first-class non-commissioned officer when he liked, the poor old chap would reel about in the ranks or be found drunk when wanted for guard, and, of course, a day or two afterwards a court-martial would make a private of him again. I always call him Corporal Hatton because, I think, he was oftener that than anything else, and at any rate he held that rank when Christopher was born.

Mrs. Hatton had been a barmaid of the lower class, and now drunk as much or more than her husband. She had served at a little inn in Dover the whole time the regiment was quartered there, and only left it to take the name of Hatton. I often thought what a lot of liquid refreshment must have been consumed during wooing. She was a very nice woman in the morning when she was sober, and always received her officers when they came to pay their official visits to the married quarters with great grace and dignity. She always had a friendly word for me, poor soul. I had a sort of hero worship, as youngsters will at times, for her gallant nee'r do well and she knew it and loved to have a chat with me about him and the deed he did in India in the old days. But, alas, in the evenings, it too often happened that a complaint was brought to the Quarter-Master that Mrs. Hatton was creating a disturbance in the married quarters, and many a near shave she had of being struck off the strength of the regiment.

The Kentish Rangers were serving in Ireland, and about a couple of years after I joined them they were to move from Limerick to Mullingar, that is those sick who could be moved, the women and children and the very young recruits with a sergeant or two to look after them (the whole under Captain Browne), were to go to Mullingar, while the serviceable portion of the Battalion was to do a month under canvas at the Curragh first—for it was the drill season there, and to proceed to Mullingar when that was over.

For some reason, which I cannot now recall, Captain Browne was unable to accompany the women and other details to Mullingar, but proceeded there a couple of days or so after them, and I received orders to proceed in command of the Mullingar party, settle them as best I could into the barracks and rejoin my company at the Curragh as soon as I was relieved by the captain.

(To be continued on Page 15.)

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Dear Sir,

On Thursday last, the 19th instant, a concert was held in Mrs. Oakley's bungalow by some of our Regimental Amateurs. It was entirely a success from beginning to the end. The first part consisted of the usual circle. in which some very fair songs were rendered. The second half consisted of several songs in character, the most notable being one of our bandsmen, dressed as a convict. Drs. Williams and Burgess amused us greatly. Corpl. Foreman and Pte. Davison rendered Dudes of the day almost to perfection. The next on the board was the sketch entitled "Down went the lever" (no relation to Lever of E,) the characters being taken by Corpl Forman, Dr. Burgess and Pte. Johnson. The whole evening's amusement concluded by the well rendered duet Alls-well, by Ptes. McGrath and Williams. We hope to see them. (provided they have some music) on the boards of our Regimental Theatre during the summer.

IKEY MO.

Dear Mr. Editor.

Trusting you will find room in The Dragon for its insertion, I venture to send the following suggestion.

As there are several billiard players in the Regiment amongst the Privates, I think that the committee could with advantage organise a billiard tournament. fixing the entrance fee at, say, four annas, the proceeds thereof to be devoted to prizes for the winners. The rules to be made by a committee, and a referee appointed whose decision will be final. There are several to my knowledge who will be only too willing to enter the Lists.

If I may venture another suggestion I should say that a day, Thursday for preference, be set apart for single matches, the names to be placed on a paper provided for the purpose in the billiard-room, in charge of the marker.

Permission could also be obtained for Pyramids, shell-out or otherwise, and this would meet with the entire approval of players.

If you can give publication to this you will

Greatly oblige

Yours truely

"CUEIST"

We are authorised in saying that no obstacle to Cueist's proposal would be thrown in the way by the Library Committee. [Editor.]

Dear Mr. Editor,

May I on behalf of my wife and daughetr, thank all those men of the Battalion who so kindly gave their timely aid and assistance on Thursday morning last, when the horse Mrs. Cumber was driving bolted, I witnessed the accident from a distance (but was unable to assist) and upon arriving on the spot was too much upset at the time to notice the men who helped or I should have thanked them personally. They all seemed to vie with each other as to who could do the most for us. This in my idea again shews the grand "*Esprit-de-Corps*" that exists, and always did, in the splendid Regiment that my wife has lived in for the last 40 years and myself nearly 26.

What the result would have been if Private Adsley of "D" Company had not pluckily and at great risk to his own life stopped the horse, is not difficult to imagine as the animal was galloping hard, and with the reins about his heels, towards a clump of trees, Mrs. Cumber having already fallen out and been run over, and my daughter preparing to jump out of the trap.

Again thanking everybody for their kindness.

Yours faithfully,

H. C. Cumber, Quarter-Master,

1st The Buffs.

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HOME BATTALION NEWS

To the Editor of The Dragon.

The past three months have been so improductive of events that I have been tempted to allow my letter to stand over until there was something to write about and I have let it stand at ease longer than I intented, so I must now endeavour to post you up to date as regards our doings.

The Football season ended with an interesting and keenly contested competition among the companies for the Challenge Shield, the ties being played on the newly acquired recreation ground between the canal and the Roscommon Railway.

The first round resulted as follows:

A beat E	F beat B
C „ D	G „ H

The games were played on Easter Monday in glorious weather and were followed with great interest by the spectators.

In the second round played on the following Thursday.

C beat G
F „ A

And in the final next day F Company secured the championship, the team being composed as follows:

2nd Lieut. Gregson, Sergt. Coleman, Lce.-Cpl. Philpott, Ptes. Crawford, Ruler, Bloice, Lce.-Cpl. Short, Ptes. Barber, Hilling, Griffiths, Ingram.

Other matches played during the quarter were *versus* R.A. Athlone, which was lost by 3 goals to 1.

The 74th Field Battery from Longford has added considerably to the strength of the R.A. team and the victory secured by them was somewhat of a surprise to our representatives, who having mostly just returned from furlough were not in regular fighting trim.

A second match against the Ranelagh School showed better results, the regiment winning a well fought game by one goal to nil.

On the 21st February a match took place at Castlebar against the garrison of that important fortress; the Headquarters team travelled thither on the previous evening and were put up in barracks and next morning a party of Sergeants also went to witness the game.

At half time each side had obtained 2 goals but after changing over, the Headquarters team played up in good form and added 4 goals to their previous score, eventually winning by 6 goals to 2. A smoking concert for the teams and a quadrille party in the Sergeants' Mess formed a pleasant conclusion to the day and the return journey was made next morning.

Some successful paper chases took place in February under he auspices of Capt. Williams and drew large fields of starters, many of whom made practical acquaintance with the nature of Irish bogs.

The idea is one worthy of continued support and we hope to see it renewed next winter, as it affords a capital means of exercise and training.

The Sergeants' Mess of the battalion has been the recipient of two handsome photographs one of General Sir Julius Raines, our Colonel-in-Chief, presented by himself, the other of the late Lieut.-General Sargent, kindly presented "in memoriam" by Mrs. Sargent with the accompanying letter:—

"Mrs. Sargent forwards the enclosed photograph to the Sergeants of the Buffs, with her kind compliments, thinking they might like to have it in memory of one, who not only had served so long in their regiment, but took such a deep interest in everyone connected with it, and also had such an affectionate regard for 'The Grand Old Buffs.'"

The Officers Mess has also received a momento of Colonel Morley, which will be familiar to many of those who served with him, in the shape of the model used by him for practising drill movements, which were sent to us by Mrs. Morley.

It has been suggested to me by a valued coadjutor that obituary notices of distinguished officers who have served in the regiment, enumerating their services might prove interesting to many of your readers.

It has also been suggested that a recapitulation of some of the principal events in the history of the Regiment would probably be new matter to the majority of men in both Battalions, and would probably prove of great interest, as would also a short account of each of the campaigns

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and actions, borne as honours on the Colours. Cannot some competent historian be found to undertake the task ?

With the return of April comes not only the voice of the cuckoo, but that of the drill sergeant, and we are all actively preparing for the summer campaign on the Curragh of Kildare, which will commence, for us, in July.

Musketry this year will be carried out partly on the range here—individual practices; and partly at the Curragh—field practices.

As, however, the range here has not yet been opened for the magazine rifle, the parties of recruits exercised up to the present have been sent to the Curragh under Lieut. Geddes.

A spell of fine warm weather lately induced many of our friends to begin boating and bathing, and fishing is also attracting many devotees to the river and lake.

A few days since a party of five of our men, with one of the boys, were out on the lake some seven miles from Athlone, and landing on a rocky island damaged their boat to such an extent that they could not use her further. Two of the party and the boy were taken off by a passing boat and landed some six miles from home, where they turned up about 11 p.m. ; the other three had to spend the night on the island, using the boat as a shelter, and lighting a fire with brashwood. Considerable anxiety was felt in barracks about the safety of the party, until the return of the first portion of them ; it was then too dark to send for the others, but a party of comrades started at daybreak—taking materials for breakfast with them, and about 10 a.m. the ship-wrecked mariners returned, happily none the worse for their adventure.

I do not think any mention has been made in former letters of the "Soldier's Home" in Athlone, which is much frequented and appreciated by many of our young soldiers, who are attracted by the cheerful rooms and means of recreation provided for them no less than by the kind welcome they meet with from the two ladies to whose unwearied exertions for their comfort they are so much indebted.

Such helps to steadiness and good conduct as are provided for the young soldier by this and other Homes of the same kind, deserve the hearty support of all who are interested in Tommy's welfare.

Among recent changes in the personnel of the Battalion, we have to regret the departure of Major Moody and Lieut Bainbridge, who take with them to India many good wishes from old friends.

Major Smith will shortly be leaving us for a tour of duty at the Depot in place of Major Gordon, who will return to the Battalion.

Captain Williams is taking the adjutancy in place of Capt. Vertue, whose period of service in that appointment will shortly expire

Captain Vertue is a candidate for the Staff College in the forthcoming examination.

Lieut. Essell will shortly rejoin the Battalion from the A. S. Corps.

The following N. C. Officers and men have re-engaged for further service with the Colours :—

Sergt. B. H. Ritchie, to complete 12 years.
Lce.-Crpl. T. Cantwell ditto.
Pte. J. Long ditto.
Pte. A. Isard, to complete 21 years.

Transferred to Army Reserve :—Sergeants W. Stanger and E. Price, Ptes. W. Sharpe. W. Wells, E. Sickle, P. Reardon, T. Andrews, D. Marshall, E. Kitchenham, F. Woodruffe, F. Davis. J. Fittall, A. Farewell, J. Slender, C. Baker.

Discharged :—Pte. H. F. Clements, O. Brooke, G. Burtrops, J. Hughes, N. Lawson, A. Combes, H. Burrows, H. Clarke, W. Chate, J. Cotter; E. Hitchcock, Newton, J. Bailey, A. Bowles, J. Dale, H. McSteen, and R. Neill.

Transferred to Depot : —Corpl. C. Nairne, Ptes. A. Taylor, C. Marsden, P. Burke, A. T. Russell.

Promotions and appointments:—

To be Sergeants :
Lance-Sergts. E. Smith and W. Mason.
To be Lance.-Sergeants :
Corpls. Page and Reylott.
To be Corporal :
Lance-Corpls. T. Port, J. Miller, and W. Smith.

To be Lance-Corpls. :—Dr. W. Swendall, Ptes. H. Short, S. Gunn, W. Tighe. G. Harris, G. Shaw. E. Garside, C. E. Johnston, W. Cooke, W. Hall, R. Lawson, F. Walsh, J. M. Browne, A. E. Sprent, A. Isard.

Yours Faithfully,
Scoundus.

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Officers Regimental Race Cup.

A Short account of the above may interest those whose names, as winners are already inscribed on the cup, and others, whose names are yet to be inscribed. The old conditions of the Race Cup were that it should be run for over a steeple chase course, or a Point-to-Point race, and for horses—polo ponies in those days not being so numerous as they are now. The original Cup was won outright by Dr. Teevan, this says a good deal for his mounts, as he had to contend against the strong stables of Captain Reeves and Franks, amongst others. Dr. Teevan gave the present Cup to be a Challenge Cup, but with no other conditions attached, the Cup does not appear to have been run for, while the Regiment was at home, but no time was lost, on it's beginning it's foreign service, as it was run for, the first year in 1885. That year the race was a distance handicap ¾ mile, run at Malta—one advantage of a handicap is that all get a chance. The largest fields that have started for the Cup were in 1885 & 1886, both of which years, the race was a handicap, and the finishes as close as could be wished. In 1886 the Cup was run for at Singapore—distance handicap 1 mile. On arrival in India, the conditions were changed to a flat race ½ mile for ponies. It was gradually becoming confined to polo ponies, the idea being to encourage that class of pony in the Regiment, and to get good fields for the race. Not until 1892 was it clearly laid down that the Cup should be run for by *bonâ-fide* polo ponies. The fields since then have been getting smaller, culminating in only two this year. A field of 2 however good the race may be, and the fact of the entries having got smaller since 1892 would seem to show that a change in the conditions is necessary.

The present idea of encouraging polo ponies may be dismissed at once, as officers buy more for the game than for the sake of winning the Cup. Whether the original conditions of the Cup *i.e.* to encourage cross country riding by making the race a steeple chase or point-to-point race should not again be tried in an open question, this however is only a suggestion.

Out of 8 times that the cup has been run for 4 of the finishes has been as close as could be wished. At Malta between Lieut Stewart's 'Comet' and Lieut. Connellan's 'Pepper Punch.' At Calcutta in 1891 between Lieut. Annesley's, "Moonstone" and Lieut. Cobb's "Full Moon.' again in 1892 between Lieut. Annesley's "Sayonala" and Lieut. Eale's "Grey Lancer" and this year between Lieut. Hasler's "Cassidy" and Capt. Annesley's "Shurwan."

The largest number of entries was eight in 1885, at Malta. The smallest 2 this year at Jullundur. For the 8 years that the Cup has been run for Capts. Philips and Annesley heads the list with 5 entries, Capt. Eales 4, Capts. Bayard & Parry, Lieuts. Hasler and Cobbe two each—rest one only.

The cup has been won by an Arab pony 5 times, a Waler twice and a Barb once, and always by a Subaltern. Whether a Subaltern intends to win it next year remains to be seen, anyhow let us hope that the race may be as close as it was this year, and have the additional advantage of a very much larger number of starters.

Below is a summary of entries for the Cup and winners:—

1885—Malta. Distance Handicap ¾ mile. 1st Lieut. Stewart's "Comet," 2nd Lt. Connelan's "Pepper Punch."

Entries---Capt. Smith, Lieuts. Hamilton, Bayard, Phillips, Eustace, Eales. Total 8.

1886—Singapore. Distance Handicap 1 mile. 1st, Lieut. Philip's "Stranger," 2nd, Lieut. Bayard's "Dynn." Entries Capts. Hughes, Porter, Lts. Hamilton, Hunter and Pemberton. Total 7.

1887.—Ranikhet. Not run for.

1888.—Bareilly ½ mile. 1st Lieut. Eale's "Scorpion" 2nd, Lieut Hulk's Daphne. Entries Lieuts. Eustace, Parry and Coombes.

1889.---Dum-Dum. Not run for.

1890.---Dum-Dum. 5 furlongs. 1st, Lieut. Cobb's "Blue China" 2nd, Capt. Philip's "Madge." Entries Lieut. Parry (2) Annesley. Total 5.

1891.—Calcutta. 5 furlongs. 1st, Lieut. Annesley's "Moonstone," 2nd, Lieut. Cobbe's "Fullmoon." Entries, Capts. Blackburn, Philips. Lieuts. Eales and Hasler. Total 6.

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1892.---Calcutta. 5 furlongs. 1st, Lieut. Annesley's "Sayonala" 3nd, Lieut. Eale's "Gray Lancer." Entries Capt. Philips, and Lieut. Eales.

1893.---Jullundur. ½ Mile. 1st, Lieut. Annesley's "Shurwan," 2nd Lieut. Swentenham's "Thakore." Entries, Capt. Lloyd, Lieut. Trollope. Totat 4.

1894.---Jullundur. ½ mile. 1st, Lieut. Hasler's "Cassidy," 2nd, Capt. Annesley's "Shurwan." Total 4.

ANOTER INDIAN MUTINY EPISODE.

I Was a Captain with my Regiment at Nusserabad in February '58 and E.B. (another captain) was my greatest chum; The Regiment formed one of the Rajpootan Field Force under the command of General Roberts and marched on the 15th of the following month against Kotah, a strongly Fortified City of considerable importance in Rajpootana the Rajah of which was beseiged by rebels under Heva Syng within his own City.

A march of 12 days, brought us in sight of Kotah and we encamped some two miles from the city and on the opposite side of the river Chumbul; the assault was fixed for the 30th March and one Regiment formed a portion of the 3rd assaulting column under the commaad of our Colonel, but the night before the attack E.B. came into my tent in a very melancholy mood and said he felt a presentiment that this would be his *last fight* and earnestly begged me to send his sword and breast-plate and some other small articles to his father, whose address he placed in my hands. I tried to persuade him that presentiments were all nonsense, but E.B. shook his head and said he felt sure his last day had come.

After the fight was over, the Regiment marched 2 miles beyond Kotah and took up fresh camping ground and on arrival I went to E.B. and shook him by the hand, saying:---

"Well old Fellow I'm glad to see you safe and sound, your presentiment has come to nothing after all" to which he replied, No, but I had a narrow escape, for my right hand is again hit!

He had been badly wounded in the same hand while carrying the Queen's Color at the battle of Alwa, a bullet having entered the back, passed through and thence again through one of his fingers—thus causing 4 wounds in the right hand. An hour before sunset, a Brigade Order came for a company to go as picquet to a village a mile to our front and it so happened that No. 4 Company was the first for picquet duty, so E.B. marched off with it, accompanied by the Brigade Major (Capt. Bainbrigge) to dispose of the picquet; but soon after Retreat sounded, the camp was startled by a terrific explosion and news soon reached us that the village occupied by E B's company and one from the 10th N. I. had been fired by incendiaries and an immense powder magazine blown up It appeared that when the picquets entered it one end of the village some natives were seen bolting out at the other end and that where the Brigade Major shewed E.B. and the N. I. Officer where to post their night sentries, the men being halted about 200 yards off. A Native was seen to rush out of a very low shed close to them and the next moment a blinding flash and a roar that seemed to shake the very earth where the men were halted, took place. The shed was blown to atoms, and when the smoke cleared away the bodies of E.B, the Brigade Major and the Native Officer was found terribly mutilated and nothing but the trunks left, the heads, arms and legs were scattered at long distances from where they stood.

The remains were collected and a most impressive funeral took place the next day, attended by all the Officers and Regiments in Camp.

Thus poor E.B,'s presentiment came true after all, and his untimely death cast a gloom over the whole Regiment, none of the men were killed, but more than half of them were thrown violently to the ground and sustained severe injuries and hurts, while the hair of every man was badly singed.

I need not add that I faithfully carried out the last wishes of my dear friend and chum E.B.

UNOHOO.

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1st Battn. The Buffs.

Regimental Rifle Club Tourament held at Jullundur on the 20th 21st & 22nd March 1894.

COMMITTEE.

PRESIDENT.

Major J. W. Hind.

MEMBERS.

Lieut. R. F. Pearson.
" J. Hasler.
Lieut. & Qr.-Mr. H C. Cumber.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Color.-Sergt. N. Patterson — Color.-Sergt. J. Greig.
" F. Andrews, " G. Cork,
" W. Watts, " J. Smith,
" T. Cheal, Sergt. C. H. Perry.

Corpl. J. M. Campbell, Acting Sergeant I. of Musketry

The Battalion held a very successful Rifle meeting last month, the entries far exceeded the anticipation of our keenest shots, which it shows with what spirit the N. C. Os. and men of the Battalion enter into these competitions. Some very good shooting was made and Private Barrett is to be congratulated on winning the medal of the Bengal Presidency Rifle Association.

There is no doubt that the success of the meeting was mainly due to the wonderful energy of Sergt. Campbell, he was on the range morning noon and night and was most indefatigable in his endeavours to please everybody and ensure all competitors having their fair share of the shooting. We regret however that Sergt. Campbell is at present ill in hospital but hope to soon see him again at his musketry work, which he takes so keen an interest in.

The following is a list of winners of the first three prizes in each competition. It is regretted that space will not suffice for more.

MATCH I.

Inter. Company Team Match.

1st prize Rs 80 won by "G" Company with the following:—

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds	Total.
Score	170	194	165	529

2nd prize Rs 20 won by "D" Company with the following:—

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Score	152	196	168	516

MATCH II.

1st Prize Rs 30 by "B" Company with 121 points time 3 min. 30 sec.

2nd Prize Rs 18 won "F" Company with 108 points time 3 min, 42 sec.

3rd Prize Rs 12 won by "C" Company with 102 points time 3 min 33 sec,

MATCH III. 2nd Class Shots.

			Points	Rs	A.
2771	Pte. Collins	1st	51	10	0
2515	" J Seath,	2nd	50	9	8
632	Cr.-Sgt. Smith	3rd	47	9	0

MATCH IV. 3rd Class Shots.

			Points	Rs	A.
3132	Pte. C. Brown	1st	21	8	0
2405	" T. Hayden	2nd	21	7	8
3602	" G Woods	3rd	20	7	0

MATCH VI. MEDAL AGGREGATE. 200 yds.

			Points	Rs	A.
2415	Pte. G Scott	1st	29	10	0
2180	" F Bull	2nd	24	8	0
429	Sergt. J Laing	3rd	24	6	0

MATCH VII. MEDAL AGGREGATE. 500yds.

			Points	Rs	A.
2125	Pte. C Peer	1st	32	10	0
429	Sergt. J Laing	2nd	32	8	0
76	Cpl. J Reynolds	3rd	31	6	0

MATCH VIII. MEDAL AGGREGATE. 600yds.

			Points	Rs	A
3007	Lce.-Cpl. Ralph	1st	29	10	0
2327	Pte. J Galvin	2nd	27	8	0
2272	Cpl. T Knight	3rd	27	6	0

MATCH IX. MEDAL AGGREGATE. 700yds.

			Points	Rs	A
2327	Pte. J Galvin	1st	32	10	0
1762	Sgt.-Mjr Featherstone	2nd	2	8	0
3361	Pte H Loftus	3rd	31	6	0

MATCH X. MEDAL AGGREGATE. 800 yds.

			Points	Rs	A.
1385	Lce.-Cpl, Anderson	1st	27	10	0
3132	Pte. C Brown	2nd	26	8	0
3058	Lce.-Cpl. E Baker	3rd	26	6	0

MATCH XI. AGGREGATE in MATCHES VI to X.

			Points	Rs	A.	
1558	Pte. S Barrett	1st	137	30	0	and B.P.R.A. Medal.
429	Sergt. J. Laing	2nd	129	Rs 20	0	
2179	Lce. Sgt. W. Campbell	3rd	128	15	0	

THE NORTHBROOK VASE.

The Northbrook Vase was fired for at 500 and 600 yards on the 27th March. Seven shots at each range.

The Vase was won by Sergt.-Major Featherstone,.

Sergt.-Major Featherstone	61
Corpl. Reynolds	59
Color.-Sergt. Andrews	57

While writing about the above competition it may be as well to give a short account of the origin of it.

In 1874 Lord Northbrook who was then Viceroy of India attented the 302nd Anniversary parade of the Battalion, and to commemorate the event he gave a splendid Burmese bowl to the Officers' Mess, this was to be fired for annualy by all

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ranks of the Battalion, the winners to have his name inscribed on the vase.

Evidently very few men knew what the vase was like or what the Competition was for as so few entered for it. Would it not be a good idea to have the vase on the range while the competition is taking place? or exhibited in the Library previous to the match.

ENTERTAINMENT.

On Saturday, April 14th, the gaffing season and the official cold weather wound up together, with a very merry and nicely arranged little entertainment in the Regimental Theatre.

The manager, I think, showed good judgement in selecting for our amusement a couple of good old farces which have stood the test of years, but which never fail to amuse.

"Little Toddlekins" is one of those humorous little plays so popular a generation ago, and which so many of us have seen before, but which we all have the capacity of enjoying again, and "The Area Belle" is quite an old favourite.

The station certainly possesses a very fair amount of talent in the dramatic line. Captain Holme sustained the part of "Jones Robinson Brownsmith" in his usual powerful style. Lieut. Trevor proved himself an actor of no mean merit. Mrs. Stewart made a charming "Susan." Captain Stewart and Miss Peart made the most of their parts. All were above the average of amateurs, but Amanthis. That fairy elf-like creature, what shall we say of her? Dear little gushing thing, to her the honours of the piece must be assigned. To her beyond all other fair ones did our manly hearts go out. Fair "Amanthis," sweet daughter of an unworthy step-sire, never shall we forget thy grace, thy beauty and they sweet manifold attractions.

As regards the "Area Belle," were we commanding the company which "Private Tosser, of The Buffs," honours by serving in, we should direct that long-legged warrior to be refitted with a tunic; his present one is not a credit to him, nor, I fear, is he himself much of a credit to any one. Fancy, 20 years service and only one badge! If the soldier, however was indifferently turned out, he was an improvement in that respect on his rival, that ornament to the police force Pitcher. He, no doubt, showed himself thoroughly conversant with the principal duties of the useful and reliable body of men to which he belongs, but his clothes were too awful.

It is difficult, I think, to praise too highly the acting and appearance of the two ladies who so kindly assisted in this little farce. How so sensible and particular a missis could keep so charming a cook and not expect her kitchen to be invaded by members of the baser sex, is a mystery that is not explained.

Good music, well chosen farces, and capital acting were given to a full and appreciative house. The following was the caste:—

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

"LITTLE TODDLEKINS."

SCENE—GENTLEMANS' DRAWING ROOM.

1. *Musical Sketch* "A Plantation Holiday" *Seebold*

Mr. Jones Robinson Brownsmith ... Capt. Holme, The Buffs.
Mr. Barnaby Babbicombe (*of Babbicombe Bay*) Capt. Stewart, 14th Bengal Lancers.
Captain Littlepop ... ... Lieut. Trevor, The Buffs.
Amanthis ... ... Lieut. Eaton, The Buffs.
Annie Babbicombe ... ... Miss Peart.
Susan ... ... Mrs. Stewart.

Interval of 15 Minutes.

PART. II.

"THE AREA BELLE."

SCENE—KITCHEN,

2. *Medley Overture* ... "Carnivalion" ... *Williams*
3. Waltz ... ... "Weaner Madeln" Ziehrer.

Constable Pitcher (*in the Police*) ... Lieut. Eaton, The Buffs.
Private Tosser (*in the Buffs*) ... Capt. Holme, The Buffs.
Walker Chalks (*a Milkman*) ... Lieut. Trevor, The Buffs.
Mrs. Croaker ... (*the Missis*) ... ... Mrs. Bowden.
Penelope ... (*the Area Belle*) ... Mrs. Stewart.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

"THE WHITE HORSE."

We hear that with the new clothing issued to the Army on the 1st April the new shaped Forage Cap has been served out to the troops at Home Stations; but to many regiments—The Buffs included—the badge is altered. In our case the white horse is substituted for the good old time-honoured Dragon, so that we are now to have 3 white horses on our clothing. This we venture to predict will not be an acceptable change to the men of either Battalion, and we trust it may yet be averted. The officers are permitted to retain the Dragon badge in their new caps.

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Regimental Items.

No. 593 Sergeant E. R. Clifton has been permitted to re-engage for such further period as will make up a total continuous service of 21 years with the Colors.

Major R. S. H. Moody having landed in India on the 9th April, he is taken on the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly.

The undermentioned woman having been married at Canterbury, Kent, on the 25th January, 1894, to No. 2084 Sergt. J. G. Smith, of this Battalion, she is taken on the strength of the Married Establishment of the Battalion from the date of landing in India, viz.: 7th April, 1894:—

Elizabeth Harriet Smith.

The undermentioned woman having been married at West Ham, Essex, on the 19th February, 1894, to No. 1304 Sergt. J. Tomlin, of this Battalion, she is taken on the strength of the Married Establishment of the Battalion from the date of landing in India, viz.: 7th April, 1894:—

Ada Florence Tomlin.

The undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officers landed at Bombay off furlough on the 7th instant:—

No. 1 Color-Sergeant. G. Holmes.
„ 1304 Sergeant J. Tomlin.
„ 2084 „ J. G. Smith.

No. 1178 Color-Sergeant G. Cork has been permitted to re-engage for such further period as will make up a total continuous service of 21 years with the Colors.

The undermentioned Non.-Com. Officer was awarded a certificate qualifying him for appointment of Pioneer Sergeant, he having passed an examination in subjects laid down in General Order No. 24 of 1891. Certificate dated 13-4 93:—

No. 2950 Lance-Corporal R. J. Pitt.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to to make the following appointment:—

To be Lance-Corporal.

Acting Lance-Corporal R. J. Pitt, dated 28-10-93.

No. 2084 Sergeant J. G. Smith is appointed Regimental Instructor in Gymnastics to the Battalion.

No. 2419 Sergeant J. Alderton is appointed Temporary Pay Sergeant to "E" Company during the time Color-Sergeant Greig is at Changli Gully.

No. 2609 Corporal W. Wall is appointed Regimental Assistant Instructor, *vice* Sergeant Carnell.

No. 1 Color-Sergeant G. Holmes is appointed Pay Sergeant to "C" Company.

No. 3561 Boy J. J. Gardner having attained the age of 18 years on the 13th March, 1894, he will rank and draw the pay of a private.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointment:—

To be Lance-Corporal.

No. 2314 Private W. Paramour.

2nd Class Sergeant Instructor D. Sheppard, Administrative Battn. Presidency Volunteers, is appointed 1st Class Sergeant Instructor to the N. W. Railway Volunteer Rifle Corps at Lahore.

Authority A. G. in India's No. 1913 c, of 27th March, 1894.

G. O. C. C. 267 of 1894 is published for information. The Commander-in-Chief in India is pleased to make the following appointments:

1st Battalion East Kent Regiment, Lieut. C. C. Cobbe to be Acting Paymaster, *vice* Capt. L. G. N. Eales, vacated.

His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief has approved of Captain and Adjutant A. Lynden-Bell, being posted to the 1st Battn. on promotion.

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No. 3706 Sergeant J. H. Doran, has been permitted to re-engage for such further period of Army Service as will make up a total continuous service of 21 years with the Colors.

No. 1190 Sergeat C. Carnell, is appointed temporary Pay Sergeant to "B" Company during the time Color-Sergt. Patterson is on furlough.

No. 2314 Lance-Corpl. W. Paramor, is appointed Acting Schoolmaster to the Battalion during the time Schoolmaster G. A. Steele is on furlough.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments :—

To be Lance-Corporals.

No. 3701 Private E. Wood.
„ 2913 „ J. Horton.
„ 3112 „ J. Overton.
„ 3257 „ S. Baker.
„ 3458 „ F. G. Wheeler.
„ 3659 „ W. Cox.

Para. 994, Royal Warrant 1893, having been made applicable to India from the 22nd August, 1893, instead of the 21st September, 1893, the restoration of G. C. Pay of the undermentioned men is antedated to the 22nd August, 1893. :—

"A" Company.
No. 3269 Pte. J. Drury,
„ 3701 „ E. Wood.

"B" Company.
No. 1048 Pte. G. Cox,
„ 2521 „ E. W. Savin,
„ 2599 „ W. Clarke.

"C" Company.
No. 2374 Private A. A. Thistlethwaite,
„ 2409 „ A. Branchett,
„ 2572 „ P. J. G. McGrath,
„ 2653 „ W. C. Wain,
„ 2799 „ W. King.

"E" Company.
No. 2132 Ptivate W. Swift,
„ 2796 „ J. F. Snare.

"F" Company.
No. 3534 Private J. Conway.

"G" Company.
No. 2595 Private T. Leach.

"H" Company.
No. 2461 Private H. May,
„ 2769 Lce.-Cpl. H. Cox.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following Promotions and Appointments :—

To be Corporals.

No. 3075 Lce.-Corpl. J. Brennan, *vice* Clarke to Army Reserve, 1-4-94.

No. 2502 Lce.Corpl. W. Joy, *vice* Hamilton, to Army Reserve, 1-4-94.

No. 2609 Lce.-Corpl. W. Wall, *vice* Pearson, to Army Reserve, 1-4-94.

No. 2597 Lce.-Corpl F. Williams, *vice* Wilson, to Army Reserve, 1-4-94.

To be paid Lance-Corporals.

No. 3405 Lce.-Corpl. C. Canning, *vice* Brennan, promoted 1-4-94.

No. 2898 Lce.-Corpl. C. George, *vice* Joy, promoted 1-4-94.

2328 Lce.-Corpl. G. Gardner, *vice* Wall, promoted 1-4-94.

No. 2690 Lce.-Corpl. A. Lacey, *vice* Williams, promoted 1-4-94.

The undermentioned men are granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names :—

		A Company.		
2523	Pte.	J. Butler	1d. Restored	7-3-94
3809	„	F. Hayden	1d. Granted	20-4-94
		B Company.		
3782	Pte.	T. Chittenden	1d. Granted	22-3-94
2466	„	C. Burgess	2d. „	28-2-94
2465	„	W. McKenzie	1d. Restored	16-4-94
2524	„	E. Lawrence	2d Granted	14-4-94
3572	„	W. Todd,	1d. „	23-2-94
2481	„	E. Wells,	1d. „	19-2-94
		C Company.		
2502	Lce.-Corpl.	W. Joy	2d Granted	21-3-94
2510	Pte.	A Letchford,	2d. „	2-4-94
2485	„	E. Selles	2d. „	10-4-94
		D Company.		
2955	Pte.	G. Johnson	1d. Restored	28-9-93
3738	„	T. Ralph	1d. Granted	16-2-94
2527	„	J. Hoy,	2d. „	17-4-94
		E Company.		
3801	Pte.	J. Baker	1d. Granted	18-3-94
2515	„	H. Westbrook	2d. „	3-4-94
3793	„	E. Dufaur	1d. „	5-4-94
		F Company.		
3248	Pte.	S. Mawhinney	1d. Restored	3-10-93
2366	„	R. Durrant	2d. Granted	13-4-94

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G Company.

2477	Pte. H. Sales	2d.	Granted	1-3-94
2507	,, A. Weeks	2d.	,,	27-394
3110	,, C. Brenchley	1d.	,,	16-2-94
3154	,, S. Lowry	1d.	,,	21-4-94
3851	,, O. A. Templeton	1d.	,,	27-4-94
3808	,, J. Fowler	1d.	,,	21-4-94
3930	,, A. Litster	2d.	Resumes on remand [to Regimental duty	11-4-94

H Company.

3789	Pte. A. Cole,	1d.	Granted	25-3-94
2685	,, F. Hales	1d.	Restored	10-1-94

His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India has been pleased to approve of Captain L. G. N. Eales being confirmed in the appointment of Station Staff Officer at Jullundur.

Lieut. B. R. K. Tarte, The Buffs, takes over the duties of Brigade Instructor in Army Signalling to troops in Garrison.

His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief has approved of 2nd Lieut. R. Bright being posted to this Battalion.

2nd Lieut. Bright embarked on or about the 7th April to join the Battalion.

The undermentioned Invalids having embarked for England in H.M.'s troopship "Malabar" on the 17th instant, they are struck off the strength of the Battalion from that date inclusive :—

No. 2747 Sergeant E. Goose.
,, 3650 Private W. Crowe.
,, 2939 ,, H. Ley.
,, 3187 ,, W. Newman.
,, 2124 ,, G. Rainer.
,, 3799 ,, G. Speed.
,, 3879 ,, J. Walton.
,, 2782 ,, W. White.

CRICKET.

The ties for the shield have been played off during the month. During the first round C Company beat A. G beat B. E beat D. and H beat F. In the second round E beat C and G beat H thus leaving G and E in the final. The scores of the above matches have not been sent in, owing probably to the very small scores made, and the Captains of teams being ashamed to publish them, or owing to the neglect of the aforesaid Captains in not having them copied out, or perhaps the weather is a little too warm. However they did not come, and our sub-Editor has great trouble in getting the scores of the final match, which we publish.

It is a strange coincidence that these two Companies are old opponents having played in the final tie for the Shield in 1887 & 1888, and again this year. The favourites this year were G but it soon became apparent that there was something wrong with G and before the match was half over Templeton their best man had to be carried to Hospital, suffering from Dysentry. The bowlers were evidently on the spot as it will be noticed that 33 wickets were clean bowled.

It is a pity the Shield matches are not played in the winter months, as all interest is lost in cricket when you have to stop playing from 8 a.m. till 5 p.m. as had to be done this year.

F Company were represented by a very weak team, owing to the bulk of the Company being at Dharmsala, it was very plucky of F Company men to turn out no doubt:

G Company 1st Inning

Qr.-Mr. Sgt. Nicholas b Wickens	6
Pte. Light b Wickens ...	2
Lce-Cpl. Lawrence b Wickens	9
Lieut. Pearson b Harvey	3
Pte. Templeton b Harvey	15
Corpl. Reynolds b Harvey	0
Pte Mason b Wickens	0
,, Tozer b Wickens	0
Corpl. Allen c & b Harvey	0
Pte, Bell not out ...	7
,, Gear c Wickens b Harvey	0
Total	42

G Company 2nd Innings.

Qr.-Mr, Sgt. Nicholas b Harvey	9
Pte. Mayson b Wickens	15
Lce-Cpl. Lawrence b Harvey	21
Lieut. Pearson b Wickens	0
Pte. Light b Wickens	2
Corpl. Reynolds b Wickens	1
Pte. Bell b Harvey	0
,, Gear b Harvey	3
Corpl. Allen not out	0
Pte. Tozer b Wickens	1
,, Templeton absent (sick.)	
Extras	5
Total	57

"E" Company. 1st Innings.

Pte Wittering b Templeton	5
,, Mayatt b Templeton	7
,, Bowler s Lawrence b Templeton	16
Pte Harvey b Templeton	0
,, Wickens c & b Reynolds	17
,, Higgins b Reynolds	0
,, Smith b Gear	13
,, Humble b Templeton	5
,, Arms c Light b Templeton	1
,, Snare b Gear	1
Lce-Corpl. Chapman not out	0
Extras	2
Total	67

"E" Company, 2nd Innings.

Lce-Corpl. Chapman b Gear	4
Pte Snare b Reynolds	10
,, Mayatt b Gear	0
,, Arms c Pearson b Templeton	6
,, Wittering b Reynolds	3
,, Wickens b Gear	4
,, Bowler not out	18
,, Harvey b Reynolds	12
,, Higgins b Gear	12
,, Smith b Gear	11
,, Humble b Mason	1
Extras	4
Total	85

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It was one of the worst jobs I have ever had to do, women are awful people to manage. You can't work them by word of command, like you do the men, and they no more recognised the authority of a stripling of 20, as I was, then they did that of the Great Mogul. They all had far more than their regulation amount of baggage, and refused altogether to pay for its carriage. The babies swarmed and all of them were crying. The trains were awfully slow, the changes numerous. Everyone got hungry and everyone was cross when, late in the afternoon we arrived at Mullingar. Then we found there were no married quarters at all, and my fair charges had to be bundled two or three families together into the empty soldiers' barrack rooms. Great big places which were built to hold 20 or 30 men a piece, as far as I can recollect. Anyhow I remember that two or three women had to go into each, and then began the squabbling. "I beg your pardon, sir, how am I with my six children to get into the same room as Mrs. Hawkins, you can't expect me to do it, sir, you can't indeed"?

"I have to inform you, Mr. Fescue, that Mrs. Shea says she'll not have me in *her* room, if I have to sleep on the barrack square."

"Why should Mrs. Barrow have a room to herself, I should like to know, while I, a sergeant's wife, have to put up with two other women in my place"?

This was the style of thing I had to endure, besides the trouble and bother of getting rations issued, arranging for some tea and bread, getting the baggage up into barracks so that the poor things could get their beds to sleep on, and a thousand and one other little worries proper to the occasion. I was really tired when I went to bed that night, after I had got away for 10 minutes to the Greville Arms to eat a mutton chop. My servant had got my bed up in one of the officers' rooms, and I turned in early with the intention of getting a thorough good sleep to prepare me for the fatigues of the following day. I was always a lazy sort of fellow and loved my sleep, and I always hate being disturbed at night, so my temper was not of the best when after I had been about two or three hours between the sheets, my servant knocked me up. "What the mischief do you want," said I, "I beg your pardon, sir, "replied the man," but Mrs. Ryan says she wants to speak to you." "My good man," remonstrated I, "it is absurd, Good Lord! it is long after midnight, go and tell Mrs. Ryan she really must be reasonable." But it was of no use, the man went away but only to return to assure me that Mrs. Ryan would take no refusal, and that she said it was important, so I had to tumble up. and after slipping on a few articles of attire I had an audience with the good lady in the passage.

"Now my dear Mrs. Ryan," "what the (commenced I) dickens do you want with me at this unearthly hour"? "I beg your pardon, sir," the dame began, using the formula that somehow every soldier does when addressing his superiors. "I beg your pardon, sir, but Mrs. Hatton's got a baby." Good Lord"! said I, horrorstruck to think that it should affect me in anyway. "I really don't see how I can help it. Mrs. Ryan, what have I got to do with the baby do you think, I, really I"? "Why of course you must get a doctor to her at once, replied the lady." How could I get a man out of the men's room at this time of night to send, and how would the guard let him out of barracks without a pass if I did send him, and even if the guard did take Mrs. Ryan's word for it these recruities would lose themselves in five minutes. I could'nt trust one of them to fetch a doctor out of a strange town."

Well, I dug a doctor out and fetched him up, and he told me next morning that Mrs. Hatton would do well enough, but the baby was a sickly little chap, so I added one "child" to the "state" of my detachment with an idea that Captain Browne would probably in a day or two have to strike it off again. So Christopher Hatton was born and I departed for the Curragh.

About five weeks after this event I was visiting the married people of my Company, the Rangers being now all settled in Mullingar, when on arriving at the Hatton's room I was received in much state, and after a good deal of beating about the bush and begging for my pardon I was formally requested to stand godfather to the new arrival and consulted as to the advisability of his being called by my name. "Christopher Hatton by all means," said I, "it is an excellent name." I have only heard of one Christopher Hatton before and "He danced with grace, and had a very fine form and very fine face." So Christopher Hatton the child became.

(To be continued.)

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TO ALL SMOKERS.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

That the following Tobaccos are manufactured from the choicest Crops grown in Virginia according to our special instructions by an entirely new and improved process and are guaranteed by the manufacturers not to contain any artificial colouring, flavouring or any impurities, which are universally acknowledged by smokers to be the sole cause of the deterioration in Tobaccos.

These Tobaccos will keep in any climate in splendid condition for any length of time.

ROSE BUD.—Bright Gold-flaked Honey Dew manufactured by LAMBERT & BUTLER, London. Pronounced to be the best Pipe Tobacco of the day, and its cheapness is a marvel! **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

HONEY DEW MIXTURE.—Prepared by THOMAS OGDEN, "LD." Liverpool, from Sun-dried Virginia (sweet and mellow) Old Kentucky (full flavoured), Turkey (Dubec mild), Latakia (fragrant), all matured in Bond and judiciously blended and assures a sweet and pleasant smoke, which is enjoyed by the most fastidious smokers. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Bright Cut Navy.—Manufactured by THOS. OGDEN, "LD." Liverpool, smokes with delightful aroma and taste; it does not swell, burn hot, or "pop," nor does it cake or go hard in the Pipe, however tightly filled, and burns to the last grain. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Reliable Bird's-eye.—Manufactured by COPE BROTHERS, Liverpool, a sweet and cool High Class Cigarette Tobacco. It can be inhaled with entire satisfaction without irritating the lungs or throat, **Rs. 2-0 per lb.**

SPORT DE JAVA.

The demand for these Cigars continues very steady, besides having increasing Sales from all parts of the World and more particularly from Australia.

	Rs.	As.	P.
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 1, 4½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	3	0	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 2, 4 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	2	12	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 3, 3½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	2	8	0
REGALIA, 6 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 50, per box	2	0	0
CONCHAS, 3 inches long, thin Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	1	12	0
MINUTOS, 3 inches long, Cigar Cigarette, in boxes of 100, per box	1	8	0

BEST BLACK THICK TWIST TOBACCO,

Rs. 1-8 per lb.

CHILD & Co., CALCUTTA.

THE BUFFS' REGIMENTAL PRESS.

The above Press, having recently added a large quantity of fancy and ornamental type, borders &c., to its already large and well-selected stock, is now in a position to undertake every description of Plain, Ornamental, and Color Printing.

J. & F. GREENSTREET.

MILITARY BOOT MAKERS.

18, BENCH STREET.

(Late of Snargate Street).

Dover.

Printed for the Editor at The Buffs' Press, Jullundur.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

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1898.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 86. **JULLUNDUR, MAY 31st 1894.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

WINSTANLEY—At Jullundur on the 2nd inst., the wife of Sergeant (O.R.C.) W. Winstanley, 1st Battn. The Buffs, of a daughter.

GREIG—At Jullundur on the 5th inst., the wife of Color-Sergeant J. Greig, 1st Battn. The Buffs, of a daughter.

Deaths.

WINSTANLEY—At Jullundur on the 2nd inst., the daughter of Sergeant (O.R.C.) W. Winstanley, 1st Battn. The Buffs.

CAMPBELL—At Jullundur on the 4th inst., Lance-Sergeant J. M. Campbell, 1st Battn. The Buffs.

DEVAN—At Dalhousie on the 7th inst., Dr. P. Devan, 1st Battn. The Buffs.

HENNIKER—At Jullundur on the 13th inst., Maud Berthia, daughter of Pioneer Sergeant C. H. Henniker, 1st Battn. The Buffs, aged 5 weeks.

SIFFLEET—At Jullundur on the 16th inst., Pte. S. T. Sifflect, 1st Battn. The Buffs.

NOTES.

ON the 17th an open air concert by moonlight was given under the auspices of our energetic bandmaster, and a very pleasant evening was the result. The efforts of the various amateurs were rewarded by the applause of a large audience, among whom we noticed Colonel and Mrs. Rose, Captain and Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Bowden, Miss Peart, and of course all our regimental ladies and officers.

I am by no means a tea-totaller myself, and I even love a good song in praise of the wine cup, but I think that there was a little too much singing about "boose" at the concert. Is the great idea of wit now-a-days to come reeling on to the stage with a red nose and inform your audience that you are drunk, or that "We are all boosed,"

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or something of that sort? We would suggest to Mr. Birkhead that these songs be fairly interspersed with some sung by the A.T.A. men, in praise of the festive tea-pot, or jovial ginger-beer bottle, just to take the nauseous taste out of our mouths, so to speak.

The following is the programme:—

PART I.

1. Overture ... "A Plantation Holiday" ... Band.
2. Song ... "Swells of the Day" ... Pte. Lever.
3. Song ... "Our Little Nipper" ... Pte. Padwick
4. Song ... "Mary Mason" Lce.-Cpl. Paramor.
5. Song ... "English as she is spoke" Lieut. Eaton.
6. Song & Dance "Old Virginia" { Dr. Bishop, Dr. Rorke, Dr. Almonde. } R.A.
7. Piccolo Solo ... "Izzetta" Lce.-Sergt. Borland.
8. Song ... "We all went 'ome in a Cab" Pte. Taylor.

INTERVAL OF 10 MINUTES.

PART II.

9. Song ... "Goodbye Mavourneen ... Pte. Todd.
10. Song ... "E dunno where 'e are" ... Pte. Reeve.
11. Song ... "The Doctor" ... Pte. Lever.
12. Song ... "My First Cigar" ... Lieut. Eaton.
13. Song & Dance "Dancing in the Barn" { Dr. Bishop, Dr. Rorke, Dr. Almonde. } R.A.
14. Song ... "The Future Mrs. 'Awkins" Pte. Padwick.
15. Song ... "Oh! Mr. Chevalier" ... Pte. Taylor.
16. Song "Drink and let's have another" Lce.-Cpl. Paramor.

"God Save The Queen."

... ...

Drivers Bishop, Rorke and Almonde are very good dancers, and both their events were much applauded. Piccolo solo by Lance-Sergt. Borland was a display of a very high order. It was greatly appreciated and was certainly, as far as music is concerned, par excellence the performance of the evening. In low comedy (very low) we are inclined to award the palm to Lieut. Eaton, whose song "My first cigar," was very realistic, and reminded one more forcibly than pleasantly of "boyhood's happy hours." Goodbye Mavourneen" was well sung, and Privates Lever, Padwick and Taylor are all fairly good in their own line. The meeting broke up at a very late hour owing, we think, to unnecessary delay between the songs. On the whole we congratulate and are very grateful to Mr. Birkhead.

... ...

Major Moody and Captains Holme and Eales had a fairly successful day after black buck on the 10th, but they had a terribly hard day's work for their sport. We are told that 18 miles were walked in all, and as a sandstorm was blowing most of the time and the thermometer stood at 102° in the shade (where there was any), it is not surprising after all that the mess sergeant had to send up in the afternoon for a further supply of soda water.

... ...

The weather has not been all it might lately, and sandstorms are far too common to be pleasant. They are very nice things in their way but are apt to pall on one and become monotonous with too frequent repetition.

... ...

The holders of the different challenge cups, etc., in the Battalion for the past season are as follows:—

Best Shooting Company ... ... "G" Coy.
Rugby Football Cup ... ... "G" "
Association Football Cup ... ... "C" "
Tug-of-War Cup ... ... "A" "
Cricket Shield ... ... "E" "
Hamilton Challenge Vase, Band-Sergt. Roach.
Northbrook Vase. Sergt.-Major Featherstone.
Mrs. Harley's Prize (Officers) Lieut. Pearson.
Mrs. " " (Sergts.) ... Sergt. Davison.
Racing Cup ... ... Lieut. Hasler.

... ...

We take the eighth place in the competition for His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief's Cup. The winning team is the 1st Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers. Their score being 806 points. Last year the same Battalion won it with 802 points.

	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	700 yds.	
Their scores...	255	262	289	...	806
Ours ...	... 242	261	219		802

Better luck next year.

... ...

In testing (without a rest) a sporting magazine carbine on the 2nd inst., at short range, viz.: 50, 100, and 150 yards, at an 8 inch bull's-eye, Mr. Cumber and Color-Sergt. Watts put on 27 bulls and 3 inners out of the 30 rounds fired.

Mr. Cumber ... 14 bulls and 1 inner.
Color-Sergts. Watts, 13 " and 2 "

The carbine is one of the Army and Navy Stores specials, and the powder used, "cordite."

The owner of the carbine prior to the testing

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was rather dubious of its accuracy with cordite, but after hearing the result, promptly left next day for the Himalayas on Bruin intent.

... ...

On the 12th ultimo Major Hickson, in a few well-chosen words, presented, in the presence of the Battalion, Pte. Williamson, of "C" Company, with the parchment testimonial awarded him by the Humane Society for his gallantry in saving the life of his comrade, Pte. Gambrill, at Bhagsu, last year.

Colonel Rose, commanding the station, was on parade, and added his congratulations to the gallant recipient. It is well that these presentations should be made as publicly as possible, and it must be a very delightful sensation and add much to one's reward to be called out before all one's comrades and friends to be rewarded for a gallant act.

... ...

While on this subject we may mention that another equally well deserved presentation was made this month for an act of gallantry, though the prize was awarded in a more private manner. Mrs. Cumber has given Adsley, of "D" Company, a very pretty keyless silver hunting watch from Hamilton of Calcutta, which watch bears the following very apropos and fitting inscription :—

FROM
MRS. CUMBER
TO
PTE. E. ADSLEY.
} THE BUFFS.

for his plucky conduct in stopping a runaway horse.

Jullundur—26-4-94.

... ...

We are glad to say that Mrs. Cumber has almost recovered from the pain and fright occasioned by the recent carriage accident and she is about again in her garden now.

... ...

COLONEL VON KNESEBECK is not, we believe, the first Prussian officer ever appointed to our Order of the Bath, the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Baron Von Bulow having for many years, subsequent to the peace of 1815, figured on the list of Companions. He received it for Waterloo services, as did the once well-known Major-General Count Alten, of German Legion fame, who was gazetted a Grand Cross. Count Alten was however a Hanoverian, as were the few instances of German members of the Bath Order. Such names as Major Von Arentschildt, C.B., and Lieut-Colonel Baron Von Kranchenberg occur in the Bath list of sixty years ago, and are no doubt familiar to deep students of our military history in the early years of the century. Baron Von Bulow, C.B., commanded the 1st Dragoons of the King's German Legion, and was wounded at Waterloo, where his brother was killed.

... ...

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Mr. F K. Essell, The Buffs, son of Mr. George K Essell, of Rochester, Kent, and Lily, younger daughter of the late Mr. Robert Narcissus Batt, of Purdysburn, County Down.

... ...

Notices for the Annual Dinner of the Officers The Buffs have been issued by the Secretary and Treasurer intimating that it will take place under the Presidency of the Colonel-in-Chief, General Sir Julius Raines, K.C.B., on the 20th June, being as usual on the Wednesday in the Ascot Week, at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, when it is hoped there will be a large gathering of Past and Present Officers.

... ...

OBITUARY.

It is our painful duty to have to record the death of an old Non-Commissioned Officer, viz., Sergt. J. Campbell. He had nearly 20 years' service, most of which has been spent in India, for a long while he was a Sergeant-Major of the Volunteers in this country, but returned to Regimental duty in 1892.

He has been our acting Sergeant Instructor of Musketry for some time, and it is no doubt due to his keen sense of duty on the range and elsewhere out in the sun that he contracted this terrible disease, which was the cause of his death, viz., abcess of the liver.

He leaves a widow and young family, for whom we feel sure, all ranks deeply sympathise in their great trouble.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor The Dragon.

Dear Mr. Editor.

I promised you an account of our march to Bhagsu, and will now endeavour to fulfil my promise, stress of work having prevented my doing so before.

April 2nd, to Adampur ; 11 miles.

The tents having been sent on the evening of the 1st April in charge of Sergeant Patten and escort, we started loading the rest of the impedimenta at 4 a.m. and marched out of barracks at 5-45 a.m., the Band played us out for about 3 miles, and sorry we were when they left us. Five miles out we halted for forty minutes for Coffee Shop and then proceeded to Adampur, at which place we arrived at 10-45 a.m. There is nothing interesting to tell you about our first march. After breakfast the men pitched Camp. The camping ground at Adampur is not a good one, being utterly devoid of shade, and we found it very hot in the tents during the day, the country all round is richly cultivated, and it made one think truly this is a land flowing with milk and honey, but alas, such was not the case, as we had to pay most exorbitant prices for fodder for the mules and no delicacies obtainable for ourselves.

April 3rd, to Hoshiapore ; 15 miles.

Reveille at 4 a.m., started at 5-45 a.m., a good road the whole way, nothing of interest to report, one or two of the young soldiers had to fall out with sore feet, but the marching on the whole was most creditable. One of those that fell out was heard to remark "Well, I will never start marching again in a pair of new Ammunition boots," I don't think he will.

We arrived at Hoshiapore at 10-50 a.m. and encamped in the Police parade ground, which makes a capital encamping ground, shaded by trees all round. Hoshiapore is a large native city, with civil lines attached, and looked very clean and picturesque. We had been led to expect that here we should receive a challenge from the Native School to play a cricket match, but it never came, and I do not think we were very sorry, as rising at 4 a.m. and marching 15 miles is not the best preparation for cricket, and the "Men of Kent" do not like being beaten under any circumstances.

April 4th, to Gungret ; 15 miles, 7 fur.

Reveille at 2-15 a.m., start 4 a.m. This was a march, but our boys were getting into the swing of the thing and did wonderfully well. The first 7 miles was through country to which an English ploughed field, after 3 weeks of February rain, would be child's play, we were led to expect that as we began to rise, the road would get better, but alas, such was not the case. the whole road from Hoshiapore to Gungret is just about as bad as it can be, however we arrived all safe and sound at 11-10 a.m., having passed all the baggage, which did not arrive till 2 hours later. About a mile from Gungret we received a severe shock, finding Pte. Clarke and the beer backeries, which had started 4 hours before us, hopelessly stuck, the bullocks being utterly played out, however, by annexing other bullocks, Clarke turned up with the beer about an hour after we arrived. The camping ground at Gungret is very bad, low lying and cramped, situated at the bottom of a very dirty native village, our doctor remarked it would be dangerous to keep British troops here for more than 24 hours, and I quite agree with him.

April 5th, to Burwain ; 12 miles, 2 fur.

Reveille was ordered for 4 a.m., but owing to rain tents were not struck till daylight, and we did not march off till 6-30 a.m. A good road the whole way, but heavy collar work for the last 4 miles. The camping ground here is small but beautifully situated on a hill 3,500 ft. above sea level, the air keen and bracing and the view perfect, snow mountains and pine forests to the north and undulating plains, thickly wooded, to the south. During the night we had a severe storm, but it did not last long, the men, however, had to turn out and secure tents, and the officer, who combines the duties of 2nd in Command, Adjutant, Qr.-Mr. and permanent Orderly Officer, who had had his tent pitched in the highest and

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most exposed spot, spent a bad half hour holding on to his tent pole, fortunately the tents did not come down or the various important documents would have been scattered, and the result chaos.

April 6th, to Gopeepur Dera ; 11 miles, 7 fur.

Reveille at 4 a.m., marched off at 5-30 a m. Here there is a short cut straight down hill, which saves about 3 miles, twenty volunteers were allowed to try it, but the rest of us went round by the cart road with the baggage, and I think we had the best of it. I do not advise anyone trying this short cut. You have to go in single file down a very steep incline. the road being nothing but a string of boulders and loose stones, the only contretemps we had, occurred during this march. The ekka containing Mrs. Hind's ayah and chowkydar, in trying to pass some of the baggage, went over the khud, a clean drop of ten feet and then down a steep incline, the ayah was shot out on one side and the chowkydar on the other, the ekka and pony went rolling further on. Marvellous to relate the two former escaped with slight bruises. but the pony broke his back and the ekka was smashed into match wood. The doctor who saw the accident thought their escape miraculous.

The camping ground at Gopeepur Dera is a very good one, close to the river Beas, and the scenery along the whole march was most picturesque. There were crowds of pilgrims bathing in the river, so our men did not attempt it. We saw lots of pea fowl and black partridge on the march, but it being the close season did not get any shooting. Our Detachment was reinforced here by Mr. Power and native followers, he looking very fit and well, although at his last halting place he had been relieved, by some light-fingered native, of his coat, watch and rupees.

April 7th, to Ranee Ke Tal ; 13 miles.

Reveille 4 a.m., off at 5-0 a.m., good road up and down hill and a nice camping ground at which we arrived at 10 a.m. In the evening we had a most successful camp concert and bonfire from 8-15 to 9-15 p.m. Mr. McDouall and Color-Sergeant Andrews especially distinguished themselves.

April 8th.

Halt, and glad of the rest, church parade at 11 a.m., and general cleaning up afterwards.

April 9th, to Kangra ; 11 miles.

Reveille at 4 a.m., and off at 5.30 a.m. Down hill for $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, then up hill past a post office at $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles, through a tunnel in the mountain at 6 miles, and down hill to Kangra bridge. We arrived in camp at 9.30 a.m. On this march we passed a splendid old Sikh fortress close to Kangra, said to be many hundreds of years old, and in former days supposed to be absolutely impregnable ; even now it would take a good deal of taking, and I would prefer attacking it after breakfast than before. Some very good marching was done on this march, 3 miles in 45 minutes at one time.

The camping ground at Kangra is pleasantly situated, sloping down to the road and shaded by trees.

April 10th, Lower Dharmsala ; 9 miles.

Reveille at 4 a.m., start at 5.15 a.m. A good road, though very steep in places. We arrived at 8 a.m. and encamped on the Goorkha parade ground. Here we met Colonel Rogers, D. S. O., 1st Goorkhas. waiting for the General (Lord Frankfort), who passed through the camp half an hour afterwards, *en route* to inspect the Goorkhas. He told us he was coming to see us on Saturday. The Goorkhas' band could not play us in owing to General's Inspection.

April 11th to Bhagsu ; 7 miles.

Reveille at 4 a.m., start 5.15 am., up hill all the way. Shortly after starting we was met by the bagpipes of our old friends the 2/1 Goorkhas, and later on by their band, who played us up the whole way, and right well our boys marched to them. We arrived at Bhagsu at 8 a.m., all looking well and wonderfully fit after our ten days' march, and after three cheers for the gallant little Goorkhas, dismissed. The young soldiers, most of whom have only been in the country a few weeks, are to be congratulated on the way they marched, only two or three fell out the whole way, and they held on as long as possible.

On Saturday afternoon Major-General Viscount Frankfort inspected us.

Bhagsu was so graphically described last year by the gallant commander of "C" Company that I will not take up your valuable space by going over the same ground. We are all fit and well, only one man seriously ill in hospital. and I am glad to say he is now convalescent. What

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with cricket (at which Stonell and Bourne have been distinguishing themselves), paper chases, fly-catching, and *military training*, we have plenty to occupy our time, and I can assure you, dear Mr. Editor, there are many worse places to spend hot weather in than Bhagsu.

Yours as Ever,
F/3 and Atoms.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Dear Sir,

I think most of your readers will agree with me that it is often pretty hard to "put in" the time between, say 10 a.m. and 6 p.m., at this station and period of the year. I take it therefore that any suggestion for indoor amusement is acceptable and "a fortioe," a suggestion for combining amusement with instruction should be very acceptable.

Have any of your readers played "krieg spiel?" Taken as a game it is very amusing and interesting; it beats chess, because it gives employment to 3 or 4 players on each side, and at least 3 umpires, and the games generally last longer.

Taken as a tactical exercise it helps very considerably the young soldier (and indeed the old one too, for must not majors now pass for promotion?) to floor those troublesome C and D papers, and it is invaluable in giving N. C. Officers and private soldiers too, an insight into the reason for doing things that they see done on field days, and may some day soon see in war.

I believe the cost of the necessary maps and pieces is inconsiderable. There appears to be plenty of room in barracks for the purpose. Will not the prayer-room, for instance, be shortly available? and it is very easily started and organised.

I would, therefore, propose that some regimental fund purchase the plant that, first officers, with N. C. Officers watching them, play a game, in which perhaps the Commanding Officer would kindly spare time to act as chief umpire, and that afterwards the N. C. Officers try their hands. A series of matches could be played at last, an inter-company tournament for example, or at any rate, right *versus* left half battalion. The pieces are made of lead and would not fly about under the punkah; and I really think, all things considered, that "krieg spiel" is an ideal, hot weather game.

I am Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Miles Politus.

That Mail Letter.

When I sailed from old England's shore
I meant to think of her no more,
But—

(From the lays of a subaltern.)

From sweet refreshing sleep on my bed, with no other covering than the canopy of heaven, I was awakened by the dulcet voice of my faithful sable attendant murmuring "sir, prithee get up (or words to that effect), your tea awaits you." Starting up I found the east was just tinged with red, proclaiming the approach of day. Dangling my pygama clad legs over the edge of my downy, I partook with relish of a cup of orange pekoe, which fragrant beverage washed down a palatable biscuit of Reading fame, yclept "Thin Captain." Hardly lingering to view the glorious sunrise and feeling somewhat chilled (temp. 101°), I then betook me within the bungalow, lighted by brilliant wall lamps (one), where the genial atmosphere was more to the liking of my frozen veins, and the thermometer stood at about 120°. Performing my ablutions, I donned the gorgeous uniform of fast dye: bestowing but one glance upon my now resplendent figure, I mounted my horse of war (also useful as a polo, tum-tum and gymkhana pony), which stood with crest erect pawing the dust, I took me down the mall, humming a ditty of love, and throwing now and again amorous glances at the sweet damsels of olive skin; they thinking, perhance, me a bold blade, hastily drew their veils, but through which methinks they saw and counted up the gilded buttons of my coat, making just fifteen.

"Ah," thought I, "woman's love was ever dross!" Reaching the palaces of Atkins, Thomas, I there perceived a crowd (not quite unexpected) gathered together. That body of heroes, so full of blood and life, with rosy visages so gladdened my heart, that if I, on that vast expanse of plain could have espied an eminence on which to mount, would have proclaimed aloud, "What price Christmas?"

Having finished my morning's work, I hied me to mess for breakfast with appetite so keen.

In my letter-rack I found my English mail, and from the budget selecting one in a well-known female hand, I read, and as I read my gladness went with it, also my appetite. Back swiftly to my bungalow I spoke in language none too

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sweet to faithful slaves. Slamming to the doors, I closed windows, cracks and crevices ; shut out the glorious sun and soft warm breeze. Seated at my table I poured over those lines from home.

The beads of perspiration stood out upon my forehead ; I burned as if on fire. Clothes were discarded, but still that fire consumed me. I cast me on my bed, and sleep, balmy sleep—nature's sweet restorer—overtook my jaded mind. Meanwhile the hand of time went on, and ere the shades of even fell I awoke ; refreshed, no thoughts of past in pleasant places spent, and for another week ready to make the best of things and enjoy life as best I could.

Têk dâm bolo sahib.

THE BROAD ARROW has started an account of the badges, &c., of each English Regiment and we give their description of our own Corps as follows:—

THE BUFFS (EAST KENT REGT.)

Late 3rd (EAST KENT—THE BUFFS) Regt. of Foot.

HONORS.

BLENHEIM, RAMILLIES. OUDENARDE.
MALAPLAQUET. DETTINGEN. DOURO. TALAVERA.
ALBUHERA. PYRENEES. NIVELLE. NIVE.
PENINSULA. PUNNIAR. SEVASTOPOL.
TAKU FORTS SOUTH AFRICA, 1879.

"We don't know what we have done that the *Broad Arrow* should only credit us with 16 battles on our colours, as all the world ought to know, we bear 3 more. Perhaps the editor has never heard of—

"VITTORIA," "ORTHES," "TOULOUSE."

TERRITORIAL BADGES, etc.—On the Buttons—The Dragon within a circle inscribed "East Kent Regiment" and the Crown over. Inside the circle is inscribed the title "The Buffs," and below the Dragon is the regimental motto. On the Tunic Collars—The White Horse of Kent, with the Kentish motto, "Invicta." On the Helmet plates—the Dragon in silver on a black velvet ground, forming the centre of the regulation infantry-pattern gilt star and wreath. On the Waist-plates—The Dragon, with "The East Kent Regiment" on a circle around it. On the Forage Caps—The Dragon, within the Garter and the Crown over.

The Royal Warrant of 1751 directed that the "White Horse of Hanover" should be worn on the caps of the grenadiers and drummers of the regiment, as well as the Dragon. The "White Horse of Kent" was not worn by the 3rd Buffs until after the adoption of the territorial system, although the corps has been connected with East Kent ever since 1782.

MOTTO.—*Veteri Frondescit Honore* (It flourishes with its ancient honour).

BATTALION QUEEN'S COLOUR.—The Union throughout, with the royal and territorial titles displayed in gilt letters on a crimson centre, with the Crown over.

BATTALION REGIMENTAL COLOUR.—White, with a red cross throughout. In the first corner the number of the battalion, in the other three the Rose and Crown, i.e. a white rose displayed in the centre of a red, and the crown resting above. In the centre of the colour the Dragon in green and gold, with the titles of the regiment on and within a crimson circle around. The regimental motto is inscribed on a scroll below ; and the battle-honours are displayed on scrolls on the regulation wreath.

Before the territorial organisation was adopted, the facings of the regiment remained nominally buff, and the regimental colours were of buff silk, with the union cantoned in the first corner and the badges and honours displayed as above.

The Militia Battalions (late East Kent Militia) do not bear the regimental battle-honours on their colours and appointments, but are permitted to carry on their regimental colours—originally of Kentish grey—a scroll inscribed "Mediterranean," in commemoration of the service of the East Kent Militia on that station during the Crimean War.

In the spring of the year 1572, when the Dutch were bravely struggling against the might of Spain, the London Guilds organised a body of 3000 men, who in accordance with the Queen's commands were appointed and equipped as "men at arms" and "shot," in the manner of the time, and duly instructed in military exercises by experienced officers. On May day that year (sixteen years before the destruction of the Armada) these trained bands were reviewed by the Queen in Greenwich Park. Amongst them, a historian relates, "were many veteran soldiers who had fought in Scotland, Ireland, and France, and were unemployed.

To be continued next month.)

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THE ADVENTURES OF CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

A Serial by Glum.

Continued.

HIS parents served on in the Rangers for about 8 years after the arrival of Christopher upon the scene, and the pale sickly-looking child became of course a great friend of mine. He always waited about outside the mess after the regimental school was dismissed, to salute me as his father did, and I generally stopped and asked about his health. Every anniversary of his birthday and every Christmas brought with it a little present from his godfather, and I really missed the whole family, when John Hatton took his discharge at Meerut and returned with a draft of time-expired men to England on the Crocodile.

Up to the present I daresay I have posed to my readers as an exemplary godfather, but I am afraid I was nothing of the kind. All sorts of new scenes, new adventures, new faces and new interests combined, more or less, to blot from my memory the infant I had promised so much for, and despite those promises I neglected him, at the very time of his life too when a child requires much supervision and instruction. It was Capt. Tommy Armitage who recalled me to my duty when, being on leave about two years after Hatton had taken his discharge, I met that jovial officer in the Naval & Military Club. Of course we talked of many things in connection with the old corps, and he mentioned that he had seen John Hatton very ragged and disreputable, unshaven and dirty, loafing in the dust and dirt about Trafalgar Square, and that he had a ragged bare-footed little street arab with him, which he, Armitage, believed was his son.

Well, this account of Christopher's present circumstances rather staggered me. I had forgotten what an impossible thing it is for a drunkard with a drunken wife to keep his family respectable upon a soldier's pension, and how hard it would be for a thirsty old warrior to get civilian work; so, however late, I resolved to look into things.

The very next day I set to work to trace my old friends, which, of course, was easy enough to do, through the people who pay the pensioners, and I found the ex-Dover barmaid a most disreputable sight in a most disreputable den in Lant Street, Borough. Poor soul, she had evidently fallen very low in the world, and as far as I could gather from her maudlin conversation, interspersed as it was with many tears, that she and her husband drank all his pension money, whenever it came in, and that the whole family lived between whiles on the proceeds of mendicantcy.

Well, I told her I wanted to see Christopher, and pointed out that for his sake she must consent to give me over charge of the boy, that I couldn't let my godson run wild as a little London beggar, that beyond some small assistance I could do nothing for her husband and herself, who, in my opinion (and she owned I was right) were too far gone to be reclaimed, but that I could and would do something for the boy. So the next day I called again, and met John Hatton and his son by appointment. The man was trembling from the effects of drink as if he had the palsy, having received his quarter's pension about a week before, and the child was as thin and miserable-looking as ever I saw a human being before or since. When I say miserable-looking, I mean in body and dress, for the face was cheerful enough. He was rather a pretty child, with big blue innocent looking eyes and fair curly hair. He was very shy at seeing his godfather, but seemed pleased too. I was glad to think that the year or two of London begging had not been quite long enough an apprenticeship in vice to completely blot out the memories of his regimental training.

Well, we had a long chat, and it resulted in our settling that Christopher was to be entered on the books of one of the military schools or training ships, with a view to his ultimately joining The Rangers, as a band boy or drummer, and a few days afterwards I took him myself on board the Goliath, a training ship lying at Greys, in the river, and handed him over to the Captain to make a man of him.

Though I sometimes went to see him there, and though he always told me what was happen-

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ing to him. I am of course unable to describe Christopher's life on board the training vessel. Many will be surprised that I should have placed him on a ship, when I intended him to enter the army, but I am satisfied with the bringing up boys get in these institutions and believe that they are well taught in many useful subjects, and that if they do learn a little seamanship and use of marine signals they are also taught to row, swim, play musical instruments and sew. I had seen many a fine young soldier who began his career as Christopher began his, and I will say I think the result of my experiment was all that I had any right to desire.

It was nearly Christmas time, in the year 187—, and the weather was awfully cold. That horrid yellow light hung upon the waters, which some of us know who have come up the channel in winter, when the misty air and freezing cold have made us almost fancy we were approaching unknown polar lands instead of the cheery shores of Merry England. The short December day, if day it could be called, upon the dim and foggy river, had gone to visit more western lands, and the long dark evening had settled down upon the Thames. Afternoon lessons were over on board the Goliath, and the little students were romping about between decks trying to keep themselves warm by sky larking and wondering why Thompson, the lamp-boy, had not done his duty and lit the big padlocked oil lanterns which hung at intervals between the messes, one light to each two mess tables, when to their extreme amazement the "fire-bell" rang out sharp and clear upon the chilly air. They were all accustomed to the sound, did it not ring at least once a week at uncertain hours to practice the boys at going to their stations and teach them too the discipline of ships upon the sea? Up till now, however, the signal for manning the pumps and repairing to fire quarters had always been given some time during working hours, and the youngsters thought it a trifle unfair the bell should ring during the half hour's play time, which immediately preceded the evening meal. It must be obeyed of course, and away rushed the children towards the companion way, which led to the main deck. What was this that met their view as the throng of boys crushed each other in the narrow way? Bright tongues of flame were shooting in and out of the lamp room, and chasing each other down the great alley-way upon the port side, catching on to each and every cabin door and protuberance upon their way. Huge masses of fire, gaining in intensity and volume every second, as they found new fuel, rare dry worm eaten old fuel, a splendid meal for the king of elements indeed. The ship was in very truth on fire, on fire in such style too that it was obvious to the most inexperienced eye, that if the pumps were to cope with at all with such a conflagration, not a second must be lost in using them.

Men of England have over and over again shown their inborn courage on hard fought fields of battle, or on the decks of their terrible war vessels, fighting under their country's flag against odds they seldom took the trouble to reckon. Since the ancient Spartan nation roused the admiration and envy of the old world by their invincible courage and discipline, perhaps no race has ever eclipsed our own in quiet and resolute fighting qualities, though panics, and disgraceful ones, have at times marred the honour even of our own triumphant flag. On this december evening little lads varying in age from ten to fifteen years, little lads collected from the lowest and poorest classes of our peoples were called upon suddenly to display the national qualities of pluck and endurance to their fullest extent, called to do so too almost without any example from officers and superiors of higher social standing and of more mature years, and nobly did the youngsters show their metal. No fire quarter drill had ever been better or more promptly carried out. Each pump was instantly manned and worked by its proper complement of children. Double sentries were posted upon every boat and the crew "stood by" to lower and man them. An energetic effort was made to master the flames, but the good Goliath was over 100 years of age, her once stout old timbers were now rotten to the core and as dry as touch wood, the evening breeze had sprung up with the fall of the tide, and played upon the fire like bellows, driving the sparks like a fiery cloud over the stem of the illfated ship and sweeping them down the river like a comet's tail. It was all over with the Goliath and every soul on board could see it was the case.

Christopher, with others, was working at the

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after pump, upon the starboard side, which was situated between decks and near the companion way, which led to the upper air and comparative safety. Not a boy moved from his work, for was not petty officer Perkin's eye upon their labour and was not petty officer Pe kins nearly 16, and a disciplinarian of the strictest school, insubordination towards Petty Officer Perkins, or disregard of his authority could not be thought of for a moment. Nearer roared the terrible flames, hotter and more stifling became the atmosphere, more and more difficult to see and breathe in the smoke and sparks, but not a man (for I will call them men) stirred from his pumps until the welcome order came pealing down from above. "All hands to the boats" "Knock off pumping there." A rush on deck! Flames, flames, everywhere! The roaring and crackling was terrible, the bright light so intense that nothing off the *ship could* be made out, everything on the river was so black in comparison and the shore lights so dim and so confusing. Christopher rushed to his boat, It was gone! He tried another, gone too. He gained a corner near the fore-castle which the flames had not yet reached, and looked aft. The Captain's wife was hanging by a rope lowered by the grizzled old Quarter-master into the darkness below, where of course there must be a boat waiting to receive her. Could he reach the spot and share her chance of safety. No, between them was too great a furnace to be passed. Under the quarter just to his right sounded the voice of Billy Bolton. "There's room enough for plenty more. Hold hard there with the boat." Bolton was another petty officer and knew what he was about. Bolton would save him if any one could. He dashed in that direction shouting to his friend. He battled with the flames. They scorched his clothes, they frizzled in his hair. They blinded his eyes. He missed his direction, it got hotter and hotter. With a yell of fear and agony and one despairing shout for help, the poor little fellow flung himself plump into the cold dark waters of the Thames. There at least he would escape that scorching fire. There at least he would be cool.

For a moment or two after his immersion Hatton seems to have lost his head, and well it was that he had learnt to swim so well and that he had loved to stay so long in the water at the bathing parades, which regularly took place during the summer months, for either Bolton's boat was gone at last, or he, Christopher, in his confusion, had swam away from instead of towards it. Anyhow, he was alone, alone in the cold cruel river, the dim shore lights so far, so very far away, the water black and freezing, the great ship a mighty bonfire, a brilliant centre to its gloomy surroundings,

(To be Continued).

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Papers :—

The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.

The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W K. Regt.

The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.

The Army Service Corps Journal.

The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.

The 16th Lancers Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers.

The 5 & 9, The Lilywhites' Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.

St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

7th Regiment Gazette.—7th Regt. of New York. U.S.A.

The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.

The Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infty. Weekly Budget and Light Bob Gazette. } Somerset Light Infty

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.

I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.

"*Ours.*"—Princess of Wales Own Yorkshire Regt.

The XVI Monthly Journal,—1st Battn. Bedfordshire Regt.

The Globe and Laurel.—Royal Marines.

The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.

The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.

The Thin Red Line.—2nd Battn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders

The Vedette.—21st Hussars.

The Tiger & Sphinx.—Gordon Highlanders

1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E. S. Regt.

The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.

The 79th News.—79th Cameron Highlanders.

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The following extract is gleaned from one of the daily papers. It will be remembered that Captain Knight, who is now settled at Camberley, and whose health we are glad to hear is improving, was Colonel Pearson's A.D.C. in Ekowe, and is of course well qualified to write on the subject he does.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE ZULU WAR.

Captain H. R. Knight (late of The Buffs) has written an interesting article for the March number of the *United Service Magazine* on "How we got to Ekowe and stopped there." In January, 1879, three columns of British troops were formed for the invasion of Zululand. One column was deputed to advance to Ekowe to be used as an advance depôt for the commissariat. On the march Zulus were encountered, and it was noticeable how high in the air they shot, a fact due, "paradoxical as it may seem, to the short range. At first sight it seems strange that the Zulus should be such hopelessly bad shots, but their want of skill may be attributed in a great measure to a misapprehension as to the use of the sights of their rifles. Knowing that when a white man wanted to hit an object a long way off he put up his back-sight, they concluded that the effect of so doing is to cause the rifle to shoot harder, and they, wishing to develop the full powers of their arms at all times, invariably used their rifles with the back-sights up, a misconception to which many a British soldier owes his life." . . At Ekowe the column had to remain until "on the 29th March a message was received by Colonel Pearson from Lord Chelmsford that the relief column was about to start, and that a force of 500 men were to be in readiness to sally out from Ekowe and act in concert with it should it become engaged. On the 31st the mounted men of the advance could be made out by telescope from the high ground near the fort, and on the following day the main body was plainly visible, forming into laager in the afternoon in the valley of the Inyezane. Before the column joined an engagement ensued, and those in the fort could, by means of a powerful telescope, watch the fighting. To the naked eye little could be made out of the attacking force, but through this glass the sight was most curious. Swarms of little black specks kept appearing and disappearing among the long grass, the appearance of each speck being followed by a minute puff of smoke. This went on for some time, then the smoke from the laager sides began to cease, and the faint rattle of musketry stopped. The formed bodies of Zulus could be seen drawing off in a north-westerly direction. Then after a short pause the mounted people could be seen issuing from the laager in hot pursuit. An amusing story was current next day with reference to this pursuit. The mounted infantry had been armed with swords as a tentative measure. One gallant trooper, anxious to distinguish himself, rode valiantly after a company of the flying Zulus, and tried to cut one of them down. After hacking at him ineffectually for some time, the Zulu thought it was his turn, and going for his pursuer with his assegai, slashed his fingers off, and picking up his sword, which he naturally dropped, made off in triumph.

The following is the text of a telegram received from the Home Battalion by our Commanding Officer :—

"Dragon sanctioned cap collar badge. Authorise me to submit design."

The crest of Kent is a most honourable one in every way, and the Men of Kent are proud enough to wear it, but the Dragon is the ancient badge of the Regiment and was so in the time of Queen Elizabeth, long before other distinguished corps had come into existence at all, and it is naturally welcome news that we are still to wear on cap and collar badge after all the honourable distinction which our fathers carried in many a well fought field.

It must be confessed that the authorities have dealt very kindly by the old Regiment and have met our wishes in all reasonable ways. We are the only corps which recovered its facings after the disaster of July 1881, and now we have our Dragon back again. Let them give us the word "Buffs" on the shoulder-strap instead of E. Kent and we will be happy and content.

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Regimental Items.

The undermentioned men were awarded Swimming Certificates :—

No. 3097 Private W. Brown,
„ 2392 „ A. Frost,
„ 2933 „ E. McLean,
„ 950 „ J. Reynolds,
„ 3322 „ S. Scott,
„ 1182 Lce.-Cpl. G. Stanford,
„ 2689 Private W. Stevens,
„ 2628 „ F. Fricke,
„ 3207 „ S. Dollamore,
„ 2409 „ A. Branchett,
„ 3412 „ T. Mercer,
„ 2704 „ J. Webb,
„ 2938 „ E. Wood,
„ 2594 „ G. Bailey,
„ 2896 „ G. Todd,
„ 2377 „ G. Hodge,
„ 3522 „ H. Langley,
„ 3124 „ E. Wright,
„ 3527 Lce.-Cpl. C. Ogle,
„ 3440 Private F. Saunders,
„ 362 „ J. Barnes,
„ 3811 „ J. Goddard,
„ 3053 „ G. Bennett,
„ 3225 „ W. Brown,
„ 3055 „ L. Robinson,
„ 2649 „ W. Horne,
„ 3684 „ W. Williams,
„ 2234 Lce.-Corpl. A. Avery,
„ 2754 Private C. Hutchings,
„ 3452 „ E. Brown,
„ 2555 „ A. Mannings,
„ 3454 Lce.-Corpl. W. Shevlin,
„ 2485 Private C. Selles,
„ 3057 „ E. Carter,
„ 2929 „ M. Clements,
„ 3143 „ F. Cheshire,
„ 2467 „ G. Gammon,
„ 3476 „ J. Croft,
„ 3065 „ R. Williamson,
„ 2690 „ F. Egan,
„ 3430 „ W. Davies,
„ 2618 „ W. F. Pickard,
„ 2465 „ W. McKenzie,
„ 2713 „ H. Wood,
„ 3178 „ G. Wilson,
„ 3003 „ J. Whitehouse,
„ 3734 Drummer J. Moore,
„ 3135 Private W. Heifman,
„ 1621 Corporal T. Manville.

No. 3407 Private T. White is appointed School Assistant *vice* Saunders returned to duty.

The services of Sergt. J. Laing are placed at the disposal of the Director General of Ordnance in India for temporary employment on the Ordnance Department.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointment :—

To be Lance-Sergeant.
No 76 Corporal J. P. Reynolds.

MUSKETRY.

The following results of the Annual Musketry Course of the Battalion for 1893-94 are published for information :—

Total number exercised—874.

Figure of Merit of Battalion, $\frac{122\cdot03.}{51\cdot83.}$

Classification.
Marksmen 26.
First-class 167.
Second class 516.
Third-class 167.

Figure of merit of companies in order of precedence :—

"G" Company	$\frac{129\cdot17.}{57\cdot86.}$	Best Shooting Coy.
"A" Company	$\frac{124\cdot37.}{57\ 79.}$	
"C" Company	$\frac{123\cdot30.}{58\cdot61.}$	
"H" Company	$\frac{126\cdot93.}{51\cdot65.}$	
"F" Company	$\frac{121\cdot46.}{52\ 61.}$	
"B" Company	$\frac{116\cdot93.}{52\cdot27.}$	
"D" Company	$\frac{122\cdot93.}{39\cdot84.}$	
"E" Company	$\frac{112\cdot10}{38\ 77.}$	

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The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointment:—

To be Lance-Corporal.

No. 2701 Private J. Webb, "C" Company.

The transfer to this Battalion of Dr. Edward Siffleet of the 1st Battn. Royal Fusiliers, having been sanctioned with effect from the 15th inst., he will be taken on the strength of the Battalion from the 16th inst. inclusive and posted to "F" Company.

Authority for transfer, Sind District Staff Office, No. A.A.G., 1934, dated 3rd May 1894.

No. 1479 Pte. G. Watson, has this day been permitted to re-engage for such further period as shall make up a total continuous service of 21 years with the Colors.

The Figure of Merit and Classification of "B" Company, Exercised in the Annual Course of Musketry, under the command of Captain R. H. D'Aeth, are as follows:—

FIGURE OF MERIT.

Aggregate of the averages in the practices for Classification. 137·35.

Percentage of hits to rounds allotted in the Field Practices in Table B.	62·02
Percentage of hits to rounds allotted in the Field Practices not included in Table B.	43·05

CLASSIFICATION.

Marksmen	5
1st Class Shots	27
2nd Class Shots	41
3rd Class Shots	4
Total completed	77

The following honorary distinctions are awarded to the undermentioned N. C. Officers and men, in accordance with (para. 174) Musketry Instructions, Lee-Metford Rifle 1892.

Gold Guns as best Marksman of Company, No. 2319 Pte. W. Watts. score 182 points.

Worsted Guns as Marksmen in order of Merit.

No. 3565	Pte.	A. Oliver,	score 181	points.
„ 2735	„	R. Dixon,	„ 179	„
„ 2524	„	E. Savin,	„ 176	„
„ 2567	„	J. Watts,	„ 175	„

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointment:—

To be Canteen Sergeant.

No. 1308 Band Sergeant M. Roach *vice* Laing reverted 12-5-94, and is made supernumerary of his rank and will receive the pay and allowance of a private soldier. Authority, Article 660. Royal Warrant for Pay 1894.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotion:—

To be Band Sergeant.

No. 3073 Sergt. W. Tozer *vice* Roach reverted 12-5-94.

The undermentioned men are granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names:—

"A" Company.

No. 3817	Private	A. Carr,	1d.	granted	7-5-94.
„ 2547	„	J. Martin,	2d.	„	18-5-94.
„ 2688	„	W. Wailer,	1d.	restored	8-5-94.
„ 2621	„	W. Hobbs,	1d.	„	11-5-94.

"B" Company.

No. 3068	Private	A. Hughes,	1d	granted	5-12-93.
„ 2538	„	F. Sponder,	2d.	„	23-5-94.
„ 2443	„	G. Reed,	1d.	„	24-5-94.

"C" Company.

No. 362	Private	J. Barnes,	1d.	granted	8-5-94.
„ 3273	„	A. Edwards,	1d.	restored	11-5-94.
„ 294	Lce.-Cpl	G. Fuller,	3d.	granted	7-3-94.
„ 3367	Private	F. Price,	1d.	„	29-5-94.

"D" Company.

No. 3823	Private	G. Dane,	1d.	granted	13-5-94.
„ 3489	„	J. Belsey,	1d.	„	13-4-94.
„ 3800	„	G. Hunter,	1d.	„	13-4-94.
„ 3806	„	H. Homewood,	1d.	„	19-4-94.
„ 3451	„	H. McKenny.	1d.	restored	11-3-94.
„ 3094	„	J. Green,	1d.	granted	6-5-94.
„ 3835	„	T. Kemp,	1d.	„	25-5-94.

"E" Company.

No. 3815	Lce.Cpl.	A. Price.	1d.	granted	4-5-94.
„ 2658	Private	C. Hopkins,	1d.	restored	25-3-94.
„ 3838	„	H. Kemp,	1d.	granted	30-5-94.
„ 2540	„	G. Wood,	2d.	„	29-5-94.

"F" Company.

No. 3841	Private	C. Judd.	1d.	granted	31-5-94.
„ 3853	„	Hughes,	1d.	„	26-5-94.

"G" Company.

No. 3768	Private	W. Burton,	1d.	granted	1-3-94.
„ 787	„	J. Chadwick,	1d.	restored	6-9-93.
„ 787	„	J. Chadwick,	2d.	„	6-3-94.
„ 2535	„	A. Crapnell,	2d.	granted	17-5-94.
„ 2532	„	E. Fagg,	2d.	„	8-5-94.
„ 2539	„	G. Warren,	2d.	„	26-5 94.
„ 1717	„	J. Cassidy,	3d.	restored	25-5-94.
„ 3649	„	H. Sayer,	1d,	granted	16-5-94.

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"H" Company.

No. 2489	Private	W. Church,	2d. granted	2 5-94.
„ 2522	„	W. Slaughter,	1d. restored	21-5-94.
„ 3791	„	B. Potter,	1d. granted	1-4-94.

FROM OUR CALCUTTA CORRESPONDENT.

Topics of Conversation.

A	B
MALE.	FEMALE.
Depreciating Rupee	Two dancing girls at the [Theatre Royal.
Compensation Allowance.	Prickly Heat.
Temperature of Bath Room 102·	Impending Cyclone.
Calcutta Derby Lottery	Punkah Wallahs.
Tree daubing in Behar.	Female Doctors.

Two dancing girls at the Theatre Royal—Darjeeling & Simla

We beg to draw your attention to the above in order that you lucky fellows at Jullundar may try to understand the feelings of chivalry that animate us here in the capital of India. Calcutta, like other places, has its peculiarities, masculine, feminine and neuter. We leave it to you to suppose which is likely to predominate at this time of year. One, however, certainly does exist and that is—you are not supposed to walk a yard in the Metropolis—you must either drive or stay where you are.

Perhaps it was an infringement of this unwritten law, which caused our discomfiture this morning and for which we are still sulky.

At 10 a.m. to-day we walked from our office with the intention of visiting the Bank of Bengal, which according to the Ordnance Map is situated just 140 yards distant. Remember please there has been no rain here for two months, the heat is intense and during the last week a strong southerly breeze, whipping up sheets of hot dust, commonly called "dust-storms," has made it most unpleasant for the way-farer!

We started bravely and the wind behind helped us along to a certain extent, the only difficulty being to steer clear of the ladies and gentleman walking against the wind with their heads down and eyes shut, our rate of marching was not exactly slow, as we discovered, when presently we overtook and passed a Native Sentry on his "beat." "But surely he must be defending the Bank of Bengal! so we halted and confronted that Sentry, and he halted and confronted us, then we pretended not to have noticed him and were going to attempt to slink past, but he turned his gaze on to us, and we had just been reading of the Sepoy who ran a-muck somewhere up country yesterday, and who, after killing six comrades, finally shot himself. We thought better of it and still pretending not to have seen the sentry at all, we turned away and continued our journey down the Strand. Of course we had reconnoitred that position sufficiently to note that it was not the entrance to the Bank of Bengal which we were looking for! We walked on, the dust very blinding, until presently, after covering about another half-mile, we met a friend who stared at us as though we were mad, but his gaze did not astonish us at all. *because we were walking and we knew it.* We exchanged the usual greetings—"Good morning—fine day—how's exchange—Theatre Royal last night! &c., and then, "Where are you off to in such a hurry?"—"Bank of Bengal"—"What!!!"—"Bank of Bengal," another short hard stare which would have penetrated any but an honest face—and then—"Good Lord! you're walking bang away from it! "(angrily)" its half-a-mile behind you! you can't mistake it! there's a Native Sentry at the entrance!"

A short prayer for future guidance and we turned about and retraced our weary steps against a fearful "dust-storm." When we reached the Native Sentry we discovered that which we were too frightened to notice before—a huge "Cuxeus Tatty" covered the entrance to the Bank of Bengal, and in consequence of this disguise we had failed to detect the doorway!

With such preliminary apology for the sweet temper in which this finds us, we beg to proceed.

Association Football has been going on for some time, but not a sign or even a chance just yet of "Rugby." The ground is baked as hard as any brick, the Maidan scarcely green for want of rain—in our opinion it would require a fortnight's solid soaking to make the Rugby game practicable.

By-the-way an enthusiastic Secretary of the Association Club here has, with a view to winning the Association Challenge Cup, started a course of weekly lectures on "the Theory and

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Practice of Association Football." By means of an apparatus somewhat resembling the "Morris' Tube," he is able to demonstrate very clearly how a miniature football is to all intents and purposes the same as one of normal size, only smaller. His face is somewhat dark and he is fond of hearing himself speak (a peculiarity among the dusky ones), yet report says that his lectures are well attended and that the series complete will be for sale shortly. His articulation, however, being not quite all that could be desired, some kind friend (a "brutal Tommy" for choice !) has hinted that perhaps a game or two of "Rugby" may improve him in this respect ! This is all.

"TWADDLE."

P.S.—We hope to read in next month's "Dragon" that Mrs. Cumber is none the worse for her serious accident.

We are glad to be able to inform "Twaddle" that Mrs. Cumber is now driving about, superintending the Mahli in her pretty garden and altogether seems very little the worse.

[Editor].

THE EASTERN DRAMATIC TIMES.

There has always been a difficulty in determining exactly whether ambition should be ranked amongst the virtues or the vices, or indeed where honest emulation ends and satanic ambition commences. We ourselves are admirers of the quality and rather inclined to place the boundary line well out in the vast and trackless plains of ambition's mighty realm. We therefore would convey our congratulations to Messrs. Molyneaux and Villiers on the first appearance of their paper.

There is a sublimity about Mr. H. M. Villiers' hope that the theatrical profession will consider the Eastern Dramatic Times as their official "organ," and we cordially hope so too.

Some of the paper is at any rate worth reading, but there is matter which should be taken "cum grano salis,' for instance, may we, in all humility enquire in what period of our national history our ladies appeared habitually in tights? I am afraid that if the Dramatic Times is right then the "Student's Hume" and the other interesting history books of our youth have got hold of the wrong end of the stick. Was the Farthingale indeed a myth ?

The "Tips to Amateurs" have rendered us quite nervous of appearing on our local boards.

We are given to understand that neither Mr. Villiers nor Mr. Molyneaux are totally unconnected with the profession of arms, nor indeed are they supposed to be quartered very far from Jullundur. It would ill become The Dragon to be captious where literary warriors are concerned, and we wish the two gentlemen all success in their undertaking.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The parrot is, of all animals, next to the monkey, the one that has the greatest capacity for picking up human vices. I gleaned the following story from a friend who is a clergyman. He was visiting an old woman who had lately lost her husband. "You must miss your husband very much Mrs.——" said the sympathising parson. "Well zur, not zo much as you'd think. You see our old parrot, he do swear zo like John as I feel as it my old man war still a sitting here a' nigh me."

DISPOSING OF IT.

A certain renowned regiment being on the line of march from Jullundur to Ferozepore, the following took place.

Private Pat Duffey was on baggage guard, and had two very refractory bullocks with which to draw the baggage. He appealed to the quarter-master for a camel instead of the bullocks, as he could not control them ; but the quarter-master told him he had only one to spare, and that he wanted it for a case of emergency.

Pat replied : "Faith, sorr, if you give me the camel, I'll put the case of emergency wid the other packages in the other cart.

THE DRAGON offers a prize of Re 5 for the best original verses on the following subject :—

"The long, long, Indian day."

The three best poems will be published in the next issue of this paper.

All contributions to be sent to the Editor before 25th June.

The number of lines must not exceed 24 or be less than 12.

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TO ALL SMOKERS.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

That the following Tobaccos are manufactured from the choicest Crops grown in Virginia according to our special instructions by an entirely new and improved process and are guaranteed by the manufacturers not to contain any artificial colouring, flavouring or any impurities, which are universally acknowledged by smokers to be the sole cause of the deterioration in Tobaccos.

These Tobaccos will keep in any climate in splendid condition for any length of time.

ROSE BUD.—Bright Gold-flaked Honey Dew manufactured by LAMBERT & BUTLER, London, Pronounced to be the best Pipe Tobacco of the day, and its cheapness is a marvel! **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

HONEY DEW MIXTURE.—Prepared by THOMAS OGDEN, "LD," Liverpool, from Sun-dried Virginia (sweet and mellow) Old Kentucky (full flavoured), Turkey (Dubec mild), Latakia (fragrant), all matured in Bond and judiciously blended and assures a sweet and pleasant smoke, which is enjoyed by the most fastidious smokers. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Bright Cut Navy.—Manufactured by THOS. OGDEN, "LD," Liverpool, smokes with delightful aroma and taste; it does not swell, burn hot, or "pop," nor does it cake or go hard in the Pipe, however tightly filled, and burns to the last grain. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Reliable Bird's-eye.—Manufactured by COPE BROTHERS Liverpool, a sweet and cool High Class Cigarette Tobacco. It can be inhaled with entire satisfaction without irritating the lungs or throat. **Rs. 2-0 per lb.**

SPORT DE JAVA.

The demand for these Cigars continues very steady, besides having increasing Sales from all parts of the World and more particularly from Australia.

	Rs.	As.	P.
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 1, 4¼ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	3	0	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 2, 4 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	2	12	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 3, 3½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	2	8	0
REGALIA, 6 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 50, per box	2	0	0
CONCHAS, 3 inches long, thin Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	1	12	0
MINUTOS, 3 inches long, Cigar Cigarette, in boxes of 100, per box	1	8	0

BEST THICK MANILLA CIGARS,

At Rs 45 per 1000, in great demand in Regimental Messes.

CHILD & Co., CALCUTTA.

THE BUFFS' REGIMENTAL PRESS.

The above Press, having recently added a large quantity of fancy and ornamental type, borders &c., to its already large and well-selected stock, is now in a position to undertake every description of Plain, Ornamental, and Color Printing.

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Apply to the Sub-Editor, or at the Regimental Printing Office.

Printed for the Editor at The Buffs' Press, Jullundur.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

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A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 87. **JULLUNDUR, JUNE 30th 1894.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

HOLMES—At Toddington, Bedfordshire, on the 2nd May 1894, wife of Color-Sergeant G. Holmes, of a son.

Deaths.

HALL—At Dalhousie, on the 5th May, Alfred Arthur Evison, son of Sergeant J. Hall, 1st Battalion The Buffs.

NOTES.

THE first Battalion readers of THE DRAGON are too well aware of the present state of the thermometer to be reminded of it here, but it may interest those in England and elsewhere to be able to congratulate us on the fact that it generally registers about 108° in the verandahs at present, and that no one seems able to get it below about 96° in the bungalows. The health of the regiment is good, but it does not strike us as a particularly happy time to select to make a reduction of 20 per cent in the number of regimental punkah coolies.

... ...

We are told as follows, and we re-echo the sentiment conveyed in the closing paragraph.

"The Rose, Shamrock and Thistle Variety Company, all of the members of which are regimental amateurs, are going to do wonders during the coming summer, and we are living in hopes of having a better entertainment than is usually given by some civilian companies. Keep on the R.S.T's and you will surely succeed. You have the good wishes of the regiment with you, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

By all means says THE DRAGON, but when are we going to have the roof on our Theatre again?

... ...

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A contributor writes on the subject of polo :—
"To arms all you sturdy upholders of polo and bestir yourselves. With the two new additions to the regiment, we mean Lieuts. Bright & Bainbridge, The Buffs' Polo Team should sweep all before them. However, look out for squalls if the Cup is not in the regiment next year."

A correct eye and a strong arm are as essential to good polo as a firm seat, light hands and brave heart, but one thing more is required to ensure success, we allude to a long purse, which means good ponies. Our representatives have we believe most of the above qualifications, but have they got them all? It would be hard if "squalls" should annoy our sporting subalterns if they are unable to "raise the wind" themselves.

... .

Rugby football is late starting this year, owing most probably to the weather. We are told that "B," "E" & "G" Companies have good teams and that "C" should not be limping far behind. The regimental team promises well for Calcutta, and the prayers of the regiment will undoubtedly go with their representatives there.

... ...

We have received a very favourable review of the "Seventh Regimental Gazette" from one of our correspondents, who says that it "leads the way in regimental papers," this is undoubtedly the fact. The paper is beautifully got up and printed, and great pains are evidently taken by very competent men in its production. Regimental papers in our service must in the nature of things vary very considerably from time to time, according to the place in which the producing corps is stationed. In most large towns for instance every facility exists for obtaining excellent phototypes and other illustrations for reasonable prices, and good illustrations undoubtedly add greatly to the attractiveness of any newspaper. In the sandy plain of the Punjaub, the wide veldt of South Africa, or the isolation of Bermuda or Mauritius, however, such luxuries are much more difficult to procure.

... ...

We are pleased to be able to point out that the regiment is making exceptional good shooting this year up to the present, and if the companies, who have not yet fired, manage to keep up the present average, we shall expect to be classed very high, and those companies mean to too.

... ...

In an account of the Dhurrumsala week we read that a dance given by four enterprising gentlemen in The Buffs, who formed a very attractive quartette, was an unqualified success. As a matter of fact there were 5 hosts,and the attractive four, Messrs. McDouall, Trevor, Reeves & Power, would we are sure be the first to own that the success of the dance was greatly due to the 5th host, Surgeon-Major Noding, A.M.S.

... ...

In some Tableau Vivant, Mr. Power appears to have acted the part of a lover to the life, while in another Mr. McDouall was discovered "popping the question." Messrs. Trevor & Reeves seem to have taken a back seat during these proceedings.

... ...

A most interesting letter from our valued correspondent "Panama Hat" is, owing to want of space, held over to our next number.

... ...

Our football correspondent writes:—The football season began on Tuesday, 19th June, by a match under Rugby Rules, between N. C. Officers and men, none of last year's keenness has worn off, and most of last year's prominent players are again to the front. The N. C. Officers, with the exception of Sergt. Crumby, who we hope soon to see again in the field, were playing their full strength, and won somewhat easily by 3 tries to nil. Sergt. Smith, Corporals Dillon & Chapman outside, Sergt. Revell, Corporals Manning & Jarvis in the

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scrimmage, played well. For the men, Pte. Saunders behind, Ptes. Street & Howes in the scrimmage, were conspicuous.

... ...

The Staff Sergeants and Sergeants having challenged the officers to a shooting match, the latter accepted in a body, nine all told, and the contest duly came off on the Rifle range on the morning of the 28th. After a close struggle the Officers won by 8 points. Capt. Holme and Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Nicholas making top scores for their respective sides. Refreshments were kindly provided on the ground by the N. C. Officers, and proved very acceptable to both sides. Distances 500 and 600 yards. 7 shots and 2 sighting at each range. Full scores and names of teams will be given in our next.

... ...

A Tennis handicap was played this month by the members of the Sergeants' Mess, the winner turning up in the Officers' Mess Sergeant, Sergeant Eaton. Our energetic sub not being present at all the games (as he has lately taken vigorously to driving for the benefit of his health) a detailed account is unfortunately not to hand, but from what we gather the handicap was in every way a success.

... ...

The hot weather wound up with a tremendous storm of rain on 18th, nine inches being registered in the 24 hours. The roads, &c., in spite of being as hard as a nut just before, were nearly a foot everywhere under water after the storm. Many were the contrivances devised by the Officers to reach the mess on the night of the 18th, but we think the prize goes to the ingenious owner of a home made pair of stilts. The temperature has come down nearly 10°, and keeps now fairly steady at 86°.

... ...

A correspondent writes:—The "Eastern Dramatic Times" has met with an untimely fate, the enterprising proprietors of this unique and interesting journal—interesting because unique—having decided to publish no more copies.

... ...

The Rose, Shamrock and Thistle clique has dispersed, and it is rumoured that they will not begin operations again until the cold weather, and then under a shorter name.

... ...

No more billiard matches among the men have been arranged for the ensuing month, but as Private Byard's challenge still stands good, we may have the opportunity of seeing him at work again.

... ...

Inter-Company matches have now been started, and we may expect something good in the way of sport to enliven the weary hours. "D" Company is taking on "H," and "C" Company doing the same by "B" at a series of games—both out and indoors—association football, shooting, rounders, handball, crib, whist, and tug-of-war are amongst the events. A smoking concert is, we believe, to be the finale of each. As we are going to press we learn that "H" Company beat "D" at association football by one goal to *nil*.

... ...

Perhaps some of the old soldiers will remember Pte. Duff from the following extract from "Reminiscences" by Sir John Astley. "A capital chap named George Duff—we had not a cheerier or more willing soldier in the whole lot—his parents lived at Midhurst, and he had a brother in the 3rd Buffs, a real good sort too."

... ...

A report which we give for what it is worth is prevalent that a small expedition, consisting of 2 British Infantry Regiments and some Native Troops are to be sent in October against the Waziris, a tribe that has been giving a good deal of trouble lately. From the small number of sick at present in Hospital, and from our general fitness, the Regiment stands a very good chance of being selected for the above expedition, and with any luck we ought to "know what it is to be there."

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The following is copied from a local Castlebar paper :—

"Major Moody has left here to join the troops for India. On Tuesday he was presented with a meerschaum pipe. When leaving the barracks for the railway station the horses were taken from the carriage, which was drawn all the way to the station by the men. The band of the Connaught Rangers, under the direction of Sergt. Fuller, played The Buffs' regimental march. On his arrival at the station, and after the cheers for himself and family had subsided, the gallant Major said he could hardly find words to give suitable expression to his thoughts and feelings. The night's proceedings showed that the strictest discipline could be maintained and still a friendly feeling exist between officers and men. He would always look back with feelings of pleasure to his stay at Castlebar, and the reason was that he had had a hundred good fellows under his command there. He hoped he would again meet some of them in this Battalion or the other (loud cheers and singing "He's a jolly good fellow).

The train soon arrived. The Major and his family took their seats, and as the train resumed its journey, the band played "Auld lang syne," soldiers and civilians joining in.

MILITARY NOTE.

It is an error to suppose that the appointment of the Emperor of Germany to the honorary colonelcy of the 1st Royal Dragoons establishes a precedent in the history of our Army, as in October 1816 his Royal Highness Leopold, Prince of Saxe Coburg of Saalfeld, was gazetted to the colonelcy of the 5th Dragoon Guards. This was on the occasion of his marriage to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, whose name was given to the regiment. Prince Leopold, in after years better known as Leopold the First, King of the Belgians, was created a field-marshal in 1816, and remained on the list of marshals until his death. although he gave up his regimental colonelcy in favour of the late General Sir John Slade in 1831. The late Prince Consort was also a German subject when gazetted as Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha to the colonelcy of the 11th Hussars in 1840, when he also received his marshal's baton. The 11th was his first regiment, as he was not appointed to the Scots Guards until two years later. The Kaiser, whose appointment to the Royal Dragoons has given such lively satisfaction in Berlin, may be reminded of the distinguished officers who have in earlier years been at the head of the regiment. Conspicuous in their list was John, Lord Churchill, better known to history as the Duke of Marlborough, whose littleness and greatness alike are so strikingly illustrated in Lord Wolseley's new work. During the present century Lort Robert Somerset, Lord Vivian, and Sir Arthur Clifton, all three Waterloo heroes of great renown, were each in turn colonels of the Royal Dragoons, and in the last century Field-Marshal Conway was also associated with the regiment.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Papers :—

The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.

The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W K. Regt.

The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.

The Army Service Corps Journal.

The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.

The 16th Lancer's Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers.

The 5 & 9, The Lilywhites' Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.

St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

7th Regiment Gazette.—7th Regt. of New York, U.S.A.

The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.

The Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infty. } Somerset
Weekly Budget and Light Bob Gazette. } Light Infty

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.

I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.

"*Ours.*"—Princess of Wales Own Yorkshire Regt.

The XVI Monthly Journal.—1st Battn. Bedfordshire Regt.

The Globe and Laurel.—Royal Marines.

The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.

The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.

The Thin Red Line.—2nd Battn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders

The Vedette.—21st Hussars.

The Tiger & Sphinx.—Gordon Highlanders.

1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E. S. Regt.

The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.

The 79th News.—79th Cameron Highlanders.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor The Dragon.

Dear Sir,

Our editorial nerves have received an awful shock—you really might be a little careful. We are prostrated with grief to think that our beloved article has been mutilated in such an unseemly fashion. We refer to the mistake that occurred in the article on the "Morality of Tights" which appeared in No. 1 of the "Eastern Dramatic Times."

Our captious critic has evidently been reading up his school-books. He has touched a tender chord in our stony heart, but we forgive him, a truly Christian-like spirit pervades our whole system at this moment.

As an explanation of the error, we say that a portion of the article was left out (printer's devil again), and owing to the incompetency of the proof-reader, the mistake was not noticed.

We are awfully sorry that our "Tips" have scared our local amateur's wits, so much so as to render him, as far as the local boards are concerned, practically "*non est.*" But as a balm to his wounded nerves, we recommend him to try a bottle of a well-known amateur's curative mixture, "Ju-Jah."

We do not claim to have existed in the time of the "Student's Hume," therefore, we are unable to vouch for its veracity, but we take it for granted that it is correct; and as regards the Farthingale, we do not suppose that it is a "fairy tale" invented for the amusement of the inhabitants of this terrestial sphere.

However, we take this opportunity to thank the "Dragon" for its good wishes, and in return trust that the "Dragon" may never need supporters.

No. 1 of the "E. D. T." is the first and last as far as the writer is concerned, he having found out that "a stitch in time saves nine;" and he also fancies that some kind of relationship exists between the foregoing proverb and another which says that "true friends are few,"

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
HUGH A. MOLYNEAUX.

Darjeeling, 24th May, 1894.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I trust you will find a small space in your valuable paper for what I am about to say, "Darjeeling News." One of the most popular events took place in the station theatre on the 7th of May. A grand quadrille party was given by the depôt dance club. On this occasion, it turned out to be a fine night. This being the opening dance for the season, a great number attended; some of the friends came from a great distance, as far away as Kurseong. Under the able tuition of Sergt. Harris, Corpls. Cook, Cousin, and Bandmaster Grumsell, a long programme was got through, dancing being kept up to the hour of 4 a.m. Everyone enjoyed themselves most thoroughly. The depôt band, consisting of various corps, was much appreciated, and great credit is due to Sergt. Tuppen of the Royal Sussex Regiment, in getting the band so well trained in such a short space of time.

ONE OF THEM.

BILLIARDS.

A correspondent has sent us the following. The matches referred to were played in May:—

Some excitement was caused on Monday, the 14th inst., by the unusual spectacle of a billiard match between Pte. Byard, of "H" Company (2nd Battn. champion), and Pte. Patching, of "A" Company, of 250 points nomination, and was won by Byard by 12 points.

Long before the appointed time the billiard saloon was crowded with interested spectators. Shortly after 9 a.m. Byard put in an appearance, and as Patching had arrived some time previously, no time was lost in getting to work. The 2nd Battn. man won choice of balls, and broke

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off with the usual miss in baulk.

Patching followed but failed to score, then Byard tried a difficult cannon, but had "hard luck." "A" Company's man was the first to score by making a red loser.

From this time Patching seemed to have a decided advantage, giving Byard a hard tussle. The game lasted nearly two hours and a half, the most noticeable breaks being: Byard 17, 16, 16, 15, 14, 14 and several tens. Patching: 14, 13, 12, 12, 11, 12, and several tens. Referee and marker, Pte. Beadle.

Pte. Bowler at the conclusion challenged the victor to a match of 300 up, nomination, to be played the following Thursday,

On Thursday the play commenced at 9 a.m. punctually. Bowler leading off with a miss in baulk, Byard following with a safety stroke, at which Bowler failed to score. This game there seemed hardly any doubt about, as Byard was seen to be decidedly out of trim, while Bowler, although unwell, played rather better than usual.

Bowler kept the lead nearly the whole game, and eventually winning easily by 58 points, Pte. Beadle referee and marker.

Dryness is a prevailing curse in this country, and the country wine ("pani" I mean) was in great demand as a lubricant for the gasping throttles of the audience. Sergt. Kent showed much commiseration with the sufferings of his beloved chairs and tables, the spectators not being particular which end of these articles they reposed their fairy-like forms upon.

Shell-out is becoming exceedingly popular, and as a means of healthy excitement I think this ranks as first-class,

HOME BATTALION NEWS

Athlone,
31st May, 1894.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Since my last letter we have been busily employed with musketry, the local range having been so far adapted to the requirements of the magazine rifle that we are able to carry out the individual practices here, leaving the remainder until we arrive at the Curragh.

The shooting shows an improvement on last year, due partly to the practice being carried out on iron targets, on which the marking is more easily shown than on the penetrable targets used on the Curragh ranges, and the firer has also the advantage, especially in the "rapid" practices, of hearing a hit, which is a decided encouragement.

It is much to be wished that a looser form of clothing than that now in use could be issued to the infantry soldier on home service, our red serge being too tight to allow of the free play of the arm and shoulder, which is essential to an effective use of the rifle, this is especially noticeable when the braces are worn, and results in a short man being often unable to hold his rifle at the proper place with the left hand, owing to want of "reach," and consequently firing in a more or less cramped position.

The battalion has lately been supplied with the new valise equipment, which is an improvement in some respects on the old, but does not sit well without the counterbalance of ammunition, for which it is calculated, the belt having a tendency, caused by the weight of the great coat, to mount upwards in front.

A team is in training to represent the regiment at the forthcoming military tournament in Dublin in the Bayonet Exercise, Bayonet Fighting and Physical Drill competitions, and will no doubt take a creditable place, and I shall hope to record their success in my next letter.

The monthly athletic competitions, begun in April, have proved very successful, and have excited a keen interest. The following are the results for April and May:—

1st competition, April 26th. Companies' Tug of War (final), "E" beat "B."

High Jump.—Pte. Dillon, "B," and Pte. Joyce, "H"; a tie.

Long Jump.—1st, Dillon, "B"; 2nd, Corpl. Bailey, "G."

100 yards.—1st, Hunt, "H"; 2nd, Lance-Corpl. Harris, "E"; 3rd, Barker, "F";

220 yards (all comers).—1st, Dillon, "B"; 2nd, Barker, "F"; 3rd, Silley, "G."

220 yards (recruits under 4 months service).—1st, Ethering, "E"; 2nd, Hunt, "H"; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Harris, "E."

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2nd Competition, May 22nd.

Throwing Cricket Ball.—1st, Seale; 2nd, Chalk.

Putting the Shot.—1st, Norris; 2nd, Brown.

Hop, Step and Jump.—1st, Corpl. Bailey; 2nd, Hall.

Bayonet *v.* Bayonet.—1st, Hewitt; 2nd, Lance-Corpl. Bisley.

Half Mile race.—1st, Griffiths; 2nd, Lilley; 3rd, Morgan.

¼ mile.—1st, Joyce.

Tug of War (final round).—"E" beat "G."

We expect to start for the Curragh about the 26th June, returning on completion of the Field operations in the middle of August, and hope for fine weather, such as we had last year.

Latterly we have been visited by cold north and east winds and frosts, which have done much damage to gardens and potato fields, and have debarred us from enjoying the boating to which we had been looking forward.

The same causes have been against a successful fishing season so far, and the few local sportsmen, who have been down to Lough Derg for the mayfly fishing, have not had a good time.

The promotion of Lord Wolseley to Field Marshal will give us a new Commander of the Forces in Ireland, we hear Lord Roberts is likely to be appointed.

You will have heard, before this reaches you, that H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief has given his permission to the Regiment to use the "Dragon" as a collar and cap badge, in place of the White Horse, a concession to *esprit de corps* which will be greatly appreciated, and for obtaining which we are greatly indebted to the personal efforts of our Colonel-in-Chief, Sir Julius Raines, K.C.B., whose keen interest in everything concerning the welfare of the regiment is well known to us all.

The Regimental Dinner is to take place on the 20th June at the Hotel Victoria, I fear that the Home Battalion will not be strongly represented as it is difficult to get away at that particular time.

Captain D'Aeth has returned to England and will shortly join the battalion for duty. Captain Philips is at Hythe and will probably succeed Captain Porter as Adjutant of the 3rd Battalion in August.

Lieut.-Colonel Kelly is at Shoeburyness for a short artillery course, and Major Jackson has gone to Glenbeigh with a similar view.

Major Gordon has rejoined from the Depôt and takes over "H" Company.

Captain Vertue has been undergoing the trials of the Staff College examination this week, we hope successfully.

Lieut. Rayden is retiring from the service, and is on leave pending that step.

2nd Lieut. Knight has joined the battalion on appointment.

The cricket season opened with a match against the Ranelagh School, resulting in an easy victory for the Regiment (score attached).

The second venture on the 26th May was not so successful, the Regiment suffering a defeat at the hands of the 2nd Loyal North Lancashire, at Mullingar, which was quite unexpected, as the first six batsmen of the opposing team were dismissed for a total of 28 runs. A change of bowling then took place, and the aspect of the game altered entirely (score attached).

A match played yesterday at Athlone, against a team from Roscommon, placed another win to the credit of the Regiment (score attached).

THE BATTN. *v.* RANELAGH SCHOOLS.

Ranelagh, 1st Innings, 15. 2nd Innings, 28.

The Buffs, total 42.

This left us only two runs to get in our second innings, which Lieut. Price soon obtained.

THE BUFFS *v.* 2ND LOYAL NORTH LANCASHIRE REGIMENT (12 ASIDE).

Played at Mullingar on Saturday, and resulted in a win for the North Lancashire by 9 wickets. Scores:

The Buffs, 1st Innings, 125. 2nd Innings, 62.

2nd Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, 1st Innings, 171. 2nd Innings, 21.

THE BUFFS *v.* ROSCOMMON.

The Buffs, 1st Innings, 146

Roscommon, 1st Innings, 56. 2nd Innings, 51.

Match drawn on account of time.

For visitors, Revd. Kempston and O'Flynn bowled successfully.

For Buffs, Color-Sergt. Cook and Pte. Garside bowled successfully.

I shall have to postpone the usual list of changes, promotions etc., until next month.

Faithfully Yours,
"SECUNDUS."

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THE ADVENTURES OF CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

A Serial by Glum.

Continued.

IT did not take long for poor Christopher to discover that his one chance of salvation consisted in endeavouring to reach the nearer of the two banks by swimming. No doubt many shore boats would be putting out towards the burning vessel for the purpose of saving life, but there seemed no doubt that the Goliath's own were already on their way to land. The night was very dark and it was but a meagre chance that any rescuing craft should see him, and it seemed almost impossible for the swimmer to attract attention to himself unless he happened to pass a row-boat pretty closely.

One or two puffing noisy tugs were already at the scene of the disaster, but how could a boy's feeble cry penetrate the noise of their engines and the beat of their paddle?

No, the shore was his chance and bravely the youngster took it. Well was it indeed that he had learnt to swim, for half a mile of river lay between him and his goal. I have often heard my godson describe his swim upon that eventful night, the pain and terror of it made a deep impression on his mind, but the victory, he gained, increased the confidence he always seems to have had in his own swimming powers. He took a bright red lamp on shore as the mark to strive for, and quietly and resolutely laid himself out to reach it. A few moments after starting he found that the weight of his clothes, as they became saturated, was weighing him down, and he managed to divest himself of his coat and trousers. Luckily his feet were bare. When in this naked condition the cold of the river struck him more severely, but he had never heard of cramp and, although he had barely any feeling in his legs and feet, his mind felt no fear that he should fail by reason of the temperature. Soon he found that the red light was not to be reached at all, the stream was washing him lower down. The tide was obviously beginning to run out and the race of it would increase every minute. Still, if the red light could not be reached, some point lower down must be, and still the boy, tired and panting now, held bravely on his way. Once he sank and came to the surface again. Some noisome thing had struck him in the mouth. He was battling bravely with fatigue and cold, but the loathsome contact of a putred corpse, some dog may be, that long since had been consigned to one of the upper stretches of the Thames, had momentarily conquered his resolution. With a cry of despair and horror he had sunk, but the waters closing over his head had revived his pluck, and steadily again he held upon his way. When a swimmer makes for a distant point in the light of day, the gradually developing clearness of view, he gets of his landing place, cheers and encourages him. Every stroke he takes brings out more and more clearly the details of the rock or landing stage for which he swims, till the joy in his heart tells him his object can be accomplished, his goal be reached, but at night one who swims for his life has no such encouragement to buoy him up. The low dark banks that Christopher was making for might be 100 or 500 yards away. There was nothing to tell him he was nearing them, that he was nearer and nearer, that he was almost there; nothing but a sharp blow upon the knee caused by the presence of some old broken kettle or iron pail, thrown into the water and lying in the slime and mud.

Oh, the sudden change from pain and doubt to the glorious certainty of triumph. He was ashore. He was saved, and dazed and staggering he ploughed through the river mud and ouze until he fell unconscious upon a heap of rubbish lying just clear of the water's edge.

The poor boy fell asleep upon the shore he says, until he was awaked by a sharp pain in the calf of his leg, which acted upon him like a spur and pricked him into life. Why, how horrible! Something was running over him! Another sharp nip upon his foot. What was it? Rats! Rats, his body was swarmed with foul river rats, come to batten upon the luscious meat thrown to them by the water.

Horrible as it was, these vermin were the means of saving a life that never could have survived the terrors of a winter's night spent cold and naked on that desolate shore. No sooner had

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the truth flashed upon his brain than the boy raised a scream of horror and of agony, that not only scared away his over bold assailants, but penetrated the ears of good old Mrs. Brome, the washerwoman of Greys, who was sitting at her own fireside, after giving her children their tea, not one hundred yards away. Mrs. Brome, whose acquaintance I was shortly to make, was a comely buxom dame, some forty years of age or thereabouts, and Mrs. Brome had stalwart arms and a good and charitable heart.

In half a minute my little godson was being carried to his rest in those same stalwart arms, close pressed to that good and charitable heart. In a few moments more he was lying by the fire, muffled in the children's blankets and choking over the boiling tea the good soul was pouring down his throat.

Young Hatton's life was saved, saved by the filthy sewer rats, but they had left their mark upon him and were the cause of a sharp attack of illness and of other things as well.

I was quartered at Shorncliffe at the time of the burning of the Goliath, having recently been changed into the home battalion of the Kentish Rangers. Directly I heard the news I applied for leave of absence and hastened to the scene, meaning to take Christopher away with me and send him somewhere down to my country home perhaps, until arrangements could be made for his future. I was met with the news that his name was amongst the missing. He was drowned. Perkyns, whom I saw, informed me he was one of the last to leave his pump, that he, Perkyns, with the rest of his squad, had only just got away in Bolton's boat, that Hatton was not with them and that Bolton's boat was the last to leave the ship.

I was not going to give way to any silly sentiment, I told myself.

I liked little Hatton and was sorry, but my conscience was clear enough. I had done my best for the lad, I could do no more except identify and give burial to his body if it came ashore, and I walked to the police office to see about this business. The inspector was talking to a clergyman and seemed to be noting down the description of some one. I did not pay much attention till I heard the gentleman say "He cannot be more than 12 or 13, and is small for his age, I should say. Looks a delicate little fellow and is rather a pretty boy." "I beg your pardon, Sir," I interrupted, "Of whom are you speaking?" Of a little lad who swam ashore from the Goliath the other night and who is lying ill and delirious at a house close here. I want to try and get him identified, as the doctors say he is seriously ill, and Mrs. Brome, in whose house he is, is anxious for his friends to be communicated with," "Sir," said I "if you will take me to see this boy you will do me a great kindness, and I myself may possible be able to identify him." In another moment I was tearing through the streets; What was this, was I giving way to silly sentiment after all? When I saw Christopher himself, tossing restlessly in his little cot, I began to be really afraid that I was.

Well, he got well of course. I had him moved to St. Bartholemew's Hospital, when the doctors let him go, and I tried to make Mrs. Brome receive some compensation for her trouble, though I loved the good woman all the more because she would not take my money. I got the biggest doll I could find for little Mary Brome, who helped to nurse the invalid, and if the other children were not ill from lolly pops, gingerbreads, &c., it was'nt my fault. There certainly are some charming people amongst the working classes in England if one only gets to know them, the difficulty is to get to know them. Distinction of classes can be carried to far too great an extreme. If one of the aristocratic crowd endeavours to make friends with a poorer brother he is suspected of trying to patronise him, and as such his advances are rejected and the labouring man won't try to make friends with the other for fear of being considered pushing. These are the barriers which can rarely be passed but, sometimes I am glad to say, sometimes. Two of my greatest friends are Davis, the carpenter in our village, and Mrs. Brome.

The blood poisoning, which the rat-bites had brought on, and which kept my protègè so long in hospital, was the cause of his not joining my regiment in time to embark with it for Ceylon, but I went to see him before I sailed, and cheered him up by telling him that it was alright, that he was to be specially enlisted under age, and to be forwarded to Ceylon with the first consignment of troops for that station, or on

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the first troopship which put in there.

Mrs. Hatton was by his bed-side when I told him this, and burst out into quite a pæan of praise of the old regiment and of all its officers, N. C. officers, men, women, and children, ways, customs, and usages. Soldiers and their families grumble and growl very often when serving in a regiment, but have you ever met one who has soldiered, who hasn't a good word to say for the old corps after he has left it? They all do, officers and men. Lots of us want to leave when we can't, but we all regret going after we have taken the irrevocable step.

Six months after my interview with him in the London Hospital, Christopher Hatton, soldier, appeared before the adjutant in the barracks at Columbo, Ceylon, to report himself as having joined the Kentish Rangers, the regiment he was born in, and was formally relegated to the care of the bandmaster, and posted to my company, though, as everyone knows, it is a mere matter of form what company a bandsman belongs to, unless indeed he is a good football or cricket player. Of course this must be so, as his duty is not company duty, and he cannot, naturally go with his troop on any detached duty.

This is only a rough sketch of the leading events in Hatton's career, and I carefully entitle it "The Adventures" and not "The Life of Christopher Hatton." In every man's life there are times of quiet even monotonous existence, varied only by trivial episodes unworthy of the name of adventures, and unworthy of being chronicled, even if they could be remembered.

Life in Columbo is not exciting. The place is very beautiful, being full of splendid vegetation. The sea-bathing is excellent, and all the more enjoyable because the climate is so hot.

It can only be indulged in at certain protected places, however, by reason of the sharks which infest those waters.

Kandi is a charming station in the hills in the interior of the island, and a detachment from the regiment at Columbo is always there, being frequently relieved to give everyone the benefit of a change of air at times. Hatton's life for the first two years of his service was that of any other band boy in the place. Band practice, the usual military routine work, skylarking with the other boys, cricket, walks in the cool of the evening, much sea-bathing, occasional stomach ache from too much fruit, or too many prawns (a speciality of Columbo), the whole varied by an occasional trip to Kandi, which he liked, not only for the change, but because the commanding officer treated him like a man when there, and made him carry a rifle because there was no band practice.

Three years after the destruction of the Goliath, Christopher Hatton covered himself with glory by a deed of valour equal to that which made his father so celebrated a character in the regiment. That is why he now wears the medal of the Royal Humane Society.

(*To be Continued in our next.*)

DARJEELING NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor.

Since my letter of the 7th instant, I have much pleasure to inform you the same gaff, "The Snow Minstrels," visited Darjeeling Town-hall on the 12th and gave a performance, which was very much appreciated, there was a little revision to what there was when played at the depot, which no doubt made it much more successful. The ladies and gentlemen of Darjeeling seemed well pleased with the play, and the greatest credit is due to all who took part. Many of the songs, both in the circle and variety, were encored, one in especial must be noted, "After the Ball," which was sung by Corpl. J. Rawlings, of the Rifle Brigade, who was encored 3 times, which fairly fagged him out; they had to revive him with a split to enable him to walk off the stage. The gaff finally closed at 12.30 a.m., after which all of the performers retired to have a tiffin, which was digested with the best of humour after the hard work was done. F. J. C.

Dear Sir,

It may be news to some of your readers that the Glengarry Cap, as at present worn by us, has been abolished at home, and we may presume will be soon done away with in this country.

This battalion was first "served out" (a phrase which *Truth* cannot understand) with glengarries while at Calcutta in 1874, prior to that we used to wear a round forage cap, with red tuft on the top and a leather chin strap to it. The Sergeants had neat little caps of fine

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blue cloth, with a small silver Dragon and figure 3 underneath. The Rank and File caps were made of rougher material and much higher, they wore a figure 3 only. Of course the "Lady Killer" had his cap cut down and, if possible would use his best endeavours to get a Sergeant's cap for going on pass or furlough with. It was every man's ambition in those days to wear a round shaped 3, why I don't know, but it was the "dustoor or custom," once you could mount a round 3 you immediately pronounced yourself an old soldier. It was only a raw recruit, or as he was better known to all ranks a "ringer," or one of the last draft that wore a square 3, and he was very soon chaffed or bounced into getting an old soldier's 3. Each of the ten companies had their cap blocks, which consisted of four pieces of wood, when put together made a round block. Caps that had gone a little out of shape were soaked in water, stretched on the blocks, dried, brushed, ironed, etc., and really looked quite smart when finished. I think the charge for this renovating was 4 pence at home and 4 annas in India.

Some of the cute old soldiers had their own private blocks, and a very good business it was for them. I forgot to mention nearly all the cap blocks would fit into almost any size cap, if the cap was too large, a square piece of wood was forced into the bottom of the centre of the block. Sometimes a cap would be too small for the block, this had to be doctored up on a soup basin turned upside down.

The usual salute from the old pattern:—

Sergeant in charge of your squad, was "Now youngster, you just get your 'air cut, and while your about it get your 'at blocked, and don't forget it, mind," and I can assure you we never forgot it, as there was a certain 10 days in front of us for disobedience of orders.

The present glengarry never was a favourite with the men, it could not be cocked upon the proverbial three hairs, as there was no chin strap to hold it on, but with a little cutting down, ribbon sewn round it in place of the leather band, and streamers of black silk, quite two feet long, with dice shapes cut out, and fish tails to them, some of the "lady killers" thought them quite fetching, but with a good east wind blowing, their lady lovers had a different opinion, and so had the Commanding Officer.

The new caps is made of blue cloth, with folding side flaps, these being kept in position by hooks and eyes and two small regimental buttons in front. The flaps let down and cover the ears, and thus form a complete protection to the head in bad weather, and will be found most useful on active service. The ornament, we are glad to say, is a "Dragon."

Yours faithfully,
P. Q.

Sussex County Hospital,
Brighton, May 24th, 1894.

To the Editor The Dragon.

Dear Sir,

Thinking the enclosed might interest the cricket-loving community of the old corps, I thought I would send it, with best wishes to all old friends.

K. Miller,
Late 1610, "F" Comy.

Major Spens, who saved the match for Tunbridge Wells against the Brighton Brunswick, has long been known, especially in military circles, as a most dangerous bat. He has scored heavily on many occasions on the United Service Ground at Portsmouth. I append a few of his centuries in chronological order. In one match he made 386.

Major Spen's Hundreds.

Date	For	Against	Score.
1882	United Services	Nondescripts	386
1883	Free Foresters	Oatlands Park	129
1884	Buffs	60th Rifles	133
1884	Free Foresters	Royal Engineers	115
1884	85th Regiment	Royal Artillery	115
1884	Free Foresters	United Services	131
1885	Blue Mantles	Devonshire Park	176
1885	Mote Park	Old Cliftonians	107*a*
1887	Free Foresters	Esher	134
1887	Mote Park	Incognit!	121
1887	Free Foresters	Mote Park	112
1889	I Zingari	Wellington College	127
1889	I Zingari	Royal Artillery	111
1890	Free Foresters	Green Jackets	106
1892	M.C.C.	Cheltenham College	153*a*
1892	Free Foresters	Royal Engineers	178*a*

a Signifies not out.

We think that the local paper from which the above is cut must have been mixing up the performances of Major Lionel Spens, late of The Buffs, with those of his brother, Major Spens, of the Shropshire Light Infantry, who is even a better cricketer than our man.

This Battalion had a most successful cricket team with Captain Spens in command, and when Captain Ommaney, Mr. Kekewich, Mr. Percy Green, Color-Sergt. Judd, and Pte. Gilbert, of the band, made runs and took wickets. (*Editor.*)

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Regimental Items.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments :—

To be Lance-Corporals.

No. 3557 Pte. H. Goodwin.
„ 3140 „ E. Worcester.
„ 3581 „ E. Gasson.
„ 3176 „ H. Kemp.

Nominal roll of N. C. Officers and men due to return home during the trooping season of 1894-95 :—

On completion of 1st Period of Long Service.

No. 503 Corpl. J. F. Sheed,
„ 511 Pte. A. Ward.
„ 533 „ A. F. Lawrence,
„ 534 „ A. A. Greaves,
„ 783 „ W. J. Wittering.

On completion of Extended Short Service. (12 years.)

No. 441 Pte. C. T. Rivers,
„ 462 „ R. Blaber,
„ 468 „ W. Evenden,
„ 484 „ A. Goodings,
„ 570 „ F. Bellchambers,
„ 634 „ J. Whale,
„ 665 „ G. Strawson,
„ 697 „ J. S. Staples,
„ 727 Sergt. W. T. Webster,
„ 740 Pte. F. Goodwin.

On completion of 7 years with the Colors on or before 30-9-94.

No. 2077 Pte. C. Hook,
„ 2114 „ F. W. Bishop,
„ 2125 „ C. Beer,
„ 2402 „ H. Dartnell,
„ 2132 „ W. Swift,
„ 2015 „ H. Berry,
„ 2137 „ H. Arms,
„ 2153 „ F. W. Bowler,
„ 2164 „ T. W. Benster,
„ 1558 „ S. Barrett,
„ 2170 „ F. W. Brown,
„ 3674 „ T. Duffy,
„ 2173 „ T. G. Luxford,
„ 2180 „ F. Bull,
„ 4092 „ L. W. Watkins,
„ 2188 Cpl. W. Skinner,
No. 2187 Pte. J. Coppard,
„ 2197 „ W. Freeman,
„ 2210 „ W. P. Joyce,
„ 2215 „ W. E. Couzens,
„ 2219 „ G. Mears,
„ 2223 „ P. Reynolds,
„ 2226 „ F. Lake,
„ 3674 „ E. Colleary,
„ 2235 „ C. Mills,
„ 2234 „ A. F. Avery,
„ 2237 „ R. C. Clegg,
„ 2240 „ W. Bishop,
„ 2246 „ W. G. G. Hanger,
„ 2253 „ A. Care,
„ 2255 „ G. Smith,
„ 2265 „ W. Holliday,
„ 2269 „ J. Lepper,
„ 2272 Cpl. T. Knight,
„ 2274 Pte W. Smith,
„ 2279 „ T. G. Gilham,
„ 2282 „ J. Page,
„ 2286 Dr. F. Cox,
„ 2291 Sergt. T. Cogger,
„ 2294 Pte. A. Midwinter,
„ 2296 „ E. Street,
„ 1803 „ A. Smith,
„ 2300 „ W. Martin
„ 2311 „ J. F. Hind,
„ 2312 „ A. E. Williams,
„ 2313 „ J. G. Geddes,
„ 2314 „ W. J. Paramor,
„ 2315 „ W. T. Church,
„ 2318 „ J. W. Watson,
„ 2319 „ W. Watts,
„ 2325 „ H. Saker,
„ 2327 „ J. E. Galvin,
„ 3451 „ T. McKenny,
„ 2328 „ G. Gardner.

The undermentioned men were on the 28th May, 1894, awarded Soldier's Signalling Certificates for having passed a Course of Instruction in Telegraphy :—

No. 2089 Private H. Geddes,
„ 2634 „ G. Muddle,
„ 3499 „ A. Town.

The following money prizes for the musketry season 1894-95, having received sanction of the Major General Commanding Lahore District, are awarded to the undermentioned men :—

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"H" Company.

Best shot of Company, No 3137 Pte. H. Davis, £1 1s. 3d.

10 per cent of best shots of Company, @ 8s. 7¾d. each.

No. 3137 Pte. H. Davis,
„ 2565 „ T. Brooks,
„ 2769 Lce.-Cpl. H. Cox,
„ 2362 Pte. P. Ambrose,
„ 2600 „ C. Dry,
„ 2663 „ J. Smith,
„ 2274 Lce.-Cpl. W. Smith,
„ 1178 Col.-Sergt. G. Cork,
„ 2549 Sergt. E. Gratton.

Best shot of Individual, with magazines in 1 minute, at 200, 300, and 500 yards, No. 3137 Pte. H. Davis, 14s. 2d., score 61 points.

2nd best shot of Individual, with magazines, in one minute, at 200, 300, and 500 yards, No. 2362 Pte. P. Ambrose, 7s. 1d., score 60 points.

Two best sections in section attack, section Commanders @ 2s. 8½d. each.

No. 2549 Sergt. E. Gratton, No. 3165 Lce.-Sergt. F. Judges.

Men @ 1s. 4¼d. each.

No. 2756 Lce.-Cpl. P. Johnson.
„ 2902 Private G. Butter,
„ 2076 „ G. Stevens,
„ 2696 „ H. Brocklehurst,
„ 3629 „ W. Gilham,
„ 3422 „ E. Overton,
„ 2565 „ T. Brooks,
„ 2585 „ E. Middleton,
„ 2296 „ E. Street,
„ 2564 „ J. Ditchburn,
„ 2865 „ C. Mercer,
„ 3408 „ H. Wells,
„ 3913 „ H. Byard,
„ 2469 Corpl. J. Manning,
„ 2965 Private W. Sands,
„ 2701 „ P. Dowling,
„ 2223 „ P. Reynolds,
„ 3411 „ E. Wellsted,
„ 3449 „ W. Kesby,
„ 3325 „ H. Saker,
„ 3722 „ C. Archer,
„ 2600 „ C. Dry,
„ 3564 Lce.-Corpl. E. Keats,
„ 3252 Private E. Williams,
„ 3593 „ J. Gilbert,
„ 3168 „ S. Brice,
„ 2869 „ G. Gibson,

Best section in Volleys, Timed Volleys, Independent and Running Practice, Timed.

Section Commander at 6s. 0½d. No. 1178 Color-Sergeant G. Cork.

Men @ 3s. 0¼d. each.

No. 3051 Lce.-Corpl. A. Hayward,
„ 3137 Private H. Davis,
„ 2597 „ A. Sherman,
„ 1254 „ W. Freed,
„ 3373 „ G. Button,
„ 3395 „ C. Holewell,
„ 2300 „ W. Martin,
„ 2522 „ W. Slaughter,
„ 2999 „ J. Brooks,
„ 3498 „ H. Quartermain,
„ 2362 „ P. Ambrose,
„ 2784 „ S. Williams.

The undermentioned men are granted Good Conduct pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names.

"A" Company.

3396	Pte, Britter, H.	1d.	Granted	7-6-94
3567	„ Copper, D.	1d.	„	15-6-94
2573	„ Dobson, A.	2d.	„	18-6-94
3846	„ Kember, E.	1d.	„	7-6-94
3236	„ Sizer, G.	1d.	„	7-6-94
3878	„ Walker, W.	1d.	„	29-6-94
3235	„ Webb, J.	1d.	„	7-6-94
2713	„ Wood, H.	1d.	Restored	8-6-94

"B" Company

2567	Pte. Watts, J.	2d.	Granted	19-6-94

"C" Company.

2555	Pte. Mannings, A.	2d.	Granted	9-6-94
3204	„ Wilson, R.	1d.	„	21-5-94
3814	„ Sinden,	1d.	„	6-5-94

"D" Company.

3811	Pte. Goddard, J.	1d.	Granted	23-4-94

"E" Company.

3847	Pte. Steed, E.	1d.	Granted	9-6-94

"F" Company.

3845	Pte. Woodgate, A.	1d.	Granted	2-6-94
3881	„ Cunningham, J.	1d.	„	29-6-94

"G" Company.

2705	Pte. Roney, J.	1d.	Restored	6-6-94
2557	„ Harrison, J. G.	2d.	Granted	11-6-94
3855	„ Mason, F.	1d.	„	11-6-94
1691	„ Lynch, T.	2d.	Restored	27-6-94

"H" Company.

3058	Lce.-Corpl. Saker, E.	1d.	Granted	29-2-94
2381	Pte. Bullock, A.	1d.	Restored	8-6-94
2565	„ Brooks, T.	2d.	Granted	19-6-94
2255	„ Smith, G.	2d.	„	4-6-94
2076	„ Stevens, G.	2d.	„	9-3-94
2584	„ Taylor, F.	1d.	Restored	8-6-94

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FROM OUR FOOTBALL CORRESPONDENT.

Dear Dragon,

I read in the daily papers that the association football team of the 74th Highland Light Infantry had arrived at Simla, for the purpose of going into training for the "Durand" Competition. On referring back to you, dear old DRAGON, I find the Buffs won the Trades Challenge Cup in Calcutta in 1890, against a good team, and also played in the final in 1891 for the same cup, and that the latter match had to be played two or three times before a decision could be arrived at, so don't you think it is a pity we do not send a team to Simla? It is so much nearer than Calcutta, where I hear our Rugby team is going again this year, and I hope will have better luck.

Surely there must be some good Association players in the old Battalion, and it is, I think, a mistake to let them all get used up in the Rugby game, and is it not a recognised fact that the same men cannot *play* the two games correctly? if so, why not start a Regimental Association team, with our Adjutant as Captain, who I must say played a splendid game with his Company in the Regimental football ties, but upon second thought this suggestion falls through, as he is Captain of the Rugby team; there is Captain Dauglish, he would Captain the team I'm sure, when he rejoins us, and help to revive the good old Association game, which up to 1891 we always held our owm. With such good players as Color-Sergeant Cork, Sergeant Burns, Corpl. Lawrence, Privates Hasler and Wickens, I do not think there should be much difficulty in forming an Eleven that would become a credit to the Battalion.

Of course the Rugbyites of the Battalion will on reading this, say the "Sockers" have at last found some one to air their grievances, but nothing of the sort, my dear DRAGON, nothing of the sort, let us play the two games of football, and don't forget the Cricket and Shooting also, and as the "Association Wallahs" have, like the London Cabbies, been on strike quite long enough, I think it is time they again started their

"KICK OFF."

It certainly seems a pity that more interest is not taken in Association, being as we are so close to Simla, where the Durand Cup is played for.

E. D.

THE ARTIST'S LITTLE BILL.

A correspondent, who writes under the well-known *non-de-plume* of F. F. S., sends us the following amusing cutting:—

An artist was employed to repair the properties of an old church in Belgium. Being refused payment in lump, he was asked for details, and sent his bill in as follows:—

	frc.	cents.
Correcting the Ten Commandments ...	5	12
Embellishing Pontius Pilate, and put a new ribbon on his bonnet ...	3	2
Put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and mended his comb ...	2	20
Replumed and gilded the wing of the Guardian Angel	4	18
Washed the servant of the High Priest, and put carmine on his cheeks ...	5	12
Renewed heaven, adjusted two stars, and cleaned the moon	7	14
Re-animated the flames of purgatory and restored souls	3	6
Revived the flames of hell, put a new tail on the devil, mended his left hoof, and did several jobs for the damned	7	17
Re-bordering the robe of Herod, and re-adjusting his wig	4	0
Put new spotted dashes on the son of Tobias, and dressing on his sack	2	0
Cleaned the ears of Balaam's ass and shod him	8	2
Put earrings in the ears of Sarah ...	2	4
Put a new stone in David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliath, and extended his legs	3	0
Decorated Noah's Ark	3	0
Mended the shirt of the Prodigal Son, and cleaned his ears	4	0

F. F. S.

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PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

The first prize in the above competition is awarded to "Murphy," who is requested to communicate with the Sub-Editor, Sergeant Winstanley, "A" Company, with a view to his receiving his laurel crown (coupled with ~~Rs~~ 5). Seven poets competed for the prize. "Boy Cameron" should remember that the length was strictly limited to 24 lines at the most, his poem being 48 lines was consequently disqualified. The best part of "Mopus's" poem was—like a lady's letter—in the postscript, which we publish, also the last verse of "Wag," which is of much better quality than the rest. A verse of "Ennui's," which is also published, reads a bit "jumpy," but as our readers know, it has a good deal of truth in it.

(Ed.)

The long, long Indian day.

The most depressing theme I trow
On which to write a lay,
Is that of which I'm guilty now,
The long, long Indian day.

Reveille's soft and tinkling note (?)
Parades and punkahs' sway,
Et-cetera, all constitute
The long, long Indian day,

Ah! sadly, brother of the "Buffs"!
In "Ours," I grieve to say,
The "long-faced one," a factor is
In *our* long Indian day.

By way of change, we also might
Speak in sarcastic way,
Of punkah wallahs' "peaceful rest"
The long, long Indian day,

"*Post-mortem*" search will sure reveal
(If held on this poor clay)
In "Pica Caps" upon my heart
The long, long Indian day.

"MURPHY."

(With apologies.)

Sote, sote, sote,
On thy palang from nine to three,
And I would that my mouth were other
Than the one I have now on me.

The weary days pass by;
First parade, when its odds on your cheap,
Next orderly-room, pepper punch, hazri, and then
The bungalow, palang and—sleep.

But, oh, for a cooler clime
Where at soldiering I could play;
And that I might have something better to do
Than cussing the punkah all day.

Sote, sote, sote,
Till the time comes for toast and tea.
Just think of the number of wasted hours
That will never come back to me.

"SPLIT PADRE,"

(Extracts.)

1. If this poor edition should meet with success,
The writer will gladly give his addrees.
Don't forget, dear Editor, the coveted rupee,
Will just about cover the cost of a spree.
Should it be the reverse, it will come pretty rough,
*For there must be some poets asleep in The Buffs.

"MOPUS."

* Climatic influence probably accounts for their not coming more the front.—*Ed.*

2. Then speed to dear Old England,
Where gentler breezes play,
And Saxon voices, sweet and bland,
Persuade us there to stay.

"WAG."

* The rest of this poem is unfortunately not up to the standard of this verse.—*Ed.*

3. Our life's a bit quick, to-day one is sick,
To-morrow old Nick
Gives the bucket a kick,
And soon we are rotting 'neath mortar and brick.

"ENNUI."

The same remark as for No. 2 applies.—*Ed.*

Among the minor poets were Boy Cameron and H.A.M.

The DRAGON offers a prize of ~~Rs~~ 5 this month for a "Missing Word Competition." If more than one correct answer is given, the prize will be divided amongst the winners.

(1) One hundred and sixty-eight hours' Imprisonment Hard Labour and——days C.B.

(2) What a smart looking man Private——in the Band is!

(3) I think——Company has a very good look in for the Rugby Challenge Cup this year.

The competitor who guesses most of the above three missing words will receive the prize.

No competitor to send more than one answer to each.

(Ed.)

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TO ALL SMOKERS.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

That the following Tobaccos are manufactured from the choicest Crops grown in Virginia according to our special instructions by an entirely new and improved process and are guaranteed by the manufacturers not to contain any artificial colouring, flavouring or any impurities, which are universally acknowledged by smokers to be the sole cause of the deterioration in Tobaccos.

These Tobaccos will keep in any climate in splendid condition for any length of time.

ROSE BUD.—Bright Gold-flaked Honey Dew manufactured by LAMBERT & BUTLER, London, Pronounced to be the best Pipe Tobacco of the day, and its cheapness is a marvel! **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

HONEY DEW MIXTURE.—Prepared by THOMAS OGDEN, "LD," Liverpool, from Sun-dried Virginia (sweet and mellow) Old Kentucky (full flavoured), Turkey (Dubec mild), Latakia (fragrant), all matured in Bond and judiciously blended and assures a sweet and pleasant smoke, which is enjoyed by the most fastidious smokers. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Bright Cut Navy.—Manufactured by THOS. OGDEN, "LD.," Liverpool, smokes with delightful aroma and taste; it does not swell, burn hot, or "pop," nor does it cake or go hard in the Pipe, however tightly filled, and burns to the last grain. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Reliable Bird's-eye.—Manufactured by COPE BROTHERS' Liverpool, a sweet and cool High Class Cigarette Tobacco. It can be inhaled with entire satisfaction without irritating the lungs or throat. **Rs. 2-0 per lb.**

SPORT DE JAVA.

The demand for these Cigars continues very steady, besides having increasing Sales from all parts of the World and more particularly from Australia.

	Rs.	As.	P.
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 1, 4½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box - -	3	0	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 2, 4 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box - -	2	12	0
SPORT DE JAVA. No. 3, 3½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box - -	2	8	0
REGALIA, 6 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 50, per box - -	2	0	0
CONCHAS, 3 inches long, thin Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box - -	1	12	0
MINUTOS, 3 inches long, Cigar Cigarette, in boxes of 100, per box - - -	1	8	0

BEST THICK MANILLA CIGARS,

At ~~Rs~~ 45 per 1000, in great demand in Regimental Messes.

CHILD & Co., CALCUTTA.

THE BUFFS' REGIMENTAL PRESS.

The above Press, having recently added a large quantity of fancy and ornamental type, borders &c., to its already large and well-selected stock, is now in a position to undertake every description of Plain, Ornamental, and Color Printing.

THE DRAGON.

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„ 1 to 69, „ 11.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
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1898

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 88. JULLUNDUR, JULY 31st 1894. Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

BIRKHEAD—At Jullundur on the 5th July, the wife of Bandmaster C. S. Birkhead (prematurely), of a son.

BENNELL—At Canterbury on the 20th May, the wife of Sergt.-Major Bennell, 3rd Battalion The Buffs, of a son.

Deaths.

BIRKHEAD—At Jullundur on the 5th July, the infant son of Bandmaster C. S. Birkhead.

NOTES.

THE Regiment will be at Lahore in November, to take part in the big Durbar that is to be held there in honor of His Excellency the Viceroy. The Commander-in-Chief and probably the Ameer of Afghanistan will all be there, and we here that manœuvres on a large scale are to held on conclusion of the Durbar.

... ...

Football has been vigorously played this month, though the state of the ground has been more like a split pond and skating rink than anything else. The ground being in this state the game is naturally chiefly confined to the forwards; these seem to be as good if not better than last year. Bhagsu air seems to have done wonders to Mr. Reeves, as we were glad to see him playing on the Football Ground, in spite of his late illness. He should be a great acquisition to the Regimental Team outside the scrimmage.

... ...

The result of the company competitions held during last month were that "C" and "D" Companies proved victorious over "B" and "H" Companies respectively. Proceedings wound up in each case with smoking concerts, which appear to have been very successful and where victors and vanquished "grew vain, and fought their battles o'er again."

... ...

A correspondent wishes to know if the men of the Battalion would care for two or three

... ...

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colonial papers in the Library. If the Committee were informed, we have no doubt they would be glad to receive them.

... ...

The Gurkha Band played for the first time at the Officers' Mess on Monday, July 16th. Considering that on their arrival here, about a year ago, hardly one of them knew a cornet from a drum, their progress is remarkable, and reflects the greatest credit on our Bandmaster, Mr. Birkhead.

... ...

We thoroughly agree with the subjoined extract from the *C. & M. Gazette* of July 9th, referring to the late order, cutting down Tommy Atkins' punkahs. "It might be well if some of these thoughtful economists could share the quarters of Pte. T.A. for a fortnight in the plains, to learn what the savings of some paltry thousands of rupees means in point of discomfort to the soldier. If economies are absolutely necessary, we should suggest that the Commissariat and Military Accounts Department be first thoroughly overhauled, we fancy it would require several new and strong brooms to thoroughly sweep out these departments.

... ...

Capt. Annesley and Color-Sergt. Cheal returned this month from the Musketry Class at Changla Gully. For 3 years running a Non-Com. Officer of the Regiment has been best shot of the Non-Com. Officers of these classes. At Pachmari in 1892 Sergt-Major (then Color-Sergt.) Featherstone. At Changla Gully in 1893 Color-Sergt. Andrews, and now again this year Color-Sergt. Cheal at Changla Gully.

... ...

Lance.-Corpl. Lawrence, who has left us to join H. E. the Viceroy's Band, will be a loss to the Battalion in many ways. An excellent cricketer, being a first-rate batsman and a capital wicket-keeper, a very good football player at both the Association and Rugby games, and a thorough musician. He carries with him the very best wishes, not only of his comrades in the band, but in the Regiment generally.

... ...

A Rugby Football Match was played on Friday, July 20th, between the 1st XV. and a scratch team, strengthened by several officers. After a good game the match ended in a draw. Capt. Slee, R.A., was of great service to the scratch team, till an unfortunate accident made him choose between playing in nothing but a jersey and a pair of boots, or stop playing; we are glad to say the latter alternative was chosen. The ground again was like a pond, and the game confined almost entirely to the forwards.

... ...

The Regimental Dinner held this year on June 20th at the Hotel Victoria, brought together the smallest number of officers for a long time, twelve only being present. The toast of the 1st Battalion was replied to by Major Ommanney. The following officers were present:—

General Sir Julius Raines, K. C. B., Colonel of the Regiment, in the chair.
„ The Honourable H. Parnell, C.B.
Colonels—H. T. Halahan, F. T. Hobson, N. Davis, J. E. Foster.
Majors—A. E. Ommanney, L. T. Spens, W. Worthington,
Captains—J. Porter.
Lieutenants—F. W. B. Dyne, R. Swetenham, Mr. Wollacott.

... ...

Every Thursday sees the Regimental Rifle Club at practice on the range, and the results are excellent, though we should like to see more men on the spot.

... ...

We hear a return match is coming off between the Officers and Warrant and N.-C. Officers, distances 200 and 300 yards, standing and kneeling, and we fancy that the latter will come off this time victorious.

... ...

With reference to the letter from "Them as runs 'em," which will be found further on, we think that it would be a great pity if these moonlight concerts, for which we are indebted so largely to the trouble taken over them by our Bandmaster, Mr. Birkhead, should fall through for lack of performers. As our correspondent

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says there should be no lack of talent among a thousand men. Judging by the smokers held recently by "B," "C," "D" and "H" Companies, there seems plenty of talent anyway in these four companies, and if another concert was got up we have no doubt that plenty of performers would come to the front.

... ...

The rains are somewhat of a bad time for moonlight concerts, but given a fine night and good performers, and we ask no better than those who performed last time (it was the style of the song, not the singer that was criticised), there is no pleasanter way of passing an evening than at one of these shows. Why not get up a Variety Entertainment, Mr. Birkhead? charge a small entrance for reserved and 2nd seats only, and give prizes for a Singing Competition, songs to be classed as sentimental, comic and topical, and prize given for best of each class.

... ...

Some of the answers sent to the Missing Word Competition, results of which will be found further on, were varied and peculiar. Private Shircore, who one or two correspondents sent in as the missing word to question 2, was *not* the correct answer—with all regard to Private Shircore, who after he has been a little longer in the band may and probably will answer this description. To question 3 most of the correspondents went for "D" Company, though "G" and "C" Companies were close up, and it remains to be seen if "D" Company will rise to the occasion.

... ...

The dance lately given at Dalhousie by six Officers of The Buffs, Major Moody, Capts. Booth and Bell, Messrs. Tarte, Hasler and Adamson, seems to have been quite one of the features of the season there, and to have been carried through from start to finish with the greatest success. It is a new idea for us, dances being given in this way by officers on leave, first at Bhagsu, and now at Dalhousie. We expect to hear next month that Messrs. Bainbridge and Bright, who are going to Cashmere, have given a most delightful water party to the ladies there, and that Capt. Eales, who spends his leave in Assam, organized a most popular Gymkhana, as all the prizes were given by himself, &c.

... ...

We invite attention to the very hard case, as regards pay of 2nd Lieutenants promoted Lieutenants. Taking Lieut. Trevor as an example: this officer as 2nd Lieutenant drew a total sum of Rs 243 as pay for the month, he has now been promoted Lieutenant, but being in excess of the authorized number draws only the difference between the two ranks, *i.e.*, Rs. 237, and no Exchange Compensation Allowance, as he draws his pay partly in rupees and partly in stirling, converted at the current rate. He consequently draws *less* in the higher than in the lower rank, and as there are two Lieutenants to be absorbed before him, his chances are not very rosy. In Madras and Bombay we believe the Exchange Compensation is given, and it would be only fair to do the same on this side of India as well.

.. ..

A field of about 70 started on Monday, the 23rd inst., for a paperchase, for a prize of Rs. 40, presented by the Officers to the Company who could show most men in at the finish out of the first 40 in. Captains Holme and Bell were the hares. After a stiff course, the field finished up at the Club, Capt. Holme's Company turning out the winners with 13 men in, Capt. Eales's Company with 11 being a good second.

.. ..

The Amy Childs Opera Company have been playing here to full houses during the month. They had a bumper house on the 23rd, and the audience seemed to thoroughly enjoy the show. The patriotic song, "Nelson," and "The Anchor's Weighed," seemed to go down best, judging by the chorus of the gods behind, and as far as that goes of the gods in front as well. We hope now that there is a roof on the theatre we shall see our own regimental talent on the boards. In this dull weather a good laugh acts as a capital tonic, and we have no fear of our regimental amateurs not making us laugh.

... ...

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Another match (under Rugby rules) between the regiment and a scratch team came off on Tuesday, July 24th. For a full account see our football correspondent's letter. The result of the match shows that our ¾ are a bit stronger than was expected, the passing—generally a weak point—being on this occasion distinctly good. Capt. Annesley as ¾ for the scratch team proved a tower of strength, and prevented the score against his side being a good deal more than it was.

RUGBY.

REGIMENT V. GARRISON.

On Tuesday, the 23rd instant, a game of football under Rugby Rules took place on the Regimental ground, which happened to be in fine condition. The Regiment having won the toss kicked off.

Some exciting play ensued and Regiment's passing was really excellent. The ball rarely left the Garrison s twenty-five, they having hard work to prevent their opponents scoring.

One try was scored by the Home team during the first 10 minutes. After the usual rest, play was resumed, the Garrison team showing to better advantage; they could not, however, get the ball into the opposite twenty-fives, the Home team scoring another try, which they were successful in converting into a goal.

Lieut. Reeves, Lance-Corporal Chapman and Corporal Manning, deserve great credit for the way in which they passed and repassed the ball. Capt. Lynden-Bell, too, also distinguished himself, doing great execution amongst the enemy's forwards. For the Garrison team, Lieut. Hughes, Captain Slee, Lieuts. Pearson and Porter, particularly deserve notice for their dodging and grappling propensities. Corporal Manning seemed to have had a rough time of it, judging from the two scars upon his face, the result of an accident.

The respective teams were as follows.—

REGIMENT.

Back—Pte. Adsley.

¾ Backs—Lieut. Reeves, Sergt. Marshall, Lce.-Corporal Chapman, Pte. Wherle.

½ Backs—Sergt. Smith, Pte. Bailey.

Forwards—Capt. Lynden-Bell, Lieut. Tarte, Corpl. Manning, Corpl. Lacey, Lce.-Corpl. Jarvis, Ptes. Saunders, Street and Home.

GARRISON.

Back—Pte. Slaughter.

¾ Backs—Capt. Kelly, Lieut. Hughes, Capt. Annesley. Corpl. Dillon.

½ Backs—Capt. Slee, Lieut. Porter.

Forwards—Ptes. Howse, Williams, Sayer, Taylor, Gear, Fag, Sponder, Lieut. Pearson, Ptes. Green and Amon.

The result of the match being a win for the Regiment by one goal and one try to nil.

Theatricals.

Miss Amy Childs Operetta Company favoured us with a visit on the 23rd and 24th insts., and judging from the well packed houses, their efforts to amuse were highly appreciated.

Among the items presented were "The Barber of Bath," "The Rose of Auvergne," and "Cox and Box."

Mr. Willie Driscoll caused roars of laughter by his whimsicalities and his interpretation of his parts. Miss Amy Childs and Miss Nightingale also scored highly.

Mr. Phillips' rendering of "Nelson" and "The Anchor's Weighed" proved his claim as an excellent singer.

All the songs by this Company were very effectively rendered, and the general opinion of the enthusiastic audiences was that the Company was the best yet seen by them in Jullundur. This Company will revisit the Regiment next March.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must sent as a guarantee.

BHAGSU NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

It is, I fear, a long time since any news has been sent you from Bhagsu, but during the first two months of our sojourn here there was little or nothing to write about. Capt. Holme, Messrs. Cobbe and Trevor paid us a visit during May, and cheered us up considerably, the two latter officers distinguishing themselves greatly at cricket. Mr. Cobbe's 47—not out—and 35, and Mr. Trevor's 48, played in good style, showed them to be no novices at wielding the willow. **Note this well*, ye gallant captain of the regimental cricket team, as I fear when at Jullundur these officers are inclined to hide their light under a bushel. This is certainly the hottest hill station I have ever been in, and "I have been in many." Even now, though it has been raining for three weeks, the air is hot and muggy. However, we have no right to complain when we think of our less fortunate brethren on the plains. The rains may be said to have commenced on the 10th of June, when we had a steady downpour for seventy consecutive hours. In spite of the weather we have lately been very gay. On the 13th of June five enterprising bachelors, "yclept magpies," gave a most delightful fancy dress dance at the assembly rooms. The names of our hosts were: Surgeon-Major Noding, A. M. S.; Messrs. McDouall, Trevor, Reeves and Power, The Buffs. The rooms were most tastefully decorated, and the floor was all that could be desired, the fancy dresses were well designed and carried out, some of the ladies dresses being perfectly charming; powder was in great favour with both sexes. The black and white plumage of the magpies was admired by all, and they made the best of hosts, flittering to and fro amid their guests, and chattering pleasantly after the manner of their kind. The cotillion was a great success, and the new figures introduced into it, a delightful variety. In fact it was altogether one of the most enjoyable evenings we have spent for a long time, and it was with much regret we heard the band strike up the National Anthem, reminding us that even the pleasantest of dances must have an end. We had "Tableaux Vivants" on the 15th, station theatricals on the 20th, accounts of which you have doubtless seen in the *C. and M Gazette*. On the 22nd we had our first variety entertainment, a programme of which I enclose. It was a decided success, and the greatest credit is due to Mr. McDouall, the organiser and promoter of it. Where everyone was good it is difficult to particularize. Mrs. Hind's songs, "The Better Land" and "Some Day" were sung in her usual finished style, and much appreciated. Color-Sergt. Andrews was in splendid voice with his well-known song, "Tar o' the Queen," while the duet, "Good-bye, my Darling," was most ably and pathetically sung by Privates Dale and Andrews. The Bhagsu Brothers brought down the house, and were as near perfection as possible, the songs good, and jokes capital. Our best thanks are due to Mrs Kemp, Misses Fairweather and Eva Christie, who so ably assisted by playing the accompaniments on a not too tuneful piano. So successful was the entertainment that we hope to have one monthly while we are up here. On Wednesday last our popular commissioner's wife, Mrs. Ibbetson, gave the first of a series of dances at the assembly rooms, where with good floor, good music, excellent cheer, and the most charming of hostesses, we spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening. We congratulate Mr. Ibbetson on his new appointment, but what is his gain is our loss, as I fear we shall not see him at Jullundur. Major Sage, commanding 2nd/1st Goorkhas, has very kindly placed a room in his house at the disposal of our men, where with books, papers, music, &c., they can thoroughly enjoy a wet afternoon. We have been endeavouring for the last ten days to start Rugby football, but so far the elements have been against us. However, we are all prepared, and will seize the first favourable opportunity to commence. Judging from the material we have there will, I think, be several candidates for the regimental team next year. The following is the programme of the entertainment:—

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PART I.

1. Song	"Things 'twere better not to dwell on"	Corpl. Spice
2. Sketch	... ...	Pte. Dale, Cannard and Andrews
3. Duet	"Very improper indeed" ...	Messrs. Thompson and McDouall
4. Song	"Tar o' the Queen"	Color-Sergt. Andrews
5. Song	"The Better Land"	Mrs. Hind
6. Song	"Bignell's Medley"	Sergt. Jones
7. Song	"Dear old Chums"	Sergt. Castle
8. Duet	"Good-bye my Darling" ...	Ptes. Dale & Andrews
9. Song	"Some day"	Mrs. Hind

10 MINUTES INTERVAL.

PART II

"THE BHAGSU BROTHERS."

Massa Johnson...	Color-Sert. Andrews
Tambo	Pte. Dale
Bones...	Mr. McDouall
Other brothers...	Sergt. Jones „ Castle „ Burns Corporal Spice Pte. Andrews „ Montrian

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Yours as ever,

F/3 AND ATOMS.

* NOTE—Our Correspondent forgets that there was no regular Captain of the Regimental XI. Two or three Officers have acted as such. [E.]

DALHOUSIE NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

A line to tell you the Dalhousie news. To begin let me quote the remark of a lady the other day, "Dalhousie is nothing but Buffs this year." It is certainly curious how many of our officers have collected here. There are Major Moody, Captains Booth and Bell, Messrs. Tarte, Hasler and Adamson, and rumours of more Buffs coming.

The rains have of course to a great extent put a stop to out-door amusements here, but there has been a good deal going on nevertheless. It was greatly regretted that the Polo Tournament had to be abandoned owing to the state of the ground.

I believe this tournament is a new idea this year, and certainly it "caught" on greatly. Six teams entered, and the final was to have been played between the Visitors, captained by Mr. Tarte, and the Standing Camp. A rattling good game was anticipated, and it was a great disappointment to everyone that the final could not come off.

It was, however, a case of the old saying about the ill-wind. The sloppy ground, which dashed the hopes of the polo players, brought the footballists into the field in crowds. There is an excellent football ground here, which I wish we could transport to Jullundur. Unfortunately, it is nearly three miles down the khud at Banikhet. In spite, however, of the distance, a great many people have gone down to play, and there have been some very good games of Rugby indeed. The ladies too have braved the elements, and have been present in large numbers at nearly every game.

There have been some seven games up to the present, all well fought out, perhaps the best being "The Border Regiment" *versus* "The Station," in which the latter just won. The Buffs, from the Mankote Camp and Convalescent Depot, have been well to the fore in the these games, particularly Corporal Anderson, Pte. Howland and Pte. Collard.

It will be good news to you to hear that Sergeant Crumby has now quite recovered from his recent severe illness, and is playing football in quite his old form. Everyone is sorry that our Regimental Rugby Team is not here.

We have had yet another tournament. This time the racquet players have been having their day out. The handicaps were excellently arranged, and some excellently contested games resulted. Mr. Tarte, and Captain Kennedy of the 3rd Punjaub Cavalry, were left in the final of the singles, the latter winning after a struggle. These two gentlemen were drawn together in the doubles, and had no difficulty in defeating all comers.

There have been three dances lately, the first given by our sporting Assistant Commissioner, Mr. Dundas; the second by a subscription, and the third given by "The Buffs in Dalhousie." All three dances went off excellently.

As regards The Buffs' dance, our very best thanks are due to the ladies who so very kindly assisted us. The room, under the artistic hands of Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, Miss Oakes, Mrs. Young, and Mrs. Stevens, looked charming. Nothing could have been nicer than the supper, arranged by our old friends Mrs. Farnley Stewart and Mrs. Watson. As I read in the paper the other day: "the supper would have done credit to Peliti," which remark I am sure everyone who was at the dinner will endorse. The health of The Buffs was proposed at supper by Surgeon-Major Barrington in very flattering terms. Major Moody replied in a neat speech,

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in the course of which he remarked—after thanking our friends in Dalhousie for their great hospitality to us—that "you had only to walk once down the Mall with a buff and blue tie on to find yourself engaged to dine out for the next fortnight," which is literally true. Especially do we of The Buffs owe a debt of gratitude to those princes of good fellows, the 93rd Highlanders, for their unbounded hospitality to us.

Of other indoor amusements the chief has been a series of Musical Afternoons, got up by Mrs. Young. The idea was a very happy one and took people's fancy greatly. It is very pleasant to have a place on a wet afternoon where one can go and meet one's friends and hear good music. There are all sorts of frivolities in the shape of dances, concerts, etc., coming off within the next fortnight, also some theatricals. "Niobe" is I believe the piece selected, in which Major Moody is to take a prominent part, but of all these you will get an account in due course next month. I must not ramble on any more as the 22nd of the month is dangerously near, and inexorable Mr. Editor I know I shall fall into your bad books if my letter reaches you after that.

All The Buffs here are fit and flourishing and send greetings.

Yours always,
PAHARWALA.

DARJEELING NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Lately I must say we have had a very lively time, what with professionals and amateur theatricals and quadrille parties, the Depot has had enough of paying the prices to last for a month.

The Jalapahar Depot Dance Club will give another quadrille dance on or about the 25th of July. "One of them" always taking a prominent part; but it is to be very much noticed it is the ladies' refreshments that this goodly individual looks after. He can be seen coming up at the half time for his share, looking around to see that no one has more than the others. I must also note the number of ladies that patronise our dances are from miles around us, but it is to be pitied that the room is not large enough for more than 4 sets at a time. However, our M.C. gets through A 1. We all hope it will turn out to be a fine night.

Yours faithfully,
"ONE OF THEM."

Dear Mr. Editor,

The following is an extract from a letter I received last mail from one of our old soldiers discharged a few months ago :—

"I tried for the railway, but too old, also for "keeper in an asylum, also too late; so have had "to do hard work in the building line. I have "only had one new job to work on, for I am "sorry to say that there are no new buildings "going on; it is all job work, and not much of "that. I was out for six weeks after Christ-"mas, but started six weeks ago. There is not "much chance for a chap that leaves the service, "but I suppose we must put up with it. Will "you tell the boys that they must look out or "seek employment before they leave, for people "in civil life forget their soldiers except in war "time, and they have no idea of a soldier's life, "so that after he leaves he has an up-hill battle "to fight in civil life, for the people that you "have left your country for, enabling them to "get a pound of sugar for 2d., fight against "you, but I have been able, thank God, to hold "my own with them. I mean as regards work-"ing, as they run away with the idea that you "have forgotten what you learned before you "enlisted, but they made a mistake with me. "Of course, I must live, and I mean to have my "share of the work about here if possible, and it "will not be for the want of trying if I don't. "Tell the boys to bring all their kit home with "them; they will find it useful. It is a great "mistake to give them away. I found what I "brought home, such as khaki clothing and boots, "also white coats very useful in England."

As requested by my correspondent, I send the above for the information of the "boys," as he calls them, and hope they will note particularly what he says about trying to arrange for employment before leaving the service, and also about taking their kit home with them.

Yours faithfully,
H. C. CUMBER, Lieut.,
Quarter-Master, 1st Battn. The Buffs.
Jullundur, 15-7-94.

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An Ancyente Ballad.

The valorous acts performed at Gaunt (Ghent) by the brave bonnie lass, Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lover's death did play her part most gallantly.

TUNE "THE BLIND BEGGAR."

Whilst beguiling the weary hours of a long, long, Indian day, perusing a reprint of the "Percy anecdotes of ancient poetry, which Sir Walter Scott calls his beloved volumes, I chanced across the above curious heading—scanning the old world records—my heart suddenly warmed within me, when I recognized that the heroine of this ballad, this "fayre mayde" and "remarkable virago," is the damsel whose history I have so long sought for, and whose exploits I deemed lost in the legends of the past.

Ancient history, as times go now, relateth that the Regimental Color of the Battalion was trooped by the women of the Regiment, in the presence of an admiring and appreciative audience, but the "why and wherefore" many times have I asked and many old sources have I searched to solve the riddle of that curious and interesting spectacle, but with no result.

This ballad, however, preserved by the erudite antiquarian, Bishop Percy, and first published in 1765, I think solves the problem. To fully substantiate my opinion I must quote from the preamble to the ballad, and also add a short excerpt, from the Regimental records, to show how fully the accounts agree in dates, places and history, and with this before them, your readers can judge for themselves.

EXTRACTS FROM PERCY RELIQUES.

In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of the Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, began to gain great advantage in Flanders and Brabant by recovering many strongholds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. Some attempt made with the assistance of English *Volunteers* to retrieve the *former* of these places probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of your heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets.

Ben Johnson (1634) often mentions her and calls any remarkable virago by her name, and in the "Fortunate Isles" he quotes the words of the ballad itself :—

MARY AUDREE,
(Who marched so free
To the siege of Gaunt,
And death would not daunt,
As the ballad doth vaunt.)
Were a brave wight, etc.

It is likewise evident that she is the "virago" alluded to by Butler in :—

"A bold virago stout and tall,
As Joan of France or English Mall,"

This ballad is printed from a block letter copy in the (*a*) Pepy's collection and improved from the Editor's folio manuscript (1679).

I have given the full title as a heading

To turn now to the historical records of the old Buffs, Holland or Churchill Regiment, we read :—

HISTORICAL RECORDS OF THE BUFFS OR (THEN) HOLLAND REGIMENT.

In the month of March 1572, the citizens of London, in obedience to the commands of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, selected from the several companies 3000 men, who were appointed and equipped as *men-at-arms* and *shot* in the usual manner, and instructed in the military exercises by experienced officers.

On the 1st May, 1572, they were mustered and exercised in the presence of Her Majesty at Greenwich, (*a*) and amongst them were many officers and soldiers who had served in Ireland, Scotland and France, but at the period were unemployed. After the review, Captain Thomas Morgan, an officer of distinguished merit, being privately countenanced by several noblemen and other persons who were favourable to the Flemish cause, and assisted with money by the deputation from Flushing, raised a company of 300 men, among whom were upwards of 100 gentlemen of property, who, being inspired with a noble enthusiasm for the cause of religion and liberty enrolls themselves under the veteran Captain Morgan (*e*).

It appears also from the records, that The Buffs, also Holland (1653), or Churchill's Regiment (previous to 1653) was or less engaged in most of the battles or sieges (being engaged

(*a*) Whence "The Dragon," the badge of the regiment, one of the supporters of the Royal Arms in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

(*e*) Mark the comparison with the former record.

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at Ghent, skirmish and siege (records) that took place in the Netherlands during the "seventy years' war," from 1578 to 1648, and by their valour and prowess during the struggle, enabled the brave and persevering inhabitants of the United Provinces (Netherlands) to wrest their country from Spanish dominion.

With these old records before us, which coincide so exactly, I think we can well lay claim to the "fayre mayde" as an old Buff, in whose honor and memory the Regimental Color was trooped by the "bonnie lasses" of a more peaceful era.

I regret that my researches for the tune of the Blind Beggar have proved fruitless, our present gallant and musical "Sir John Major" will doubtless be able to supply me with the score on his return from the balmy, pine-clothed slopes of the lofty Himalayas.

In the meanwhile I will endeavour to extract a few more nuggets of equal regimental and historical interest from the previous mine of old world lore, and perhaps it may not be inopportune to add with what interest we, the successors of the heroes of Churchill's Regiment, look forward to the continuation of "The Life of Marlborough," by Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, the history of whose campaigns is the history of "The Buffs," and in which he bore so honourable a part.

(*To be continued.*)

REGIMENTAL TEAM *v.* REGIMENT.

A game of Football, under Rugby rules, took place on the 3rd inst. on the Rugby Ground near the range. The Regimental fifteen played twenty of the Regiment. Some excellent play took place on both sides; the passing of Lawrence, Smith and Saunders being particularly noticeable. Lieut. Porter acted as referee. The game commenced at 6-40 p.m. Saunders kicking off for the Regimental Team. Shortly before half-time, Arms scored a try for the scratch men. After half-time some lively play took place, during which Lawrence and Saunders placed two more tries to their credit. For the Regiment Sergt. Featherstone and Amon played very well, and with a little practise they should be able to play for the Regimental Team.

Result:—Win for the Regimental Team by by 3 tries to nil.

Sergeants' Dance.

On the 28th of last month, the Sergeants, who will not be denied, although the thermometer does register 108 degrees of heat in the shade, gave a very successful dance on the Tennis Court outside their Mess Room. When we mention the names of Sergts. Clifton and Ward as working members of the Committee, it is needless to say the arrangements were perfect. Pots of flowers were tastefully arranged around the Court, and everything was done to make their guests cool and comfortable. Capt. Holme and several other Officers attended, and everyone appeared to thoroughly enjoy themselves. This is the first time a dance has been given in the open, and we hope they will soon have some more.

Unfortunately rain came down about 11.30 a.m. and caused a stampede to the Mess Room, where the dancing continued until 1 a.m.

Color-Sergt. Cork was as usual the model M.C., and great praise is due to the Committee for the successful way everything was carried out.

SHOOTING COMPETITION.

The Staff and Sergeants of that good old sporting Battery, the 68th Field, were to the fore again in challenging our Sergeants to a friendly shooting match, but were unfortunately in the rear at the finish. One can hardly expect a Battery with 7 Sergeants to fire a team of Sergeants from any Infantry Battalion, but it is only another proof of the good feeling that exists between the Battery and the Battalion.

"May their shadows never grow less,"

The shooting we will not dwell upon, suffice to say that the Gunners lost by something over a hundred points. The conditions of the match were Teams of 9.

Carbine *versus* Magazine Rifle. Distances 500 and 600 yards. 7 shots at each distance, with 2 sighting. Marking, Bisley.

They had Sergt. Hennesey of the M.W.D. and Sergt. Bagg, Prison Department, to assist them. Colr-Sergt. Holmes with 59 and Sergt. Hennesey 54, were top scores for their respective sides. Excellent refreshments were provided on the range by our opponents, to which we all did ample justice, and that we may have plenty

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more of such pleasant little outings is the wish of— BAD SHOT.

Infantry Organisation.

LARGE *V.* SMALL COMPANIES.

By Lieut.-General Sir Charles Pearson, K.C.B

Under the above heading will be found an extremely interesting article in the United Service Magazine for July 1894, and we propose giving a short summary for the benefit of those who may not have seen the article.

1. Briefly, Sir Charles' idea is to divide a Battalion into 4 Companies, 3 fighting, and one administrative, each to be commanded by a Major, with a Captain as 2nd in command, and a Captain as Adjutant of the administrative company.

2. Company accounts to be simplified, a Sergeant (Pay Sergeant) being detailed for this work only, under control of the Pay Office, the present Color-Sergeant being kept more for drill and discipline. The Paymaster and Quarter-Master's Offices to be amalgamated.

3 Instructions for recruits (elementary only) at both musketry and drill to be centralized as much as possible—the rough edge of the recruits' education to be taken off by skilled experts," the polishing, &c., to be left to the company commanders.

With reference to 1, there is a strong rumour that the rank of Major is doomed, in future all companies to be commanded by Captains, the 2nd in command only being a Major. In the present financial crisis the saving that would be effected in this way would materially strengthen the argument that Majors should be abolished.

The present Color-Sergeant is quite the hardest worked man in the Battalion, and the idea of having a Sergeant in the company expressly told off for accounts is excellent; this idea works very well in the Navy, where the men's accounts are kept by the Paymaster's Office. Recruits might very well be left to company charge if the Captain and Color-Sergeant were always in the company, but this is hardly ever the case, especially out in India, where it is rare to find even 4 Captains doing duty in the Regiment, this being so the elementary training of recruits should certainly be left to skilled instructors, such as Color-Sergeants.

Some of the proposals in this article would probably find an obstacle in the present financial tightness, but on the other hand increased efficiency would mean a saving in the long run. In conclusion we advise all those who can do so to lose no time, but to read the above instructive letter for themselves.

If these changes, as proposed by Sir Charles Pearson, were carried out, another change that we should live to see, would be the doing away of the present system of running the Canteen. More N.C.O's. come to grief over this than almost anything else, money, with the greatest care even, is occasionally lost, and its supervision takes more time than can generally be spared by Regimental Officers. The Canteen should be run by contractors, the beer, etc., of course being liable to inspection and rejection by the Canteen Committee, and a profit fixed quarterly or monthly paid by the contractors to the credit of the Canteen funds.

Ed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Dear Sir,

When are we to have another Moonlight Concert? Anticipating something of this sort, we have taken the "bull by the horns" by asking you to spare a small space to help us out of the difficulty.

You are no doubt aware that we are dependent, for our *not* very high class shows, on a very limited amount of talent; or, so it would appear from the few that came forward to offer their services.

Imagine the dilemna we were in when we discovered that even those few declined to take any further part in the concerts, owing to an adverse criticism which appeared in your columns.

As we are not so fortunate as to have an accompanist in the Battalion, the running of these shows entails no little labour and trouble,

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as every one of the songs has to be arranged for the band, and, as a matter of course, requires a number of rehearsals. The concerts are perfectly free to all, no charge of any sort being made; and the men that take part in the programme do so voluntarily, without any recompense, more than often even purchasing their own songs. So that, taking these facts into consideration we would ask you, Dear Mr. Editor, to be a little more merciful in your future criticisms.

No doubt you were perfectly justified in your opinion regarding the "Booze" topic predominating, but we would ask you to take up any of the annuals from which the songs are selected, and see for yourself how difficult it would be to avoid introducing it. We shall be glad of a hint from you as to a higher and better class programme.

The singers invariably select their own songs, submitting them to the Bandmaster, who eliminates anything likely to startle the audience. We are transgressing rather much on your valuable space, and in conclusion hope that these hitherto popular entertainments will not fall through on account of a little adverse criticism, or for want of talent, of which there should be no lack in a battalion mustering nearly a thousand men. If moonlight concerts have not been as frequent of late as heretofore, let us assure you that it is not altogether the fault of—

THEM AS RUNS 'EM.

SHOOTING COMPETITION.

OFFICERS *V.* STAFF AND COLOR-SERGEANTS' MATCH.

OFFICERS.

	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total Score.
Captain Holme, B. F.,	30	26	56
Lieut.-Col. Harley, G. E.,	24	25	49
Qr.-Mr. Cumber, H. C.,	29	20	49
Mr. Trevor, W. H.,	26	23	49
„ Bright, R.,	28	20	48
„ Pearson, R. F.,	25	19	44
„ Porter, C. L.,	16	28	44
Captain Eales, L. G. N.,	20	17	37
Mr. Bainbridge, E. G. T.,	15	20	35
Totals	213	198	411

STAFF AND COLOR-SERGEANTS.

	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total Score.
Qr.-Mr. Sgt. Nicholas, W. H.,	32	25	57
Color-Sergt. Holmes, G.,	28	27	55
„ Smith, J.,	21	26	47
Band-Mr. Birkhead, C. S.,	22	23	45
Band-Sergt. Tozer, W.,	23	22	45
Col.-Sgt. O.R.S. Gorin, W.H.,	24	20	44
Color-Sergt. Watts, W.,	23	17	40
„ Cork. C.,	14	25	39
Sergt.-Dr. Stevens, J.	18	13	31
Total	205	198	403

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Papers:—

The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.

The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W K. Regt.

The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.

The Army Service Corps Journal.

The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.

The 16th Lancers' Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers.

The 5 & 9, The Lilywhites' Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.

St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

7th Regiment Gazette.—7th Regt. of New York, U.S.A.

The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.

The Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infty. Weekly Budget and Light Bob Gazette. { Somerset Light Infty

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.

I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.

"*Ours.*"—Princess of Wales Own Yorkshire Regt.

The XVI Monthly Journal.—1st Battn. Bedfordshire Regt.

The Globe and Laurel.—Royal Marines.

The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.

The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.

The Thin Red Line.—2nd Battn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders

The Vedette.—21st Hussars.

The Tiger & Sphinx.—Gordon Highlanders.

1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E. S. Regt.

The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.

The 79th News.—79th Cameron Highlanders.

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Regimental Items.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments :—

To be Sergeant.

No. 2954 Lance-Sergeant H. A. Jones.

To be paid Lance-Sergeant.

No. 3052 Lance-Sergeant H. W. Sayer.

To be Lance-Sergeant.

No. 1225 Corporal W. A. Featherstone.

To be Corporals.

No. 2677 Lance-Corporal J. Matthews.
„ 2598 „ H. A. Ellis.

To be paid Lance-Corporals.

No. 2178 Lance-Corporal R. J. Gray,
„ 2910 „ J. Winder.

To be Lance-Corporals.

No. 3329 Private C. Cope,
„ 3400 „ E. Wilson,
„ 2596 „ W. Kemp,
„ 3373 „ G. Button,
„ 3449 „ W. Kesby,
„ 3521 „ A. Patching,
„ 3620 „ W. Mackie.

In accordance with G. O. C. C. 602, of 1894, the undermentioned N.-C. Officers and men were awarded Signalling prizes as under for the year 1893-94:—

No.	1191	Sergeant C. Carnell,	Rs 10.
„	2609	Corporal W. Wall,	„ 10.
„	2234	Lce.-Cpl. A. Avery,	„ 10.
„	2564	Private J. Ditchburn,	„ 10.
„	2465	„ W. McKenzie,	„ 10.
„	2210	„ P. Joyce,	„ 10.
„	2851	„ G. Lee,	„ 10.
„	2702	„ A. Green,	„ 10.

The undermentioned N.-C. Officers and men were awarded Mounted Infantry Certificates on the 27th June, 1894 :—

No.	405	Sergeant C. Perry,	
„	3659	Lce.-Cpl. W. Cox,	
„	3464	„ E. Foreman,	
„	2890	„ R. Knott.	
„	1182	„ G. Stanford,	
„	3490	Private F. Accleton,	
„	2891	„ F. Baker,	
„	3801	„ J. Baker,	
„	4009	„ J. Boardman,	
„	3143	„ F. Cheshire,	
„	3103	„ A. Clarke,	
„	2929	„ M. Clements,	
„	3230	„ W. Comber,	
„	2936	„ J. Daley,	
„	3207	„ S. Dolamore,	
„	3461	„ F. Fletcher,	
„	2649	„ W. Horn,	
„	3800	„ C. Hunter,	
„	2375	„ T. Kemp,	
„	3412	„ T. Mercer,	
„	2763	„ E. Sadler,	
„	3322	„ S. Scott,	
„	2689	„ J. Stevens,	
„	2896	„ G. Todd,	
„	3214	„ J. Upfold,	
„	3665	„ W. Williamson,	

No. 2291 Sergeant T. Cogger has this day been permitted to extend his period of Army Service to 12 years with the Colors.

No. 533 Lance-Corporal A. Lawrence having been selected for employment in His Excellency's the Viceroy's Band, his services are placed at the disposal of the Military Secretary to His Excellency the Viceroy.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following temporary appointment:—

To be Acting Lance-Corporal.

No. 2870 Private W. Muir.

Territorial Number EAST KENT 4601 is assigned to Sergeant L. Brunswick, Unattached List, on transfer from Royal West Surrey Regiment.

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GAZETTE, 26TH JUNE 1894.

The Buffs East Kent Regiment.—2nd Lieut. W. H. Trevor to be Lieutenant, *vice* W. Rayden resigned.

GAZETTE, 19TH JUNE 1894.

The Buffs East Kent Regiment.—Sergeant Francis Joyce Engelback, from Northumberland Fusiliers, to be 2nd Lieutenant in succession to Lieutenant W. Rayden, resigned.

The undermentioned men have been granted G. C. Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names:—

		"A" Company.		
3597	Pte.	E. Setterfield	1d. granted	7-6-94
3910	,,	J. Barker	1d. ,,	27-7-94
3222	,,	W. Hammond,	1d. ,,	10-6-94
		"B" Company.		
3865	Pte.	G. Carter	1d. ,,	15-6-94
3857	,,	T. Walker	1d. ,,	9-6-94
		"C" Company.		
2579	Pte.	W. Bradley	2d. ,,	4-7-94
2469	,,	A. Branchett,	1d. Restored	9-7-94
3476	,,	J. Croft	3d. Granted	10-7-94
2536	,,	W. Howland	2d. ,,	17-5-94
3844	,,	G. Sivyer	1d. ,,	1-6-94
		"D" Company.		
2570	Pte.	R. Barnard	2d. ,,	23-6-94
3890	,,	C. Morris	1d. ,,	6-7-94
		"E" Company.		
3869	Pte.	G. Worley	1d. ,,	22-6-94
3866	,,	J. E. Chapman	1d. ,,	20-6-94
3805	,,	A. Bishop	1d. ,,	19-4-94
3317	,,	G. Reader	1d. ,,	7-6-94
3850	,,	A. West	1d. ,,	7-6 94
3889	,,	T. Williams	1d. ,,	8-7-94
3870	,,	H. Worley	1d. ,,	22-6-94
		"F" Company.		
3904	Pte.	E. Willis	1d. ,,	22-7-94
3211	,,	C. Willmot	1d. ,,	21-5-94
		"G" Company.		
3821	Pte.	A. H. Austin	1d, ,,	11-5-94
2494	,,	F. H. Cuerton	1d. Restored	26-12-93
4501	,,	M. Cox	1d. ,,	9-2-94
3899	,,	A. Reeve	1d. Granted	15-7-94
441	,,	C. Rivers	3d. ,,	6-6-94
3894	,,	W. Charlesworth	1d. ,,	14-7-94
		"H" Company,		
2999	Pte.	J. Brooks	1d. Restored	26-7-94
2564	,,	J. Ditchburn	2d. Granted	15-6-94
2516	,,	G. Maxted	2d. ,,	4-4-94
2585	,,	E. Middleton	2d. ,,	24-7-94
3087	,,	E. Norman	1d. Restored	1-7-94
2556	,,	G. Walker	2d. Granted	11-6-74

TOMMY ATKINS' COMPLAINT.

INSCRIBED TO OUR SOLDIERS.

They call us "Tommy Atkins," but I can't quite tell 'ee why;
'Cos soldiers has a proper name, the same as you and I.
But somehow them civilian folks don't seem to understand
Us red coat chaps has always been defenders of the land.
Of course, there is the sailors, too, and jolly tars they be;
We guards the people on the land, they guards 'em on the sea.

It warn't for food and lodging as us joined the gracious Queen,
And took her silver shilling, which our bond with her has been.
And it warn't for glory, honour, or for wealth and gain galore
That us shouldered of the musket and kept sentry at the door.
But for England, home, and beauty, and the girl us calls our own,
And to serve the grandest Queen as is sitting on the throne.

Us ain't ashamed to own it, or to wear the coat of red,
And the buttons and the bayonets and the "shakos" on our head:
And us ain't ashamed to honour her and call her gracious Queen,
And when us sings "God bless her!" why, us every word does mean;
But there's them as don't know honour, and the red coat do despise,
But if war should break on England they will need to wipe their eyes.

There's a glorious roll in history of British heroes' work,
From the days of bold King Richard and the Saracen and Turk,
And what men have done in byegone days to honour England's name
The soldiers of to-day can do, and not alone for fame,
But to keep the dear old country and to let her banner wave,
The symbol of protection for the freedman and the slave.

Have you heard of Balaclava and of Tommy Atkins then?
Were the boys as formed the Light Brigade not proper sort of men?
Yes, they was only red coats, but they answered to the cry
Of "Forward, lads, and charge the guns," and so rode off to die.
Yet there's people as civilians is as red coats do despise,
But if a war should break out on us, well, they'll need to wipe their eyes.

Have you heard of Tommy Atkins, and as how he is the scum
Of all the earth and fit for naught but marching to a drum?
And how he is a reprobate, a drunkard, and a swine,
No matter if a raw recruit or soldier of the line?
Well, if you hear such things again just say it is a lie,
And I bet my boots the sneaking cur will whine and wipe his eye.

We ain't all saints and angels, but we are all human men,
And if you'll think for a minute why you can't a-tell me when
Old England had such soldiers as she's got this blessed day;
They're a credit to their nation and it's true, sir, what I say,
And the people as says aught to this or my words do deny,
Be they grown up man or woman, well, they tell a blooming lie.

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I own as how at times us gets a rummy one or two,
But was a ship e'er known to sail without a motley crew?
I often, when I was a boy, was taught this golden rule,
That out of ten men as are wise that one must be a fool;
And 'cos as one red coated chap at time forgets to think,
Do you think it right to class us all as men who takes to drink?
Another thing I'd like to know is why some folks deride,
And don't a-care to take a seat or walk close by our side;
In church or chapel, park or street, or any other place,
If us chances to get near 'em, why, they blushes in the face;
And publicans refuse us drink, though we've the coin to pay,
With "We can't serve you, so off you slink;" and "Why?" is what I say.

THE PEOPLE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor.

Kindly inform me through your columns if any prizes are to be awarded for the best average in batting and bowling during the ties for the Cricket Challenge Shield.

I believe money prizes were granted in previous years from the Regimental Funds.

I remain,
Yours truly,
"CRICKETER."

From the
"COURT CIRCULAR," JULY 12TH, 1894.

The Queen, accompanied by the Czarevitch and the Royal Family, witnessed a Grand Tattoo by Torchlight in the evening, in which the Bands of the Division took part.

The programme was as follows:—

Advance of the English Guard of Honour: The Northumberland Fusiliers, accompanied by the bands of the Northumberland Fusiliers, the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, the Lincolnshire Regiment, the Rifle Brigade (the Prince Consort's Own).

Air—"Britannia Rules the Waves."

Advance of the Welsh Guard of Honour: The Royal Welsh Fusiliers, accompanied by the bands of the Prince of Wales's Own West Yorkshire Regiment, the Duke of Edinburgh's Wiltshire Regiment, Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Air—"The Men of Harlech."

Advance of the Scottish Guard of Honour: The Highland Light Infantry, accompanied by the bands of the Cheshire Regiment, the Worcester Regiment, the Highland Light Infantry, the Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians).

Air—"The Campbells are coming."

Advance of the Irish Guard of Honour: The Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians), accompanied by the bands of 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys), 4th (Queen's Own) Hussars, 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons, Royal Artillery.

Air—"St. Patrick's Day."

1.—"Infantry First Post." By the Combined Infantry Buglers of the Division.

2.—"Marsch der Finnlandischer Reiterei," the Regimental March of the First Prussian Dragoons, her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland's Own. By the Massed Bands of the Division; conductor, Mr J. S. Dunlop, bandmaster Royal Scots Greys.

3.—"Cavalry First Post and Slow March." By the Trumpeters of the Cavalry Brigade, the Royal Artillery, and the Royal Engineers.

4.—"Reminiscences of all Nations." By the Massed Bands of the Division; conductor, Mr. F. Brown, bandmaster Leinster Regiment.

5.—"Slow March." By the Combined Drums and Fifes of the Division.

6.—Polka, "Holly Bush." By the massed bands of the Division; conductor, Mr. F. A. Marks, bandmaster Lincolnshire Regiment.

7.—"Cavalry Last Post and Quick March." By the Trumpeters of the Cavalry Brigade, the Royal Artillery, and the Royal Engineers. March composed by Mr. E. O. Davies, bandmaster 4th Hussars.

8.—Selection from "Faust." By the Massed Bands of the Division; conductor, Mr. H. Sims, bandmaster Royal Artillery.

9.—"Quick March and Infantry Last Post." By the Combined Drums and Fifes of the Division.

10.—The German Tattoo, "Zapfenstreich." By the Massed Bands of the Division; conductor, Mr. W. H. Dencer, bandmaster Northumberland Fusiliers.

11.—Royal Salute by all the Guards of Honour. The National Anthem. By the Com-

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bined Bands, Drums, Fifes, and Trumpeters of the Division.

Departure of the Irish Guard of Honour.
Air—"Garry Owen."

Departure of the Scottish Guard of Honour.
Air—"Highland Laddie."

Departure of the Welsh Guard of Honour.
Air—"Shenkin-ap-Morgen."

Departure of the English Guard of Honour.
Air—"Hearts of Oak."

Concentration of the Torch Bearers; Pipers of the Highland Light Infantry; the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
Air—"Good nicht, an' joy be wi' ye a'."

Departure of the Torch Bearers; Pipers of the Highland Light Infantry, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
Air—"The Earl of Mansfield."

Her Majesty this morning reviewed the troops of the Division, under the command of General His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, on Laffan's Plain.

ODDS AND ENDS.

OUTSIDE the Lahore Museum one day might have been observed three small and nearly naked native boys. But in spite of their nakedness they had imbibed English civilisation. They were playing cricket. A piece of a packing case for a bat, a kerosine tin for a wicket, and a damaged cocoanut for a ball. "Play!" cried the bowler in English, and delivered the cocoanut, which was missed by the batsman and struck the tin with a bang. "How's that?" said the bowler. "Out" said the naked urchin, who acted as wicket-keeper and umpire. And then came the crowning touch of civilisation—"D—n!" said the batsman, throwing down his piece of wood and taking up the cocoanut to bowl.—*Civil and Military Gazette.*

A remarkable marriage took place at the Bristol Registry Office when the bride, a buxom woman of 43, wheeled to the office in a large sized old-fashioned perambulator the bridegroom, a comely-looking man of 45, but of such diminutive stature, owing to his being crippled in both legs, that when supported on his feet, he only stood 36in. high. He had been thus crippled from birth, and he entered "no occupation" in the register, and the woman, in answer to questions, admitted that the man had not done any work from his birth, and she was going to support him by her work. She assured the officials she knew well what she was about. She had looked after the poor man for years, and they resolved to be married. She "wondered what the crowd found to laugh at, as it was only a wedding." It was stated that during the courtship the bride had wheeled the bridegroom to chapel and also to a Bible class on Sundays. He could not get out of the perambulator without being carried out, and could only stand up by someone supporting him, and, at his request, he was married as he sat in the perambulator, and as the happy couple went away, the bride pushing the perambulator, the crowd cheered and covered them with showers of rice. The police had to clear a way through the crowd for this strange happy conple.

The way to please your friends is to go to India—stay there 20 years—work hard—get money—save it—come home—bring with you a load of wealth and a diseased liver—visit your friends—make a will—provide for them all—then die. What a prudent kind-hearted man you will be!

MISSING WORD COMPETITION.
SOLUTION.

1. Correct answer—10 days.
2. " " Private Nicholson.
3. " " "D" Company.

Prize won by "Kipper," who guessed two out of the three correct. He is requested to communicate with the Sub-Editor. Forty-five answers were received. Ed.

NOTICE.

POLO STICKS can be obtained at the Regimental Workshops.

Heads, Handles—any sort.
Lengths, as required.

A large stock always on hand.

Price Rs. 1 each.

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TO ALL SMOKERS.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

That the following Tobaccos are manufactured from the choicest Crops grown in Virginia according to our special instructions by an entirely new and improved process and are guaranteed by the manufacturers not to contain any artificial colouring, flavouring or any impurities, which are universally acknowledged by smokers to be the sole cause of the deterioration in Tobaccos.

These Tobaccos will keep in any climate in splendid condition for any length of time.

ROSE BUD.—Bright Gold-flaked Honey Dew manufactured by LAMBERT & BUTLER, London, Pronounced to be the best Pipe Tobacco of the day, and its cheapness is a marvel! **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

HONEY DEW MIXTURE.—Prepared by THOMAS OGDEN, "LD," Liverpool, from Sun-dried Virginia (sweet and mellow) Old Kentucky (full flavoured), Turkey (Dubec mild), Latakia (fragrant), all matured in Bond and judiciously blended and assures a sweet and pleasant smoke, which is enjoyed by the most fastidious smokers. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Bright Cut Navy.—Manufactured by THOS. OGDEN, "LD," Liverpool, smokes with delightful aroma and taste; it does not swell, burn hot, or "pop," nor does it cake or go hard in the Pipe, however tightly filled, and burns to the last grain. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Reliable Bird's-eye.—Manufactured by COPE BROTHERS, Liverpool, a sweet and cool High Class Cigarette Tobacco. It can be inhaled with entire satisfaction without irritating the lungs or throat. **Rs. 2-0 per lb.**

SPORT DE JAVA.

The demand for these Cigars continues very steady, besides having increasing Sales from all parts of the World and more particularly from Australia.

	Rs.	As.	P.
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 1, 4½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	3	0	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 2, 4 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	2	12	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 3, 3½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	2	8	0
REGALIA, 6 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 50, per box	2	0	0
CONCHAS, 3 inches long, thin Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	1	12	0
MINUTOS, 3 inches long, Cigar Cigarette, in boxes of 100, per box	1	8	0

BEST THICK MANILLA CIGARS,

At Rs 45 per 1000, in great demand in Regimental Messes.

CHILD & Co., CALCUTTA.

THE BUFFS' REGIMENTAL PRESS.

The above Press, having recently added a large quantity of fancy and ornamental type, borders &c., to its already large and well-selected stock, is now in a position to undertake every description of Plain, Ornamental, and Color Printing.

THE DRAGON.

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:-o-:

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1895

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 89. **JULLUNDUR, AUGUST 31st 1894.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

CAMPBELL.—At Jullundur on the 4th instant, the wife of the late Lance-Sergeant J. M. Campbell, The Buffs, of a daughter.

EALES.—At Shillong on the 5th instant, the wife of Captain L. G. N. Eales, The Buffs, of a son.

Deaths.

DANE.—At Jullundur on the 15th July, No. 3823 Private G. Dane, 1st Battn. The Buffs,

TALBOT.—At Karachi on the 9th instant, the daughter of Sergeant Instructor M. Talbot, Unattached List.

NOTES.

THE event of the month just gone which has created the greatest interest and excitement in the Regiment is the departure of our Rugby Team for Calcutta, and their hitherto unbroken run of success there. The tournament has it is true not yet commenced, but our chances look extremely bright. Elsewhere will be read accounts of practice matches against "The Black Watch" and the "City and Suburban" Clubs, and a recent telegram from Capt. Bell records a second easy victory over the latter Association. The following extract from the *Indian Daily News* will be read with interest, as showing not only what Calcutta thinks of our chances but also that our friends in the city of palaces still think kindly of the departed Regiment.

THE RUGBY UNION CHALLENGE CUP.

A GREAT amount of misapprehension seems to exist regarding the forthcoming contest for the Rugby Union Challenge Cup, and as to the manner in which the rounds are to be fought out. The advent of the Buffs team has given the necessary stimulus to lovers of the Rugby game, and the Calcutta public, after a brief aberration in favour of Association play, has returned to its first love, with the result that an Association match, even when contested by two such fairly-balanced and well-known teams as the "Dalhousie" and the "Naval," which met last

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Saturday, fails to attract more than a two anna gallery.

The present week will be a somewhat exciting one in football circles, as, by Saturday next, the first rounds in the Rugby Cup should be played off. The matches, however, will, in our opinion, carry very little interest; for, with the Buffs pitted against the feeble little Elgin Club, and the far-famed Worcesters matched with a company team of the Rifles, the games will be altogether too one-sided.

The second rounds, which have to be played off by the 12th of September, offer better prospects. Eliminating the Medical College, City and Suburban, and the Black Watch as having no possible show, three teams remain, and it is a pretty even toss up as to whether the Calcutta or the Navals will have to play Behar in the semi-finals. We are inclined to the opinion that Calcutta with its proverbial good luck will be left in to compete in the finals, with either The Buffs or the Worcestershires.

The semi-final between these two regimental teams will probably prove the most interesting match of the season. The Worcestershires come to us with a splendid reputation, and it is said, although we are inclined to halve the figure, that their team boasts of 8 international players. Be that as it may, the midland representatives come to us as an unknown quantity, so far as personal knowledge of their play is concerned, and despite their brilliant reputation there are not very many takers of the sporting offer of the Buffs—to back themselves for the cup at 3 to 1. So far as can be judged by the form displayed by the Buffs in the two practice matches they have played since their arrival, the only opponents from whom they have anything to fear are the Worcestershires; with regard to the other teams all may be considered as over, except the shouting. If "Kent remains *invicta* still" at the conclusion of the contest, the win will be a very popular one, even though scored off Calcutta; for the famous regiment in the course of its last lengthy stay in Fort William took a very prominent part in anything in the shape of amusement or sport that came to hand, and there was not an event, from horse-racing down to slogging, in which the officers and men of the Buffs were not well to the fore.

It is a curious commentary on the rivalry that exists between the City and Suburban and the Black Watch to find their two teams opposed to each other in the second-round; and the match—considered is a second class match—when it comes off, will be worth watching. Both these teams have fared badly at the hands of the Buffs in the preliminary practice matches, and of the two, the City and Suburban made the better stand. But they were altogether outclassed, and despite the brilliant efforts of Bird and Ridsdale, who made desperate attempts to retrieve their falling fortunes, the result on Saturday last was a regular Waterloo.

We may add that the final has to be played off on or before the 22nd September.

(*Extract from Indian Daily News.*)

... ...

Though the interest of football players is now centred in Calcutta, we have not been without our well contested matches in Jullundur itself, witness that between "D" and "F" Companies on the 6th inst. On this occasion the two teams showed good form, "F" Company having the best of the play during nearly the whole of the game, though but one goal was scored, and that one we are told was more or less the result of an accident.

... ...

We have been more than once urged to take up the cause of the Association game. This seems to have peaked and pined somewhat since the regiment left Calcutta, but it still has its adherents and many good men among them. It has recently begun to be played again. There is no real reason why we should not have a crack Association team as well as a crack Rugby one, and *The Dragon* raises its voice in favour of a look in for the Durand Cup next year.

... ...

The Editor has noted with great regret that according to "Them as runs 'em," the collapse of the Moonlight Concerts is due to his adverse criticism. See our last issue. His regret, however, is nothing to his astonishment. Were the remarks made on the occasion of the last concert so very severe? we think not, indeed the criticism properly so called was distinctly favourable, though the Editorial article did contain a suggestion for improvement. Surely our singers are not so touchy that they cannot use their talents for the amusement of their

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comrades if *The Dragon* fails to give unstinted praise ?

... ...

Apropos of singing we hear of another entertainment of the concert nature being in process of preparation, and that it is to be followed by a little farce of some sort rendered by three officers of the regiment.

... ...

The playing of the Band and Drums in Barracks is an extremely popular move.

... ...

Polo is still successfully struggling against the leave season. It speaks volumes for the love of the game inherent in the British subaltern, that wherever eight of them are gathered together there is a game of polo.

... ...

We are informed that if the Waziris mean to fight, the troops required will be greatly in excess of those already detailed, and if The Buffs can only keep out of hospital they are pretty certain to get there.

... ...

We were by far the healthiest regiment in the command, and in fact, are so still ; but we are sorry to note that the hospital is fuller than it was, mostly with cases which were easily preventable by adhering to the simple rules for health in India, which we all know so well.

... ...

For the forthcoming Indian trooping season the Government has chartered the " Rome " and " Britannia," the property of the P. and O. Company, and the " Delaware " from the British India Company. These three vessels will be fitted to carry 3,800 passengers between them, and are to be ready by the beginning of September. They are to be round at Southampton, where the future embarkation of the troops is to take place, early in August, and will there be fitted, nine days being allowed by the Admiralty in which to complete the work. The " Malabar," Government troopship, will be continued in the service.

... ...

Major A. C. Jackson, 2nd Battn., has been detailed for the second course of preparation, and will be attached to the Royal Horse Artillery at the Curragh ; he will also act on the umpire staff during the field-column operations from the 1st to the 11th August, and afterwards rejoin the Royal Horse Artillery.

... ...

A Crimean officer who died last week ought not to pass away without a record of his services in the past. Captain Philip Henry Aplin, joined the 28th Regiment as an ensign in 1846, and was promoted in 1851 to a lieutenancy in The Buffs, which he joined at Malta, and accompanied first to Corfu and then to the Crimea, where he obtained his company in May 1855. He was at the siege of Sebastopol, and went with the 1st Battn. to India, retiring in 1860.

FOOTBALL.
(*Rugby*).

THE BUFFS *vs* BLACK WATCH.

These teams met last evening on the ground of the latter before a very large enthusiastic crowd of spectators of all grades, and the interest evinced in the contest was of the keenest description throughout, the visitors' team being almost identical with that of last year. Their form was pretty well known, though the Black Watch representatives having vastly improved, made it rather difficult to decide which fifteen to back, but as results will show, the visitors upheld their prestige, and won by two goals and two tries to their opponents *nil.*

The Buffs captain kicked off ; after a few minutes' even play in the centre of the field, the ball was carried into the home quarters, where it remained during the first half of the game. The Buffs forwards played dashingly, and were always on the leather, but the Black Watch backs collared well, and the military could not score. Soon after, George with a splendid kick sent the leather into the visitors' territory, and the Black Watch forwards, rushing up, pressed the Buffs, Annania and George taking a few short runs, but could not get through, and the soldiers with scrimmages got the leather down to the home goal line, Crumby all but scoring. The Buffs here pressed severely, and Lieut. Reeves from a pass by Marshall, made a grand run through, and placed the leather behind the posts, and Bailey, taking the place notched a goal. Shortly after this the whistle sounded, The Buffs having the best of the game.

On the fifteen changing sides, The Buffs got off with a rush, the forwards being all the while

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on the ball, and within five minutes Chapman with a brilliant run got in and secured the second try for the military, and Bailey taking the place kicked a neat goal; here the visitors' forwards were quite irresistible and completely penned the Black Watch team within their twenty-five yard flag. Short runs by Lieut. Reeves and Chapman, and neat passing by latter nearly resulted in the former getting in, but Arratoon and Perrow collared well, and the leather was got down, but only to be taken back, and Smith ran in and secured the third try. Lieut. Reeves taking the place kick, could not improve, and just before the whistle sounded Capt. Bell got the fourth try, but the place being a difficult one, did not result, and when time was up the visitors won by two goals and two tries to *nil*.

The Buffs played a very strong game, their forwards being always on the ball, and no doubt will stand strong for the Cup. For the Black Watch Perrow, Arratoon and George played a splendid game.

Buffs.—Full back: Adsley; ¾ backs: Marshall, Lieut. Reeves, Chapman and Wherle; ½ backs: Smith and Bailey; forwards: Captain Bell (capt.), Lieut. Tarte, Crumby, Lacey, Arms, Street, Jarvis and Saunders.

Black Watch.—Full back: Codd; ¾ backs: Bomswetch, Annania, George, and A. Arratoon; ½ backs: Perrow and Ewing; forwards: Otto, Thorpe, Vardon, Grieff, Small, Beecher, Sharling, and S. Arratoon.

Referee:—Mr. Coley.

CITY AND SUBURBAN *vs.* THE BUFFS.

Yesterday evening the Buffs played their second match since their arrival in this city, their opponents on this occasion being the City and Suburban Football Club. The game was played on the ground of the former team, and long before the hour advertised for play to commence the field was crowded with spectators, amongst whom were a very large number of ladies. The Military forward play was excellent, and their superior weight and physique told heavily on the home team. Though outmatched and outweighted—play, except on two or three occasions, being confined to their territory—the City and Suburban offered a stubborn defence, and gave the visitors plenty of work to do,

The ball was kicked off by the home team from the northern goal, but was quickly returned, and for about ten minutes a series of scrimmages ensued close to the City and Suburban twenty-five yards flag. The Buffs gradually forced their opponents back, and Smith getting hold of the ball ran in and secured a try. The kick for goal, a long and difficult one, was essayed by Bailey, who neatly sent the ball over the crossbar. The City and Suburban made desperate attempts to get away, but the Military were on the alert, and confined the play to their adversaries' territory. Shortly after Captain Bell scored a try, which Bailey again converted into a goal, though the kick was a nasty one. A few minutes later half-time was called, the game standing in favour of the Buffs by two goals to *nil*. On play being resumed the visitors pressed their opponents very hard, and on several occasions narrowly missed scoring, the City and Suburban having to touch down in self defence. The Buffs, however, were not to be denied, and by some really good passing they secured a third try through Chapman. The kick for goal was again allotted to Bailey, who, for the third time that evening, successfully sent the ball over the crossbar. The Military also secured a couple of free kicks, which they attempted to convert into goals, but the ball on both occasions went wide. This seemed to put the home team on their mettle, for Ridsdale getting hold of the ball made a good run, and when collared passed to David, who ran close to the Military twenty-five yards flag, when he was held. The Buffs quickly sent the leather away from dangerous quarters; and some even play was taking place in the centre of the field when the whistle announced that time was over, the match resulted in a victory for the Buffs by three goals to *nil*.

The following are the names of the players.

City and Suburban—Full-back Maunk; three-quarter backs, Bird, Hodges and Ridsdale; half-backs, Rowe and Murphy; forwards, A. J. Tait, G. W. Tait, Stark, Carr, Neame, David, Goss, Wilson and Wyte.

The Buffs.—Full-back, Adsley; three-quarter backs, Lieut. Reeves, Marshall, Chapman and Wherle; half-backs, Smith and Bailey; forwards, Captain Bell (captain), Lieut. Tarte, Crumby, Lacy, Jarvis, Saunders, Street and Arms.

(*Extract from Indian Daily News.*)

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

Dear Mr. Editor,

On the 11th of August the first of a series of variety entertainments was given at Mrs. Oakley's bungalow for the benefit of the troops in garrison. The performance commenced at 8.30 p.m. with a circle. The two corner men, Drs. Burgess and Williams, causing roars of laughter by their foolery. The following is the programme :—

PART I.

Opening chorus	... "Sleigh Bells" ...	Troupe.
Song, sentimental	... "Goodbye Mauvourneen"	Bn. Todd.
,, comic ...	... "In the morning" ...	Dr. Burgess.
,, sentimental	"If the waters could speak"	Bn. B——y.
,, ,,	"Bonnie E'Louise"	Bn. Nicholson.
,, comic	... "Up dar in de sky"	Bn. Cooper.
,, sentimental	"Where the willow makes a shade"	McGrath.
,, ,,	"Don't be angry, darling"	Pte. A. Davison.
,, comic	... "You say so" ...	Dr. Williams.
,, sentimental	"Stay Harry, stay"	Lce.-Cpl. Goldfinch.
Closing chorus	"In the dell and goodnight"	Troupe.

PART II.

Nautical duet	"Commence ye darkies"	Ptes. McGrath & Davison.
Song ...	"Alone, all alone"	Lce.-Cpl. Goldfinch.
,, ...	"Molly Malone"	Bn. Nicholson.
,, ...	"Luxuries" ...	Dr. Williams.
,, ...	"Rustic Bridge"	Lce.-Cpl. Goldfinch.

The whole concluded with the farce—GILBERT'S ARRIVAL.

CASTE.

Gilbert, *a commercial traveller*.....Dr. Burgess.
'Awkins, *a costermonger*. .....Dr. Williams.
Peter Pod, *a consumptive patient*..... Bn. Cooper.
Turner Rogers, *a temperance lecturer* Master T. Hammond.
Mrs. Ash, *a boarding house keeper*..... ... Bn. McGrath.
Sarah, *servant*..... Bn. Todd.
Mrs. Flannagan, *a charwoman* ..... Bn. B——y.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The whole of the performance went off very fairly, it is hoped next time that we have some music, which will greatly improve the singing. Most likely the next performance will be given on Saturday, 15-9-94. All are welcome.

E Uers lea.

Infantry Organisation.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Dear Sir,

I hope you do not object to a little friendly criticism on the editorial remarks which appeared in last month's *Dragon* on Infantry organisation.

As regards the remark that the color sergeants are quite the hardest worked men in a battalion, I don't quite agree with you, and in my humble opinion the non.-commissioned officers who work the hardest in a battalion come in the following order:—

Lance-Corporals.
Qr.-Master Sergeant.
Color-Sergeants.

The lance-corporal has always been known as the "company fatigue man," and no doubt he is ; if the color sergeant wants the names of men taken for stores or banking, acquittance rolls signed and a hundred other things done, Lance-Corporal Atkins is the man to do it, and what is more, does it. If Private Tompkins of the band is required, or Jones of the police wanted at the orderly-room, quarter-master's stores, or to sign accounts, Lance-Corporal Atkins is again in request, the same lance-corporal has to draw rations, beer, parade sick and defaulters, responsible that meals of men detained in hospital and men on guard are sent to them at the proper time, takes messages to the officer commanding the company, and is responsible that returns of all sorts and sizes are in the orderly-room, pay office, and quarter-master's office at certain times, and also if our friend Thomas is unfortunate enough to be ordered to the guard room, Lance-Corpl. Atkins has to take him there, and in fact the lance-corporal does all the drudgery appertaining to a company. Besides all this he goes to parades, does his guards, picquets, canteen and canteen marker, and regimental orderly duty, has to learn every sort of drill, peculiar to his branch of the service, and is in hourly dread of being "run in" because, perhaps, he forgets to carry out one of the above mentioned duties. I forgot to add when he is orderly-corporal he must assist the orderly-sergeant in all his duties ; and as a rule, Mr. Editor, he

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receives no extra pay for all this work.

I think the next on the roll of hard-worked soldiers is the quarter-master sergeant, he commences very early in the day and is at it all day long, and I know for a fact that he often takes clothing and other accounts home, so as to be able to sit down quietly after tattoo and work at them, as this is the only time he is free from the well-known voice "Chitte Sahib."

The color-sergeant comes, I think, next. He certainly has his company accounts to look after, also the interior economy of his company, but then he has his sergeants, corporals and lance-corporals to assist him. Of course there are a certain number of returns he is responsible for, but they are as a rule very simple ones. When I was a color-sergeant I had to pay out daily, not weekly; I also had to do my guards, canteen duty and regimental orderly (and, at home, picquets) about once a week, and I found that 2 hours a day (mind, every day) was the extent of my working day as far as company work was concerned, for this I received 2s. 6d. or one rupee four annas a day, plus seven rupees a month for being pay-sergeant, or a grand total of Rs 45-8-0 a month; now, a color-sergeant draws double this and has much less to do, as he pays out once a week, does not do any guards, canteen duty, &c., and has a less number of men to look after. In those days for the slightest offence a color-sergeant could be deprived of his color badge by the commanding officer, but not so now, as he must be tried by a D. C. M. I must admit that after a few years one tires of the work, but I think the color-sergeant himself will tell you he does not consider he is the hardest worked man in the battalion; well, I never thought so, and I always considered I had a precious easy billet, and have often thought so since.

With regard to there being a color-sergeant and a pay-sergeant in a company, I have seen it tried in the 1st Battalion some years ago, when the color-sergeant was no scholar, but a strict disciplinarian, and the pay-sergeant (a scholar) did the accounts; but the system did not work satisfactorily, as the captain found that when he wanted the color-sergeant on some point of discipline, the pay-sergeant turned up and *vice versa*. As a rule these two individuals were always falling out, and the captain found half his time taken up in settling their disputes. If the accounts were done solely in the pay office in India, then this system might act, but at home where the pay offices are station ones, I fail to see how it could possibly be carried out.

I would point out that recruits are now trained for the Army in exactly the way General Pearson suggests, the rough edge is taken off at the depot, and they are then sent on to the home battalion to be polished off by the officer commanding the company (see Section VII., Sub-Section XIII, Queen's Regulations). As we don't get recruits in any numbers in India, we don't know anything of this system, which is a very good one.

Now the canteen. You suggest doing away with the present and adopting the tenant system. I don't think you can improve the present mode, it must be good, as there are never any complaints. This speaks for itself, and as regards N. C. Officers of a battalion coming to grief over it, I can only find record of one having done so in the 1st Battn. during the last 22 years. Have you ever seen the tenant system worked? I have, and it is a fraud from beginning to end. the tenant was usually an old tyrant who feared neither God nor men, did not study the men's health or pocket, he practised all sorts of frauds, bribed everybody he possibly could to let him carry out his frauds, and usually retired in a few years the owner of streets of houses and a jolly good banking account, the battalion not being one penny the richer by his years in the canteen.

Apologising for trespassing on your space.

Yours faithfully,

Ex-Color-Sergeant.

Ex-Color-Sergeant does not take into account the unpaid and thankless labour of the canteen president under the existing system.—*Editor.*

DALHOUSIE NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

The rain, it raineth every day with a vengeance up here. For the last four days it has poured almost incessantly, and the old inhabi-

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tants shake their heads and look wise and say it is the end of the rains, let those believe them who may, I don't. However, its an ill wind that blows nobody good, and thanks to the same much-abused rain, we, of the Standing Camp, have escaped one or two "corking" field days. Major Ovens of the Border Regiment, the commandant at Mankote. has got Waziris on the brain, and twice a week we are treated to about 4½ hours' khud climbing. On the last occasion the detachment of The Buffs, mustering about 20 strong on parade, the remainder being on guard or elsewhere, were sent on in advance to represent Waziris, and were dotted about in ambush, afterwards retiring before the united Seaforths and Borders, they finally made a gallant stand under their intrepid leader, refusing to surrender at any price and declaring that they were clad in Dowe's bullet proof suitings.

As for amusements this month, the sad news of poor Mr. Stevenson's (93rd Highlanders) death threw a gloom over us for the first fortnight. Last week, however, Dalhousie's indefatigable M.C., Mrs, Young, the wife of our popular A.A.G., organised another most successful concert, which was followed by a very clever conjuring entertainment by Sergt. Smithers of the 18th Hussars. After this came a short musical piece, which was rendered with the very greatest spirit by Miss Troward, and Messrs. Hume, Border Regiment, McChean, R.A. The singing was really excellent, whilst the dialogues between Miss Troward and the versatile "Fitz" were most amusing. To-night, Friday, August 24th, there is a subscription dance, and on Wednesday there is to be a dance most sportingly given by Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Anderson. Amongst the distinguished arrivals of the week we are glad to notice Capt. Younghusband, 14th B.L., and Capt. Slee, R.A. Owing to the heavy rain polo has been at a stand still since the end of June, but next month we hope to re-commence and also to get some shooting. There are said to be a good number of chikor about at no very great distance. A few black bears have been shot quite close to the station. Capt. Robinson, 93rd Highlanders, Mr. Arbuthnot, Seaforth Highlanders, and Mr. Maclagan, Border Regiment, having been the most successful. We shall soon be thinking of starting downwards now, and shall most of us, I fancy, be glad to get back again. The Standing Camp breaks up early in October. Love to all,

BUFFKIN.

THE BUFFS (EAST KENT REGIMENT) (3RD BN.).—Surgeon Lieut.-Col. W. K. Curtis has retired, with permission to retain his rank and wear the prescribed uniform on his retirement. Dr. Curtis had completed over 44 years' commissioned service, including over five years' embodied service, having served all through the Crimean War, Indian Mutiny, and 1885 embodiments. He was the last officer remaining in the 3rd Bn. who had served with the East Kent Militia at Malta, and his resignation is much regretted in the regiment.

THEATRICALS.

On the 31st inst. the R. A. Minstrel and Variety Troupe gave a performance in the Regimental Theatre. A portion of the Band, under Sergt. Tozer, was in attendance. The whole entertainment being calculated to upset the risible faculties of the audience. In singing Poole, Bishop and Rorke showed their talent in this line to great advantage.

The chief features of the evening were the terpichorean efforts of the "Three Jeffs." Song and dance (Lancashire), clog dance, and song and dance (Alabama), were the items by these dancers, Very creditably acted was the concluding sketch "Billy Doo," Rorke again standing well to the front. Miss Amelia, the amorous young lady, also created roars of laughter by her innocent wiles and smiles towards her supposed lover, "Billy Doo." This part was taken by Dr. ——, but hush! we must not breathe her name.

The entertainment reflects great credit upon its energetic performers, and we hope it will not be the last one they will give in our theatre.

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THE ADVENTURES OF CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

A Serial by Glum.

Continued.

IT was at Kandi, which is a sort of convalescent depôt for the whole island of Ceylon, that my godson met again his old friend Perkyns, of Goliath days, who was at that time a trumpeter in the Royal Artillery, and quartered at Trincomalee, a fortified harbour in the north eastern part of the island. The two renewed their ancient acquaintance, and became great friends at Kandi, so much so that Hatton obtained permission to return with his chum and pay a visit to Trincomalee, having been granted for the purpose a short furlough.

The harbour is one of the finest, largest and most beautiful in the world. It is almost entirely land-locked, being entered by a circuitous channel, which is guarded by the forts. Luxuriant vegetation covers the land right down to the water's edge. In fact it is one of the curiosities of the place, that the lower branches of the trees are actually under the sea at high tide, and the water mark is distinctly traceable upon the forest.

A large island, called Sober Island, is situated in the upper part of this beautiful inlet, and on Sober Island the naval officers, whose ships frequent the port, have started a comfortable club, turning the island itself into a very pleasant lounge, and arranging, among other luxuries, a comfortable little bathing place, duly defended by massive stakes driven into the bed of the sea, and enclosing a little cove or bay of clean and beautiful water, deep right up to the rocky shore itself, and so clear that the bottom can be seen distinctly in every part.

At the time of Christopher's visit there were no men-of-war in harbour, and the soldier's pleasure boats had the whole of the water to themselves, if we except the native canoes and curious craft of other sorts.

On the day after his return, Perkyns arranged a boat's crew of his friends to man the battery six oar, and taking Christopher with them the little pleasure party rowed up the harbour for Sober Island.

I have never quite understood whether the naval officers knew or approved of the soldiers landing for purposes of recreation upon their island when all the ships were out, or even whether the island was or was not the officers' property; but I have a sufficiently high opinion of a sailor's hospitality and good feeling for their sister service to believe that they would not mind much, as long as the club bungalow was not invaded, and no broken bottles or other rubbish left about upon the island. Be that as it may, the place was—on the day I speak of—invaded by Perkyns and his party, who proceeded to bathe in the officers' swimming place, and refresh themselves after their hot row.

Diving off the rocks into the limpid sea, the party swam out to the boundary, formed by the big stakes, to look at the sharks, who having got wind of what was forward, were in some plenty outside, and were rubbing their great noses between the intervals of the uprights, turning on their backs, sinking and rising again, pushing against the barrier with all their force, and showing most unmistakably their longing for the delicious meal of white man they saw so close to them.

This, of course, delighted the young soldiers, who amused themselves for sometime in insulting their impotent foes, jeering at their efforts, and encouraging them by advancing a tempting looking leg or arm to within an inch or two of the stakes.

Some of the gunners were redressing on the shore, and the others, with the exception of Perkyns, were scrambling out at the landing place, laughing, skylarking and struggling, as is the wont of the bathing soldier. Perkyns was half way across the little bay, swimming leisurely for home and Hatton was standing naked on the diving board, contemplating one more plunge before he dressed, when a loud snap suddenly arrested the attention of everybody, who, looking up, saw with dismay that one of the big stakes was missing. It had given way to the repeated efforts of the monstrous fish, who had, I suppose, redoubled their efforts on the retreat of the men, and an avenue was at last open to the entry of the sharks. Swim, Tommy! swim for your life,

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man ! Make haste for God's sake. Swim like the devil, Perkyns ! resounded on every side, and the trumpeter swam for all that he was worth. Look ! look at the great black fin ! sticking out of the water of the cove like the black mainsail of some demon craft. Nearer it comes, and nearer followed by a second and a third, as one by one the voracious devils gain their way through the narrow passage. "Swim, Tommy, swim for your life!" What a swimming match is this ! The young strong English lad against the swiftest fish in all the Indian seas. His life the prize ! Can he do it ? Is the start sufficient ? No ! nearer and nearer comes the terrible black triangle that marks the mighty fish. Nearer and nearer. By God, he can't do it !

"Turn on your back, and splash with your legs. It is your only chance. Turn on y our back and splash, I say," screamed the excited men. "Why does'nt he turn and splash?" Perkyns swam resolutely, but, oh, so slowly on. So slowly in comparison with that awful fish behind him. Will his white face never come nearer. A despairing scream escapes him. He has lost his head. He cannot turn and splash.

That scream is too much for little Hatton. He is not made of the stuff to see a comrade die unaided. With a yell of rage and grief he dashed into the fray. A vigorous spring from the diving board, and a dozen resolute strokes of his young limbs brought him into the midst of the scene, where, turning on his back, he splashed with might and main, kicking the water with all his force, almost kicking the monster on his snout. This sudden commotion in his front for an instant dismayed the fish, and Perkyns gained perceptibly. Hunger, however, soon overcame fear, as it will sometimes, and the absence of vessels in the bay had made the Trincomalee monsters somewhat ravenous at this time. He made a rush, this time at Hatton, and paused again before the splashing that he made.

Perkyns swam on. He reached the shore. He was saved ! but it looked as if his life was to cost another and a brave one. Hatton was retiring slowly, swimming backwards on his back and kicking in the face of his advancing foe. The sharks behind, longing for their share were rapidly coming up on either flank. "Stones ! stones ! heave stones !" was now the cry, and the gunners sprang to their work, hurling rubbish, stones, sticks, mud, anything to make a splash with nervous desperate haste. Still the youngster kept his head, still by his head he kept his limbs unhurt. Still he neared the shore. Stones could now be used without the risk of hitting him, and the enemy was kept at bay. He reached the shore. He stood upon the rock up to his neck in water. Strong hands grasped him by the wrists. He sprang. They pulled, and as he left the sea the great big fish that led the way turned upon his back and made his final rush. Half out of water he sprang to make his snap. The mighty jaws were wide, showing rows of saw-like teeth, and then they closed with such a hideous jar, just six inches behind the hero's heel, as the strong fellows jerked him to the land, and Christopher Hatton, a hero for life, lay gasping on his stomach on the rocks.

There are none that can appreciate acts of bravery better than soldiers, men who may at any time be called upon to enact a hero's part themselves. High and low vied with each other in expressing their appreciation of the act I have narrated above. The soldiers of the regiment, when Hatton's furlough was up and he returned to Columbo, were so profuse in their friendly offers of beer that if there had been any hereditary taint in his blood, and if his thirsty parents had transmitted their habits of intemperance to their offspring he could have been drunk for a month without spending a penny. The good old Colonel shook him cordially by the hand at the head of the regiment on the first C.O's. parade and told him he was the greatest credit to his corps, which was the highest praise that veteran knew how to bestow. Three months afterwards the Governor came himself to hand the silver medal of the Humane Society, which arrived by the same mail which brought the boy two letters, both of which he showed to me.

One, the handwriting of which was sadly shaky, came from old John Hatton, his sire. It was written with the double object of expressing his congratulations and admiration of his boy's courage and of imparting the news of Mrs. Hatton's sudden death. The other was from Mary Brome, to say how glad they all were to hear the news and how proud they

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were of knowing him. Both letters included pleasant and friendly messages to me, and I elicited from Christopher the interesting information that Miss Mary and he were pretty regular correspondents.

It was in the month of February 1879, that the Kentish Rangers (still in Ceylon), and indeed the civilised world in general, were startled by the news that a considerable British force had been destroyed, almost to a man, by an impi of Zulus, and that a savage nation was threatening the very existence of the English Colony of Natal. Confidence was to a certain extent re-established when the next mail brought the news of the gallant defence of Rorke's drift by a company of the 24th foot, and of Colonel Pearson's victory at Nyezane, but still the excitement was very great in the Rangers, till one morning, when the Colonel's face was seen to be wreathed in smiles, and the generally soberly behaved adjutant was slaping the senior captain on the back outside the orderly-room, who did not seem to mind it in the least. The news was soon out of course, who could keep a secret the joyful intelligence that the regiment was ordered on active service, and was to sail in three days time for Durban? specially selected on account of their comparatively long service, their soldierly bearing, good conduct and previous history.

(*To be continued.*)

TOURNAMENT I.

"F" Coy. (Headquarters) *v.* "A" Coy.

Highly gratifying were the results obtained by the two companies engaged. Mr. Trevor and his two able assistants, Color-Sergeant Cheal and Sergeant Clifton were extremely energetic, and the success of the sports must be attributed to them.

The tournament opened on Thursday morning, the 8th August, with the Tug-of-War. A fine long strong pull resulted in a win for "A" Company, who were allotted the 15 points allowed. Sergeant Leek won the 24 lbs. shot contest, putting the shot 24 ft., 11 in., followed closely by "F" Company's man, Pte. Sayers, with 24 ft., 2 in. This gave "A" Company 6 points and "F" Company 4 points. Next in order came the Cricket ball throw, and was won by Pte. Freeman of "A" Company, who threw the ball 81 yds., 1 ft. Pte. Payne of "F" Company came second with 80 yds., 2 ft. Points to "A" Coy. for this were 6, and "F" 4. In the evening the 1000 yards Section race took place, "F" Company took first place and "A" was not far behind. The points allowed for this were 10, and were duly placed to "F" Company's credit. The men composing "F" Company's team were:—Lance-Corpl. Kemp, Privates Maples, Martin, Smith, Quilter, Chapman, Brown, Philpot and Chantler; and those of "A" Company were:—Corpl. Lacey, Lance-Corpls. F. Cox and Patching, Privates Waller, Brown, Sizer, Slender, Abram and Goodban.

Friday was devoted to Table games and the Swimming race. Of the Table games "F" Company won Cribbage, Draughts, Bezique, the highly classical game of "Fat," (fives and nines) and Backgammon. "A" Company's conquests were Whist and Dominoes. "F" Company thus placing 20 points more to their account and "A" Company 8 points. The Swimming match was won by "F" Company, who were represented by Privates Sherran and Sayers, the distance was 100 yds, and 8 points were awarded.

Hand ball was played on Saturday morning and was won by "F" Company, thus winning 8 points more. The contestants were:—"F" Company, Sergeant-Drummer Stevens, Privates Payne, Vaughan and Sherran; "A" Company, Privates Tozer, Dobson, Payton and Clark. The Billiard match was played off in the afternoon and ended in a win for "A" Company, whose cueists were Lance-Corpls. Baker and Patching, Pte. Freeman and Sergt. Veitch; and those of "F" Company were:—Sergt.-Drummer Stevens, Corpl. Turner, Dr. Beazley and Pte. Payne. 10 points were accordingly awarded the winners. To finish the afternoon Quoits were played and won by "A" Company. 8 points were allowed for this. The day's proceedings wound up with an Association match, which ended in a draw. The teams were:—

"A" Company.—Goal: Sergt. Leek; Backs: Ptes. Martin and Holman; ½ Backs: Ptes. Luchford, Dobson and Waller; Forwards: Ptes. Payton, Freeman, Sizer, Lance-Corpl. Patching, Pte. Slender.

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"F" Company.—Goal: Lance-Corpl. Kemp; backs: Ptes. Sayers and O'Grady; ½ backs; Dr. Beazley, Ptes. Hughes and Cavanagh: forwards: Lieut. Trevor, Ptes. Chapman, Brown and Vaughan, Corpl. Turner.

On Monday evening a game, under Rugby rules, was played, and some really fine play was witnessed. "F" Company proved the victors by 1 goal, 3 tries to 1 try. For "A" Company Ptes. Sizer and Corporal Lacey played well and in excellent style. For "F" Company Lieut. Trevor & Pte. Chapman were conspicuous by their excellent play. The teams were as follows:—

"A" Company.—Back: Lce.-Sergt. Leek; ¾ backs: Corpl. Lacey, Ptes. Martin, Banbury; ½ backs: Lce.-Corpl. Patching, Sergt. Veitch; forwards: Lce.-Cpl. Cox, Ptes. Luchford, Horton, Wheeler, Dunkin, Waller, Goodban, Payton, Mockett.

"F" Company.—Back: Dr. Beazley; ¾ backs: Lieut. Trevor, Ptes. Chapman, Sayers; ½ backs: Stevens, Hughes; forwards: Pte. Williams, Lce.-Corpls. Knot and Kemp, Ptes. O'Grady, Campbell, Sherran, French, Cavanagh, Hughes.

On Tuesday evening some races took place, the "living wheelbarrow," "three-legged race," the "bucket-of-water race," and the "extremity race," causing much laughter. The extremity race seemed to suit the little ones, who were thus treated to a lively pick-a-back. The Band, under the directorship of Bandmaster Birkhead, enlivened the waits between races with some excellent selections. The shooting match took place on Wednesday evening, and resulted in a win for "A" Company by 11 points. The distances were 200 and 500 yards, with Bisley marking. "A" Company awarded 15 points. Sergt. Clifton fired well, making top score (54 points), and Pte. Martin scored best for "A" Company, with 49 points. Total points of each company were "A" 439, "F" 428. The smoking concert, which terminated the tournament, commenced at 7 p.m. sharp. Everyone enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and the supreme spirit of good humour and fellowship pervaded the assembled hosts and guests. The toasts of the evening and the result of the tournament were read out by Sergeant Clifton. Ptes. Sayers and Sherran made excellent waiters, being very solicitous of the welfare of the guests. Several songs were sung, the most noticeable of which were "Botany Bay," by Sergt. Peters, whose singing was quite in his usual style, and evoked loud cries of encore. A duet by Lce.-Corpl. Goldfinch and Dr. Barnett was very good, and also highly appreciated. Several other songs were sung which attracted attention, but space forbids any further eulogistic remarks on these. The company dispersed about 9.30 p.m., after having spent a very enjoyable evening. As the result of the tournament "F" Company won by 1 point, thus there was not much to choose between one company and the other.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Papers:—

The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.

The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W K. Regt.

The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.

The Army Service Corps Journal.

The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.

The 16th Lancers' Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers.

The 5 & 9, The Lilywhites' Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.

St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

7th Regiment Gazette.—7th Regt. of New York, U.S.A

The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.

The Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infty. } Somerset
Weekly Budget and Light Bob Gazette. } Light Infty

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.

Pm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.

"Ours."—Princess of Wales Own Yorkshire Regt.

The XVI Monthly Journal.—1st Battn. Bedfordshire Regt.

The Globe and Laurel.—Royal Marines.

The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.

The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.

The Thin Red Line.—2nd Battn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders

The Vedette.—21st Hussars.

The Tiger & Sphinx.—Gordon Highlanders.

1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E. S. Regt.

The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.

The 79th News.—79th Cameron Highlanders.

Guardsman.—71st Regiment Now York.

Aldershot News.

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Regimental Items.

No. 443 Color-Sergeant J. Greig, was awarded a 1st Class Certificate of Education, at an examination held at Jullundur on the 3rd April 1894.

No. 2963 Lce.-Corpl. S. Willey, passed in Group I. for a First Class Certificate of Education, at an examination held at Jullundur on 3rd April 1894.

No. 4012 Pte. H. Mc A. Ryan, passed in all the subjects for a First Class Certificate of Education, with the exception of History, in which subject he will be re-examined.

No. 3407 Pte. T. White, having been discharged from hospital, he is reappointed Temporary Senior Assistant from the 4th inst. inclusive.

No. 3186 Pte. J. Lever is appointed School Assistant from the 1st inst.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments:—

To be Lance-Corporals.

No. 2465 Private W. McKenzie.
„ 2787 „ G. Guthrie.
„ 2265 „ W. Holliday,
„ 2961 „ W. Dadd.
„ 3154 „ S. Lewry.

The undermentioned N.C. Officer is appointed 1st Class Sergeant Instructor to the Calcutta Volunteer Rifle Corps:—

No. 1084 Sergeant J. Harlow, at present employed as 2nd Class Sergeant Instructor, Calcutta Volunteer Rifle Corps.

Authority, A. G. in India's No. 4195 C, dated Simla, 6th July 1894.

The undermentioned have been permitted to re-engage to complete 21 years' service with the colors:—

No. 875 Sergeant J. Patten,
„ 2987 Private J. Green.

No. 2274 Lance-Corporal W. Smith has been permitted to extend his period of Army Service to 12 years with the Colors.

No 2265 Pte, W. Holliday has been permitted to extend his period of Army Service to 12 years with the Colors.

The following money prizes for the Musketry Season 1894 and 1895, having received the sanction of the Major-General Commanding Lahore District, are awarded to the undermentioned Non.-Com. Officers and men:—

"D" COMPANY.

Best shot of Company, No. 2415 Pte. G. Scott, 16s. 3d.

10 per cent of best shots of Company at 8s. 6d. each.

No. 2415 Pte. G. Scott.
„ 632 Color-Sergt. J. Smith,
„ 570 Pte. F. Bellchambers,
„ 740 „ H. Goodwin,
„ 1640 Sergt. C. Burrows,
„ 2397 Pte. G. Cork,
„ 2684 „ S. Farrier.

Best shot of Individual with magazines in one minute, at 200, 300 and 500 yards, No. 2415 Pte. G. Scott, 10s. 10d., score 57 points.

2nd best shot of Individual with magazines, in one minute, at 200, 300 and 500 yards, No. 740 Pte. H. Goodwin, 5s. 5d, score 54 points.

Two best sections in Section Attack, Section Commanders at 1s. 11½d. each.

No. 632 Color-Sergt. J. Smith, No. 2454 Corpl. Grainger, No. 2058 Lce.-Sgt. D. Revell.

Men at 11¾d. each.

No. 3007 Lce.-Corpl. P. Ralph,
„ 2253 Pte. A. Care.
„ 3094 „ J. Green,
„ 4012 „ H. Ryan,
„ 2439 „ C. Durrant,
„ 3416 „ A. Brookson,
„ 2572 „ J. Hoy,
„ 2998 „ W. Luckhurst,
„ 3376 „ W. Sanden,
„ 2632 „ W. Adsley,
„ 2397 „ G. Cork,
„ 3361 „ W. Loftus,
„ 3512 „ J. Underhill,
„ 1558 „ S. Barrett,
„ 3203 „ G. Clarke,

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No. 2371 Pte. J. Jarvis,
„ 3445 „ R. Rayfield,
„ 2391 „ A. Shoesmith,
„ 2486 „ C. Bloomfield,
„ 2684 „ S. Farrier,
„ 3118 „ G. Richardson,
„ 2328 Lce.-Cpl. G. Gardner,
„ 3670 Pte. W. Box,
„ 3048 „ J. Hannen,
„ 3626 „ J. Kendal,
„ 2654 „ R. Rist,
„ 3376 „ A. Smith.

Best section in Volleys, Timed Volleys, Independent and Running Practice (Timed).

Section Commander at 3s. 9½d each, No. 1640 Sergt. C. Burrows.

Men at 1s. 10¾d.

No. 2963 Lce.-Cpl. S. Willey,
„ 3180 Pte. H. Ashby,
„ 570 „ F. Bellchambers,
„ 2387 „ G. Bunn,
„ 2415 „ G. Scott,
„ 3045 „ T. Drage,
„ 3601 „ G. Gilbert,
„ 740 „ F. Goodwin,
„ 3314 „ E. Harlow,
„ 3083 „ A. Sutton,
„ 2956 „ E. Johnson,
„ 2282 „ J. Page,
„ 3315 „ W. Platts,
„ 2777 „ G. Rickwood,
„ 2312 „ A. Williams.

The undermentioned N.-C. Officers, passed the Professional Examination for promotion as under, at an examination held at Jullundur on the 15th instant:—

To Sergeant.

No. 817 Corpl. A. H. Dillon,
„ 1621 „ T. Manville,
„ 3078 „ J. Brennan.

To Corporal.

No. 2913 Lce.-Corpl. J. Horton,
„ 3701 „ E. Wood,
„ 3209 „ J. May,
„ 3400 „ E. Wilson,
„ 2265 „ W. Holliday,
„ 1183 „ C. Stanford,
„ 2078 „ A. Humphrey,
„ 1503 „ W. Papworth,
„ 3268 „ B. Draper,
„ 3580 „ W. Prior,
„ 3564 „ E. Keats,
„ 2756 „ P. Johnson,
„ 3373 „ G. Button.

The undermentioned old Buff has been awarded the India Frontier Medal of 1854 with clasp, inscribed Lushai 1889-92:—

Subador Instructor W. H. Hunt (late "A" Company), Bengal Military Police,

---

The undermentioned men are granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names:—

"A" COMPANY.

3912	Pte. Billson, A.	1d.	Granted	27-7-94.
3836	„ Styles, J.	1d.	„	26-5-94.
558	„ Osborn, C.	3d.	„	31-8-94.

"B" COMPANY.

1162	„ Mansfield, J.	2d.	Restored	29-7-94.
2941	„ Smith, J.	1d.	„	8-6-94.

"C" COMPANY.

3903	„ Austin, G. B.	1d.	Granted	21-7-94.
2594	„ Bailey, G.	2d.	„	15 8-94.
3721	„ Farley, F.	1d.	„	25-8-94.

"D" COMPANY.

2632	„ Addsley, E.	1d.	Restored	24-8-94.
3848	„ Baker, C.	1d.	Granted	8-6-94.
468	„ Evenden, W.	3d.	„	25-7-94.
2487	„ Pennell, A.	1d.	Restored	27-7-94.
1151	Dr. Breen, P.	2d.	„	5-7-94.

"E" COMPANY.

3915	Pte. Brown, J.	1d.	Granted	9-8-94.

"F" COMPANY.

3991	„ Campbell, J.	1d.	Granted	8-8-94.
3169	„ Hamilton, J.	1d.	„	21-8-94.

"G" COMPANY.

3195	„ Martin, G.	1d.	Granted	5-8-94.
4501	„ Cox, M.	2d.	Restored	9-8-94.
3990	„ Bell, W. A.	1d.	Granted	8-8-94.
3894	„ Charlesworth, W	1d.	„	14-7-94.

"H" COMPANY.

2591	Dr. Sherman, A.	2d.	Granted	27-7-94.
2460	Pte. Huckstepp, T.	1d.	Restored	18-8-94.
2482	„ Tomsett, A.	2d.	Granted	6-8-94.
3373	Lce.-Cpl. Button, G.	1d.	„	23-8-94.

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An Ancyente Ballad.

(Continued.)

When captaines couragious, whom death could not daunte
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt;
They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

Where brave Sir John Major was slaine in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight;
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
Then vowed to revenge him, Mary Ambree.

She clothed herself from the top to the toe
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to show;
A fair shirt of male then slipped on shee,
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

A helmet of proofe shee strait did provide,
A strong arminge sworde shee girt by her side;
On her hand a goodly fair gauntlet put shee,
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Then took she her sworde, and her targette in hand,
Bidding all such as would, be of her band;
To wayte on her person came thousand and three,
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree.

'My soldiers,' said she, soe valiant and bold,
'Nowe followe your captain, who you doe beholde.'
Wile foremost in battle myself will be,
Was this not a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Then cried out her soldiers, and loude they did say
So well thou becomest this gallant array;
Thy harte and thy weapons so well do agree,
There was none ever like Mary Ambree.

Shee cheered her souldiers, that foughten for life,
With *ancyent* and standard, with drum and with fife;
With brave clanging trumpets, that sounded so free,
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

* * * *

To come into danger of death, of thrall;
This hand and this life, I will venture so free,
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

She led upp her souldiers in battoile array,
'Gainst three times their number by breake of the day;
Seven hours in skirmish continued shee,
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree.

She filled the skies with the smoke of her shotte,
And the enemy's bodyes with bullets soe hott;
For one of her owne men, a score killed shee,
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent;
Straight with her keen weapon she slasht him in three,
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of myre,
At length she was forced to make a retyre;
Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew she,
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Her foes they besette her on everye side,
As thinking close siege shee could never abide;
To beate down the walls they all did decree,
But stoutly deffyed them, brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke she her sworde and her targett in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand;
Then daring their captaines to match any three,
O! what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree.

Now saye, English captaine, what wouldst thou give
To ransome thyself ? which else must not live;
Come, yield thyself quicklye, or slain thou must be,
Then smyled sweetlye brave Mary Ambree.

Ye captaines couragious, of valor soe bold,
Whom thinke you before you, now you do behold ?
A knight, sir, of England, and captaine soe free,
Who shortelye with us a prisoner must bee.

Noe captaine of England; behold in your sight
Two breasts in my bosom, and therefore no knight.
Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,
But a poor simple lass, Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valor has proved soe daunted in warre ?
If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee,
Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree.

The Prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,
Who long had advanced for England's faire crowne;
Hee wooed her and sued her his mistress to be,
And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous mayden despised them all,
Sell my honour for purfel nor pall;
A mayden of England, sirs, never will be
The fere of a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee backe did return,
Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne;
Therefore English captaines of every degree,
Sing forth the brave valors of Mary Ambree.

Polo Gymkhana.

The Polo ground presented a very gay appearance on the 9th inst., when the first of a series

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of gymkhanas was held.

The first item on the card was Tandem driving between earthenware chatties, placed at different angles. There were several entries for this, Capt. Annesley, Capt Slee, R.A., Lieut. Pearson and Mrs. Trollope were among the number. The turn out, style and pace of Capt. Annesley's was much admired and was eventually awarded first place by the judges.

A Maze race came next. This was quite a novel race, bamboo sticks, about 10 feet high, were placed about 10 yards apart, each rider having his own line of bamboo, to ride as quickly as possible, going first to the right of one and to the left of the other, and so on. After some splendid riding by Capt. Wingate, 14th B.L., Lieut. Hughes, 14th B.L., Lieuts. Trevor and Bright and several others, it was eventually won by Lieut. Trevor.

This event was followed by a hurdle race, distance about ½ mile, and after a desperate scramble was won by Lieut. Hughes, 14th B.L.

Tandem driving, riding, was quite laughable, the ponies going in every direction but the right one, Lieut. Tarte being the only one to bring his pair home.

The last item caused great excitement, it was a dog race open to the men of the Battalion, and a more varied collection of dogs one could not wish to see. One officer was noticed with a large rat tied to a piece of string, to entice his dog to the fore, but more than his own dog seemed to have an eye upon it. This ended one of the pleasantest afternoon's amusement we have seen in Jullundur for some time, everyone appeared to be there, even the band of the Gurkhas, who are being trained by Mr. Birkhead, and who may be heard all day and nearly all night, took a holiday for a few hours.

The following remarks by His Excellency The Commander-in-Chief in India on the Inspection of the battalion at Jullundur on 15th February 1894, are published for information :—

"A very satisfactory report. The Officers and men of The Buffs are well trained, the conduct of the battalion is very good and its efficient condition is highly creditable."

ODDS AND ENDS.

GENERALS are risky people to tell stories about, but just as amusing things happen in connection with great men as with little, and they have their peculiarities like the smaller fry. We knew a general officer once who had a very smart battalion in his division, the colonel of which was fond of running his own show without the interference of any general or staff officer. One day the general's annual inspection was on, and the great man was immensely pleased with the state of the corps. "Now, tell me, colonel," said he, "between you and I (we are never too old to learn), to what do you yourself attribute the magnificent state in which I find your battalion." "I am a very religious—I may almost say a superstitious—man," replied the other, "and when I took over command I determined to take up the prayer book, chance on any passage, and take the words I first read as my guide. After a short prayer I seized the book, opened it at random, and read, "Hardness of heart and contempt of thy word and commandment."

... ...

The same general was very fussy at his inspections, and asked everyone he came across an infinity of questions. One young subaltern, conscious of not being overburdened with knowledge on points of detail, and being told the general was nuts on catching a man out, was a bit nervous, but resolved not to give himself away if he could help it. He passed the ordeal most triumphantly. "How much are potatoes a pound, Sir?" said the G. O. C. "Depends on the time of the year, Sir," replied the youngster. "How many potatoes go to the pound?" "All depends on the size of the potatoes, Sir," and so on. At last all was over, the general was leaving the barracks, the sub., being on duty, was running across the square with his sword on and his little regimental cane in his hand. They met. "Holloa, you Sir," said the chief, "can you tell me if it is correct to carry a sword and a stick at the same time?" "Dash it, you've got me at last, Sir,' was all the discomforted one could find to reply.

... ...

The following 2nd Battn. story may be new to some :—

We were quartered at Aldershot, and a very great general indeed commanded there. His peculiarity is that, although he is one of the bravest and finest soldiers that ever served the Queen, he does not look the part or indeed dress like the the ordinary officer in mufti. One day he was at the railway station in plain clothes and without an A.D.C. He saw there a smart young private of The Buffs, who, slapping his leg and staring at the girls, quite failed to notice him, nor indeed did he know him by sight. "Come here, you man," said Sir Evelyn, "why don't you salute me?" "Because I don't know who you are," replied our fellow. "I am Sir Evelyn Wood," was the response. "Ya," said Tommy, "If Sir Evelyn Wood heard you say that, he'd punch your blooming head.

... ...

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TO ALL SMOKERS.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

That the following Tobaccos are manufactured from the choicest Crops grown in Virginia according to our special instructions by an entirely new and improved process and are guaranteed by the manufacturers not to contain any artificial colouring, flavouring or any impurities, which are universally acknowledged by smokers to be the sole cause of the deterioration in Tobaccos.

These Tobaccos will keep in any climate in splendid condition for any length of time.

ROSE BUD.—Bright Gold-flaked Honey Dew manufactured by LAMBERT & BUTLER, London, Pronounced to be the best Pipe Tobacco of the day, and its cheapness is a marvel! **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

HONEY DEW MIXTURE.—Prepared by THOMAS OGDEN, "LD," Liverpool. from Sun-dried Virginia (sweet and mellow) Old Kentucky (full flavoured), Turkey (Dubec mild), Latakia (fragrant), all matured in Bond and judiciously blended and assures a sweet and pleasant smoke, which is enjoyed by the most fastidious smokers. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Bright Cut Navy.—Manufactured by THOS. OGDEN, "LD.," Liverpool, smokes with delightful aroma and taste; it does not swell, burn hot, or "pop." nor does it cake or go hard in the Pipe, however tightly filled, and burns to the last grain. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Reliable Bird's-eye.—Manufactured by COPE BROTHERS Liverpool, a sweet and cool High Class Cigarette Tobacco. It can be inhaled with entire satisfaction without irritating the lungs or throat. **Rs. 2-0 per lb.**

SPORT DE JAVA.

The demand for these Cigars continues very steady, besides having increasing Sales from all parts of the World and more particularly from Australia.

	Rs.	As.	P.
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 1, 4½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	3	0	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 2, 4 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	2	12	0
SPORT DE JAVA. No. 3, 3½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	2	8	0
REGALIA, 6 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 50, per box	2	0	0
CONCHAS, 3 inches long, thin Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	1	12	0
MINUTOS, 3 inches long, Cigar Cigarette, in boxes of 100, per box	1	8	0

BEST THICK MANILLA CIGARS,

At ~~Rs~~ 45 per 1000, in great demand in Regimental Messes.

CHILD & Co., CALCUTTA.

THE BUFFS' REGIMENTAL PRESS.

The above Press, having recently added a large quantity of fancy and ornamental type, borders &c., to its already large and well-selected stock, is now in a position to undertake every description of Plain, Ornamental, and Color Printing.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

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1898.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 90. **JULLUNDUR, SEPTEMBER 30th 1894.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

PARNELL.—At 28 Green Street, Park Lane, London, on the 30th August 1894, the wife of Major-General The Honourable H. Parnell, C.B., late The Buffs, of a son.

BLOOMFIELD.—At Jullundur, on the 29th July, 1894, the wife of Private C. Bloomfield, of a daughter.

COOK.—At Jullundur, on the 22nd inst., the wife of Colour-Sergeant G. Cook, of a son.

Deaths.

REED.—At Jullundur, on the 10th instant, No. 2413 Private G. Reed, 1st Battn. The Buffs.

GREEN.—At Jullundur on the 23rd inst., No. 2706 Pte. A. Green, 1st Battn. The Buffs.

NOTES.

THE present issue of *The Dragon* is quite a "football number." There is no reason to apologise for this, however, for the interest taken by all ranks in the success of our team was plainly enough manifested on Tuesday, the 25th, when the Cup came home; and we know right well that there will be joy in the hearts of our comrades in Ireland and Canterbury when they read the news contained in this month's paper. We only regret we are unable to publish this month a phototype of the victors to make the number complete.

Opinions vary considerably as to the advisability or otherwise of entering next year for the Association prize—the Durand Cup. On

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one side the bolder spirits cry "why not?" on the other comes a shake of the head and "too much competition." "The Jocks too strong," and the like. For our part we say "let us have a try." What if both football cups should ever grace the table of our Officers' mess.

... ...

The cricket contingent in the battalion are beginning to bestir themselves and rightly. We hear of a match being arranged between the two half battalions by way of making a start. We hope to see the queen of games secure a hearty and enthusiastic following. Cricket is the oldest, the most sociable and the most English game in existence. As such it should never be allowed to languish, particularly amongst Men of Kent.

... ...

A very valued correspondent has sent us a long letter on the subject of certain effusions which have appeared in a paper called *The Soldier*, and which emanates from some poor persecuted fellow in The Buffs. We are sorry indeed for the one who writes them. He seems to be very hardly treated and to be altogether in a bad way, but we are afraid we cannot afford space in *The Dragon* to argue on the subject. We might as well undertake to explain to the editor of *Truth* the absurdities of his service paras, which, as everybody knows, are mostly drawn up from letters written expressly to pull the editor's leg.

... ...

We hear on excellent authority that we are to remain for three weeks at Lahore after the Durbar and do a bit of drill there with some native regiments and presumably the garrison of the place.

... ...

Though it has been decided, and the necessary instructions have been issued, for the Indian relief this year to embark at Southampton instead of Portsmouth, the latter place will still remain the port of disembarkation for those coming home, as it has been found that at present it would cause the greatest inconvenience to remove the Discharge Depôt at Gosport, where there is a large clerical staff for carrying out the discharges and transfers to the Army Reserve of all men returning home from foreign service.

... ...

The Indian troopship "Victoria," 6,527 tons, hired by Her Majesty's Government from the Peninsular and Oriental Company, left the Albert Docks on the 27th August for Southampton, where she will be handed over to the Transport authorities of the Admiralty. This vessel opens the Indian trooping season for 1894-95, leaving Southampton on September 13th with some 1,550 troops for Bombay.

.. ..

A marriage has been arranged, and will take place towards the end of September, in London, between Mr. John Campbell Lamont Black, Army Service Corps (late The Buffs), younger son of Colonel George Robert Stewart Black, King's Royal Rifles, and Zoë, elder daughter of Mr. Edward William Tichener.

... ...

Majors J. B. Backhouse, R. S. H. Moody and A. C. Jackson, of the 2nd Battn., have received orders to proceed to the Curragh to pass the Field Officers' Examination on the 15th and 24th September.

... .

The 71st Regiment's Gazette of the U. S. A., a companion paper to the 7th Regiment's Gazette, is to hand. The natty appearance and chatty style is very refreshing. Regimental journalism in the American Army is on the increase, and through the two specimens that our American cousins kindly send us there is a thorough spirit of "*Esprit-de-Corps.*" The Yankees appear to be very keen on shooting, as the 7th and 71st Gazettes contain every month accounts of shooting matches and other musketry events. Their armories appear to be a great source of pride, as indeed they should be, and according to the descriptions of them contained in the above papers they are fine buildings, very handsomely fitted and furnished with museums of the arms of the past and present American Army. We shall be very

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glad to receive any Regimental paper published by other Regiments of the United States.

... ...

The Regimental Rugby Cup Ties will doubtless be played off before our departure for the Viceregal Durbar at Lahore.

... ...

The cricket ground is getting in fairly good condition, and judging by the present rate of progress it will be ready for use by the time the cricket season arrives.

... .

The route march of the 28th instant has fairly set its mark upon the men's khaki, or rather the rain and leather water-bottle straps have. In most cases the stain from the straps penetrated the shirts of the men, and the stain from the covering of the water-bottle left an indelible mark upon the white belts.

... ...

Looking from a service point of view, the new issue of water-bottles are a decided improvement upon the old ones, whereas the latter were awkward and made of glass, in fact were only the old soda water-bottles encased in leather, and at the most held one pint of water. The new type is made of enameled metal-ware, will hold about three pints of water and has the additional advantage of being shaped to fit the thigh or hip, thus saving many the bad knocks that were often inflicted.

... ...

We hear that another tournament similar to the last has been arranged by "A" and "F" Companies, and will take place at an early date.

... ...

A word of advice to the lovers of fruit. The fruit at present sold by the natives is not of the quality or ripe enough to be eaten in large quantities, therefore it would be advisable to partake lightly of these edibles so as to prevent the sickness that must of necessity otherwise occur.

... ...

ENTERTAINMENT.

On Saturday, the 22nd inst., the Happy Day Minstrels gave their second performance at Mr. Oakley's bungalow. I was very pleased to see so many turn up, and, judging from their laughter, I think all were satisfied. Corpl. Mackie presided ably at the piano, which was kindly lent to us for the occasion by Surgeon-Major Shearer. All the performers did their utmost to make everything as lively and nice as they possibly could. The prettiest piece of the evening I think was the tableau "Brittania," Miss Oakley taking Brittania.

Herewith programme :—

Bones.	Interlocutor.	Tambo.
Pte. A. Davison.	Bn. P. McGrath.	Dr. H. Burgess.
Opening chorus ...	"Pond lilies," ..	Troupe.
Song. Sentl.	"Down by the river side," ...	Pte. Clarke.
Song, comic	"What the birds say," ...	Pte A. Davison.
" sentl.	... "Lullaby,". ...	Cpl. Davison.
,, comic	... "Hallo, baby," ...	Dr. Burgess.
,, sentl.	... "Love's old sweet song,"	Pte. Day, R.B.
" comic	... "Dreaming." ...	Bn. Beezsley.
,, sentl.	... "Boys of the old brigade," ...	Pte. Britter.
,, comic	... "Perambulator Joe,"	Pte. W. Clarke.
" sentl.	"Will my darling come again,"	Bn. McGrath.
Duet ...	"The masher nibs," ...	Bones & Tambo.
Closing chorus ...	"Ireland of the free," ...	Troupe.
Grand tableaux ...	"Brittania,"	Troupe.
Soldier.	Brittania.	Sailor.
W. Heifnan.	Miss G. Oakley.	T. F. Hammond.

Part II.

Duet ...	"She's coming."	P. McGrath, A. Davison.
Recitation ...	"The convict's story,"	Pte. Day, R.B.
Parody ...	"The Minstrel Boy," ...	Pte. Britter.
Song ...	"Young man taken in. etc."	Dr. Burgess.
Song & Dance ...	"In the Barn," ..,	Pte. Joyce.
Song ...	"Don't cher know," ...	Pte. A. Davison.
Recitation ...	"The drunken tramp," ...	Pte. Day, R.B.
Dance ...	"Clog," ...	Pte. Joyce.
Song ...	"Welcome home," ...	Pte. W. Clarke.

Interval.

The whole concluded with the farce—

"ANON."

Caste :

Potts	A wearied traveller, ...	H. Burgess.
Sarah ...	Housemaid, ...	P. McGrath.
Bootmaker, etc.	... ...	W. Beezsley.
Henry Irving ...	An actor, ...	A. Davison.
Ellen Terry ...	An actress, ...	P. McGrath.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

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BHAGSU NEWS.

No letter was sent for your August number as there was positively nothing to write about. Rain all day, and every day stopping outdoor amusements; the oldest inhabitant says there has never been such a season within the memory of man. The roads are in a fearful state, rendering equestrian exercise difficult; and how our bullock hackeries and transport are to get up here remains to be proved. The only excitement we had for about six weeks was our second variety entertainment, at which, in spite of the weather, nearly the whole station were present. I regret I have not a programme by me. I am unable to give you a detailed account. Mrs. Hind's, Mrs. Hatch's, Mr. Champion and Mr. Rose's songs were much appreciated. Mr. McDouall as usual brought down the house, while the clever little sketch, entitled "London Life," by Lance-Corporal Hobbs, Privates Warr and Tompkins, caused great amusement.

About a fortnight ago the rains showed signs of breaking, and the Goorkhas put new life into us by giving a most successful ball at the Municipal Hall on the 12th inst. Where the Goorkhas are hosts you may be sure everything will be of the best. It was the first fine evening we had had for three months. The ball is so well described in the *Pioneer* of the 21st inst. that I will send you a copy of the description instead of attempting it myself.

"*From Pioneer, 21st September.*"

Our hosts had toiled unceasingly for the three days previous, and the result was wonderful. It was hard to recognise the usually plain Assembly rooms. The entrance hall was a bower of ferns and flowers, with the Colors of the Regiment, supported by trophies of drums, and guarded by two smart Goorkha sentries. The ball-room itself was most tastefully draped with pale pink and blue hangings, which showed up well the glittering stars of koskeries, bayonets and cleaning rods ornamenting the walls. The sitting out arrangements were perfect, while as for the supper it might well be described as a "*magnum opus.*" Being only an unsophisticated bachelor I am not a judge of the ladies dresses. Pink and white seemed the prevailing shades, while the dresses worn by Mrs. Hatch, Mrs. Hind and Mrs. Kelly struck us most. The ball was really a farewell to Colonel Rogers, D.S.O. (who had just relinquished command of the regiment), and Mrs. Rogers. During the cotillion, which was the feature of the evening, and which was led with much verve by Capt. and Mrs. Hatch, a very handsome pair of ostrich feathers was presented to Mrs. Rogers as a parting gift from the Officers of the Regiment. I have never been at a dance which was kept up with more spirit. When it was nearly five we were dancing hard, and most of us did not get home till 6 a.m. On Wednesday, 19th September, we had our third and last variety entertainment, which was a great success. The house was simply crowded, and everything went off without a hitch. I enclose a programme. It would be impossible to say from the encores accorded to each performer as to who was most appreciated. The 1/1st Goorkhas left on Saturday last for Waziristan, full of martial ardour and simply spoiling for a fight. Our sports come off on the 11th of next month, and on the 15th we start to rejoin the old corps. I do not think we shall be sorry to get back, as the station is beginning already to empty, although our sojourn up here in spite of the weather has been a most pleasant one.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Accompanist ... ... Miss Christie.
2. Song ... "Lately," ... Sergt. Castle.
3. Song ... "Looking back," ... Mrs. Hatch.
4. Song ... "Love's old sweet song," Mrs. Champion.
5. Song ... "Admiral's broom," Clr.-Sergt. Andrews.
6. Song ... "Nelson," ... Sergt. Jones.
7. Song "My mother bids me bind my hair," Mrs. Hind.

PART II.

1. Banjo Band ... "She's the only girl I love." ... ...
2. Song ... "Allan Water," ... Mrs. Hind.
3. Song "The Miner's dream of home," Lce.-Sergt. Spicer.
4. Song, ... Miss Christie.
5. Duet "Tale of woe," Messrs. McDouall & Herdon.
6. Sketch "Whistling," Lce.-Corpl. Hobbs, Ptes. Warr & [Tompkins.

Yours as Ever,
F/3 and Bufflets.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

HOME BATTALION NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Our summer campaign, which began with fine sunny weather, has turned out less pleasant in that respect than that of last year, for during the whole month there have been only two days on which no rain has fallen; the camp is often a sea of mud and water, and the original grass has almost disappeared.

We left Athlone on the 27th June and reached our camp here on the 30th, halting at Moate, Tullamore and Portarlington.

A "fizzer" cart, purchased for the use of the battalion and drawn by a donkey, formed a most useful adjunct to the baggage train, and was in constant requisition during the march.

We are on the same camping ground (No. 3) as last year, but the lines are differently arranged, and the camp being carefully laid out looks very well.

A regimental standard floats over the guard tent by day and is replaced by a mast head light at night as a guide to wanderers returning.

Each company's lines are also distinguished by small buff flags bearing the letter of the company, and similar flags mark the tents of the company commanders; the commanding officer's tent, orderly-room marquee and officers' mess have also their special standards.

In spite of bad weather there has been no lack of field days, thanks to the presence of numerous majors desiring to pass for promotion, and we have fought and bled and got wet through on every portion of the Curragh.

Musketry is only just completed, and I am unable this time to send the results as they have not yet been published. We had been promised a rifle meeting, but the bad weather has so far prevented its being held.

On the 1st August the whole of the troops at the Curragh, together with three battalions from Dublin, are to march out for ten days' manœuvres in Queen's County, with the exception of the cavalry brigade, which returns on the 2nd, the ground selected being unsuitable for their work.

Two camps are to be formed, and a force alloted to each. We are to form part of the northern force encamped at Blackford, near Stradbally, under command of Col. Molesworth, R. H. A.

Major-General Moncrieff, commanding the Dublin District, accompanied by his A. A. G., Colonel Dundas, came down to inspect the battalion last week, his visit extending over two days. On the first day we turned out in marching order in the forenoon, after which the general saw the camp, dinners, etc. In the afternoon a ceremonial parade in drill order took place, and included a march past, bayonet, manual and firing exercise and physical drill.

The General and Colonel Dundas stayed in camp that night and experienced the heaviest fall of rain which we have had since our arrival. Next morning was fine and we went out for outpost duty and got caught in more rain, which came on suddenly and drenched us so completely that the battalion drill for officers intended for the afternoon was postponed until the general visits us at Athlone.

On the 12th and 13th Colonel Kelly's troupe gave performances of the "Private Secretary," to large and enthusiastic audiences, in the gymnasium, the proceeds being handed over to a military charity.

The undermentioned officers and others have joined the battalion for duty:—

Captain R. D'Aeth,	from	1st Battalion.
Lieutenant Essell.	from	A. S. Corps.
2nd Lieut. Engelbach,	on	appointment.
Col.-Sergt. C. Hollands,	from	Depot.
Col.-Sergt. Freeman,	,,	,,
Sergeant E. Copping.	,,	,,
Sergeant A. Baker,	,,	,,
Sergeant J. Field,	,,	Netley.
Lce.-Corpl. J. Yorke,	,,	,,
Private A. Button.	,,	,,
,, T. Leonard,	,,	,,
,, F. Eales,	,,	,,
,, J. Newman,	,,	,,

The following promotions, etc., have taken place since the last list was sent to you.

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To be Color-Sergeants.
Sergeant T. Rye, *vice* Kent,
Sergeant F. Foster, *vice* Hodges.
To be Sergeant.
Lce.-Sergeant A. Baker.
To be Corporals.
Lce.-Corpls. Prebble, D. Hunt and H. Harris.

Qr.-Mr. Sergeant A. Roberts, Orderly-Room Clerk, has been awarded a 1st Class Certificate of Education, and Private E. A. Mayne has passed in Group I.

Re-engagements

Sergeant J. Sinnott, to complete 21 years.
Lc.-Sgt. J. J. Hindmarsh, „ „
Sergeant W. G. Graham, „ „
Corporal C. Newport, „ „
Sergt. Master Tailor Palmer, „ beyond „

Extended Service.

Sergeant A. J. Baker, to complete 12 years.

Discharges and transfers to Army Reserve. Privates F. Davis, F. Woodruffe, J. Fittall and J. Dorrington.

Other Causes.—Ptes. W. Hales, J. Hunt, J. Boyles, H. J. Burt, F. Spoore, Corpl. W. Smith, Ptes. J. Pullen, C. G. Prudence, H. McStea, W. Foster, W. Talbot, T. Smith, D. Duncan, R. Maun, G. Edwards, D. Morley, A. J. King, H. R. Goddard, W. Pepper, C. Pike and Corpl. A. Pullee.

Transferred to Depot—Col.-Sergt. Ellis,
„ „ Col.-Sergt. Westcott,
„ „ Sergeant T. Cook,
„ „ Corporal J. Towers,
„ „ R. A. Pte. W. Ennis,
„ „ A.P. Corps Lc.Cpl. G. Stephens,
„ „ R. E. Pte. F. Draper,
„ „ K. R. R. Pte. D. Mepham.

Faithfully Yours,
"Secundus."

JULLUNDUR CANTONMENT.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Dear Sir,

I have been asked by my Brother who left this Battalion a short time ago, to ask you to insert two domestic occurrences. I have sent the newspaper cutting, which I think contains a slight error. It should read Mr. James Burgess, late of ("B" Company), 1st Battn. The Buffs. Both of these men were well known and respected in the Regiment. Pte. Burgess was employed in the Fort William Prison as warder, and Pte. Hardwick was in charge of the fire engine for about a year before he left us, he has been laid up for 14 months and I regret to say he died on the 15th July, leaving a young wife to mourn. His wife receives *The Dragon* monthly, so I will leave this to you to arrange, if you will be so kind, so as to let her see her husband was respected by his comrades.

Mr. Charles Hardwick, late No. 1487 Pte. Charles Hardwick, 1st Battn. The Buffs, died at Brighton, Sussex, on the 15th July 1894, deeply regretted by his comrades and friends.

C. Sherwood.

SANDHURST.

Marriage.—The marriage of the youngest daughter of Mrs. James Piper, of Sponden, Sandhurst, took place at Hadlow, on the 9th July. The bridegroom, Mr. James Burgess, of the Buffs, East Kent Regiment, and the bride (Miss Fanny Piper) arrived at Hadlow Church shortly after 8 a.m., when the ceremony was performed by the Vicar, the Rev. T. Howard Monypenny, M. A., T. C. D., the bride being given away by Surgeon-Major W. Wilsted Harmer, 2nd V. B. E. K. R.

The bride and bridegroom started off after a short interval for Ramsgate. The bride received a number of very useful presents. Miss Piper was very much respected, having resided with her mistress for seven years, who gave her a gold watch and brooch and table linen, etc.

The following has been sent us by Colonel Harrison:—

Death of an Old Soldier.—The death has just occurred of Thomas Downs, who has been employed on the Springwood Park estate, at Kelso, for many years. While a mere youth Downs, who was a native of Kent, enlisted at Canterbury in the 3rd Regiment, "The Buffs," and he saw a great deal of active service abroad. Shortly after becoming a soldier he was ordered with his regiment to India, and he was there engaged at the capture of the Gwalior Fort. He also went through the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, and the "Opium" war in China. Downs, who had five medals, retired after twenty-one years of service on a pension and with the rank of sergeant. Shortly afterwards he was recommended by a

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military friend to the late Sir George Douglas, and he has remained at Springwood ever since, being a faithful and valued servant.

From The Scotchman, August, 17th 1894.

(Extract from Pall Mall Gazette.)

The old Buffs are agitating to get the permission of the Military Authorities to substitute for the words 'East Kent' on their shoulder straps the old title of the Regiment, that is 'THE BUFFS.' We hope that red-tapeism will not be allowed to stand in their way, as in our opinion no pains should be spared to foster a healthy spirit of *Esprit de Corps* in all regiments. The Buffs have already scored one point in obtaining the sanction of the authorities to the use of the old dragon, for so long the badge of the Regiment, as a collar and cap badge.

ENTERTAINMENT.

On Tuesday, the 4th inst., a variety entertainment was given in the Regimental Theatre by our talented amateurs.

A lively overture was played by the Band, under the conductorship of Mr. Birkhead, after which Sergt. Eaton regaled us with a description of his "Dream within a dream," entitled "I dreamt I was dreaming," and as an encore particularly asked us to "Just fancy my missus in tights," which fairly played havoc with all feelings of decorum. Pte. Lever followed with "The Lotion," a descriptive song to which he gave ample justice; his encore song was also very effectively rendered. Pte. Todd was again to the front with "Mollie Mavourneen." Next came a great feature of the evening. A quartette, arranged by our popular Bandmaster, was played by Sergt. Tozer, Pte. Brown (clarionettes) and Lce.-Cpl. Hasler and Pte. Abery (saxophones). Mr. Birkhead himself conducted this commendable item.

This was followed by Mr. Eaton in "Pepita," a humorous serenade, which fairly brought down the house. Next on the list was Bandsman Reeves, who sang "The Sheeney man," and "'E dun'no where 'e are." The audience showed their appreciation of these by the way they caught and sang the choruses. The variety half of the entertainment concluded with a song and dance, "At the garden gate" and a clog dance, by the two R. A. men, Drs. Bishop and Rorke, who were greatly appreciated and vociferously encored by the "gods." After a short interval the curtain rose on the sketch "The Wolf and Lamb," or, "Supper for Two." Major Moody as "Attorney Quilldriver," and Lieut. Eaton as the "Captain Blazer," an excessively red-haired, ferocious looking individual of the Blankshire Dragoons, and lastly, but by no means least, Mr. Power, the sumptuously attired and deferential waiter of the "Wolf and Lamb Inn." The interest of the piece was sustained throughout, and the actors certainly deserve the greatest credit for its performance.

ENTERTAINMENT.

On the 30th of last month Dr. Harley and his company of variety entertainers gave a performance in the Regimental Theatre. After an overture by the band, Dr. Harley appeared, and amid much palaver and a great display of somewhat studied jokes, gave an exhibition of sleight of hand with cards, followed by plate-dancing; this was really clever, the Doctor manipulating the plate as though it was the most natural thing in the world to make a plate go through the eccentric motions of a waltz or jig. Next came the trick with two handkerchiefs, causing much amazement. Then making bushels of flowers issue from an apparently empty paper cone, which was made upon the stage. Roars of laughter was caused by the tangible evidence of "light infantry," which his assistant had concealed. The egg and cotton wool tricks are also worthy of notice. Various other tricks were gone through by the professor, all more or less noteworthy.

The two charmingly piquant Sisters Blair next made their appearance. The applause which greeted them instantly proved them to be old favourites. Their turn was a particularly long one and pleased everyone immensely. Mr. Lestrange, an exceedingly versatile young man, next amused the audience with a couple of anecdotes and a song that was very well rendered indeed. The performance wound up with an amusing ventriloqual effort and physiomania, or the man with a hundred faces; a very clever proceeding on the part of Dr. Harley. The Band was in attendance, ably conducted by Band Sergeant Tozer.

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FOOTBALL.

We have won the Rugby Football Cup and the whole Regiment is in a state of elation in consequence. Colonel Harley has been kept posted by telegram of the various successes of the team as they occurred, and he kindly kept his officers and men as well informed as he was himself. *The Dragon* offers his hearty congratulations to the regimental representatives and hopes to be able to make some arrangement for publishing in the next issue a phototype group of the victors.

Our readers will have seen last month some accounts of the preliminary or practice matches so easily won by our men, but the following amusing description of the game against the Black Watch is worth reprinting from a local paper.

THE DRAGON TEAM.

(By Our Special Flaneur.)

"Bravo, The Buffs!"

The crowd cheered as the Rugby team of the famous Kentish Regiment debouched upon the ground, the Dragon crest quivering upon the broad breasts of as fine a lot of men as an Englishman would wish to see.

"That's the team that's going to take the cup," remarked a khaki clad soldier, with the brass dragon on his forage cap.

"Don't know, Rugby," said the tall gunner from Dum-Dum. "First time I've seen it."

"You'll see real Rugby now, and no mistake," snapped the infantry man, "the Buffs are on the job."

My position on the ropes was satisfactory, and I balanced myself to enjoy the game by the light of the commentators around me. The oval ball went spinning from the kick off, and the Buffs dashed forward like hounds from the leash; that *Ghazi* rush carried the game to the Black Watch goal, the remnants of the local team struggling hard in despite.

"Whoop, that's your sort!" and the East Kenter danced with joy. "Bravo the Buffs!"

"What for's that," said the man from Dum-Dum as the Black Watch punted the ball into touch.

"To relieve pressure," replied the Buff, quieting down. "but it ain't no good. The boys will get there.

The game continued fast and furious. It seemed marvellous how the light local men could make any headway against the fierce onslaught of their heavy antagonists. It was hard all; the combatants fought and rolled in grips on the muddy soil to the intense delight of the native spectators. Presently an active figure darted from the *melèe*, there was a lightning streak across the ground, and the crack runner of the Buffs had carried the ball across the goal line and grounded it.

Whoop, what did I till yer. Bravo the Buffs? shouted the irrepressible man of Kent.

"Now, what's up?" asked the long gunner.

"That's a try, ignorance. Now the Buffs'll kick it over the bar and make a goal."

"Ho, I'm ignorant, am I? Well, it's a game I like to be ignorant of. Looking on suits me. I don't want my blooming neck jolly well screwed off." The artillery man was getting nettled.

A Slip Not to be Repeated.

"How's that for your Buffs?" said a Rifleman, standing by.

"They precious well messed it that time."

The game had started again, and an unskilful pass caused the military to lose ground.

"Haw! Haw!" grinned the gunner, "so they did."

"What d'you know, you long blazer!" snarled the East Kenter, "they done it on purpose. There good kick," as a three-quarter punted the ball across the touch line, once more in dangerous proximity to the Black Watch goal. "There ain't no fear of our goal with Adsley at back, and they won't stop Bailey if he wants to get in."

Half-time, and the game broke for a spell, while the men sought refreshments.

"Hallo, chummy, what yer sweating for? I ain't seen yer do nothing," called the man of Kent as the Buffs' back passed.

"There ain't nothing for me to do in this game. But I'll make you sweat, Billy, if you're cheeky."

Native Opinion.

A couple of Baboos crowded up behind my position as the game recommenced.

"Baba re," said the stout Baboo, "the *gora*

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logue are burra jubbur."

Stoutness to the native mind is synonymous with strength, and both Bengalees gazed with rapture at one of the Kentish forwards who filled his breeches to bursting.

"Wah! wah! how fat they are, and how fierce! Behold, they will destroy their antagonists. *Shabash!*" as the ball touched ground, and a heap of men writhed and wrestled over it. "Burra bala play acche." In his eagerness he pressed incautiously on the Private of The Buffs, and was reproved severely,

"What yer jabbering about? Get out. Walker's your name. Take a *jau*. D' yer *malum?*"

The vernacular was obscure, but the Baboo did not dispute it.

"Come, Hari *Bhai*, let us flee. The *gora* sipahi is inclined to be *ghossa*."

And the Baboos sought fresh ground, in which they showed wisdom.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

"Two goals and two tries. How's that for the first game after a three days' route," said the private triumphantly, as "no side," was called. "Oh! they'll take a lot of beating, I tell yer. Those Black Watch fellows drew with Calcutta, and they couldn't stand against us to-day. The Buffs will take the Cup back to Jullundur, see if they don't."

The City and Suburban Club played a second practice game against our fellows, and were a second time badly beaten, as the following account will show.

CITY AND SUBURBAN *vs.* THE BUFFS.

These teams met again on the ground of the former yesterday afternoon to play off the return match. It will be recollected that on the former occasion the Military had matters pretty much their own way, winning by three goals to *nil*. The ground was in splendid condition, the spectators numerous and enthusiastic, and the game a fast and close one throughout. A good deal of interest centred in this match, as both teams had made up their minds to do or die. The public opinion was in favour of the soldiers, which team, as in duty bound, amply upheld its reputation, by winning the game by three goals, two of which were penalty kicks converted and one try, to their opponents' one goal. The City and Suburban representatives proved to be unequal antagonists, playing a perfect combined game, and always on the leather; their backs amply upheld their reputation of careful and good play, the collaring of Ritsdale and Tait being specially conspicuous.

The home team kicked off, and Marshall returned it, the leather going out of touch. Some scrimmages followed, and Bailey, for the soldiers, made a fine run but was collared by Hodges and a scrimmage formed, but Murphy and Rowe, playing splendidly behind the scrimmage, dribbled, and Murphy picking up in fine style, got down and passed to Zore. The latter made a grand run, but was collared by the full back, and Lieutenant Reeves, with a splendid drop kick, put the leather out of dangerous quarters, and the forwards rushing up, pressed their opponents here. Ritsdale, taking possession of the ball, dodged prettily, and passed to Tait, the latter kicking out. Some scrimmages followed in mid-field, the home team playing a plucky game, and just before half-time, the soldiers got a penalty kick, Bailey taking the place, notched a neat goal from about twenty-five yards, and when the whistle sounded the Military were one penalty goal to their opponents' *nil*.

On changing sides, the Buffs played a dashing game, their forwards being always on the ball, and within five minutes they got another penalty goal, Bailey doing the needful. At this stage the soldiers pressed severely, Bailey and Marshall making some brilliant runs, but the City and Suburban backs collared well, and they could not get in, but the first named, from a loose scrimmage picked up the ball and passed to Lieutenant Reeves, who ran in and secured the first try, and the place kick being a difficult one did not result. Shortly after Bailey added the second try, and notched the goal in grand style. This put the home team on their mettle, and Yore and Murphy playing a dashing game, got the leather down with dribbling and passing, and Slaughter missing the ball gave the latter a fine chance of picking up the ball and running in, scoring a try amidst applause. Tait taking the place kick converted it to the major point, and time was called, the game standing: the Buffs fourteen points to

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the City and Suburban five points.

The following are the sides:—

The Buffs.—*Full Back*—Slaughter; *Three-quarter Backs*—Marshall, Lieutenant Reeves, Chapman and Wherle; *Half-Backs*—Bailey and Dillon; *Forwards*—Captain Bell (Captain), Lieutenant Tarte, Lacey, Crumby, Arms, Street, Manning and Saunders.

City and Suburban.—*Full Back*—Manuk; *Three-quarter Backs*—Ritsdale, A. Tait, Hodges and Bird; *Half-Backs*—Murphy and Rowe; *Forwards*—McVoy, White, Benke, Zore, Stark, G. Tait, Amos and Deeming.

Referee—Mr. Coley.

Of course all these games were interesting and were interesting reading to us, as showing which way the wind was blowing, but the real interest of the ties centred naturally in the actual struggle for the cup. It was pretty plain that the decision would be arrived at when The Buffs and Calcutta met in the semi-final. It was true that before we played Calcutta we had to defeat "A" Company of the 1st Bn. Rifle Brigade. Of course it was not for us to wonder why one company of a battalion was thought sufficient to meet our regimental team. Possibly the other companies of the 1st Bn. R. Brigade possess no football players. Anyhow no very grave apprehension was felt as to our fate at the company's hands, and no great surprise was felt when the Colonel's telegram announced our victory by six goals and four tries to *nil*.

Then we met Calcutta, and a great and glorious victory was ours; all the more glorious as the referee was not so very quick to notice things, and too stern a justiciar to give the poor Buffs the benefit of any doubts he may have harboured in his breast.

The following description has been penned expressly for *The Dragon*:—

The Buffs *v.* Calcutta.

The match between the above club in the semi-final for the Rugby Union Challenge Cup, which had been looked forward to with great interest for some time past, was played on the Calcutta Football Club ground on September 18th. There was an immense crowd of spectators who watched the game throughout with the greatest possible keenness, every piece of good play being applauded to the echo. The ground was in good condition although perhaps a trifle hard for falling; there was, however, ample opportunity for running and passing.

The rival teams had not met before this season; the result, however, of their trial matches against the City & Suburban and Black Watch Clubs shewed that there was not very much to choose between the teams, though the knowing ones thought that the better form had been exhibited by The Buffs.

Both teams were well represented, though Calcutta were without the services of Wood at ¾, who unfortunately hurt his knee some time ago, while The Buffs had one or two of their best players, notably Chapman and Bailey, very shaky from the effects of recent attacks of fever. The game had been advertised for 5 o'clock so as to avoid the inconvenience of finishing in semi-darkness, so often the case with games of football in Calcutta, but owing to the great heat it was fully 5-15 p.m. before a start could be made. The Buffs won the toss and decided to play uphill from the fort end. The ball was started by Pugh for Calcutta, and Chapman, returning it well, the first scrimmage was formed near the Calcutta 25. The Buffs gradually worked the ball close down on to the Calcutta goal line and were within an ace of scoring half a dozen times. From time to time the heavy pressure on the Calcutta line was relieved by good runs by Edwin-Watson and long punts by McLeod, but the ball was always brought back again by The Buffs forwards, who played a grand game throughout against a much heavier scrimmage. Just as it seemed as if The Buffs must score, the referee gave a free kick against them, and McLeod with one of his long punts sent the ball out of dangerous quarters. The ball was, however, once more brought up by the Buffs forwards close to the Calcutta goal line. The ball was heeled out to Bailey who cleverly passed to Lieut. Reeves; the latter made a neat run and passed to Wherle, who run in in excellent style and scored the first try for The Buffs. Bailey took the kick, by no means an easy one, and placed a beautiful goal. On the ball being restarted some desperate play ensued, but The Buffs worked the ball up to the Calcutta quarters and Sergeant Crumby ran in, but as two or three players were struggling with Sergeant Crumby, the referee disallowed the try and gave a five yards scrimmage. This

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decision seemed to dishearten The Buffs a good deal, and for the next five minutes their play was not nearly so good as it had been. The result was that the Calcutta team made a successful dash down the ground and the ball went into touch by the Buffs twenty-five flag. Ward for Calcutta made a long throw out, which was neatly taken by Edwin-Watson, who made a very pretty run in and scored a try for Calcutta. The kick at goal was unsuccessful. Half-time was now sounded, the game standing: Buffs five points, Calcutta three points. On restarting the ball remained for some time in the centre of the ground, but a punt from McLeod not being returned the game was transferred to the Buffs twenty-five. The ball was heeled out by Calcutta, and an unfortunate mistake on the part of the Buffs ¾ ended in Edwin-Watson scoring a second try for Calcutta. The kick was again unsuccessful. The Buffs were now thoroughly on their mettle, and playing a tremendously fast game, carried all before them. The ball was driven over the Calcutta line no less than three times, and on two or three occasions tries were scored in the opinion of the spectators, but the referee did not see them. The soldiers were, however, not to be denied, and after some grand play Sergt. Smith got well over the Calcutta line and secured a try. Bailey successfully kicked a goal. It was now evident that Calcutta were done up, for The Buffs rushed all before them, and shortly after Bailey secured another try, from which he kicked another goal. The pressure on the Calcutta goal line still continued, The Buffs very nearly scoring three or four times, until the whistle sounded "no side." The Buffs were thus left victors by three goals (15 points) to two tries (six points).

It was a grand match excellently fought out, but everyone acknowledged that the best team undoubtedly won.

In a game where everyone played so hard and well it is very difficult to pick out any particular players as having distinguished themselves above the rest, but a special word of praise is due to Edwin-Watson, Ryland and Ward on the Calcutta side, while for The Buffs Lieut. Reeves and Bailey outside, and Lieut. Tarte and Sergeant Crumby in the scrimmage did yeoman's service. The Regimental team is to be heartily congratulated on their victory, for which every single member of it has worked so hard.

The following were the teams:—

THE BUFFS.—*Back*—Adsley; *Three-quarter Backs*—Lieut. Reeves, Marshall, Chapman and Wherle; *Half Backs*—Smith, Bailey; *Forwards*—Captain Lynden-Bell, Lieut. Tarte, Crumby, Manning, Lacey, Saunders, Arms, Street.

CALCUTTA.—*Back*—Cook; *Three-quarter Backs*—Edwin-Watson, Ryland, McLeod; *Half Backs*—Ward and Bartholemew; *Forwards*—McPherson, Pugh, Kitson, Tozer, Grazebrook, Watson, Loman, Low, Nicoll.

The result of the above game removed any doubts in the regimental mind that we were to bring the Challenge Cup back to Jullundur, and everyone was more or less joyous on the subject, though little was said, as it doesn't do to brag too soon, and there is many a slip between cup and lip. On Saturday afternoon, September 22nd, we were to know for certain whether we had won the final, and some excitement was noticeable amongst the officers assembled at the Club after polo on that evening. The well-known telegraph messenger was at length observed. Yes, the message was for the Colonel Sahib, but the Colonel Sahib was not at first to be found. Suspense was not for long however, and but a few minutes afterwards the glorious news was round the regiment. Our last match (against the City and Suburban) was fought and won. The welcome wire was worded—"Won Cup. One goal and six tries to nil. Return Tuesday."

The following is a detailed account of the match referred to in the welcome telegram:—

RUGBY UNION CHALLENGE CUP.

FINAL TIE.

THE BUFFS *Vs.* THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

The final tie for the Rugby Cup was played off on Saturday, September 22nd. In spite of the very threatening aspect of the weather there was a tremendous crowd of spectators. The Buffs won the toss, and decided to play with the hill and wind from the Eden Gardens goal. The ball was started by the City and Suburban at 5.10 p.m., and being well returned by Chapman,

(*Continued on Page 14.*)

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Regimental Items.

Captain F. D. J. Annesley has been awarded an Officer's Certificate of Musketry.

No. 798 Color-Sergeant T. Cheal has been awarded a Warrant and Non.-Com. Officer's Certificate of Musketry, and he is qualified for the appointment of "Sergeant Instructor of Musketry" to a regiment or battalion, and is capable of instructing in the use and mechanism of the Maxim and Nordenfelt, Rifle Calibre and Machine Guns.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments :—

To be Lance-Corporal.

No. 2668 Private F. E. Davison.
„ 2540 „ G. Wood.

No. 570 Private F. Bellchambers, has been permitted to re-engage for such further period as will make up a total continuous service of 21 years with the colors.

The following money prizes for the Musketry Season, 1894-95, having received the sanction of the Major-General Commanding Lahore District, are awarded to the undermentioned N. C. Officers and men :—

"E" Company.

Best shot of Company, No. 727 Sergeant W. Webster, 18s. 6d.

10 per cent of best shots of Company @ 9s. 8¼d. each.

No. 727 Sergeant W. Webster,
„ 3706 „ J. H. Doran,
„ 3889 Private T. Williams.
„ 2773 „ A. Gamble,
„ 2950 Lce.-Cpl. R. Pitt,
„ 2659 Private G. Franklin,
„ 2936 „ G. R. Daley.

Best shot of Individual with magazines in one minute, at 200, 300 and 500 yards, No. 3706 Sergeant J. H. Doran, score 53 points, 12s. 4d.

2nd best shot of Individual with magazines in one minute, at 200, 300 and 500 yards, No. 2950 Lce.-Corpl. R. Pitt, score 51 points, 6s. 2d.

Two best sections in Section Attack. Sub-Section Commanders at 1s. 8d. each, No. 3706 Sergeant J. H. Doran, No. 2115 Sergeant C. H. Henniker, No. 2291 Sergeant T. Cogger, No. 3256 Lce.-Corpl. J. E. Chapman.

Men @ 10d. each.

No. 3490 Private A. Accleton.
„ 3419 „ G. Aitkinson,
„ 3336 „ W. Benham
„ 4009 „ J. Boardman,
„ 2643 „ J. Burroughs,
„ 3757 „ J. Carey.
„ 2776 „ J. Davis,
„ 2936 „ J. Gardner,
„ 2693 „ A. Green,
„ 2644 „ T. Harvey,
„ 3413 „ T. Hatton,
„ 3689 „ F. Hazlewood,
„ 3485 „ T. Humble,
„ 3186 „ J. Lever,
„ 3278 „ J. Lawler,
„ 2873 „ G. Pluck,
„ 1706 „ T. Smith,
„ 2703 „ C. E. Wherle,
„ 2286 Drummer F. Cox,
„ 2137 Private H. Arms,
„ 2936 „ G. Daley,
„ 2659 „ G. Franklin,
„ 2773 „ A. Gamble,
„ 2647 „ C. Greenaway,
„ 2733 „ T. Harrington,
„ 2658 „ T. Hopkins,
„ 3266 „ E. Marsh,
„ 2260 „ J. Palmer,
„ 3099 „ H. C. Seale,
„ 3899 „ T. Williams,
„ 2669 „ J. Williams,
„ 3870 „ H. Worley,
„ 3380 „ J. E. Watson,
„ 2540 „ G. Wood,
„ 2530 „ C. Collins,
„ 2877 „ F. Wood.

Best section in Volleys, Timed Volleys, Independent and Running Practice (Timed). Sub-Section Commanders at 3s. 4d. each, No. 2291 Sergeant T. Cogger, No. 3256 Lance-Corporal E. Chapman,

Men @ 1s. 8d. each.

No. 2137 Private H. Arms,
„ 2936 „ G. Daley,
„ 2659 „ G. Franklin,
„ 2773 „ A. Gamble,
„ 2647 „ C. Greenaway,

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No. 2733	Private	T. Harrington
,, 2658	,,	T. Hopkins,
,, 3266	,,	E. Marsh,
,, 2260	,,	J. Palmer,
,, 3099	,,	H. C. Seale,
,, 3889	,,	T. Williams,
,, 2669	,,	J. Williams,
,, 3870	,,	H. Worley.
,, 3580	,,	J. E. Watson,
,, 2540	,,	G. Wood,
,, 2530	,,	C. Collins,
,, 2877	,,	F. Wood,
,, 2286	Drummer	F. Cox.

The undermentioned men are granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and from the dates as stated opposite their names:—

3584	Private J. Young,	1d.	Granted	21-8-94,
3513	Private A. Bucknall,	1d.	Granted	27-4-94,
3434	,, A. Webb,	1d.	,,	12-9-94,
2559	,, A. Gray,	2d.	,,	12-6-94,
534	Lce.Cpl. W. Greaves,	3d.	Granted	21-8-94,
2896	Private G. Todd,	1d.	Restored	30-6-94,
3938	,, E. Bain,	1d.	Granted	22-8-94,
2504	,, W. Ford.	1d.	Restored	15-11-93,
3463	,, C. Catt,	1d.	Granted	7-6-94,
3409	,, A. Fearne,	1d.	[Resumes on reversion from Corporal,	18-7-94.
570	Private F. Bellchambers,	3d.	Granted	11-9-94.
2742	,, W. Brereton,	1d.	Restored	10-9-94,
3361	,, W. Loftus,	1d.	,,	2-9-94,
3934	,, A. Pigram,	1d.	Granted	15-8-94,
4009	Private J. Boardman,	1d.	Granted	2-9-94,
2662	,, W. Gale,	1d.	Restored	7-9-94.
3893	Private J. Last,	1d.	Granted	14-7-94
3652	,, G. Dale,	1d.	,,	13-9-94,
511	,, A. Ward,	3d.	,,	18-8-94,
3342	,, W. Austin,	1d.	Restored	30-7-94
3425	,, P. Beerling	1d.	Granted	17-9-94
2600	Private C. Dry	2d.	Granted	25-9-94
2596	Lce.-Cpl. W. Kemp,	2d.	,,	1-9-94
2325	Pte. H. Saker,	2d.	,,	5-9-94
3916	,, H. Bodman.	1d.	,,	12-8-94

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Papers:—

The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.

The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W. K. Regt.

The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.

The Army Service Corps Journal.

The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.

The 16th Lancers' Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers.

The 5 & 9, The Lilywhites' Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.

St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

7th Regiment Gazette.—7th Regt. of New York, U.S.A.

The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.

The Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infty. } Somerset

Weekly Budget and Light Bob Gazette. } Light Infty

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.

I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.

"*Ours.*"—Princess of Wales Own Yorkshire Regt.

The XVI Monthly Journal.—1st Battn. Bedfordshire Regt.

The Globe and Laurel.—Royal Marines.

The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.

The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.

The Thin Red Line.—2nd Battn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders

The Vedette.—21st Hussars.

The Tiger & Sphinx.—Gordon Highlanders.

1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E. S. Regt.

The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.

The 79th News.—79th Cameron Highlanders.

Guardsman.—71st Regiment New York.

Aldershot News.

Until lately I have always understood that for toughness, firmness and general imperviousness the honours were divided between Herr Dowe's bullet-proof coat, Mr. Maxim's steel breastplate and the ordinary commissariat beef, but a rival is now in the field. It is the A.T.A. bun, more generally known as the "wad." This marvellous production I can recommend to all Jullundur readers in search of an article with the above qualities. It can also be used as an hand-ball, as it will bounce if anything even better than the ordinary india-rubber ball.

"WADITE."

"THAT BAND."

The following dialogue was heard in the band quarters of a crack infantry corps stationed in the Punjab the other day, the said band thinking no small beer of themselves:—

Time, 8 a.m.—Orderly Officer is ascertaining that the breakfast meal is correct.

"Any complaints, men."

"Yes, sir," was the answer. The Officer stepped into the mess-room and said, "Well, what is wrong."

"Look at this tinned meat, sir. It isn't fit for *common soldiers* to eat, much less *bandsmen*."

F. F. S.

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(*Continued from Page 11.*)

was carried at once into the City quarters Within four minutes of starting a neat pass by Sergt. Smith to Chapman, and from him to Lieut. Reeves, resulted in the latter making a pretty run in. The kick at goal—taken as usual by Bailey—was a very difficult one, but only missed the mark by a few inches. On the ball being kicked out again The Buffs forwards made a grand rush down the ground, and in spite of the gallant efforts of Ritsdale and Rowe for the City to stem the torrent, the leather went over the City goal line and Street scored a try. Bailey kicked a good goal. With a goal and a try in hand after ten minutes play, things looked very rosy for The Buffs. Tait kicked off again for the City, and almost immediately down came the rain which had been threatening all the afternoon. Such a thunderstorm has rarely been seen even in Calcutta. The lightning was fearfully vivid—almost blinding, and in ten minutes the whole ground was converted into a pond. However, the game had commenced and had to be played out in spite of everything. The City and Suburban backs were playing a grand game, picking up the wet ball beautifully and tackling in the most superb manner, and consequently the ball remained for some time in neutral quarters. Good punting by Marshall and Wherle, and close following up by The Buffs forwards, brought the ball close on to the City touch line, where it remained until half-time—two tries for which Capt. Bell was responsible being added to the score. At half-time the score stood: Buffs one goal, three tries, City and Suburban *nil*. Owing to the state of the weather, which seemed to get worse every minute, the interval was a very short one. The Buffs commenced operations from the Fort end, and at once began to press the City, the ball going into a small pond close to the latter's goal line, and remaining there for some ten minutes, during which a game of water-polo was indulged in. However, the ball was at length heeled out to Bailey, who passed to Smith, the latter—who could have got in himself—made a most unselfish pass to Chapman, who ran in. With the ground in the state it was, place-kicking was nearly impossible, but Bailey almost scored the major point. How he lifted the ball at all was a marvel to the spectators and players alike. After this new reverse the City and Suburban played up very hard, and a good run by Murphy brought the ball for the first time into The Buffs 25. It did not, however, remain there long, for Lieut. Reeves, securing the leather, passed to Wherle, who made the best run of the game all along the touch line at a great pace, considering the ground, and was only shoved into touch a couple of yards from the City line. From the throw out Arms secured the ball and gained a try, which, of course, it was not possible to convert.

Once more the City kicked out, and once more the ball was brought back to their 25, the forwards of both sides having a most amusing rough and tumble in the eight or nine inches of water which now covered the ground. Just before the whistle sounded "no side," Chapman gave a good pass to Marshall who ran in in excellent style.

The Buffs thus won by a goal and six tries—21 points to *nil*, and secured the Rugby Union Challenge Cup for 1894.

The City and Suburban deserve great credit for the very plucky game, in spite of the fact that they were outweighted and outmatched all round. The play of Ritsdale, Murphy and Rowe was particularly good.

For the regiment, besides those mentioned above, excellent play was exhibited by Lieut. Tarte, Sergt. Crumby and Saunders, who were never off the ball for an instant.

The Buffs team, which was a strong one when it arrived in Calcutta, has improved very greatly with the last month, especially in the back division, where Lieut. Reeves' teaching has done wonders. "The forwards of The Buffs," as remarked by a Calcutta player, "are always an exceedingly hot lot," but even they have improved in following up, tackling and dribbling. One special feature in the team deserves a word, and that is the excellent place-kicking of Bailey. He had up to the City and Suburban match, which spoilt his record, kicked 18 goals out of 23 kicks. We may also mention that The Buffs team in their six matches have scored 121 points against 11 points scored against them.

On Tuesday, September 25th, by the 1.15 p.m. train, the victors arrived at Jullundur, and needless to say received a most hearty reception from all hands. Those good friends, the R.A.,

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enabling us to send the Band to the station to give *eclat* to the proceedings, and nearly the whole regiment turning out to do honour to our representatives.

Some Calcutta papers have inferred that our success was due more or less to flukes, though how, we are at a loss to comprehend.

The following speech, made by Mr. Walker in proposing "The winners of the Cup" at the Annual Football Dinner, satisfactorily refutes any imputation of that sort :—

The toast I have now the honour to propose is one which will appeal to every true sportsman present to-night.—The winners of the Rugby Union Challenge Cup, our old opponents in many a hard game—The Buffs. (Cheers.) Last year they came down as holders to defend the Cup, and lost; but this year, scorning to acknowledge themselves beaten, they have come 1,400 miles on purpose to show that they could win the Cup back again. And they have done it too. It is the dogged stubbornness in entering this year which has pleased every Calcutta Football player more than any other incident of this year's tournament, and we may be sure that, if ever the regiment be called upon to play at sterner games than football, that same spirit will carry them through to the bitter end, with glory to themselves and to the colors they fight under (Cheers). *Gentlemen, we have been fairly, squarely, and soundly beaten, and far be it from any of us to grudge such opponents one fraction of the praise which their success has so thoroughly earned.* As we cannot congratulate ourselves, the next best thing to do is to make a virtue of necessity and try to console ourselves with the hope that our present discomfiture will be productive of more real good to the cause of next year's Rugby football than if the Cup had been kept in Calcutta. That The Buffs will come back next year to defend the Cup is now a certainty, and, as Captain Bell put it to me himself when talking the matter over some weeks ago, the chances are that other up-country regiments, with the success of The Buffs to encourage them to rivalry, will send down teams to see what they can do towards winning the Cup. Only one word more. I hope Calcutta will take to heart one lesson which The Buffs' game ought to have taught them, that against a team in the very pink of condition the best fifteen in creation cannot do themselves justice unless they make themselves thoroughly fit, too. No half-and-half business, but *pucca* training. It is a bit of a denial for the time being no doubt, but each man who trains in the true sense of the word will reap his own reward in feeling in better health, and, if he is disposed to cavil and ask himself the question—Is it worth it? My reply to the caviller is—Ask The Buffs. Now that the fag of their training is over, you couldn't take a more practical opinion. Ask them if they did not consider themselves repaid in that one game against us for all the weeks of self-denial they put themselves through? I ask you now, gentlemen, to drink with all musical honours to the winners of the Rugby Union Challenge Cup, and I couple with the toast the name of Captain Lynden-Bell, to whom unstinted praise is due for putting such a splendid team into the field. (Loud cheers.)

The names of our gallant and athletic comrades who went to Calcutta and returned so triumphantly are:—

Captain A. Lynden-Bell (Captain),
Lieutenant B. R. K. Tarte,
" F. S. Reeves.
No. 1920 Sergeant C. Crumby.
" 2084 Sergeant J. G. Smith.
" 1598 Lce.-Sgt. H. Marshall,
" 817 Corporal A. H. Dillon,
" 2464 " J. Manning,
" 3256 Lce.-Cpl. J. H. Chapman,
" 2699 " A. Lacey,
" 1798 " E. Jarvis,
" 2632 Private E. Adsley.
" 2522 " W. Slaughter,
" 3728 " A. Taylor,
" 2703 " C. E. Wherle.
" 3872 " J. T. Bailey,
" 2649 " W. J. Horne,
" 2137 " H. Arms,
" 2296 " E. Street,
" 1831 " D. Saunders.
" 2125 " C. Beer.
" 2792 " G. Howse,
" 2615 " G. Williams.

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TO ALL SMOKERS.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

That the following Tobaccos are manufactured from the choicest Crops grown in Virginia according to our special instructions by an entirely new and improved process and are guaranteed by the manufacturers not to contain any artificial colouring, flavouring or any impurities, which are universally acknowledged by smokers to be the sole cause of the deterioration in Tobaccos.

These Tobaccos will keep in any climate in splendid condition for any length of time.

ROSE BUD.—Bright Gold-flaked Honey Dew manufactured by LAMBERT & BUTLER, London, Pronounced to be the best Pipe Tobacco of the day, and its cheapness is a marvel! **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

HONEY DEW MIXTURE.—Prepared by THOMAS OGDEN, "LD," Liverpool, from Sun-dried Virginia (sweet and mellow) Old Kentucky (full flavoured), Turkey (Dubec mild), Latakia (fragrant), all matured in Bond and judiciously blended and assures a sweet and pleasant smoke, which is enjoyed by the most fastidious smokers. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Bright Cut Navy.—Manufactured by THOS. OGDEN, "LD," Liverpool, smokes with delightful aroma and taste; it does not swell, burn hot, or "pop." nor does it cake or go hard in the Pipe, however tightly filled, and burns to the last grain. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Reliable Bird's-eye.—Manufactured by COPE BROTHERS, Liverpool, a sweet and cool High Class Cigarette Tobacco. It can be inhaled with entire satisfaction without irritating the lungs or throat. **Rs. 2-0 per lb.**

SPORT DE JAVA.

The demand for these Cigars continues very steady, besides having increasing Sales from all parts of the World and more particularly from Australia.

	Rs.	As.	P.
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 1, 4½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	3	0	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 2, 4 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	2	12	0
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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
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1898.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 91. **JULLUNDUR, OCTOBER 31st 1894.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

SUTTON—At Jullundur, on the 23rd inst., the wife of No. 164 Pte. J. Sutton, of a daughter.

NOTES.

AS will be seen in another place, cricket is "in." Our new ground has been opened and a regimental team was actually collected one day and was to have played the gunners, but the attractions of the Amritsar Horse Fair proved too strong for the Artillery captain, and the match is postponed for the present. We are glad that a fair start has been made, and hope to see a good deal of talent come to the front through the medium of company matches and the like.

... ...

An enterprising regimental contemporary is going in for a big thing during the Durbar. It intends to chronicle the doings of the regiments assembled there, and to heighten the effect with numerous illustrations.

... ...

The fever-fiend has been rather more merciful this year, but at the same time we are glad to see the rank grass taken away from the vicinity of the bungalows.

... ...

Maven's Folly Company paid us a visit during the month with "Robin Hood, Esq." A bright and cheery entertainment it turned out to be. Our redoubtable never-tiring contortionist, Shircore, was employed in the above, but not to regale us with his contortionism. When are we to see him in a regimental entertainment? When indeed are we to applaud our regimental gaffers again?

... ...

It is always well to look on the cheerful side of things. There are some who see in the forthcoming Durbar only a series of hot and dusty marches, with a distressing field day or two at

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the end of it, while happier mortals look forward to the meeting of many old friends, and the interchange of sentiments and opinions with other distinguished corps. Those amongst us who served in the 2nd Battn. at Aldershot will notice that General Clarke's old brigade will all be in the British Infantry Division at Lahore—I mean The Buffs, the Thirteenth and the 93rd Highlanders, It is to be regretted that we are only to go six companies strong.

... ...

We hear that some of our comrades left for Mooltan with the idea that, as the advance guard of the regiment, they were to plunge—almost at once—into a desperate fray with a savage enemy beyond the border. We wish them luck, and we know that if they do they will give a good account of themselves. *The Dragon* has always said that if the Waziris fight The Buffs may get their chance, but we doubt if it is necessary to sharpen the sword quite yet awhile.

... ...

Capt. Annesley and Lieut. Pearson have left for England, and Mr. Eaton is about to follow. A year's leave is always a treat, and comes but seldom in a soldier's life. England is a joyful place to visit, and a charming change after a long tour of Asiatic sojourn. We wish our three comrades a "thoroughly good time."

... ...

Lieut. Eaton will be a loss to the regimental theatre, which has been somewhat unused by our own people lately. Captain Holme, it is true, has gone away for awhile, but when the Durbar is over, which at present occupies all men's minds, we trust someone will come to the fore and help to keep the ball a rolling, and provide a merry winter's evening or two for the battalion.

... ...

Thursdays and Sundays are now devoted by our Officers to snipe. Some very good bags have already been made, and the Coffee shop is doing a roaring trade in cartridges.

... ...

Our Quarter-Master (Mr. Cumber) returned on the 20th instant from the Adjutant General's Office, Simla, where he has been engaged for about a fortnight on special duty in connection with the new clothing scheme for the British Army in India.

We hear that the new scheme will be very beneficial to the soldier, as there are several items of his clothing, which he has hitherto had to purchase, will now be issued to him gratis, and that his old clothing will remain his own property, and also that the careful soldier will be credited with compensation in lieu of any article or articles of clothing which the Officer Commanding his Company thinks he need not be issued with.

... ...

We have much pleasure in publishing the following:—

"The confidential report on the inspection of "1st Battn. The Buffs by Major-General "Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency at "Jullundur on 17th February 1894, having "been submitted to His Royal Highness the "Commander-in-Chief, the Adjutant General to "the Forces has intimated that his Royal "Highness considers that the discipline and "general efficiency of this battalion are highly "creditable."

... ...

The battalion, notwithstanding the two company detachment at Mooltan now makes a very respectable show on parade, the Bhagsu and Dalhousie parties having come in. The Mankote detachment had a bad time with their baggage animals the day they started, which they did with the other men composing the camp. Trying to do a double march the transport completely collapsed, and the road for miles was strewn with their loads.

... ...

The printing press is to be closed in a few days, but *The Dragon* will, it is hoped, be able to make some arrangements with the press at Lahore for printing next month's issue there. Contributions should be sent in early in case of trouble, as the "*Civil & Military*" establishment will probably have a good deal of extra work thrown upon its hands, and delays may be expected.

... .

It is with great regret that we have this month to disappoint our readers in the matter of the picture of the victorious football team. The firm in Calcutta which was entrusted with the job having failed to get their work done in time,

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though a whole month was given for the purpose. Regiments serving so far from the capital must, however, be prepared for such like disappointments, as it is impossible to keep people properly up to the mark from a distance, as telegrams seem to have very small effect on some people. We trust, however, to issue a presentable picture in our next issue.

... ...

TOURNAMENT

"A" *V* "F"

The second of these popular company tournaments commenced on Monday. the 8th instant, and terminated on Wednesday, the 10th instant, and was a pronounced success.

Monday commenced with table games, "F" Company winning, "Draughts, Bezique and Crib," "A" Company only winning "Backgammon." In the evening a game of football under Association Rules was played with great dash and spirit, and where all played equally well, comparisons would be invidious. "F" Company won by "One goal to nil." Tuesday was a day of rest, as both companies had their contestants on duty, or at least some of them. Wednesday opened with "Throwing the shot" (heavy), and was won by Pte. Sayers, Sergt. Leek throwing second. Pte. Sherran making the third place. This was followed by the 14 lbs. shot contest, Sergt. Leek this time proved the victor and Pte. Sayers second. Then came "Throwing the cricket ball,' the winner being Pte. Lutchford with 84 yards, and Pte. Payne second with 82 yards. "A" Company won the Quoits by 2 points. Handball was played both morning and evening, and was won by "F" Company. The shooting match came off in the evening and was won by "F" Company by 14 points. This ended the tournament proper, and "F" Company were decided the "best side of the hedge."

The two companies then proceeded to enjoy a social evening in the shape of a smoking concert. The vocal part was divided into 1st and 2nd halves, some of the singers greatly distinguished themselves.

The following is the programme :—

1ST HALF.

Song	"Shau Van Vaugh,"	Pte. Conway.
,,	"Summer Roses,"	Dr. Barnett.
Parody	"The Minstrel Boy,"	Pte. Britter.
Song	"The Major Drummer."	Dr. Payne.
Comic Song	... ...	Pte. Hopkins.

2ND HALF.

Song	"She's my only Daughter,"	Pte. Conway.
,,	"Hat of four and nine,"	Pte. Lutchford.
,,	"Where is now the merry parting,"	Corpl. Cross.
,,	"What an alteration,"	Lce.-Cpl. Patching.
,,	"There is no room for me," (encore)	
,,	"How Paddy stole the rope,"	Pte. Sherran.
,,	"True born Irishman,"	Pte. Smith.
,,	"I dreamt my little boy of thee,"	Lce.-Cpl. Baker.

Pte. Campbell surpassed himself in a very correct rendering of the renowned "Sword Dance." Dr. Barnett and Lce.-Cpl. Patching's songs were decidedly well sung, and the remainder were not far behind as regards the willingness of the performers to contribute to the general good feeling and jollity of the evening. Color-Sergt. Cheal and Sergt. Clifton were carried round about on the shoulders of their admirers, to the great danger of the bearers' equilibrium. However, after "God Save the Queen" had been sung, Sergt. Leek called for three cheers for Major Moody, which were heartily responded to. The two companies then dispersed with the honest conviction that they had spent a very jolly evening.

The football teams of the respective companies were as follows :—

"A" COMPANY.

Goal keeper.—Sergt. Leek. Full backs.—Ptes. Martin and Lutchford. Halfbacks.--Pte. Dobson, Corpl. Lacey and Pte. Waller. Forwards.—Pte. Payton, Lce.-Corpl. Patching, Lieut. Power, Pte. Sizer and Bandsman Tozer.

"F" COMPANY.

Goal keeper.—Lance-Corporal Kemp. Full backs.—Pte. Sayers and Dr. Payne. Half backs.—Ptes. Wilmott, Price and Bandsman Brown. Forwards.—Dr. Beazley, Pte. Clarke, Sergeant-Dr. Stevens, Ptes. Chapman and Vaughan.

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THE MERRY MUSICAL MINSTRELS.

On the night of the 11th the above Company made their first appearance in public. As a Minstrel Combination, this troupe is far and away the best the regiment has seen for some years. The troupe, which consists chiefly of bandsmen, is supported by Sergeant Eaton and Private Lever, the whole under the leadership of Mr. Birkhead.

At 9-30 p.m. the orchestra played an overture in good style, after which the curtain was rung up and the M.M.M. made their bow to a crowded and enthusiastic audience. The opening chorus, "De Ole Banjo," met with well deserved applause; the chorus, which was unaccompanied, sounded very sweet. The jokes were very original and were rattled off in quite professional style by the corner men, Sergeant Eaton and Private Lever. Mr. Birkhead, as Interlocutor, was all that could be desired; keeping up a brisk fire of conversation with the corner men between the songs. It would require more space than *The Dragon* allows for me to comment on each song, suffice to say that all were rendered most artistically by the singers. "Hear Dem Bells," sung by Private Abery, seemed to catch on with the audience, and this being the last song in the first part, the curtain was rung down amid much applause. After a short interval, Prof. Kumkodak (Sergeant Eaton) exhibited his world-renowned Funnygraph, and which, I'm sure, many of the audience believed to be an improvement on Edison's previous inventions, especially when they heard the cornet solo, played in exact imitation of the Phonograph. The whole concluded with a side-splitting farce (Handy Andy) between Sergeant Eaton and Private Lever. This brought the entertainment to a close.

The troupe gave another performance on the following night, when the songs and jokes went even better than on the first night. The troupe looked very neat in their costumes, the dress being ankle shoes and black hose, with white knee breeches and frock coats. The orchestra was formed in a row behind the circle, and by the way they deserve great praise for the way in which they followed the singers, even in the most difficult accompaniment. I believe the general opinion of the performance was that it was really good, but that there was not quite enough of the comic element in the songs of the circle; but I hear on very good authority that the troupe have another performance in active preparation, which will be put on soon after our arrival back from Lahore, and when that fault (if it is one) will be remedied. I wish them every success, and hope we shall often have the pleasure of seeing the M.M.M. on the boards of our Regimental Theatre, and that they will receive the patronage of the Battalion which they deserve.

MAN OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

SERGEANTS' QUADRILLE PARTY.

The Sergeants of the Battalion gave a very successful Quadrille Party on the 28th of last month. The dance, which was held in the Sergeants' Mess was a very enjoyable one; and great credit must be given to the energetic working committee for the perfection of the floor, also for their catering, which left nothing to be desired. The band as usual kept excellent time, and played with great taste during the whole of the evening. Everyone seemed to be in dancing humour, especially Band Sergeant Banbury, of the "Pompadours," who has been our guest for a few weeks. I am afraid this will be the last dance we shall be able to give before going to the Durbar; but as these dances are so popular, I trust we shall set to and give as many as we can during the remainder of the cold season after our return from Lahore, which we all hope will be before Christmas.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

HOME BATTALION NEWS.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Dear Sir,

MOATE—TULLAMORE.—The battalion left here on the 26th June and marched to the Curragh in four days (56 miles). The 1st day to Moate (10 miles), 2nd day to Tullamore (15 miles). Very hot and dusty; along close and confined lanes The camp was pitched on the barrack square—an extremely small one too—one company in the gymnasium over stables.

PORTARLINGTON.—3rd day, to Portarlington (17 miles). A very hot march. Fortunately there was a good river, where the men had a bath. 4th day, to the Curragh Camp (14 miles). The men suffered a good deal from sore feet, due to the socks being too big. No men fell out during the four days, and the young soldiers marched most pluckily, though many were evidently in great pain.

CURRAGH.—At the Curragh the battalion performed all the Field practices of musketry, with no very grand results. "C" Company being declared to be the best shooting company of the battalion. The shooting was performed under very curious circumstances. There was a field day every day at 8-30 till 1 p.m. At 1-30 p.m. a company paraded for musketry, the men usually following at intervals of ½ an hour. As there is a public road running at the back of the ranges, any old woman passing in a donkey cart can go along. The vedette on look out hoists a signal to "cease fire," and all five ranges have to stop. Sometimes the signal remains up for ¾ an hour, especially on Saturday afternoon, a market day. Hence a practice that would take ½ an hour, if uninterrupted, sometimes takes 3 hours, consequently the last companies to go down do not return to camp till 7-30 p.m., often without firing at all. This is not calculated to improve the shooting. The firing also was never allowed to be stopped for weather, and often took place in a thunderstorm. It was quite a relief to all parties when the musketry finished.

Numerous Majors came up for examination for promotion to rank of Lieut. Colonel, so the battalions were trotted out for them to manœuvre, some in the morning, some in the afternoon. This procedure put a stopper on cricket matches, so the battalion played but few, but were generally successful.

On the 1st August the battalion marched off for manœuvres (7 miles) to Harristown, and the next day (11 miles) to Blackford. We were fortunate to get a very good camping ground, on the slope of the hill. Our opponents at Tullamoy, 7 miles off, encamped in a bog. Every day there was a fight of some sort. The weather was very fairly fine, with occasional showers.

Field Marshal Lord Wolseley visited our camp and was especially pleased with the Buffs encampment, and sent a special message to Colonel Kelly to that effect. On the 11th August the battalion marched back to the Curragh (18 miles). The men were very fit and marched extremely well, doing the march in "record time," and were very highly complimented by the Brigadier, Colonel Molesworth, R.H.A. Not a single man fell out. Time—6 hours, in full marching order.

For the next week the battalion paraded for field days every day for the benefit of those Majors.

On the 20th the battalion marched back to Athlone by the same route in four days.

A party remained at the Curragh to shoot in the rifle matches, and secured £18 worth of prizes. Lieut. Geddes being the particular winner Lieut. Price won the Officers' Revolver prize.

On the 25th August General Moncrieff inspected the battalion, and expressed himself immensely pleased on the state of the battalion, and on their splendid marching and manœuvring powers. At the conclusion of the speech Col. Kelly called for three cheers, which were heartily given. The following week was the Dublin Horse Show, and most of the officers were there.

On the 5th September, "B," Capt. Vyvyan, "C," Major Backhouse and 2nd Lieut. Pritchard, left for Castlebar. No detachment is now sent to

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Galway.

Captain Porter has rejoined from Canterbury, being succeeded by Captain Philips as Adjutant of the 3rd E.K.

Colonel Kelly and all his family are away till the 10th October. Majors Jackson and Backhouse have both been back to the Curragh for examination. Capt. Eustace, Lieut. Marriott, Capt. D'Aeth, Lieuts. Finch-Hatton and Sparrow have gone on long leave. Lieut. Essell goes to Hythe this week. "G" and "H" Companies have performed the instruction of N.C.O.'s in military sketching and are now doing military training. A hard job here as the ground is very limited, Hudson's Bay being now out of bounds to the troops.

Owing to the fine weather of late there has been a great deal of boating. All the officers have been getting their horses fit for hunting, which is supposed to begin on the 3rd October; but the ground is far too hard at present and the fences too blind.

Capt. Vickerman is on sick leave.

I enclose a list of the cricket matches.

I hope this letter will meet with your approval.

I remain
Your obedient servant,
C. Gordon, Major,
The Buffs.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Dear Sir,

The Annual Cricket Tournament, commenced at the Curragh, was yesterday brought to a close, the winner turning up in "A" Company, commanded by Capt. D'Aeth, who easily defeated "G," commanded by Capt. Vertue.

1st Round.

"G" *versus* "H."

	1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
"G" Coy.	145	—
"H" ,,	62	38

Won by "G" by 1 innings and 45 runs.

For "G" Company, Capt. Vertue 38 and Lieut. Price 31, done well.

"B" *versus* "C."

	1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
"B" Coy.	25.	17
"C" ,,	107.	—

Won by "C" by an innings and 55 runs.

Lce.-Cpl. Bowles (not out 49) batted well for "C" Coy.

"A" *versus* "D"

These two companies (1st and 2nd favourites) being drawn together, a good match was anticipated, and as events proved, the large number of spectators were not disappointed.

"A" Company started the batting and were all out for 58. Capt. D'Aeth, from whom great things were expected, succumbed to a "grubber" from the Sergt.-Major, after he had only made 3.

This score "D" Company felt competent of topping, but Garside and Capt. D'Aeth soon disposed of Sergt.-Major Aherne and Color-Sergt. Cooke for 3 each. "D" Company merely fell to pieces, and compiled a total of 29 runs, just half of "A" Company's score.

"A" Company then commenced their second innings and kept "D" fully employed all over the field. In this innings Lce.-Cpl. Hindmarsh made 70 runs (not out). At 142 for 8 wickets the captain of "A" declared the innings closed, leaving "D" 171 runs to get. This looked like a walk over for "A." Sergt.-Major Aherne and Color-Sergt. Cooke again commenced the innings for "D Company and continued batting nearly the whole of the afternoon, all efforts failed to separate them, all bowlers being tried. At last the Sergt.-Major was smartly stumped by Isard for 58, and a couple of balls later Color-Sergt. Cooke was bowled for 77, the two compiling 135 out of the total required. With 8 wickets to fall for 36 things looked pretty well for "D" Coy. "A" Coy., working hard and with a lot of fresh energy, disposed of the whole of eight batsmen for 34, leaving them the winners by 2 runs.

SCORE.

	1st Innings.	2nd Innings.	Total
"A" Coy.	58.	142	200
"D" ,,	29	169	198

This brought the first round of the competition to a close, leaving for the second "A," "C," "F" and "G" Companies.

2ND ROUND.

"A" *versus* "F."

	1st Innings.	2nd Innings	Total.
"A" Coy.	39	39 for 3 wkts.	78
"F" ,,	26	51	77

Won by "A" by 7 wickets and 1 run.

"C" *versus* "G"

	1st Innings.	2nd Innings.	Total.
"C" Coy.	57	96	153
"G" ,,	131	24	155

Won by "G" Company by 2 runs and 7 wickets.

Capt. Vertue 36 for "G" Company, and 2nd Lieut. Knight 38 for "C," were top scores.

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"A" and "G" as before mentioned were left in for the final, and resulted in an easy win for "A" Company.

	1st Innings.	2nd Innings.	Total.
"A" Coy.	54	—	54
"G" ,,	30	12	42

"A" Company won by an innings and 12 runs.

As a supplement to the Annual Athletic Sports, a company boat race (1½ miles) took place. "B" and "D" were left in for the final, honors eventually falling to "B" Company after a very good race.

Next day another interesting event took place, viz., Officers and Sergeants' cricket match, which resulted in a win for the Sergeants.

Officers & Sergeants' Cricket Match.

Sergeants.

1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
47	65

Officers.

1st Innings	2nd Innings.
34	52

Victory for the Sergeants by 29 runs.

A TALE OF AN OLD BUFF.

A reader of "*The Dragon*," and an "Old Buff" (who served with the Regiment from early in the sixties until the September of '82), begs to offer this little story, which may help to fill the pages of the paper, and be interesting to the readers. The incident happened during the Crimean War, in which "The Buffs" took part. At that time there was an officer named Dunbar serving in the Regiment, he was engaged, I think, at the storming and capture of the Redan, where he was very severely wounded. The Russian fire was so persistently kept up that all hopes of getting him out of the trenches were nearly abandoned, but the true British courage showed itself in a few daring fellows, who volunteered to brave the Russian fire and try to rescue their wounded officer—"poor fellows," who have long since passed away and their brave deeds forgotten.

Well, however, one of those brave Buffs luckily succeeded in finding his officer, Capt. Dunbar, and carried him upon his shoulders out of the trenches alive; while doing so, a hand from among a number of other poor wounded fellows caught him by the leg, and said, "Jim, I beg of you, for God's sake, don't leave me here to die." This man's name was Sergt. Hart. The brave Jim once more entered the trenches under the Russian fire, and also carried Hart out alive, but he was so badly wounded that both his legs had to be amputated, and the Queen bestowed a special pension on him. He also drew what is known as the Annuity allowance. His preserver, Jim, was the next recommended to draw it after Sergt. Hart, but fate willed it otherwise, the poor fellow died before either of those for whom he so bravely risked his life; and for aught I know, Major Dunbar and Sergt. Hart may still be living. If The Buffs should go to Peshawar they will see the grave of this brave soldier, No. 2927 Sergt. James Allen. He was buried with Military Honors by the gallant Wiltshire Regiment, in October 1886. He was in possession of the Turkish, Crimean, China and good conduct medals. Yours truly

Old Buff.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Papers:—

The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.

The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W K. Regt.

The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.

The Army Service Corps' Journal.

The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.

The 16th Lancers' Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers.

The 5 & 9, The Lilywhites' Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.

St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

7th Regiment Gazette.—7th Regt. of New York. U.S.A.

The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.

The Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infty. } Somerset
Weekly Budget and Light Bob Gazette. } Light Infty

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.

I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.

"*Ours.*"—Princess of Wales Own Yorkshire Regt.

The XVI Monthly Journal.—1st Battn. Bedfordshire Regt.

The Globe and Laurel.—Royal Marines.

The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.

The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.

The Thin Red Line.—2nd Battn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders

The Vedette.—21st Hussars.

The Tiger & Sphinx.—Gordon Highlanders.

1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E. S. Reg

The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.

The 79th News.—79th Cameron Highlanders.

Guardsman.—71st Regiment New York.

Aldershot News.

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THE ADVENTURES OF CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

(A Serial by Glum.)

Continued.

MOST troopship voyages have a great family likeness to one another, and are neither the most exciting nor the most luxurious part of a soldier's life. The stifling heat between decks, when crossing the equator, and the difficulty clean men have in keeping up their reputation, are perhaps the most striking characteristics of one of these journeys. The trip from Columbo to Durban took three weeks in the "Orontes," and was only varied by a peep at the typical coral islands, the Seychelles, and a hasty visit to the beautiful Mauritius to pick up more troops. Immediately on arrival at Durban all were landed. This sounds a very ordinary operation, but let my readers ask any of their friends who have tried it what they think of landing over the bar of a south African port, with a mild south-easter blowing, and see what they will say. The men are all battened down in lighters and towed through tremendous surf, tossing about in the waves like a cork, and many a strong stomached warrior who smokes twist tobacco with indifference in "The Bay" succumbs to five minutes on the bar at East London or Durban.

"The Point" at Port Natal and the depôt camp two miles away showed most busy scenes. All troops arriving were to be forwarded to the Lower Tugela, about four or five days' march away, with the least possible delay, and, of course, stores, ammunition, hospital necessaries and all sorts of warlike material had to be forwarded along with them. But "haste! haste! haste!" was the cry, for about thirty-five miles over the frontier Colonel Pearson was beleaguered in Fort Ekowe, and a column was to start as soon as possible for his relief.

Three weeks at sea is, as everybody knows, an evil preparation for a long march, and many were the sore heels amongst the Rangers during the weary tramp from Durban to the Tugela. Weary to the feet but not weary to the eye, for, though hot and dusty, the country was very beautiful, full of charming streams and rivers, diversified with pretty farms and villages, and of a general bright green colour, by reason of the amount of sugar cane grown in those fertile lowlands.

It was on the morning of the fifth day from Durban when, after a steep up hill march for some few miles from the village of Stanger, the crest of the range was reached, and the Tugela river burst upon the view. A mighty stream for Natal, where rivers are small in size, but chiefly interesting now because Zululand and war were on the further side. Fort Pearson crowned the bluff, which commanded the ford upon the Natal side, and white tents in hundreds upon the low grassy hills of Zululand showed where the relief force was collecting, while far away upon the uplands and against the sky Ekowe itself bounded in the view.

I have no room in this little story to tell the yarn about the Zulu war and all that happened there. Sufficient let it be to say that a very few days after the arrival of the Rangers Lord Chelmsford advanced with the regiments full of young soldiers sent to him from England and the few older corps he could collect together, to relieve Colonel Pearson in Ekowe, that on his march he was attacked by an army composed of the noblest savages that perhaps this world has ever seen. That these brave fellows, utterly disregarding death and wounds, advanced with the greatest gallantry against the English square, that many English boys, particularly in one or two regiments, forgot the historic reputation of their race, forgot the honour of their corps and their individual manhood, remembered only the disaster and defeat of the 24th at Isandula, and showed themselves infinitely inferior in courage to the black men who attacked them. That these poor children were saved by the steadiness of the older corps from the disaster they courted, and that the battle proved once again what has often been satisfactorily proved before, firstly, that in savage warfare the only chance of safety when attacked is to stand firm, and secondly that if men armed with breech-loaders will stand firm nothing in the world can defeat them, except want of ammunition.

That Ekowe was satisfactorily relieved, that Zululand was once more evacuated, that more

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troops arrived from England, that great preparations were made for a second advance, and that at last after many incidents and moving accidents by field and even by flood, the power of the enemy was finally crushed at Ulundi, and whole tribes at a time sought the British camps to lay down their arms and surrender.

Now it came to pass that the Kentish Rangers camped upon a mighty plain, and two miles from their leaguer was a large wood, and in this wood one evening were camped some thousands of Zulus, together with many women and babies, and the men of this camp had come to give in their arms, and they were under these circumstances gentlemen enough to recognise the fact that they were no longer at war but at peace, and as such they sought the friendship of their English conquerors. And so it chanced that I, Kit Fescue, and my comrade, rode into this wood to chum with the Zulus and buy their weapons as trophies and curiosities, for if they did not sell them to us must they not surrender them to-morrow ? and as we were loading our ponies with asagais and shields and clubs, we heard a noise of scuffling in the wood, and mutterings and groans, and then a good sharp cry of "Help," which cry was immediately suppressed.

Now we did not care to leave a friend unaided, we did not understand how any Englishman could require help more than we did ourselves, but we must find this matter out. Guided by the noise we plunged into the bush, accompanied by our Zulu friends, who, though they seemed to be trying to persuade us not to go, seemed also to treat the matter more or less as an excellent joke.

After scrambling through the brushwood for about a hundred yards we burst into an open glade, and came upon a curious and what might very easily have been a very awful sight.

Three tall young acacia trees stood near the centre of the glade, and to each acacia tree was firmly lashed the writhing body of an English boy, and what was more, band boys of the Kentish Rangers, while over the head of one, the blade buried two inches in the tree, quivered a Zulu spear. Twenty yards in front of these boys stood the women of the tribe and all their children, while one little black fellow of about twelve years of age was poising his asagai and in the act of hurling it at the breast of Christopher Hatton.

The explanation of this scene was soon apparent. Our friendly enemies were always most offended with the English for sending boys to fight them. This is the most deadly insult they can be offered. The poor little fellows caught at Isandula were hung by the chin on hooks and speared to death. These three boys of ours, venturing into the wood as we had done, were handed over to the women and children of the tribe by the indignant warriors to serve as targets for the little boys wherein to flesh their maiden spears.

Hatton was over seventeen years of age at this time, and older perhaps than some of the so called soldiers that had come from England, but in appearance he was still a child, and was consequently treated as I have described. My comrade and myself had a terrible task to get the small boys free. The men were amenable enough and really did'nt seemed to care one way or another, but the women were perfectly furious at being robbed of their prey, and it was only by explaining as well as we could that we would cause the only English force now upon the plain to fire upon the wood, killing women and children and all if another spear was thrown, that we got the boys free. The curious part of the whole of this remarkable scene was that the Zulu gentlemen could not be got to see the graver side of the question. They treated the whole thing as a joke, a little treat for their children, and seemed to be greatly astonished at the importance we attached to so trivial an incident.

Years rolled on after the Zulu war without my seeing very much of Hatton, now I come to think of it. I met him many times of course, and continued to interest myself considerably in his welfare after he had arrived at man's estate and no longer required anyone to stand in "*loco parentis*" to him. Officers and men in the same regiment, particularly officers, meet and part so often and for such varied periods that it is often hard to remember how and when we parted last when we meet again. I obtained command of the other battalion soon after the south African troubles, and, of course, a few years later had to leave the good old regiment altogether.

(*To be continued.*)

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DAGSHAI.

IT is exactly twenty-four years ago since the 1st Battn., 3rd Regt. of Foot, "The Buffs," marched from Dagshai to Seetapore and Benares, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Gardiner, with Major Morley as our senior Major. Since that time how many changes have taken place in the old corps? well, a great many, no doubt, but I don't think any for the worse, for are we not as smart a body of men now as then? I feel sure we are. Although not an ardent admirer of the short service system, still, I think, in fact I am sure, we have as good material in The Buffs now as ever we had, and all we want is the chance of proving it. Time flies very fast, and I must be getting a bit ancient, as when I found myself going up the Dagshai road last week I could hardly realize that I had jogged up that same road with 50 other recruits, under the command of Capt. Parnell, Ensigns Hickson and Gray, just twenty-five years before.

Perhaps a short account of the changes that have taken place in Dagshai since we left might be interesting to some of our old soldiers who, although they have left us, still read *The Dragon*. I also hope the present Buff will find it, well, not too dry.

Arriving upon the parade ground from the Dharampur road, the first thing I noticed were two very fine double storey barracks, built just behind the old ball alley. These barracks are occupied by "A" and "B" Companies of the Norfolk Regiment, now stationed at Dagshai. The old ball alley looked to me as if it had not been used since we left, and I must say while we were stationed at Dagshai it was always in use. Many a game of hand-ball I have seen played there with such good players as the brothers Archibald and McGoveren of "A" Company, Tom Burke and Hickey of "K" (now "H") Company, Tom Lawton and several others of the band, whose names I cannot at the present moment recollect, being amongst the most prominent players in the battalion. If I remember right we had a regimental match with the 41st Regiment, who came over from Sabathu, and if I still remember right we beat them. Upon this same parade ground we used to play cricket, but before doing so we as usual had to make a pitch; it was about forty yards long and thirty wide. It turned out a very decent bit of ground and was very carefully guarded by a man of my company ("D"). In fact we all declared he slept there. Whenever a match was arranged between two companies it was a good thing to get your stumps in very early, because some others perhaps had also a pass in as well, and I have often slipped down after tattoo and stuck up "F" Company's (now "D") stumps, probably to the disgust of some other company, who strolled down at reveille only to find they were late. These disputes were often referred to Sergeant-Major Canning, who decided which pass was signed first by the Colonel. At this time the band and sergeants' mess had the best teams in the battalion, and either could beat the regimental eleven easily. Some of the band eleven were Tom Lawton, Ikey Turner, Cocky Olive, Chris Whyatt and Ned Holmes. I give the names as we knew them at the time. The prominent members of the sergeants' eleven were Color-Sergeant Colley, Paymaster-Sergeant Creevy, Color-Sergt. Hall, Color-Sergt. Pickett and Hospital Sergeant Eaton.

I shall not forget the match with the 41st Regiment, whom we beat. Ensign Spens had just joined us with a great cricketing reputation, (which he has fully maintained ever since) and when he went on bowling he smashed up the bats and stumps of the other side, and I think broke the leg of one of the unfortunate players. Three long-stops were put on as he was such a demon bowler, and only one man in the battalion could be induced to stand wicket-keeper for him, that man was Ned Holmes of the band, and his hands after playing were like so much jelly. While on the cricket yarn I can safely say that we have often played matches there in a fog, and the markers could not see any of the players at all, and as the runs were made, the umpires shouted out Corpl. Lawton 3, etc., etc. Well, to resume, cricket is not played in the same place now, but a cricket and football grounds have been made near the officers' mess. Polo was a game in its infancy in those days.

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and not played by The Buffs at Dagshai. Crossing the parade ground and going round behind the band bungalow I found two more new buildings, built by General Fitzwygram, for cavalry married families. There is an old Buff at Dagshai, belonging at present to the Norfolks, his name is Masterson, known to all old Buffs as old Tom Masterson. He looks very well, and must be a fairly good character, as I noticed he had lost all his good conduct badges but "Six." His wife is hospital matron, and one of his sons, "Willie," is an apothecary, I beg his pardon, an "Assistant Surgeon" there. I had a long argument with Masterson about where the band lived. I said No. 1 bungalow, which is close to the parade ground. He said no, but eventually had to give in when I reminded him of the big drum rolling down from the bungalow on to the parade ground one day we were on parade.

On the spot where Tom Burke and Tim Mahoney used to teach us recruits to vault the horse and chuck somersaults over the horizontal bar, which by the way were out in the open air, there is a very large gymnasium built, one of the best looking buildings in the station, I should say. I noticed all the bungalows have been re-roofed with galvanized iron, and I don't think much before they were wanted, as when there, during the monsoon, I have often seen my squad up nearly the whole night dodging the showers coming through the "shingle roof," a sort of roof made of tarpaulin tarred over and some gravel thrown on while the tar was wet. The old canteen building, where Davy Young, our Provost Sergeant, made many a capture, is now the sergeants' mess. The old sergeants' mess is turned into the men's liquor bar, and the Quarter-Master's stores, where us recruits on our first guard used to funk doing our sentry-go, because of the wild animals at night, is now the Free-mason's lodge. I noticed with regret that a wing has been added to the Dagshai prison, and also a set of regimental cells added to the old guard room. A new Roman Catholic Chapel has been built, and the Rev. Father Mackin, who was the Chaplain when we were there, is now at Kasauli, looking as well as ever, despite his eighty odd years of age. The barracks known as the depôt barracks are occupied by detachments from Umballa. This is the barracks where the Quarter-Master used to send any married woman to live who had misbehaved herself, as it is a long way down the khud; and it was reckoned her husband would "give her fits" for letting him into such a long walk up to his company on parade. No. 20 bungalow, where our married people (Color-Sergeant Coombes and others) used to live, is now used as offices, and one end occupied by Mr. Crunden, the Barrack Master.

While wending my way round by the Commissariat Godowns to the Cemetery, I met an old native shoemaker, who recognized me, but could not think of my regiment. I told him, "*3rd Buffs ki Paltan*," and after *salaaming* down to the ground he anxiously enquired the whereabouts of Adjutant Kane Sahib? I told him he was still with the regiment, and he said would I kindly give him *salaams* from his old *Moocha Walla*, which I of course faithfully promised to do. I went to the cemetery for the special purpose of seeing whether the tombstones, which had been placed over our deceased comrades, were in good order. All except one (Mrs. Spencer's) were in perfect order. I should say they have not been touched since the day they were erected, and reflect great credit on the workmanship of Pte. Joe White, late of "A" Company (now of Cawnpore), who cut the stones, engraved and erected them. All that is required to be done, I think, is that the faces of the stones be cleaned and the letters repainted black. The following are the names of Buffs buried at Dagshai:—

Pte. Church, "E" Company.
,, Lord, "E" ,,
,, Eady, "H" ,,
,, Milton, "K" ,,
,, Russell, "F" ,,
,, Harris, "K" ,,
,, Connors, "H" ,,
,, Sullivan, "D" ,,
Child of Color-Sergt. Brooman.
,, ,, Lieut.-Colonel Gardiner.
,, ,, Private Hanna.
,, ,, Sergeant Allen.
Wife ,, Corporal Spencer.

The tombstone (a very large one) of Mrs. Spencer has sunk down about two feet, and certainly requires urgent repair. This has been caused through the ground subsiding for about 60 square feet at one corner of the Roman Catholic Cemetery, caused no doubt by the late heavy

(*Continued on Page 13.*)

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Regimental Items.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments :—

To be Sergeants.

No. 2104 Lance-Sergeant F. R. Kent.
„ 3052 „ H. W. Sayer.
„ 2058 „ D. Revell.
„ 1546 „ A. Pelling.
„ 4 „ H. W. Davison.

To be paid Lance-Sergeants.

No. 1598 Lance-Sergeant H. Marshall.
„ 3165 „ F. J. Judges.

To be Lance-Sergeants.

No. 817 Corporal A. H. Dillon.
„ 1621 „ T. Manville.
„ 3852 „ J. G. Allen.
„ 2344 „ H. Wood.
„ 1967 „ A. Brown.

To be Corporals.

No. 2804 Lance-Corporal A. Goldfinch.
„ 1385 „ H. Anderson.
„ 3454 „ W. Shevlin.
„ 2731 „ W. J. Kemp.
„ 3268 „ B. Draper.

To be paid Lance-Corporals.

No. 3564 Lance-Corporal E. Keats.
„ 3209 „ J. May.
„ 1182 „ G. Stanford.
„ 3051 „ A. Hayward.

To be Lance-Corporals.

No. 3930 Private A. Litster.
„ 3425 „ P. Beerling.

To be Drummer.

No. 4551 Boy C. Bloomfield.

No. 1084 Sergeant J. Harlow, having been transferred to the Unattached List for employment in the Calcutta Volunteer Rifles, with effect from the 26th March 1892, he is struck off the effective strength of the battalion from that date accordingly.

Authority A.G. in India's No. 5963c, dated 6-10-94.

No. 484 Private A. Goodings has been permitted to re-engage for such further period as will make up a total continuous service of 21 years with the Colors.

No. 1190 Sergt. J. A. Willis, Unattached List, has been permitted to re-engage for such further period as will make a total continuous service of 21 years with the Colors.

The undermentioned N. C. Officers were at Dalhousie on 30th August, 1894, awarded 3rd Class Certificates of Education:—

No. 3152 Lce.-Cpl. J. Strutt,
„ 3024 „ G. Hawtin.

"C" and "G" Companies, under the command of Capt. B. F. Holme, strength 3 Officers, 153 N. C. Officers and men, 2 women, 5 children, have proceeded to Mooltan for Garrison duty.

Capt. G. V. Dauglish and 2nd Lieut. C. L. Porter also proceeded with the above party.

The undermentioned N. C. Officers and Drummers have been selected to proceed to England during the present Trooping Season, and posted to the Home Battalion, under the provisions of G. O. 24, of 1883:—

No. 592 Sergeant E. Clifton,
„ 1191 „ C. Carnell.
„ 405 „ C. H. Perry,
„ 1715 Lce.-Sergt. G. Leek,
„ 4126 Corporal A. Rae,
„ 783 „ W. J. Wittering,
„ 1391 Drummer J. Thornley,
„ 1151 „ P. Breen.

The undermentioned N.-C. Officers and men have been awarded Mounted Infantry Certificates:—

2320 Sergeant E. Smith,
2272 Corporal T. Knight,
3112 Lce.-Cpl. J. Overton,
2704 „ J. Webb,
3268 „ B. Draper,
3361 Private J. Loftus,
2785 „ J. Danton,
3315 „ J. Platts,
3090 „ H. Presbury,
3665 „ W. Webb,
2636 „ A. Wood,
3178 „ J. Lee,
2933 „ C. McLean,

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2676	Private	E. Hughes,	
3632	,,	W. Ralph,	
3012	,,	H. Underhill,	
3726	,,	W. Sandon,	
1983	,,	A. Mannings,	
3255	,,	W. Norwood,	
3508	,,	G. Moss,	
3223	,,	J. Ryan,	
3522	,,	T. Langley,	
3725	,,	R. Stead,	
3433	,,	R. Solly.	
3180	,,	H. Ashby.	

The undermentioned men are granted G. C. Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names:—

"A" COMPANY.

No.	3005	Pte. J. Whitehouse,	1d.	Restored	1-10-94.
,,	3548	,, M. Tiller,	1d.	Granted	1-10-94.

"B" COMPANY.

No.	2614	Pte. J. Oliver,	2d.	Granted	2-10-94.
,,	3637	,, F. Ford,	1d.	Restored	30-10-94.
,,	2625	,, C. Huchinson,	2d.	Granted	11-10-94.
,,	650	,, A. Bramble,	3d.	,,	6-10-94.

"C" COMPANY.

No.	2649	Pte. W. Horne,	2d.	Granted	30-10-94.
,,	2639	,, L. Gates,	2d.	,,	22-10-94.

"D" COMPANY.

No.	2328	Lce-Cpl. G. Gardner.	2d,	Granted	10-10-94.
,,	3416	Pte. A. Brookson,	1d.	Restored	9-10-94.
,,	3315	,, W. Platts,	1d.	,,	13-10-94.
,,	3418	,, G. Richardson,	1d.	Granted	9-10-94.

"E" COMPANY.

No.	2643	Pte. T. Burroughs,	2d.	Granted	22-10-94.
,,	2648	,, H. Bourner,	2d.	,,	30-10-94.
,,	2647	,, C. Greenaway,	2d.	,,	27-10-94.
,,	2612	,, W. Savage,	2d.	,,	3-10-94.
,,	4271	,, A. E. Davison,	1d.	,,	3-10-94.

"F" COMPANY.

No.	2617	Pte. J. Tester,	2d.	Granted	1-10-94.
,,	2633	,, J. Philpott,	2d.	,,	19-10-94.
,,	2613	,, H. Blinko,	2d.	,,	2-10-94.
,,	2561	,, F. Wright,	2d.	,,	4-6-94.
,,	3608	,, A. Batchelor,	1d.	,,	10-6-94.
,,	2624	,, W. Sturgis,	2d.	,,	9-10-94.

"G" COMPANY.

No.	3959	Pte. F. Robinson,	1d.	Granted	14-10-94.
,,	2618	,, W. F. Pickard,	2d.	,,	4 10-94.
,,	3393	Lce-Cpl. R. Steptoe,	1d.	,,	26-9-94.
,,	3930	,, A. Litster,	3d.	Restored	11-10-94.

"H" COMPANY.

No.	2640	Pte. H. Prince,	2d.	Granted	22-10-94.
,,	3943	,, T. Hayward.	1d.	,,	21-9-94.
,,	3741	,, R. Lunn.	1d.	,,	15-2-94.

DAGSHAI.

(*Continued from Page 11.*)

rains.

Some of our retired old Buffs will be surprised to hear that Solon, the place where we used to carry out our musketry, is now a large station. Barracks have now been built, and curiously enough they are called after the old camps we used to pitch when at musketry there. One block of buildings built along one ridge is called the "Dagshai Barracks," and those on the other ridge called the "Subathu Barracks." A half battalion from Umballa are located at Solon during the summer, and some of the men told me the place was very healthy. The bazaars are now very large ones. There are two large hotels there, one recently built by Mr. Law, a very venerable looking old gentleman, who told my wife that he had fought with the grand "Old Buffs" at the battle of Punniar in 1843, and that his regiment lay with us in Meerut in 1839 and 1840, and told her also of all the fine men we lost in that station in those years. I did not see the old gentleman at Solon, but he was pointed out to me at Simla, and is still a splendid specimen of an old soldier, as straight as a die, and seemed quite fit to fight his battles over again, although I feel sure he is over 70 years of age. I daresay our old soldiers still remember the splendid mutton we used to buy at Solon. Well, it is quite as good now, just like English meat, and what is a great deal in its favour, much cheaper. The walnuts and butterflies appear as plentiful as ever. Mr. Law is, I believe, the man who first introduced the Tonga service between Kalka and Simla, and after it was fairly established sold it to the Goverment.

There is also a large brewery at Solon, and very excellent beer they make. It is about a couple of miles from the barracks towards Simla.

Jutogh, which was only talked of in our Dagshai days, is now a large military station, with several batteries of artillery stationed there, and I believe a battalion of infantry is to be sent there next year.

H.C.C.

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SHOOTING MATCH.

SERGEANTS *V.* BATTALION.

This match took place on the Regimental range on Thursday, the 11th inst. The distances were 200 yards (standing) and 500 and 600 yards (lying). The teams were very evenly matched, the Sergeants coming out victors by 16 points only. Private Bell, "G" Company, made the top score—85. The Sergeants with their usual generosity provided light refreshment on the range.

A few matches of this description would very soon bring into prominence those best fitted to represent the battalion as a team.

SERGEANTS.

	200	500	600	Total
Color.-Sergeant Cheal ..	30	28	26	84
Sergt.-Major Featherstone	27	29	26	82
Bandmaster Birkhead ...	22	29	30	81
Color-Sergeant Holmes ...	25	28	25	78
Qr.-Mr. Sergeant Nicholas	23	28	24	75
Lance-Sergeant Reynolds ...	26	19	26	71
Band Sergeant Tozer ...	24	30	17	71
Color-Sergeant Watts ...	26	24	18	68
Sergeant Davison ...	26	24	17	67
Sergeant Roach ...	25	2	14	41
				718

BATTALION.

Pte. Bell ...	25	32	28	85
„ Davies ...	21	32	29	82
„ Stevens ...	21	22	31	74
„ Reynolds ...	20	27	27	74
„ Gammon ...	28	25	19	72
„ Nicholson ...	25	25	21	71
„ Savin ...	21	23	22	66
„ Scott ...	28	20	15	63
Dr. Thornley ...	23	19	16	58
Pte. Danton ...	22	18	17	57
				702

SHOOTING MATCH.

RIGHT HALF BATTN. *V.* LEFT HALF BATTN

This match took place on Thursday, the 18th inst. the Right Half Battn. winning by 25 points. The following are the scores:—

RIGHT HALF BATTALION.

	200	500	600	Total.
Color-Sergt. Cheal ...	32	28	27	87
Lce.-Corpl. Hasler ...	23	34	24	81
Sergt.-Major Featherstone	28	33	17	78
Sergt. Roach ...	22	22	28	72
Pte. Scott ...	22	25	23	70
Bandmaster Birkhead	26	27	17	70
Pte. Nicholson ...	27	25	14	66
„ Bellchambers ...	23	26	16	65
„ Dixon ...	24	25	16	65
Lce.-Corpl. Wood ...	21	16	17	54
				708

LEFT HALF BATTALION.

Sergt. Tozer ...	23	30	27	80
Lce.-Corpl. Smith ...	22	31	25	78
Pte. Bull	25	30	19	74
Sergt. Davison	25	31	17	73
Pte. Davis	25	21	25	71
Lce.-Sergt. Allen ...	18	28	25	71
Pte. Nethersole ...	17	26	23	66
Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Nicholas	17	28	15	60
Color.-Sergt. Cork ...	17	22	20	59
Corpl. Skinner ...	23	22	6	51
				683

CRICKET.

On Wednesday, the 10th inst., a match was played on the station ground between the Officers, N. C. Officers and men of the Right Half Battalion *vs.* those of the Left Half, which resulted in the defeat of the Right Half by 67 runs.

Score :—Right Half Battalion, 72. Left Half Battalion, 139.

A cricket match was played on Saturday, the 27th inst., between two teams captained respectively by the Sergt.-Major and Quarter-Master Sergeant. As this was the first match played on the new ground, a great amount of interest was taken in it. Pte. Wickens and Lieut. Reeves became partners, and it was not before they had put on 100 runs that they were separated. The Quarter-Master Sergeant's team did not have a good time of it, as the ground was very much cut up when they went in.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent by both sides.

Score :—The Sergeant Major's Eleven, 157. The Quarter-Master Sergeant's Eleven, 33.

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RUGBY CUP TIES

(FINAL.)

"G" *V.* "E."

On the evening of the 9th inst. the two companies above mentioned met to decide the supremacy regarding the Rugby Ties. A most exciting game was the result, more than usually so, as much comment had been passed as to the better of the two teams. Popular opinion inclined rather to "G" Company, and the result justified the good and complimentary opinion before mentioned. The two teams manifested much impatience to begin the final struggle. The signal being given to commence both sides immediately became hotly engaged. Pte. Templeton came to the front with a hard and successful try, followed by Pte. Bailey converting it into a goal. "E" Company elected to play on the defensive, and succeeded in keeping "G" Company's men away from the touch line for some time after this, when Pte Templeton again scored a try, and once again Pte. Bailey succeeded in the kick for goal. After some more hard play in which was seen grand passes and runs, but only to result in the inevitable scrimmage, the referee's whistle put an end to the first half of the game. After refreshing themselves, the opposing teams again placed themselves in watchful positions, and as soon as the whistle was heard commenced the *grand finale*. "E" Company kept a splendid defence, through which "G" Company failed to break. The game here became more exciting, neither side being able to score. Backwards and forwards both teams surged until it became quite bewildering to watch them. Once Templeton nearly succeeded in getting another try, but was forced back by sheer weight. Passing and repassing the ball "G" Company made another fine attempt to break the opposing line, but without avail. The game is finished and Colonel Harley is surrounded by an admiring throng of Rugby enthusiasts. With a few well-chosen but impressive words he presented the hard fought-for Cup to the winners. As he did so a loud hurrah rang out, and then the Colonel congratulated the Captains of both teams upon the way they tried and played. The result of the match was that "G" beat "E" by 10 points. This is the sixth year in succession that "G" Company has held the envied trophy, and it reflects great credit upon the indefatigable way in which they value the prize, by such hard practice and combination of play.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Everything in this world however vile has its use. Liars for instance are always considered very vile ; but a liar—particularly a fluent liar—is useful as an amusement, and what would life be without its amusements ?

Major Carpenter was a useful member of society, for he stuck at nothing. He solemnly informed us the other day that many years ago in India he owned a parrot. He left this bird in the charge of the mess sergeant one year when he went on his two months' leave, and the cage was hung in the mess verandah. From constantly hearing the officers of the regiment saying it, the parrot picked up the following sentence, and was always repeating it :—

"Fine fellow, Carpenter. Good fellow, Carpenter."

Soon after his master's return from leave, this clever pet escaped into the jungle, and was lost.

Years afterwards Major Carpenter was shooting at a place about 100 miles from where he had so long before been quartered, and was astonished at hearing screamed on all sides the words, "True fellow, Carpenter. Good fellow, Carpenter." The lost parrot had taught his wilder friends the words he had heard repeated so often..

... ...

Major Carpenter really was a good shot, but when he told us the following we doubted again.

"I got 3 days' leave for snipe shooting," said he, "and I was bound for a place a day's journey away, so I only was getting one day's shooting. On arrival I found my fool of a bearer had sent me out with cartridges loaded only with powder. What was I to do ? I must and would have some sport. I felt in all my pockets and found a solitary loaded cartridge left over from a previous occasion. I opened it, found one hundred and fourteen pellets, loaded the same number of cartridges with sand and placed one pellet on the top, and exactly in the centre of each. Well, I bagged-fifty six and a half couple of snipe, missing stupidly a most easy shot."

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TO ALL SMOKERS.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

That the following Tobaccos are manufactured from the choicest Crops grown in Virginia according to our special instructions by an entirely new and improved process and are guaranteed by the manufacturers not to contain any artificial colouring, flavouring or any impurities, which are universally acknowledged by smokers to be the sole cause of the deterioration in Tobaccos.

These Tobaccos will keep in any climate in splendid condition for any length of time.

ROSE BUD.—Bright Gold-flaked Honey Dew manufactured by LAMBERT & BUTLER, London, Pronounced to be the best Pipe Tobacco of the day, and its cheapness is a marvel! **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

HONEY DEW MIXTURE.—Prepared by THOMAS OGDEN, "LD," Liverpool, from Sun-dried Virginia (sweet and mellow) Old Kentucky (full flavoured), Turkey (Dubec mild) Latakia (fragrant), all matured in Bond and judiciously blended and assures a sweet and pleasant smoke, which is enjoyed by the most fastidious smokers. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Bright Cut Navy.—Manufactured by THOS. OGDEN, "LD.," Liverpool, smokes with delightful aroma and taste; it does not swell, burn hot, or "pop," nor does it cake or go hard in the Pipe, however tightly filled, and burns to the last grain. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Reliable Bird's-eye.—Manufactured by COPE BROTHERS Liverpool, a sweet and cool High Class Cigarette Tobacco. It can be inhaled with entire satisfaction without irritating the lungs or throat. **Rs. 2-0 per lb.**

SPORT DE JAVA.

The demand for these Cigars continues very steady, besides having increasing Sales from all parts of the World and more particularly from Australia.

	Rs.	As.	P.
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 1, 4½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	3	0	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 2, 4 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	2	12	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 3, 3½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	2	8	0
REGALIA, 6 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 50, per box	2	0	0
CONCHAS, 3 inches long, thin Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	1	12	0
MINUTOS, 3 inches long, Cigar Cigarette, in boxes of 100, per box	1	8	0

BEST THICK MANILLA CIGARS,

At Rs 45 per 1000. In great demand in Regimental Messes.

CHILD & Co., CALCUTTA.

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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 92. **JULLUNDUR, NOVEMBER 30th 1894.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

CHEAL—At Jullundur, on the 8th November, the wife of Color-Sergeant T. Cheal of a son.

SMITH—At Jullundur, on the 6th November, the wife of Sergeant T. G. Smith of a son.

Deaths.

MILGATE—At Dum-Dum, on the 20th November 1894, Lance-Corpl. G. Milgate, 2nd Battn. Royal Sussex Regiment (late 1st Bn. The Buffs), of Abscess of Liver.

NOTES.

AT another place will be read an account of our doings at Lahore. The Camp is a wonderful collection of rajahs, generals, old friends, strange uniforms and guards of honour. Where the pennons of some military or native swell's escort almost hourly appear on the mall, where guards turn out and general salutes are given at all sorts of odd times, and where there is a strange medley of the life of camp and court.

... ...

Lord Harris, the popular ex-captain of our county cricket team, the well-known "Man of Kent," was extremely pleased with the cordial reception given him by our fellows on the night of the 27th, when he dined with the officers in their mess tent. The cheers which greeted his arrival in camp were both genuine and hearty.

... ...

Major R. G. Kekewich, our late adjutant, who is now on General Mansfield Clarke's staff, dined the same evening; a great treat to his numerous lovers among our officers.

... ...

The Buffs were all right at the big parade. Everybody was looking out to see how the famous old corps carried themselves and how they compared with others, and friends of the regiment were by no means disappointed.

... ...

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The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, The Somerset Light Infantry and three officers and about 300 men of The Buffs, are now in camp at Lahore who formed part of General Mansfield Clarke's famous brigade at Aldershot. The General seems quite pleased to have so many old friends around him again.

... ...

The officers of The Buffs, Lieuts. Hasler, Tarte, Bainbridge and McDouall, defeated the officers of the Somerset Light Infantry at polo by four goals to two, on Wednesday, 28th inst.

... ...

On the same day the Highland games took place. Our tug-of-war team was pulled over by the 93rd, but this should not discourage our strong men, and it is hoped that now a team is started in our regiment it will be kept up, trained and improved, for it is certain that as many muscular christians come from Kent as from any county in Scotland.

... ...

Highlanders have to work at Lahore for the honour of wearing their pretty clothes. They find all ornamental parties. Even the guard of honour to receive our Kentish champion, Lord Harris, being found from the "Gay Gordons."

... .

We hear that the drills are to commence on December 2nd by a big field day, organised to test the value of a new drill of attack invented by General Kinloch.

... ...

Numerous were the rumours the other day that The Buffs were off to Waziristan. Our name was in every man's mouth who had a share to spread, and there is but small doubt but that we should have had the chance had it not been decided by those who hold the purse-strings that only native troops were to proceed.

... .

By the last mail from Ireland we are glad to hear that the 2nd Battalion had just received the "Dragons" for the cap and collar ornaments, and that they would soon be fixed on the clothing of 1894.

... ...

On the 3rd November last His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge completes 57 years' service in the Army, he having been first gazetted as a colonel on the 3rd November, 1837, and his first appointment being on the Staff at Gibraltar in 1838 and 1839. His Royal Highness has been in chief command of the Army 38 years, from July, 1856, and has been Commander-in-Chief by patent since November, 1887.

... ...

3RD BN. EAST KENT REGT. (BUFFS)—Vivian Trestrial Dampier Palmer, Gent., to be Second Lieut., 24th October. War Office Gazette, 23rd October, 1894.

... ...

The following appeared in the War Office Gazette of the 23rd October as the constitution of the 1ST CADET BN. EAST KENT REGT. (BUFFS).—John Henry White Fortescue-Cole, Esq., to be Hon. Major in command: 24th Oct. Frederick Keiling Scott, Esq., to be Hon. Capt. and Acting Adjutant: 24th Oct. Edward Riddlesdale Whitfield, Esq., to be Hon. Capt.: 24th Oct. Alexander Thomas Scott, Esq., to be Hon. Capt.: 24th Oct. Augustus Henry Scott-White, Esq., to be Hon. Capt.: 24th Oct.

The undermentioned Gentlemen to be Hon. Lieuts.: Hugh John Perry, Randolph Marriott Smyth and James Donnelly: 24th Oct. Alfred Hugh Burns, Gent., to be Hon. Second Lieut.: 24th Oct. Edward Mowil Worsford, Gent., to be Acting Quartermaster: 24th Oct.

. . ..

It must be long since Jullundur has been so thoroughly deserted as it was during the Durbar Week. Not only were The Buffs and 68th F.B.R.A. away at Lahore, but everyone, civilians as well as those on the Staff, who could get away, did so, to see the sights at Lahore.

. . ..

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Large numbers of troops have passed through Jullundur during the month on their way to Mian Mir, and visits were paid to the barracks by numbers of the Somerset Light Infantry, Norfolk Regiment and 18th Hussars. The latter turned up in force and received a hearty welcome from the few Buffs remaining behind.

... ...

It may interest some of our readers to know that three young bandsmen of the 18th Hussars are the sons of a very Old Buff, Henry Austin, who left the regiment 26 years ago, wearing the Chinese, Crimean (with Sebastopol bar) and Good Conduct Medals.

... ...

Great excitement was caused in Jullundur on Tuesday night, the 27th instant, when a fire broke out in the R.A. lines. The first party of The Buffs to arrive on the scene, by dismantling the roofs of the houses, prevented the fire spreading further, so that the fire-engine was not required on its arrival.

... .

Color-Sergeant Watts, who has left the regiment to take up the appointment of Sergt. Instructor of the Agra Volunteers, will be a great loss to "G" Company. The successes of this company in all athletic competitions must be greatly attributed to his energy and the trouble he has taken in training the different teams. The fact of "G" Company winning the Regimental Rugby Football Challenge Cup for the last 6 years speaks for itself.

... ...

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are very glad to receive the following from our old friend, Henry Herbert, late of "B" Company. The older soldiers will well remember the honest, stalwart soldier all liked so well, and will rejoice at his success in life and wish him all prosperity in his future career.

The notice about the hand-sewn boots, printed at the end of his letter, goes to show that our old comrade is doing well in the world.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Sir,

As I am an old soldier of The Buffs I thought you might like to hear of one of the regiment running away with the open mile race at R.A. Sports, Shorncliffe Camp. Of course there was plenty of entries, and I, being the R.A. divisional bootmaker, was inclined to shout good, the R.A., but when I saw Pte. Wilson, and could see that it was one of the old "*Pultun*," I changed it for bravo! the Buff. The R.A. and others ran very well, but the Buff ran fastest. Quite surprised many. I told them that The Buffs require a lot of beating. As I have a shop in barracks I often meet men that I knew in India and elsewhere, and often talk about sandstorms and monsoons, in fact I sometimes think that I am still serving, only that it is in the straw hat corps of the R.A. Give my best wishes to the old regiment, especially old friends that knew me; shall be glad to hear when you are coming home, in fact I hope a safe and speedy passage is in store for all those that wish it. Mrs. H. and family are quite well and join in best wishes for the Old Buffs.

I remain,
yours faithfully,
Henry Herbert,
(late) Sergt., The Buffs.

P.S.—Was very glad to see you won the Football Cup.

Hand-sewn boots to the front as made with English leather, and allows comfort when walking. No unclinched nails to tear the bottoms of one's socks. Mr. Herbert's boots has got for him the contract for the Police "Hand-sewn boots." This is not the first time that his boots have been to the front, for his leather and workmanship was the means of appointing him divisional bootmaker to the Royal Artillery some years ago, and which he holds to the present day. Call and see testimonials at 74, Canterbury-road, and at Shorncliffe Camp.

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The winning of Cales, 1596.

It is now nigh 300 years since the winning of Cales or Cadiz took place by the English, under command of Lord High Admiral Howard, the Earl of Essex in chief military command, and Sir Francis Vere second in command with the title of Lord Marshal of the Field. If your readers will turn up the records of the commanders of the regiment they will there find that the wisdom and valour of Sir Francis Vere was highly appreciated by Queen Elizabeth, who recalled him from Holland with his regiment in 1596 to proceed with the expedition to Spain, under the command of the Earl of Essex ; and the capture of Cadiz was owing principally to Sir Francis Vere's military skill and valour.

The Earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm :—

A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales,
And a laird of the North Countrie ;
But a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
Will buy them out all three.

The following graphic and quaint ballad is taken from the reliques of ancient poetry collected by Bishop Percy in the last century, and seems to have been composed by some person who was concerned in the expedition. Most of the circumstances related in it will be found supported by history :—

Long the proud Spaniard had vaunted to conquer us,
Threatening our countrie with fyer and sword,
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous,
With as great joy as Spain could afford.

Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes !

To the seas presentlye went our lord admiral,
With knights courageous and captains full good ;
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,
With him prepared to pass the salt flood.

Dub a dub, &c., &c.

At Plymouth speedilye took they ship valiantlye,
Braver ships were never seen under sayle ;
With their fair colours spread and streamers on their head,
Now bragging Spaniards take heed of your tayle.

Dub a dub, &c., &c.

Under Cales cunninglye came we most speedilye,
Where the king's navye securlye did ryde :
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,
Ere any Spaniards our coming descryde.

Dub a dub, &c., &c.

Great was the crying, the running and ryding,
Which at that season was made in that place ;
The beacons were fyred, as need them required,
To hyde their great treasure they had little space.

Dub a dub, &c., &c.

There you might see their ships, how they were fired fast,
And how their men drowned themselves in the sea ;
There might you hear them cry, wayle and weep piteously,
When they saw no shift to scape thence away.

Dub a dub, &c., &c.

The great St. Philip, the pryde of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom and sunk in the sea ;
But the St. Andrew and eke the St. Mathew
We took in fight manfully and brought away.

Dub a dub, &c., &c.

The great Earl of Essex, most valliant and hardye,
With horsemen and footmen marched up to the town ;
The Spaniards which saw them were greatly alarmed,
Did fly for their safeguard and durst not come down.

Dub a dub, &c., &c.

Now quoth the Noble Earl, courage my soldiers all,
Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have ;
And be well rewarded all, from the great to the small,
But looke that the women and children you save.

Dub a dub, &c., &c.

The Spaniards at that sight, thinking it vain to fight,
Hung up flags of truce and yielded the towne ;
We marched in presentlye, decking the walls on hye,
With English colours which purchased renowne.

Dub a dub, &c., &c.

Entering the houses then, of the most richest men,
For gold and treasure we searched eche day ;
In some places we did find, pyes baking left behind,
Meate at fire rosting and folkes run away.

Dub a dub, &c., &c.

Full of rich merchandize, every shop catched our eyes,
Damasks and sattens and velvets full fayre ;
Which soldiers measured out, by the length of their swords,
Of all commodities eche had a share.

Dub a dub, &c., &c.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
Marched to the market place, where he did stand ;
There many prisoners fell to our several shares,
Many crav'd mercye and mercye they found.

Dub a dub, &c., &c.

When our brave general saw they delayed all,
And would not ransome their towne as they said,
With their fair wainscotts, their presses and bedsteds,
Their joint stools and tables a fire we made.
And when the town burned all in flame,
With tara, tantarra, away we all came.

R. A. Hickson,
Major.

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Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

DEPOT NEWS.

We are glad to hear from England that the 3rd Battn. officers are establishing an "Officer's Dinner Club" on the lines that have ruled, so successfully, in governing the "Buffs' Dinner Club" of the 1st and 2nd Battns., and which is now so flourishing. The subscriptions will be 10s. per annum if at home, and 5s. for past officers serving or residing abroad, and members dining are to pay such reduced charge for their dinner as the state of the fund will permit. The annual dinners are fixed (at present) to take place on the 9th November at Limmer's Hotel, and we wish every success to the 3rd Battn. officers in their endeavours to bring the fund to a favourable issue.

SHOOTING COMPETITION.

The Permanent Staff Sergeants of the 3rd Battalion the Buffs (East Kent Regiment), held their annual shooting competition at Hythe on Saturday. The prizes consisted of a silver cup (the sole property of the winner) presented by the 3rd Battalion officers, and cash prizes. The conditions were:—No sighting shots, seven rounds at 200, 500, and 600 yards; regulation targets and marking; Lee-Metford rifle, Mark I.

The successful winners in order of merit were as follows:—

	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total	£ s. d.
S.I.M. Turner ...	22	21	21	64	* 10 0
Color-Sergt. Keeler ...	22	21	18	61	1 0 0
Sergt. Hobson ...	21	20	18	59	15 0
Sergt. Cook ...	15	23	19	57	10 0
Color-Sergt. Vile ...	16	22	18	56	7 6
Color-Sergt. Bovenzer	21	12	22	55	7 6
Color-Sergt. Strood ...	18	20	16	54	5 0
Sergt. Wynne ...	19	10	22	51	5 0

* And cup.

3rd Battn. The Buffs (East Kent Regt.)—J. E. Shaw, gent., to be second lieutenant.

HOME BATTALION NEWS.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Sir,

There has been very little going on during the last month.

"G" and "H" Companies have finished their Military Training.

All the men for the draft (160 and 50 more) are on furlough, and will return a fortnight before the date of embarkation, the 9th December.

Mr. Pritchard met with a bad accident at Castlebar, he fell off his horse while route marching, and was unconscious for several hours. McFirn, the doctor, took a very serious view of his case He is, however, improving, but I doubt if he will be able to do much more soldiering. Mr. Greenaway will shortly relieve him at Castlebar.

Captain Vertue is also laid up with a bad knee, also from a fall off his horse.

Dumb madness has broken out in the kennels. 8 of the hounds have been destroyed. Probably more will follow. This does not improve the prospects of this season's hunting.

The football team is in full swing at practice. While playing against a local club Lce.-Sergt. Kesby unfortunately broke his left leg, he is progressing favourably.

"SECUNDUS."

Dear Mr. Editor,

I enclose you a few notes, hoping they may be of some use in forming your "Home Battalion News" in addition to those sent you by "Secundus."

I must first offer you our sincere congratulations on your success at Calcutta; when your team pulled off the Final Football Match, and thereby became possessors of the Cup, I believe for the second time. Such news stirs up the blood of the youngsters (and the old un's) at home, and will cause them to make still greater exertions to place themselves in the front rank of footballers. You will be pleased to hear that we have commenced to fancy ourselves so much that we are entered for the Army Cup. The team has made tremendous strides since last year, and no doubt will give a good account of

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themselves in this, their first venture for Army football honours.

We have made some matches away from home for November, viz., Loyal North Lancashires, at Mullingar, Royal Irish Fusiliers, at Kilkenny, and Royal Irish, at Birr.

In a station like this one is very heavily handicapped for matches, as in almost every case it means a long journey.

Unfortunately when stationed at Aldershot our team was not matured.

We have played a few local matches and in each case were victorious.

The Buffs *v.* Ranelagh College, 4 to nil.

The Buffs *v.* Royal Artillery and Departmental Corps, 9 to nil.

A third match was organised, the opposing team being made up from R.A.

Athlone & Ranelagh College.—The combined team was a strong one, and large numbers of the military and townspeople assembled to witness the combat. The enemy having drawn their team from so many sources naturally lacked combination, and at half-time The Buffs had scored 2 to nil. In the next half our men played much faster, and went for their opponent's goal with vigour and narrowly missed scoring on different occasions. Just now an unfortunate accident occurred. Sergt. Kesby, going very fast, cannoned against one of the opposing team, which resulted in a broken leg. He was carried to hospital and the match was brought to a close.

I am pleased to say he is progressing favourably. He will be sadly missed this season.

While on the subject of football a word of advice to some of our young players will, I hope, be taken in good part.

1.—When you get possession of the ball don't fancy you are the only player on your side; and remember there is such a thing as "passing."

2.—That it is the duty of the "backs" to feed the "forwards" and not run up the field with the ball and try and score goals off their own bat.

3.—To ignore self-glorification and play up for the general good, instead of treating the spectators to gallery play.

4.—That there is only *one umpire*, whose decisions are final, and that he does not require the assistance of the whole team to enable him to give such decisions.

Company League matches are about to be started, which I hope will give a little impetus to football.

Some few years ago company matches were plentiful, and many a very good game I had the pleasure to witness; but now, I am sorry to say, it is reversed, why I am unable to say. We have the same class of men now as we had of yore, in fact, in a football sense, much better. Still the fact remains that outside regimental matches there is a certain amount of cool indifference on the part of those who should organize these matches, which is to be regretted.

I am fully aware that just now there is a difficulty (a large number of men being on furlo'), but my few remarks are equally applicable when all the men are present.

I think Mr. Editor you must be tired of me harping on football, but my love of the game and my anxiety to see the battalion "go ahead" must be my excuse.

Last week we had a most excellent meet for a paper-chase, organised by Capt. Williams.

Officers mounted, N.C. officers and men dismounted.

Capt. Williams and Lieut. Godfrey-Faussett were the hares, and allowed 15 minutes start, quickly followed by Capts. Porter and Vertue, and Lieuts. Price, Mairis, Gregson, and also Lieuts. Devinish and Olivier of the R.A. A most spirited run of about 3½ miles (with a few dismounts without orders) was the result. All failed to come up with the hares.

The men (on foot) travelled the same course, and all thoroughly enjoyed the spin and eager for the next.

The farmers are very good and make no objections to running over their land.

Orders for the Draft has reached us for to embark them on 9th December next.

It will probably be composed of Sergeants Copping, Grindley and Baker (not Augustus), Corporals Fairley, Taylor and Patterson (the latter from the Depot), Drummers Lilley and Crayford, 6 Boys and 154 Privates.

I have heard a whisper that 2nd Lieut. Englebach also goes out.

Majors Jackson and Backhouse have recently rejoined from the Curragh after passing successfully their examination for Lieut.-Colonel.

2nd Lieut. Knight has also passed (*a*) and (*b*).

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Sergt. Master Tailor Palmer is discharged to pension on 1st November, and will be replaced by Lce.-Corpl. Temple, Gordon Highlanders.

I hope to be soon able to send you a photograph of the battalion, &c., taken at the Curragh.

The appointment this week to a Quartermaster-ship of Sergt.-Major George Colley, West India Regiment, will be welcomed by the friends he had and who served with him in the 1st Battn. The Buffs.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
JAY AYE.

THE QUEEN'S CUP COMPETITION.

To win one of the great events in rifle shooting is by no means an easy matter, for these things are always keenly contested and entries are very numerous. To be well up is the laudable ambition of the marksmen amongst us, and this ambition we are happy to see will be realised in the competition for "The Queen's Cup" this year. The team was coached by Sergeant-Major Featherstone, and *The Dragon* offers his hearty congratulations to him and his merry men on the result recorded below.

The terms of the match were seven shots at each of the usual distances, 200, 500 and 600 yards.

One compulsory sighting shot at each distance.

Positions—kneeling at 200 yards.

Any military at 500 and 600.

Score —

NAME	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total
Sergt. Tozer ...	32	31	29	92
Sergt. Davison ...	29	31	31	91
Pte. Galvin ...	29	30	31	90
Color.-Sergt. Cheal ...	28	30	31	89
Lce.-Sergt. Marshall	30	31	28	89
Pte. Nicholson ...	31	30	25	86
Pte. Clarke ...	30	26	24	80
Pte. Davies ...	29	23	26	78

Grand total 695

We know enough about rifle shooting to be aware that 90 is a magnificent score, and that anything like 30 at 600 yards is very first-class shooting.

The grand total last year was 589 points, so the Sergeant-Major's present team has put on another 106, a very creditable performance.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Papers :—

The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.

The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W K. Regt.

The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.

The Army Service Corps' Journal.

The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.

The 16th Lancers' Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers.

The 5 & 9, The Lilywhites' Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.

St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

7th Regiment Gazette.—7th Regt. of New York. U.S.A.

The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.

The Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infty. } Somerset
Weekly Budget and Light Bob Gazette. } Light Infty

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.

I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.

"*Ours.*"—Princess of Wales Own Yorkshire Regt.

The XVI Monthly Journal.—1st Battn. Bedfordshire Regt.

The Globe and Laurel.—Royal Marines.

The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.

The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.

The Thin Red Line.—2nd Battn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders

The Vedette.—21st Hussars.

The Tiger & Sphinx.—Gordon Highlanders.

1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E. S. Regt.

The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.

The 79th News.—79th Cameron Highlanders.

Guardsman.—71st Regiment New York.

Aldershot News.

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THE ADVENTURES OF CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

(A Serial by Glum.)
Continued.

I left Christopher Hatton quartered in Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal, on proceeding to take up my own command in England, and I think the very next time I met my godson was on the Thames embankment, where I found him one summer's evening, with the sergeant's stripes upon his arm, walking in the half light with a very pretty young woman, whom I recognised as a friend of mine, one Mary Brome of Greys. I had renewed my acquaintance with Mrs. Brome when I returned to England, and had seen the family more than once, but not very recently, and this I suppose was the reason I had not known that Hatton was going to the depôt.

Another time I saw him somewhere walking with his old father, who had actually got some work somewhere, I forget where, and was rather more respectable in appearance than he had been. Poor old John Hatton, he died only the other day a very aged man of sixty or thereabouts, by which I reckoned that heavy and continuous bouts of drinking takes about twenty years off a man's life, and I should imagine that bigoted and confirmed teetotalism would have about the same result. There is a natural mean of course in drinking as in everything else.

In 1884 the Kentish Rangers went to the land of Egypt, where there had been great fighting going on for two years past, causing every hatred and malice to consume the hearts of those warriors whom a blind and perverse authority neglected to send to the seat of war. Of course, I having by this time left the regiment, am unable to describe the circumstances of their brief campaign in the Soudan, which took place in 1885, even if I had space to do so in this little sketch of Christopher's career. I will therefore content myself by saying that the regiment behaved extremely well whenever they came under fire, and a small detachment of it covered itself with something very like glory at Tofrek. I mention this fight particularly because a couple of years after its occurrence somebody discovered that Color-Sergeant Hatton of the Kentish Rangers had done very good service there in helping to rally the somewhat disordered crowd that were surprised by the Arabs.

A distinguished service medal was therefore presented to my godson before the assembled garrison of Malta, by the pompous old general, who made some complimentary remarks upon the occasion, which reminded the recipient of a somewhat similar scene that had occurred years before at Colombo.

The battle of Tofrek is the last engagement with the enemy that the hero of this narrative is ever likely to see.

I met him in London again a few months afterwards, and was duly informed of his approaching marriage with Mary Brome, which I am in a position to certify was duly and properly solemnised in St. Luke, his church at Greys, and a few days afterwards the young couple sailed to rejoin their battalion at Malta.

Mary was delighted to find how popular her husband was with all ranks of the corps to which he belonged. Many had served in south and in northern Africa and faced the enemy's fire in both places with unflinching firmness, but the saving of the young gunner at Trincomalee was not forgotten, and Hatton was greatly respected for his gallantry.

It was a night's exposure in an open boat that brought on some complication of lung complaints in Malta, and caused the invaliding board to put an end to a very promising military career. And as I said before here is my godson, 31 years of age, wearing five decorations upon his coat, carrying in his pocket the best of testimonials, nay having at his back hundreds of good but useless friends in the shape of all the officers and men who ever served with him in his regiment, and he comes to me to ask me to help him to get work. No wonder I grumbled. I have never had a valet. I hate them. I like dressing myself and putting my own things tidy. All I want is a boy to brush my clothes and black my boots. Of course if I did make a martyr of myself and take on Hatton in that

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capacity, and he evidently wants to come, I could make him answer all my letters, and that is a job I hate, and besides Mary would be very useful about the place.

[THE END.]

"All Understanding."

(By Mabel A. Beames.)

In a tiny churchyard some miles from Murree may be seen a small grave, shaded by green trees and fenced about with an iron railing. A little white cross marks the head and bears the inscription—

"Lassie."
Aged 6 years and 5 months.
"Let not your heart be troubled."

The maiden-hair waves about the little grave and the tropical flowers abound, for careful, loving hands tend it, and it is the key-note of a sad story.

Lassie was a lovely golden-haired, blue-eyed English child, and she lived with her uncle, Major Lockyer. She was all the world to him, and he filled the place of father, mother, sister and brother to her, for she was the only child of his dead brother, and she was motherless also. She was six years old at the time of which I write and her uncle was beginning to think of sending her home. He was a tall, slight man, of five or six and thirty, with very dark hair and a small dark moustache. He was very quiet and reserved, with a passion for music, besides being one of the smartest soldiers and straightest shots in India. His regiment adored him and would have gone through fire and water for a word from him. Ladies called him charming and considered no party complete without handsome, fascinating Major Lockyer. He might have married anyone, but he seemed quite content to remain a bachelor; and had he not his golden-haired Lassie? Many a stamp of impatience had Lassie been the innocent cause of when Major Lockyer was particularly wanted by some fair one to make her picnic a success, and politely declined, having planned a treat of some kind for Lassie. "I'm really awfully sorry," he would say, "but you see I promised my little girl, and I could'nt disappoint her."

"By jove! if the Major ever marries Lassie will be a bone of contention," had remarked more than one brother officer. They all loved Lassie, but the Major worshipped her. He always had time for "my little girl," and no matter how busy or tired he was, never omitted to give the child a last kiss as she lay tucked up in her little white bed. She would stir in her sleep and throw out one chubby arm round the big soldier's neck, and a lump would come in his throat as he muttered to himself "how like her mother she gets! God bless her." For his brother had married the only woman that Anthony Lockyer had ever loved, and had died when Lassie was but a month old. He was in the Royal Navy and had been killed at the bombardment of Alexandria. The shock of his sudden death had been too much for his young wife, who had heart disease, and she too died, leaving Lassie an orphan. To be a father to her and to do his duty in the service was now all Major Lockyer's aim in life.

There had been a court-martial at some distance and Major Lockyer had been on duty. He got back to his quarters just in time to dress for mess, and as he got in he called to his servant "I say, Wilson, where's Miss Lassie? I've just got time to look at her." "She's asleep, sir," replied the man. "Then I'll come in after dinner. I might awake her now," he said, and went across to the mess. But half way through dinner one of the waiters whispered something to the Adjutant, who dropped his knife and fork, and asking the Colonel to excuse him, hurriedly left the table. Outside he leant against the wall, and with a face like chalk heard the waiter's story. "It's the Major's little one, sir," said the man, "the nurse went down to the bazaar and left Miss Lassie with Wilson; that's the Major's servant, sir. He often has charge of her. They say Miss Lassie had the toothache and asked Wilson to give her something for it. He gave her chloroform in mistake, sir, and she aint woke up yet. They do say the poor mite is *dead*, and the guard just stopped Wilson shooting himself. 'Twas the nurse found the bottle a few minutes ago and told him what he'd done. They thought she was asleep."

"Good heavens! what will Lockyer do?" thought the Adjutant, as he wiped the moisture from his face. Somehow they broke the news

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to the Major, and the Colonel and the Adjutant went with him to his quarters. It was so unlike Lockyer to talk much that they feared for his brain, for all the way from the mess he was chattering incessantly to them both, chiefly retailing Lassie's sayings and doings; but when they reached the room where the child was lying, with a shock it struck him that the news was true. Without a word he bent over her, pushing the nurse and doctor aside. He lifted her out of her cot and carried her about the room, whispering into the little ears that would never hear his voice again "my little girl, my little girl." It was a sight that would have touched a heart of stone, and the Colonel, who had little ones of his own, turned aside, for he could not bear to see the strong man's agony. At length he laid her down and gently covered the lovely face. "She was all I had. God help me!" he said, with one great, bitter groan; and they left him alone with his dead child.

Lassie was buried as I have told you in the little graveyard near Murree, and time wore on. The subalterns wondered if Lockyer would ever get over it, but he never did. His life was so empty that he hastened to fill it with work, or he would have gone mad. The ladies gave him up as a bad business, for he shunned society more than ever. But he had not hardened his heart, as my story soon will show; only he had dismissed his man Wilson, for he could not bear to look at him. "I don't blame you, Wilson," he had said, "but you understand that I cannot have you as my servant any longer. I know it was pure carelessness on your part, but you see it reminds me too much seeing you about the rooms, and it might make me hard on you when I forget myself." And so Wilson went back to his regimental duty, feeling a great lump in his throat and a load of misery at his heart. But he adored the Major more than ever, for, as he said to his comrades, "some of the others might 'ave broke a chap out of spite—but 'e, bless 'im! all 'e says is "it might make me 'ard on you, Wilson, when I forgets, and so I can't 'ave you knockin' about the rooms; that's wot 'e says!"

The regiment left Murree and went down to the plains. The Major remained behind on leave, and when he rejoined the hot weather was in full swing. Fever was playing havoc in the ranks, and to make things worse the quarters were bad. Every day the dead march rolled solemnly along the lines, sometimes twice a day. Major Lockyer seemed wanted in every direction, and he had very little time to think of Lassie now, for he was on the go all day long.

The officer's wives were frightened and lived in a state of depression; but when news crept in that there were three cases of *cholera* in the hospital their misery was at its height. How many of them blessed Anthony Lockyer then! for as the need for his presence increased, his own great sorrow seemed quite forgotten, and more than one of the ladies of the regiment felt comforted for the day as he stopped for a moment and cried cheerily "never you mind, Mrs. So and So, there's no danger. Those silly fellows *will* stuff themselves with fruit and then knock about in the sun, you know. I would'nt stand out there if I were you," and he would pass on, reassuring another distressed one on his way. He tried to feel the same confidence himself, but as day after day wore on and ten, twenty, thirty, were missing from the ranks, the brave heart began to sink. At length the mortality became so terrible that the bands were only allowed to play once a day, and another dead march was substituted for "Saul," for a panic was feared.

One morning Lockyer was just setting out for the hospital, having stopped as usual to cheer one of the Subaltern's wives, who was especially low. He had just left her when one of the men stopped him. "Well, Hewitt, what is it now?" he asked as the man saluted. "Wilson's down, sir. He's very bad and wants to see you," said the trooper, apologetically. "He can't rest in peace, he says, until he speaks a word or two. I would'nt trouble you, sir, for the like of *him*, but he was so partic'lar." Wilson down and wanting him! It cost him a terrible pang as he thought of what this man had cost him. "Where's the chaplain, won't he do?" he asked. "He's very anxious to see you, sir, and the chaplain's taking a sleep. He was up all night." "All right, I'll come," replied Lockyer, for he had no feeling of resentment now. He only thought of the dying man who wanted him, and went straight to his bedside.

There was not much of Wilson left. The fearful disease had done its work and he was quickly drifting out. Lockyer's quick eyes at once took in the screen drawn round the bed.

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"Wilson, my poor lad," he said, as he bent down, "I'm sorry to see you like this." The dying soldier tried to smile. "I thought you'd come, sir," he gasped. "You wanted to speak to me?" said the Major. "Yes, sir, it was about little Miss Lassie. I did'nt do it wilful, sir. Do you think it will be counted against a chap up there, sir?" "God knows it won't!" replied Lockyer, huskily. "I never was up before the orficers before, sir," went on Wilson, "only when I was a little chap, for smoking, and I wanted so bad to hear you say you did'nt hold it against me, sir." "I forgave you long ago, Wilson. You must'nt trouble about it any more." The man smiled, and then he whispered "will you say a prayer, sir? only a little one, sir." The doctor and the chaplain had approached but they did not interfere. Wilson's eyes were fixed on Lockyer, his poor weak hands pressing the Major's feverishly. The latter knelt on one knee at the bedside, and still holding the soldier's hand repeated reverently "The peace of God that passeth all understanding———." "All understanding," gasped Wilson, and with that he died.

Lockyer staggered to his feet and went out. Wilson's death had been a shock, and he felt as though the icy hand of death were at his own heart. But he had no time even then for his own thoughts, for as he went to his quarters he passed those of the Adjutant, whose young wife had been so frightened in the morning. She saw him and ran out to speak. "Won't you come in Major Lockyer and have some tiffin?" she said," "no more bad cases I hope?" She spoke quite cheerily, for he had reassured her greatly in the morning. "None to speak of," he said, and he spoke truth, for the bad cases were all *dead*, and Wilson's had been one of the worst! "I can't come in now, thanks," he went on, trying to speak brightly, "I've just come from the hospital."

Twenty minutes or so later the regiment was coming back from the cemetery pounding away at "There's nae luck about the house." It stopped with a crash in the middle of a bar, and the Adjutant's wife wondered. "Why did the band stop with such a jerk?" she asked her husband when he came in. "We were passing poor Lockyer's quarters. He's down with this cursed cholera and awfully bad. I must go and see about him." "Oh, Charley! *not* Major Lockyer! He was talking to me not half an hour ago!" she shrieked, and flopped down in a dead faint.

Handing his wife over to her ayah the Adjutant hurried out. On the way he met the Colonel. "Lockyer of all of us!" ejaculated the latter, "the man everyone wants!" "Yes, sir," groaned the Adjutant, "and the worst of it all is that he got it from that good-for-nothing fellow Wilson, this morning. If it had been anyone else; but that scamp cost him enough before!" "Hush, Luard," said the Colonel, "that was the reason, you may be sure, of all others that Lockyer went to him," and they entered the quarters together.

"How goes it, doctor?" they whispered breathlessly. "Badly," was the reply. "It's a matter of a few minutes now. He had no strength to fight it. He has run himself off his legs the last fortnight. The chaplain's with him now. I must go too. If you don't speak either of you you can come to the door and look at him. Poor fellow! he's going out fast."

They did as he permitted; but even then death was at hand. It was for the last time in life that they looked on the face of their hero, then they bowed their heads, for his voice came from the bed, distinct but very faint—"The peace of God that passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts," and the soul of Anthony Lockyer floated out to join his little girl.

NOBILITY OF SOLDIERING.

BISHOP THOROLD'S VIEWS.

An impressive address upon discipline was delivered by the Bishop of Winchester at Aldershot Camp recently, the occasion being the harvest festival and the anniversary of the dedication of St. George's Church. His Lordship said that the obedience of a soldier was one of the grandest things in the world. The public were beginning to realise that one of the great benefits of the short service system was that men came back to their towns and villages having learnt habits of discipline, punctuality, obedience, and orderliness, and showed that a soldier could be sober, clever, obedient, and wise in civil life. Clergymen no longer looked askance at the soldier—they recognised the nobility of his calling. He would like them to remember that their duties gave them great opportunities, and if duty was sometimes hard and difficult, their rewards would be great.

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Regimental Items.

The undermentioned Non-Com. Officers are appointed paid Lce-Corporals on augmentation, with effect from 1st October 1894 inclusive, in accordance with I.A.C., of 1894, Clause 121 :—

2313 Lce.-Cpl. F. Geddes,
3256 ,, E. Chapman,
2738 ,, T. Johncock,
3393 ,, R. Steptoe,
2890 ,, R. Knott,
3580 ,, W. Prior,
2948 ,, A. Hawkins,
1503 ,, W. Papworth,
1234 ,, F. Spice,
2078 ,, A. Humphreys,
3058 ,, E. Saker,
2328 ,, G. Goodban,
3109 ,, R. Austin,
3460 ,, R. Ormsby,
2756 ,, P. Johnson,
3701 ,, E. Wood,
2913 ,, J. Horton,
3112 ,, J. Overton,
3257 ,, S. Baker,
3400 ,, J. Wilson.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments .—

To be Lance-Corporals.

2666 Private R. Rist,
3583 ,, J. W. Husson,
3550 ,, T. Allchin,
4115 ,, T. Geer.

The undermentioned have been awarded 3rd Class Certificates of Education :—

1967 Lce.-Sgt. H. Brown,
2493 Lce.-Cpl. C. Broadbridge,
3112 ,, J. Overton,
3176 ,, H. Kemp,
2913 ,, J. Horton,
2540 ,, G. Wood,
2414 ,, J. Powell,
3458 ,, F. Wheeler,
2756 ,, P. Johnson,
4551 Drummer C. Bloomfield,
3218 Private F. Duggan,
3124 ,, G. Wright,
2458 ,, J. Maskell,
3811 ,, J. Goddard.

His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief has approved of the undermentioned men being sent home during the present Trooping Season, and posted to the Home Battalion on completion of 8 years' continuous service abroad :—

1631 Private J Ball,
4093 ,, C. H. Flint,
1717 ,, J. Cassidy,
1659 ,, J. Wiseman,
558 ,, C. Osborne.
650 ,, A. W. Bramble,
1731 ,, J. Cashen,
1479 Bandsman G. Watson.

The undermentioned Non-Com. Officers have passed the Professional Examination for promotion to Corporal :—

3257 Lce.-Cpl. S. Baker,
3112 ,, J. Overton,
3109 ,, R. Austin,
3460 ,, R. Ormsby,
2313 ,, F. Geddes,
1234 ,, F. Spice,
3058 ,, E. Saker.

Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to approve of the Honorary Distinction. which is borne in the second, third and fourth corners of the Regimental Color, being carried in the first corner also, with the number of the Battalion beneath.

Authority, Horse Guards letter No. 20/2/3/2, dated War Office, 29th September 1894.

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The undermentioned men are granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and on the dates stated opposite their names :—

"A" Company.

2676	Private	E. Hughes	granted	2d.,	15-11-94.
2682	,,	G. White	,,	2d.,	20-11-94.
3225	,,	W. Brown	,,	1d.,	22-10-94.

"B" Company,

2310	Private	J. Campbell	restored	1d.,	20-8-94
3096	,,	F. Collins	granted	1d.,	18-11.94
2735	,,	R. Dixon	restored	1d.,	6-5-94
3863	,,	J. Dixon	granted	1d.,	16-6-94
2629	,,	J. Dove	,,	2d.,	16-10-94
2654	,,	T. Hammond	,,	2d..	31-10-94
3634	,,	H. Harnden	restored	1d.,	9-10-94
2710	,,	M. Sheen	,,	1d.,	13-10-94

"C" Company.

2660	Private	T. Fagg	granted	2d.,	7-11-94
3996	,,	F. Hollingsworth	,,	1d.,	19-10-94
2704	Lce.-Cpl.	J. Webb	,,	2d.,	29-11-94
3751	Private	G. Kemp	,,	1d.,	6-10-94
2689	,,	W. Stevens	,,	2d.,	22-11-94
2690	,,	F. Egan	,,	2d.,	22-11-94

"D" Company.

2656	Lce.-Cpl.	A. Foord	granted	2d.,	3-11-94
2666	,,	R. Rist	,,	2d.,	7-11-94
2566	Private	W. Candler	,,	2d.,	14-10-94

"E" Company.

1706	Private	T. Smith	granted	4d.,	26-11-94
2659	,,	G. Franklin	,,	2d.,	5-11-94
2693	,,	A. Green	,,	2d.,	23-11-94
3719	,,	S. H. Ashdown	,,	1d.,	28-11-94
2668	Lce.-Cpl.	F. E. Davison	,,	2d.,	10-11-94
3918	Private	S. H. Bryant	,,	1d.,	19-8-94

"F" Company.

2671	Private	L. Taylor	granted	2d.,	12-11-94
3965	,,	H. Miller	,,	1d.,	29-7-94
3969	,,	W. Lester	,,	1d.,	12-9-94
2615	,,	G. Williams	,,	2d.,	5-10-94

"G" Company.

2697	Private	W. Christie	granted	2d.,	26-11-94
3997	,,	C. Poile	,,	1d.,	21-10-94

"H" Company.

Nil.

WITH THE BUFFS TO LAHORE.

On Tuesday, November 13th, we left Jullundur about 600 strong, and after a march of 13 miles arrived at Kurtarpur ; here we tried to shoot but found next to nothing, owing to the very dry weather we have been having lately and also to the fact that most of the Imperial Service Troops and the Chesnut Troop, who were just ahead of us, had quartered the ground pretty thoroughly.

The next day's march to Reya was uneventful. On Thursday we had to cross the Beas, and this proved to be a long business, as the boats were very limited in number and all the baggage had to be unloaded from the camels, etc., on one side, and reloaded on the other, and we were all pretty glad when the last hackerie was on its way and the welcome sound of "Coffee shop in sight" was heard.

A little contretemps happened in the morning which might have had a serious ending, but which luckily came to nothing. As the three rear companies were halted about ½ mile the Jullundur side of the Beas they saw an officer, apparently clad in khaki serge, riding towards them, when he arrived at the line of bullock hackeries containing the officers' baggage he stopped and proceeded to undress ; it turned out to be Lieut. Bainbridge, who in the darkness of the early morning had ridden into what he thought was shallow water and suddenly found himself up to his chin. However, he and his pony got safely to shore, and after a change of clothes and a little strong water applied inwardly, Richard was himself again.

Friday we marched to Gerenda and on Saturday we arrived at Amritsar, where we remained for Sunday. Shortly after arriving we heard the strains of distant music, and soon afterwards our old friends the 1st Gurkhas marched in, few in number certainly, but in quality most select, the genial "Jack" being cordially greeted by his many friends in The Buffs. At Amritsar we wandered about seeing the Golden Temple, the carpet factories, etc. We believe there was a football match between our band and some of the Scots Fusiliers. We did not hear the result so conclude that we won, and were silent from motives of sheer modesty !

From Amritsar to Mian Mir nothing much happened. A little shooting was obtained at Attaree, 34 duck being slain one day by Messrs. Reeves, Power and Bright.

The last march from Chubeel was a short one of 8 miles, and we were told that if we took a short cut by the canal we should reduce this to 6 miles, it seemed a very good 8 however. We were met some way out by the band and pipes of the 93rd Highlanders, who played us in in great style.

Arrived at Mian Mir we lay low for the first

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few days, getting the camp ship-shape, etc., but on the day the fun began as H.E. the Viceroy arrived, and all the troops in camp turned out to line the streets. We paraded at 6 a.m. and got back to camp at 12 noon, after having had a most salutary lesson on the beauties of patience. We really began to think that H.E. must have missed his train. Tuesday was another long day. We went out and did a rehearsal of the big review and were out for rather over 6 hours; and as the whole show went on almost without a hitch, and we hear that there are to be about 5000 more troops on parade on the actual day, we expect to have a good long outing.

On Tuesday night H.E. Lord Harris dined at the Officers' Mess and met with a great reception from the Men of Kent, and made a very nice little speech in return.

On Thursday there is the big review and the Punjab ball, and on Friday the Durbar.

SERGEANTS' SMOKING CONCERT.

On the evening of Friday. the 26th, the Sergeants of the Battalion held a "Smoker" in their Mess room, when they entertained the Sergeants of the 68th F.B.R.A. prior to their departure from Jullundur. A great many visitors were present, and it was not long before one and all had settled down to enjoy themselves.

At about 9 o'clock the orchestra opened the musical part of the evening with the Sleigh Galop, after which a very nice programme of songs was carried through during the evening. The toast of the evening (Sergeants of the 68th F.B.R.A.), proposed by the Sergeant-Major, was given with much enthusiasm by all with musical honours. Sergeant Kennard responded on behalf of the Gunners, referring to the good feeling that had existed between the battery and the battalion during the couple of years they had laid together in Jullundur. A very enjoyable evening was brought to a close about midnight, when all hands in was the order, and the Mess room echoed with the strains of Auld Lang Syne.

For the past few months our Sergeants have held a series of fortnightly "At Homes" on their Tennis Court. They have all been well attended, and reflect great credit on Sergt. Carnell, the energetic president. Tuesday, the 6th, being the last "At Home" they could have before their departure for the Durbar, special invites were sent out with the magic words "Dancing after tennis," and which had the desired effect, viz., of securing a good muster of ladies. Dancing was kept up with great vigour from 7 till 10, the band as usual adding greatly to the success of the evening. No doubt on the return of the regiment from the Durbar many of these pleasant evenings will be arranged in the few short cool months that are left us before all begin to think of either a change to the hills or one to England.

I must also mention the Departmental Club, who held their first "At Home" on Saturday, the 3rd, near the R.A. Sergeants' Mess. I am sure that all who attended enjoyed themselves, the court being a very nice one to play on; and with the untiring exertions of Mrs. Hennessey the club is bound to be a success.

CRICKET.

Cricket match at Multan on the 22nd November 1894.

DETACHMENT THE BUFFS *v.* DEPOT BORDER REGIMENT.

THE BUFFS	Runs.
Lieut. Porter. c & b Phipps,	34
Pte. Templeton, b Sims,	22
Pte. Ford, b Caple,	1
Corpl. Joy, b Caple,	6
,, Anderson, c Thomas, b Caple,	8
Captain Holme, b Caple,	39
Sergt. Brennan, c Thomas, b Phipps,	7
Pte. Gear, b Balcombe,	5
,, Mason, c Storr, b Phipps,	11
,, Light, c Sims, b Phipps,	0
Corpl. Steptoe, not out,	5
Extras	7
Total	145

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BORDER REGIMENT.	Runs.
Lce.-Corpl. Caple. b Gear,	1
Pte. Lindsay, c Anderson, b Templeton,	0
Corpl. Balcombe, b Gear,	13
,, Sims, b Gear,	6
Revd. Storr, run out.	10
P. M. Sergt. Ward, b Templeton,	2
Lce.-Corpl. Phipps, c Anderson, b Gear,	8
Pte. Thomas, b Templeton,	10
Lce.-Corpl. Johnson, not out,	12
,, Leach, c Templeton, b Mason,	4
Pte Turner, b Mason,	1
Extras	6
Total	73

ODDS AND ENDS.

"SALUTE THE COLOURS."

"Know the West Riding Regiment? I should rather think I do," said an old "twicer" of the Lucknow draft. "Well, where and how did you make your acquaintance with that regiment," said his companion, thinking there might be a yarn attached to his comrade's assertion. He was not mistaken, for our friend, the "twicer," cleared his throat and said "It was in Deolali in the month of November 1888, I was only a "rooky" at the time (in this country at least), I was carrying a suleetah on my shoulders from the train to my tent when the West Riding's were marching to the station en-route to England, I turned around to have a good look at the first regiment I had ever seen in khaki, when a color-sergeant ran from the column, and giving me a push that sent me, suleetah and my helmet sprawling over each other on the ground, shouted "Why don't you salute the colours, you dummy." By the time I had picked myself up and attached my helmet button to my helmet the regiment were nearly out of sight, but I fancied that I could still hear their shouts of laughter that my discomfiture had started.

F. F. S.

BOY HEROES OF WAR.

In our army we find that many drummers and buglers have covered themselves with glory. Some boys will perhaps know that affecting story of the Peninsular War. A little fellow wandered from his regiment, and, being taken prisoner by the French, was brought before Napoleon, who looked upon him as a spy. Asked his rank in the British Army. the boy said he was a drummer, whereupon the Emperor ordered a drum to be brought, and commanded him to beat the "charge." The lad complied with much alacrity. "Now beat a retreat!" said Napoleon. "I can't," replied the boy. "No such thing is ever known in the British Army. We never beat a retreat." "Very good!" exclaimed the Emperor. "You are a brave boy, and you shall rejoin your regiment." He then ordered some of the soldiers round him to conduct the little hero to the English lines, which the drummer reached in safety. He was killed at Waterloo.

During the Abyssinian expedition a bugler, whose duty it was to remain at Lord Napier's side, slipped away as our army approached Magdala, reached the gates before the storming party, and was the first to dash into the enemy's stronghold. On returning home he received his reward—he was decorated with the Victoria Cross.

Another bugler greatly distinguished himself at the blowing open of the Cashmere Gate, the grandest exploit in the siege of Delhi. This lad formed one of the party which accomplished this memorable feat, and he was obliged to sound the "charge" three times before it could be heard above the firing of the rebels. He richly deserved the Victoria Cross that was conferred upon him.

Splendid, too, was the deed of a drummer in the Crimea. One evening, in broad daylight, he was observed to leave the trenches before Sebastopol with a can of tea in his hand. Heedless of the shower of shot and shell from the Russian batteries which poured around him, he picked his way among the wounded, giving our brave soldiers a drink. When his tea was all gone, he threw the empty can towards the Russians in a contemptuous manner, and then walked back to the trenches. The noble generosity of this lad enabled many to endure their anguish until after dark, when parties of our troops brought in the wounded. Several, probably, were by his timely action saved from death. This fact alone was doubtless sufficient reward for the wonderfully heroic lad; but he also received the Victoria Cross, which was fastened to his breast by the Queen herself.

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TO ALL SMOKERS.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

That the following Tobaccos are manufactured from the choicest Crops grown in Virginia according to our special instructions by an entirely new and improved process and are guaranteed by the manufacturers not to contain any artificial colouring, flavouring or any impurities, which are universally acknowledged by smokers to be the sole cause of the deterioration in Tobaccos.

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ROSE BUD.—Bright Gold-flaked Honey Dew manufactured by LAMBERT & BUTLER, London, Pronounced to be the best Pipe Tobacco of the day, and its cheapness is a marvel! **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

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Reliable Bird's-eye.—Manufactured by COPE BROTHERS Liverpool, a sweet and cool High Class Cigarette Tobacco. It can be inhaled with entire satisfaction without irritating the lungs or throat. **Rs. 2-0 per lb.**

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	Rs.	As.	P.
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 1, 4½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	3	0	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 2, 4 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	2	12	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 3, 3½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	2	8	0
REGALIA, 6 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 50, per box	2	0	0
CONCHAS, 3 inches long, thin Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box	1	12	0
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THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

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1898

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 93. **JULLUNDUR, DECEMBER 31st, 1894.** Price, Annas 2.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

WATTS—At Mooltan, on the 4th November 1894, the wife of Color-Sergt. Watts of a son.

DAVISON—At Jullundur, on the 9th inst., the wife of Sergt. Davison of a daughter.

REEVE—At Jullundur, on the 26th inst., the wife of Private Reeve of a son.

GRAY—At Amritsar, on the 20th inst., the wife of Sergeant-Instructor C. Gray of a son,

NOTES.

THE *Dragon* wishes its numerous readers a very Happy New Year. It was hoped that a sort of Xmas number could be made of this first issue of 1895, but it was not to be, and the absence of the editor in camp together with the Xmas holidays has caused the present number to be very late in its arrival.

... ...

The return of the battalion from Lahore, the usual holiday time and the Annual Athletic Sports have been the principal events of December. As regards the first we were extremely fortunate in our weather. Storm clouds were gathering over Lahore as we marched out, quite dry, from that Station. We heard along the road repeatedly of tremendous showers of rain at Jullundur and other places in our front. As we approached home each camping ground showed damper than the last, temporary ponds and lakelets abounded more and more and still we all kept dry. The last morning looked very cloudy, but no rain fell that day, and, at last when everyone was housed, baggage secured and everything comfortable, down came the rain again.

... ...

As the battalion was dismissed on Saturday, 22nd, we were warned for holidays till 31st, and we think that all hands enjoyed a spell of rest after our Durbar parades, field days, night attack and eight days' march home, which latter was arranged on lines approaching the luxurious,

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and as a whole marching on the Grand Trunk Road may, we think, be best described in the words of the Guard bugle:—

"It isn't very easy boys, it isn't very hard."

... ...

The crossing of the Beas river on Thursday, 20th, made quite a pleasant little change in what may be described as the monotony of the march. This operation was conducted in quicker time than most people can do it. The river was propitious and had extended only one tiny little arm, which had to be crossed on foot. Some of the carts showed a disposition to stick in the mud on the Jullundur side of the water, but by dint of manning the wheels, twisting tails, goaded and screaming, they were all got into camp before the dinner hour.

... ...

Elsewhere will be found a detailed account of the regimental sports written by our special reporter. On the whole they may be said to have been very successful, but we should like to have seen more entries for some of the events. Certain races get to be considered the property of some particular men who have won them two or three times in succession, and others are shy of trying their luck. This is a pity, for to the young and strong all things of an athletic description are possible, and many do not know what they can do till they try.

... ...

In 1877 a draft of recruits came out to join our 2nd Battalion. Amongst them was a very slim, weedy-looking lad, called Dove. Our Colonel did not consider that some of these recruits possessed sufficient stamina for the work required of them, and was particularly angry when he saw Dove, who certainly did rather resemble a lamp-post in figure and who was pale and sickly-looking. A year after this the men of his company persuaded the thin recruit to enter for some sports, anticipating a lark. Dove chose the two mile race, which was run across country, up hill and down, and *he won it easily*. I may add that the hero of this anecdote was best shot in the regiment a year or so afterwards, and that he underwent heavy marching and much exposure in Griqualand in 1878 and Zululand in 1879, without ever falling out or going sick.

... ...

There have been many rumours and counter rumours on the subject of one year's extension in the time allowed for Colonels to retain command of their battalions. First we heard the new rule was to be brought in immediately. Then that it would not operate in the case of present holders of command. The latest news is from a fairly good authority, and is to the effect that there will be no alteration at present. As extension of the command of Colonels would affect the senior Majors very materially, a further share declared that this class of old soldier would be allowed to serve till 50 years of age instead of being turned out at 48 as at present. If this rule were brought in it would save Major Jackson and bring him out here to rule in Colonel Harley's place, when the latter vacated his appointment. If there is no truth in the 50 years' rumour our next commanding officer promises to be Major Ommanney, Major Hickson commanding the home battalion next July.

... ...

Colonel Harley for the first time for very many years had reluctantly to go on the sick list at Lahore, and at first we believe the doctors thought rather seriously of his case. He was moved to Jullundur and we are glad to see that he is now about again and looking nearly as well as ever.

... ...

A much more serious case of sickness has occurred in Mr. Cumber's family, which was very grave indeed at one time, his son nearly losing his life from enteric fever. We are delighted to be able to report that the boy's naturally strong constitution, aided by the devoted nursing of his mother, father and sisters, have brought him back from the grim portal to be we hope for many years a pride, joy and credit to his parents.

... ...

We congratulate our contemporary, *The Thin Red Line*, on the issue of a very nicely got up and well illustrated Durbar edition of their paper. This is well worth reading and worth sending home to our friends to show what we were all about at Lahore. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders were naturally very much interested in the proceedings at the recent camp, as they are the local corps of Meean Meer and a member of the Highland Brigade, whose great day, November 30th, fell so opportunely

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this year, enabling the Jocks to feast a distinguished Scotsman in the person of Lord Elgin and a very distinguished highland officer (not a Scotsman) in the person of Sir George White.

The actual Durbar itself was a very curious sight to those who had seen nothing of the sort before. It left us with the impression that the Indian rajah is a curious sort of grown up baby. There were twelve of them, and twelve thrones were arranged for their reception, each throne with seats behind for the followers and courtiers. The junior monarch, or he who ruled the smallest territory, arrived first and took his seat with great dignity, quite seeming to enjoy the sensation of being, for however short a time, the biggest man present and being extremely punctilious to see that his salute consisted of the full number of guns he was entitled to. Very soon a greater than he arrived and seated himself with greater swagger still, looking quite the monarch of all he surveyed until the throne on his left was occupied by a nobler still, and so on till His Highness of Cashmere, the greatest native in the show, arrived just before our own local grandee, Lord Harris, and Lord Elgin himself, Her Majesty's representative. Some of the rajahs' jewels would have filled the female mind with bitter envy, which was perhaps the reason that none of the gentler sex were admitted.

Lord Harris has the sincerest thanks of the regiment for his very handsome present, which we hope to see converted into a challenge cup or shield before long.

A very excellent little book, entitled "The Pay Sergeant's Guide to Company Accounts" (for India), has been handed over to the editor of *The Dragon* for review, who has no hesitation in recommending it to the perusal of all young officers and those non-commissioned officers whose particular line is to qualify themselves for the work of pay sergeant. The author, Sergeant-Major Featherstone of The Buffs, is well qualified to write on the present subject, he having been for many years a thoroughly successful color-sergeant. Being nothing if not critical, we fancy we have discovered a slight mistake in diction, which we have pointed out to our old friend, the author, and which may, if he agrees with us, disappear in a second edition; but this error, if error it is, is of so slight a nature that we do not think it will become apparent to many or that it affects the utility of the little volume, which should be read over carefully with the company forms and books to refer to. We were particularly pleased with the undoubtedly straight tips conveyed in the concluding chapter, particularly that given in its first paragraph, which reads as follows:—

"The pay sergeant will find that although it does not require much talent to keep company accounts there is a great deal of work to be done in a month, and I strongly recommend a few hours being devoted daily to entering sundry items in both Forms, A & B, so that the press of work, which is inevitable on the last few days of the month, may be lightened as far as possible."

Every old officer will have experienced what it is to have his pay sergeant too busy to help him in any way during the last day or two of a month, and will be ready to endorse our author's advice. In conclusion we would strongly urge all subalterns, who in these days of generous leave, classes and courses, and multitudinous acting staff opportunities, are always finding themselves taking over a company, to obtain Sergeant-Major Featherstone's book from the *Civil and Military Gazette* Press at Lahore and carefully study its concluding page.

POLO.

On Monday, the 31st December, the 18th Hussars on their way through Jullundur played our polo team a short game of three chuckers. The visitors' team was by no means a representative one, but the chance of a little practise for our team outside the regiment was not to be missed. The game, considering the heavy state of the ground, was fairly fast, and resulted in a win for The Buffs by 3 goals to 1. The regiment has again entered a team for the British Infantry Tournament, which will take place some time in February, and active preparations are being made for the coming event. Owing chiefly to the energetic efforts of Lieut. Bainbridge we have now a fair number of ponies, and all that is wanted to work them up to tournament form is a sufficient number of players in the Station game. At present it consists of 8 or 9 subalterns in the regiment, and no outsiders, for which reason our polo players will welcome the arrival shortly of Lieut. Dyne from England, and we hope also Lieut. Porter from Mooltan.

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"The Warriors' Chapel."

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

It was my privilege to be honoured by Colonel Kerr and the Officers of the Depôt with an invitation to attend their hospitable tent during the Cricket Saturnalia Week at Canterbury, on the 8th, 9th and 10th August, and so I hied me down to that Cathedral City and found the streets gaily decked with many coloured buntings and streaming flags from windows and poles, presenting a most pleasing and animated scene, and every inhabitant I met had a good-natured smile to welcome the stranger.

I had longed wished to visit the Cathedral, and more particularly the "Warriors' Chapel," to inspect the splendid stained-glass window at the east end of it, erected by The Buffs to the memory of their comrades who fell in the Crimean War, so I determined on one of those days to make an early start from home and devote two good hours—before the cricket commenced—to a quiet visit to the Cathedral; and thinking that a description of this chapel might prove of interest to the readers of *The Dragon*, who have not had an opportunity of inspecting this grand Cathedral, I now send (though rather late in the day) a short account of my visit, compiled from my notes taken on the spot, to the "St. Michæl or Warriors' Chapel," which is situated on the south side and adjoins the nave of the Cathedral; it is built in what is termed the perpendicular style. The guide book says—

"This, which is strictly the chapel of St. "Michæl, is "usually known as the "Warriors' "Chapel," a name appropriate alike to the monu- "ments in it, and to the fact that the famous "East Kent Regiment, "The Buffs," place their "memorials to their comrades and their achieve- "ments."

On the east wall, and below The Buffs' memorial window, is one of the most interesting tombs in the Cathedral, that of Stephen Langton, the author (if we may call him) of Magna Charta; in the north-east corner is the bust of Admiral Sir John Rooke, to whom we are indebted for the capture of Gibraltar. The guide book further says—

"In the centre is a very beautiful tomb of "alabaster, showing the armour of knights and "the costume of ladies in the 15th century. It "represents the Lady Margaret Holland and her "two husbands, one on each side of her, lying "at full length, with their heads to the west, both "of some importance in our annals (in 1410). "The first was John, Earl of Somerset, son of "John Gaunt and Catherine Swinford—brother "therefore of Cardinal Beaufort and half brother "of Henry IV.—he died in 1409, and the chapel "is thought by some to have been built specially "for the reception of the tomb. The second "husband (on her left) was the Duke of Clarence, "son of Henry IV., and oddly enough therefore "nephew of his predecessor. He was killed at "Beaugy in the French wars in the year 1421. "It was this battle which caused Henry V. to return to France, where he died in the next year."

This is the general description of a portion of the interior of the "Warriors' Chapel." I shall now give a short account of the windows, tombs, tablets and inscriptions connected with The Buffs, about which the guide book unaccountably is silent.

At the east end is the superb stained-glass window, erected by the Regiment in 1862, in five perpendicular compartments, in each of which is represented scenes from the Bible. At the bottom of the centre compartment is The Buffs' Dragon, below it is a garter with the motto—

"*Veteri Frondescit Honore.*"

This splendid work of art was designed and erected by Mr. O'Connor, of Birmingham. The inscription on the left hand bottom corner of the window is as follows:—

"To their brothers in arms
who fell in the Crimea
1855-56."

"The east window in this chapel was dedicated by the Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Private Soldiers, "The Buffs," A.D. 1862."

On each side of the window is fixed two stands of old colours, that on the right (looking east) belonged to the 1st Battalion, having been sent home from India to be placed in the chapel. An escort was furnished by the 2nd Battalion, consisting of 2 officers, 4 sergeants and 100 rank and file, under the command of Major Moody, with full band and drums to assist in the ceremony—a most impressive one—full accounts

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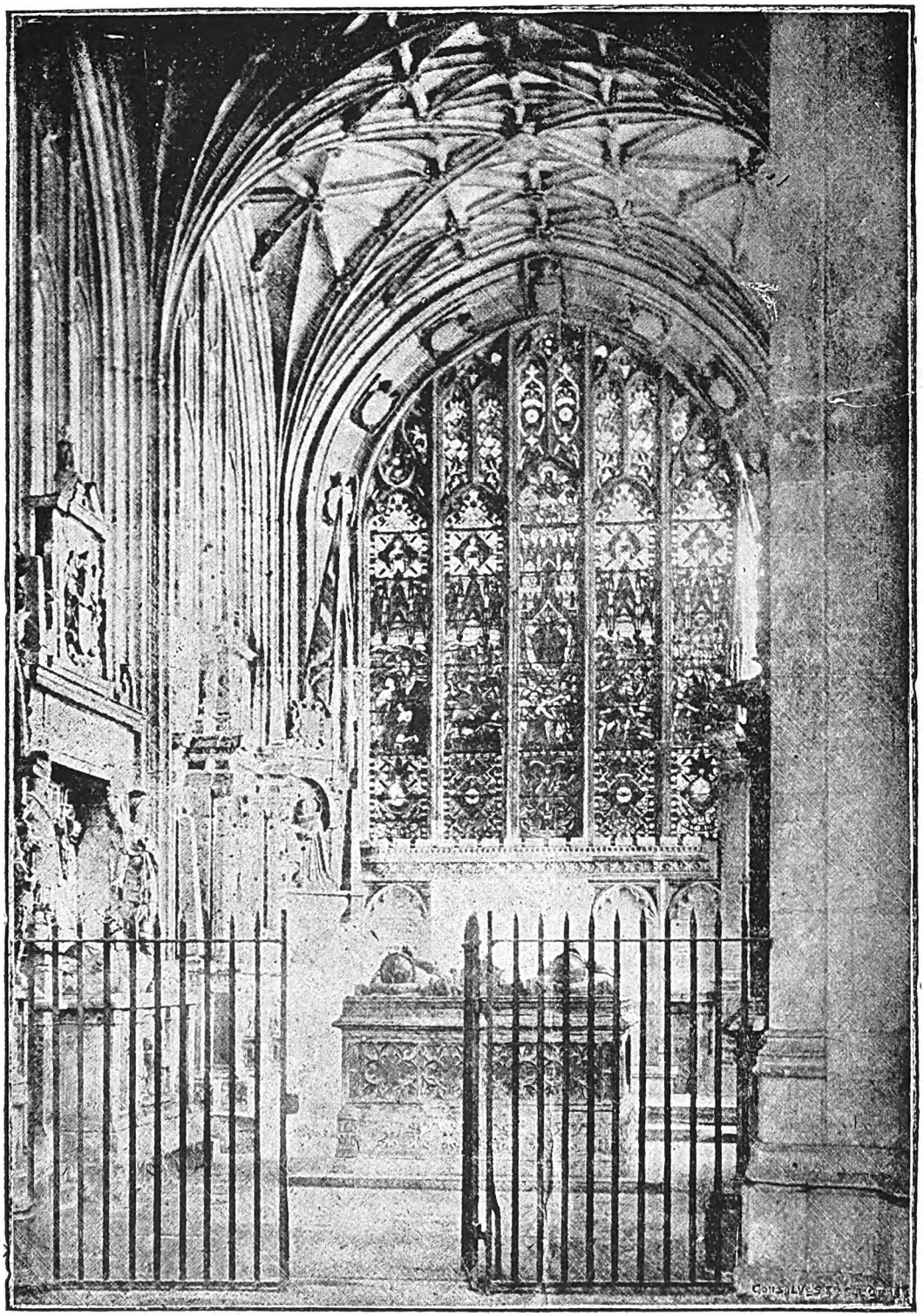

THE WARRIORS' CHAPEL, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

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of which appeared in the daily and local papers. Lieuts. Williams and D'Aeth carried the old colours, which were deposited in their last resting place on the 10th December 1892. Nearly all the officers of the 2nd Battalion and many past officers of The Buffs were present to witness the ceremony. On the other (north) side of the window is also a set of The Buffs' colours and poles, 1st Battalion, but I could get no reliable information about them, except that they had "been there a long time."

It will be remembered that in 1887 new colours were presented to the 2nd Battalion (under the command of Colonel Graves) at Dover, by His Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor, and that by his particular desire the old colours were handed to the Prince of Wales in person by General Raines, C.B., the Colonel-in-Chief of The Buffs, (in the presence of a deputation of past and present officers) on the 14th November of that year, and now hang on the wall of a large room at Marlborough House. The Lieut.-Colonel Commanding 2nd Battalion sent a party from Dover of 2 officers—Capt. Vyvyan and Lieut. Vickerman—4 colour-sergeants—Aherne (now sergeant-major), Howard, Coulby and Ward—as an escort for the old colours, thus it happens that no colours of the 2nd Battalion now adorn the Warrior's Chapel at Canterbury, although it is believed there are some old colours of former 2nd Battalions of the Regiment somewhere, there is no official trace of them.

On the south side of the "Warrior's Chapel" is another fine stained-glass memorial window, dedicated to the late Colonel Brockman, by the officers and men of the East Kent Militia. The following is the exact copy of the inscription on a marble tablet below the window :—

"To the memory of their Colonel,
George Brockman."
"This window is dedicated
by the Officers,
Non-Commissioned Officers
and Privates
of the East Kent Militia,
together with those who
formerly served in the Regiment."

"Colonel Brockman, was the eighth son of the late James Drake Brockman, of Beachborough."

"He commanded the East Kent Militia from the 15th September 1852, until his death on the 17th April 1865.'

"Aged 56 years."

This window was designed and constructed by Clayton and Bell, of London.

Besides the tombs, windows, &c., of The Buffs already noticed in the "Warrior's Chapel," there are other tombs and monuments to the memory of celebrated and distinguished people in their day; the first is (to the left as you enter) a monument to Colonel Prude, 1632, three others—a very fine tomb with full length figure on the top, dedicated to Sir Thomas Thornhurst and Lady Thornhurst, 1609 (in this monument to Sir Thomas we have a reminiscence of the unlucky expedition to the island of Rhea in 1624), and Dame Dorothy Thornhurst, 1620; a monument on the east side to Miss Ann Mills; also a tomb to Archbishop Stephen Langton, 1228, of Magna Charta fame; and three monuments to Admiral Sir J. Rooke, Sir J. Hales and F. Godfrey, Esq. This completes the description of the interior of the "Warrior's Chapel" at Canterbury.

I send with this a capital photograph of the interior of the chapel, and if it could be reproduced in the New Year's number of the 1st January 1895, I think the short account and the picture would prove of much interest to the past and present servers in the *Grand Old Buffs*.

I have not touched on the cricket or on the gay lawn in front of The Buffs' tent, filled on each afternoon with the beauty and fashion of Canterbury and smart young and old officers of The Buffs, but during the three days' cricket I noticed in the enclosure Sir Julius Raines (the Colonel of The Buffs); Colonel Maxwell Morris and Captain Godfrey Morris; Major Pennefather, late 83rd; Major Ommanney, 1st Bn. (on leave from Darjeeling); Lieut. Hulke, 1st Bn. (just arrived from India, looking very fit); Captain Porter, Adjutant, 3rd Bn.; Captain Philips, 1st Bn. (the coming Adjutant of the 3rd Bn.); Captain J. P. Fox (late B.L.), and a crowd of other gentlemen and well dressed ladies. Nor do I allude to the kindness and attention of Colonel and Mrs. Kerr, ably supported by his officers, who came each day from Shornecliffe to assist him—to their numerous visitors, as that is proverbial, so I conclude by apologising for the length of this communication,

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but the subject is so engrossing that the poor description of this interesting chapel—especially to The Buffs—could not well be curtailed.

U NO HOO.

Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

BILLIARDS.

SERGT. DRUMMERS *v.* SERGT. PIONEERS.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Sir,

One of the leading features of the Durbar week was a grand billiard contest between Sergt. Drummers and Sergt. Pioneers. The games were played off on Friday, 30th November, in the billiard room of the 93rd A. and S. Highlanders Sergeants' Mess, before a crowd of spectators, representatives of the several regiments in garrison.

The first game between Sergt. Drummer Stevens and Pioneer Sergt. Henniker (The Buffs) was very evenly contested, the "Chip" eventually being beaten by 4 points. In the second game Sergt. Drummer Patrick defeated Pioneer Sergt. Henderson (Rosshire Buffs) by 25 points; the latter was not in his usual form. The third game resulted in a win for the "Chips," Pioneer Sergt. Maxwell, of the 93rd, beating Sergt. Drummer Court, of the Gordons, by 18 points. The last game between Sergt. Drummer Thomson, of the 93rd, and Pioneer Sergt. Boutcher, of the Gordons, proved another victory for the drummers, the "Chip" losing his game by 3 points. The result of the contest was a victory for the drummers by 14 points, but the "Chips" all showed up well later on at the supper, which the 93rd had kindly prepared.

I take advantage of this opportunity to thank the Sergts. of the 93rd A. and S. Highlanders for their kindness in lending their room and table for our sole use, also for their hospitality in providing a supper, which one and all did ample justice to.

Esprit de Corps.

MOOLTAN.

Our detachment at this Station have been getting on very well since we have been down here. We have had but little sickness, and no serious cases. This month we changed our quarters, vacating those we formerly occupied near the church and taking over the "New Defensible Post," a small fort about a mile distant. On the 22nd the 60th Field Battery, R.A., held a Gymkhana, open to competitors in the garrison. In the 1st round of the Tug-of-War ties a team from the detachment pulled the 60th's team over, and 22nd Garrison Battery, Eastern Division, pulled over a team from the depot of the 2nd Border Regiment, leaving The Buffs and the 22nd to compete in the final. This was pulled off in the afternoon, The Buffs, who were ably coached by Captain Holme, winning after a good pull. This tie was pulled off amidst great excitement, one Buff being heard to say after the Elephant Battery were pulled over, "Now bring up yer elephants."

The detachment sports, under the patronage of Colonel Biscoe (Colonel on the Staff), and Commandant of the Station, were held on the 24th; there was also present most of the European ladies and gentlemen of the Station. To add zest to the competitions all winners of 1st prizes were to be given free tickets to Jullundur, so as to be able to compete in the sports at headquarters. The Mile Race was won by Pte. Hayden of "G," Pte. Austin of "C" being a good 2nd, and Pte. Howse, "G," 3rd. In the Quarter Mile, open to the garrison Pte. Hayden again proved the winner, Driver Cavanagh, 60th Field Battery, 2nd, and Corporal Steptoe 3rd. In the Tug-of-War, Officers and N.C.O's. of "C" *v* those of "G," "G" Company's team proved the stronger and won rather easily.

The principal event of the day was the Companies' Tug-of-War competition, "C" Company, under the able coaching of Captain Holme, winning after a very hard pull amidst great excitement. For this event and also for the Alarm Race Colonel Biscoe officiated as umpire. The Alarm Race was also won by "C" Company, "G" Company being rather handicapped by restive mules. It was, however, pure luck as

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regards the mules, as they were tossed for by the section commanders, Corporal Shevlin ("C" Coy). and Corporal Johncock ("G" Coy.) Pte. Macallan won the greasy pig, but was almost crushed in that event, for when he fell on the "squeaker" about ten other competitors dived on him, he was, however, rescued, and bore his prize away triumphant.

Pte. Revell distinguished himself by winning the 100 Yards Race and the 1st prize in Putting the Weight, as well as several 2nd and 3rd prizes. Pte. Rees of the Telegraphy Class won the Hurdle Race and High Jump. Pte. Swaine, "C" Coy., won the 120 Yards Race and the 2nd prize in the 100 Yards Race. The Veterans' Race was won by Captain Holme, Color-Sergeant Holme being 2nd. The prizes for that event were, however, given to Pte. Higgins (2nd Border Regiment) 1st; Pte. Cassidy 2nd; Pte. Croft 3rd. The prizes were presented by Miss Holme, standing on the prize table, supported by Colonel Biscoe, and cheers having been given for the Colonel and young lady, who presented the prizes, not excepting Captain and Mrs. Holme, the troops dispersed.

On Christmas day Colonel Biscoe, Mrs. Holme, Miss Holme and Master Holme, with the officers of the detachment, visited the mess-rooms at the dinner hour, and Colonel Biscoe drank the health of the detachment in a very complimentary speech, and Captain Holme having replied, the visitors retired amidst heavy cheering.

"C" Company "took the cake" for decorations, mainly through the skill and taste of Private C. Sherwood, to whom great credit is due. Amongst the toasts that adorned the walls were "health to the Colonel," "our comrades at headquarters," "the officers of the Regiment," "Captain and Mrs. Holme, and Master Jim," "Long live our Queen-Empress," and many others. Corporal Shevlin's skill as caterer to "C" Company left nothing to be desired, and was greatly appreciated.

I don't think that there is anything more to say except that the war in Waziristan causes great excitement in the detachment, and draws crowds every morning to see the daily paper at the library, which by the way is about six feet square.

By one who got out of the Durbar.

HOME NEWS.

Captain C. B. Vyvyan, East Kent Regt., has been appointed Brigade Major at Gibraltar, *vice* Capt. L. Munro, Hampshire Regt., and has proceeded to take up the appointment. Capt. Vyvyan will be shortly seconded, when Lieut. Essell and 2nd Lieut Perkins will probably receive promotion.

Captain N. H. Vertue, of the 2nd Battalion The Buffs, was a successful candidate for admission to the Staff College, at the competitive examination lately held in Dublin, and is under orders to join at Sandhurst on the 15th January 1895.

3rd Battn. East Kent Regt., "The Buffs"—Capt. Robert Edward Philips, East Kent Regt., to be Adjutant, *vice* Capt. G. A. Porter, whose period of service as Adjutant has expired : 1st September.

The Officers of the 3rd Battn. The Buffs (East Kent Regt.), held their annual regimental dinner on the 9th November at Limmer's Hotel. General G. W. P. Bingham, presided, and was supported by General Sir Julius Raines (Colonel in-Chief of the Buffs), Colonels J. E. Beales and Sir Herbert Perrott (Commanding 3rd Battn.), Lieut.-Colonel A. Tatham, Majors H. C. Morland (9th Lancers), H. S. Blaydes and W. L. Wilkinson, Captains J. Collier, R. E. Philips. H. Graystone, M. J. R. Dundas, C. Vipan, P. F. Fletcher, and J. W. Colley, and Mr. Arthur R. Dering.

The following officers have passed at the recent examination for promotion:—

Lieut. L. I. B. Hulke.
" F. W. B. Dyne.

The last named distinguished in Fortification.

Gazette, 11th December 1894.

5th Dragoon Guards—Lieut. L. M. Dunbar, from 3rd Battn. The Buffs (East Kent Regt.), to be second lieutenant, in succession to Lieut. G. E. N. Booker, resigned.

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Joe, a Kaffir.

A TRUE STORY.

It has struck me that "Faithful until death" would be the most fitting title for the incident I am about to relate; but unfortunately someone else has written a story with that name, so I can but call mine by that of my humble hero.

Joe was a Kaffir lad who had entered our service at the age of fourteen, and at the time of which I write was just eighteen and a half. He was devoted to my husband's interests, worshipped me and adored the children. It would be hard to define his position in our household for he did so much for us in general. But in particular, the horses were his especial charge, and how beautifully he kept all three! their coats shone like satin, in fact there were no three horses in the whole settlement half so well turned out as ours. And they loved Joe as he loved them. They understood every tone of his voice, knew every word he said to them, and would come to him whenever he called them.

He was a big strong lad, very black, with thick turned-out lips and great soft dark eyes.

I must tell you that in South Africa the natives are turned out every night, for they have their own quarters outside, and are never allowed to sleep in the European settlement.

But Joe always did so. He was such a little fellow when he came to us, and begged so hard to be allowed to sleep outside my bedroom door that I gave in, and there he had slept ever since.

Like some great faithful dog, he stretched himself on his blanket right across my doorway every night. At first my husband was greatly against it, but after a year he came round completely, and would not have altered the arrangement for all the world.

The business he was engaged in often necessitated his absence from home for two and three days and nights at a time, and he was enabled to go with the perfect knowledge that no harm could happen to us whilst faithful Joe remained on guard; for we had been awakened one morning by groans, and on opening my bedroom door my husband had found Joe and a strange man in a horrible state.

The latter was moaning painfully, but the former uttered no sound.

We afterwards discovered that the stranger had entered the house with intent to rob us, hearing that my husband was away from home (he had returned late the night before), and stumbling over Joe outside my door had been seized upon and held for nearly an hour.

The robber was one of the lowest of Dutchmen with whom the settlement abounded, and was armed with a great knife, with which he had hacked our poor Joe's hands in a terrible manner.

Joe was covered with blood when we found them and unable to use his hands; but he had buried his great white teeth in the Dutchman's throat and held him there like a bull-dog.

It was fortunate that the groans had disturbed us or he would have been killed, for he was nearly suffocated when we separated Joe from him.

After that my husband never said a word against the boy passing the night outside our door.

The children had been teasing me for some time to take them out for a good long day, so at last I was persuaded, our baskets packed, and we started off with Joe to drive us.

We had crossed the river by the ford, there was no bridge nearer to us than four miles, and had a happy day exploring the country, when Joe, who had remained with the horses, came running towards us waving his whip wildly.

Fearing that something had occurred to alarm him I called the three children and hurried down to him.

He was frightened, greatly frightened I could see, and a terrible nameless dread crept up to my heart.

"What is it, Joe?" I gasped.

His only reply was to catch up little Freda in his arms and cry—

"Run, missee, run! De Zulus coming killing us!"

I remembered then that my husband's last words that morning had been "take care you don't wander too far the other side of the river, there are queer stories going about of the unfriendly Zulus." And yet we had strayed at least two miles too far, and the very evil he had cautioned us against was upon us.

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"Run, missee, to de horses," cried Joe, and I tore along like a mad thing, dragging May, my eldest child, by the hand. Joe followed carrying Freda and Blanche in his strong young arms.

We could hear the Zulus shouting behind us, they were quite close upon us when we gained the horses, and scrambling into the cart began to hope for home and safety.

Joe seized his reins, and standing up shouted at his horses and urged them forward in a mad gallop.

We were nearing the river, our only chance of safety, when the horses slackened speed, for it was impossible to keep up such a pace for any length of time.

We were not more than a quarter of a mile from the river when above the yell of the pursuing Zulus we heard a loud continuous roar.

Without a word Joe turned and looked at me, and I shall never forget his expression of mingled horror and agony.

And now we were in sight of the water!

How shall I tell what happened—?

The river was in *flood*!

It had risen during our absence and had cut off our last hope.

The ford was almost lost to view, the placid river of a few hours ago was now a foaming, roaring cataract.

We reached the bank, The Zulus had gained upon us.

I lost all presence of mind.

"The ford Joe—the ford," I shrieked "for God's sake make haste. To drown will be better than to fall into the hands of the Zulus!"

Nearer and nearer they came, waving their assegais and howling.

Raising his whip, Joe brought down the lash with all his force across the back of one of the horses.

He plunged forward into the river, not a moment too soon—a baffled howl from the bank told us.

Half way across one of the horses missed his footing and rolled down, nearly dragging us all with him; but quick as thought Joe was on the shaft, and hacking through the trace freed the other, and we saw one beautiful creature swept away down the roaring torrent.

With an effort I controlled myself, and kept the terrified childen quiet also.

Joe had disappeared; but presently I saw him in the water swimming beside our one remaining horse, and guiding him to the opposite bank, whither a crowd was hurrying.

Leaving the horse Joe swam to the cart, and called out as well as he could whilst battling with the waters—

"Missee, gib me little Missee Freda. I put her on horse's back."

I gave my little one into his arms with a hurriedly breathed prayer, and a few moments later she was astride the animal in safety.

"Missee Blanche now," cried Joe.

I gave her to him also; and now my heart stood still, for the horse seemed unable to bear the weight of the two children, but he recovered himself immediately, and I had the unspeakable joy of seeing them out of danger.

The cart up to now had been washed along after the horse, which was harnessed to it, but this could not last long, it was impeding the animal too much.

Suddenly I felt a shake and shock. We were nearly upset, for a rock or something grated along the bottom of the cart, and immediately we were stuck fast.

Joe, still swimming, turned round. How he got at his knife I can never tell, but he did so, and hacked and hewed until he cut us adrift.

We had nearly reached the bank, where eager hands awaited us, when with a sudden lurch the cart upset, and May and I were in the water struggling for our lives.

In a flash it happened. I saw the two children and the horse dragged to land, and Joe stagger to his feet for a moment. Then with a cry the brave lad was in the raging water again, swimming swiftly towards me.

"The child," I cried," "save the child."

He did not seem to hear me. He was swimming mechanically to *me*.

As he was laying hands on me I shrieked again, "save the child!" Then I felt something clutch me.

It was my husband, and I was lying on the bank.

"The child," I gasped, when I could find my voice.

They were all there, Freda, Blanche and May. But where was our preserver, Joe, the hero?

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A little apart from the crowd lay *something* covered with a blanket.

I staggered to my feet and rushed to it.

Almost knowing what was there, I drew down the covering.

It was my poor Joe, lying on his back, with his dear, faithful, black face turned up to the sky.

I covered him again, and sitting down beside him, wept bitterly.

My husband came and knelt beside me. "How did he die?" I asked.

"He went back for the child," he said. "Poor lad, he was so exhausted he could only give her to us, and then he sank. We tried our best to save him too, but the current was like a mill-race!"

And that is the story of my poor Joe. He was but a Kaffir lad; but as surely as God is above us he has earned the crown of life, for was he not faithful unto death?

MABEL BEAMES.

THE BUFFS'

(323RD ANNIVERSARY)

Annual Athletic Sports.

Jullundur, Punjab, 28th & 29th December, 1894.

President:
Major R. A. Hickson.
Committee:
Major J. W. Hind.
Captain & Adjutant A. Lynden-Bell.
Lieut. E. G. T. Bainbridge.
Lieut. & Qr.-Mr. H. C. Cumber.
2nd Lieut. F. S. Reeves.
Hon. Secretary:
Lieut. & Qr.-Mr. H. C. Cumber.
Sub-Committee:
Sergt.-Major H. E. Featherstone.
Qr.-Mr. Sergt. W. H. Nicholas.
Color-Sergt. G. Cork.
Sergt. C. Carnell.
Sergt. Instructor Gymnastics Smith.
Lance-Sergeant A. Dillon.
Lance-Corpl. W. Hasler.
Private W. Hobbs.

The Annual Athletic Sports of the Regiment, which were held on the Regimental Parade Ground, Jullundur, on Friday and Saturday, 28th and 29th December, were, judging by the keen competition and the large attendance of spectators, a decided success.

Friday morning was taken up with the preliminary ties of the Companies' Tug-o'-War competition, some very good form being shown by some of the teams.

The programme for the afternoon included some very interesting events; most of the races calling forward a large muster of competitors.

Throwing the Cricket Ball came first, after which the Long Jump. The Band Race resulted in a win for Cooper, who came in a good distance from Hasler, the second man.

The Drummers' and the Corporals' Races were both well contested; but the Sergeants could only sport three entries for their race, which is rather poor, considering the number of cricketers and footballers who are members of the Sergeants' Mess. The race was well run, Featherstone just getting home in front of Allen.

The Mile Race was won by Corpl. Lacey in grand style, his time being very good, and which he could have reduced had he been forced at all at the finish.

Everyone was pleased to see old John Ball of "D" win the Veterans' Race; and he deserved it too, as the old chap is not quite so slim as he was in the years gone by.

The race marked open ¼ mile was converted into the Regimental quarter. Sayers led off with this at a very good pace, but Cooper on coming into the straight run, gradually gained on him, and eventually passed him, winning a splendid race, after leaving it almost too late before he put on the spurt.

The afternoon's programme was brought to a close with the semi-finals Tug-o'-War, between "A" and "C," and "F" and "H." The first pull was an easy thing for "A" Company, but the pull with "F" and "H" was well contested, lasting nearly five minutes, "H" Company eventually being left in to pull "A" Company in the final.

The first event for Saturday afternoon was the High Jump, Hasler taking first place with a jump of 5 ft., 1 in., which he cleared without exertion. This is the sixth year he has won this event in succession.

The time for the 2 miles Walking Race, won by Sayers, was hardly as good as last year.

Putting the Weight was carried off by Revell,

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who had come down from Mooltan, with several others of "C" and "G," to compete in the sports.

The 120 yards Privates' Race brought out a good field, Cooper again running well and winning easily by a couple of yards.

Both the Single Sticks and the Bayonet v. Bayonet competitions were well fought out. The Boxing by the Gymnastic Staff let everyone see that we have some very fair exponents of the fistic art in the Regiment.

There was great speculation as to who would win the Regimental 100 yards. There were a great many entries, but from the start Hasler took the lead and kept it till the finish, Cooper running second.

The Obstacle Race, which was by no means an easy one, caused a great deal of amusement for the spectators. Lee, Barnett and Sayers were the first three in, but they all looked as though they had had enough.

The Hurdle Race again brought Hasler to the front, with Marshall a very fair second. Grinning through the horse collar created a great deal more grinning on the part of the spectators, the palm as everyone expected being given to Shircore, our Regimental contortionist.

The Alarm competition for companies brought out teams from "A," "B," "C" and "E" Companies. I am at a loss to know why "D" "F" and "H" did not turn out, as every company in the Regiment should have at least half a dozen teams ready to compete after our recent march to and from the Durbar.

"B" Company's team, commanded by Corpl. Canning, deserve great praise not only for the good time they finished in, but for the soldier-like way in which everything was done, from striking their tent to firing their volleys. Winning this event ensured them being the best Athletic Company; the points won by Hasler and Cooper of the Band also helping them to a very considerable extent, both of them belonging to "B" Company. It was gratifying to see "C" Company's team, who came down from Mooltan, secure second prize.

The greasy pig turned out a failure, as when they wanted him to start running poor Dennis had the cramp, through having his legs tied up all the afternoon, previous to the time of the race. The competitors seemed quite satisfied though when they were told to take it away and share it, and I hope they enjoyed a good dinner off the same.

The Bally Hooly Race, in which the competitors were asked to eat a bun, light a cigar, and a host of other things, seemed to be very popular, as there appeared to be quite a host at the bun table. Williams was awarded first prize, his menu card showing that he preferred "Pie" to the time honoured "Stew in a net," which most of the troops around were shouting out as the favourite dish.

The Consolation Race was carried off by Sizer, and it seemed a pity to see such a good athlete only taking a place in the Consolation Race.

The final Tug-o'-War between "A" and "H" brought the meeting to a close. The pull was a very one-sided affair, as after once taking the strain "A" Company walked right away with it.

Everyone now began to gather round the prize table, on which could be seen a pretty display of buff and blue bags, waiting for distribution to the lucky and deserving ones. Mrs. Harley kindly consented to present the prizes, a task I am sure always gives her the greatest pleasure to perform. At the finish of the distribution Major Hickson called for three cheers for Mrs. Harley, which were given with much enthusiasm by the whole of the Regiment gathered round.

A noticeable feature at the distribution of the prizes was the number of times both Corporal Hasler and Private Cooper of the Band had to go to the table. They are both very good athletes, and as I hear that they intend to represent the Regiment at the coming Bengal Presidency Athletic Meeting, I wish them every success, and that they will bring that much coveted trophy, the "Commander-in-Chief's Shield," back to the Regiment. The trophy has been taken to the Rifle Brigade by one of their bandsmen, both last year and the year before, when it was first presented.

The weather during the sports was all that could be desired, although a trifle chilly at times.

On Saturday afternoon the Parade Ground was crowded with the Society of Jullundur, all the ladies coming out in their prettiest dresses to do honour, I presume, to the good old corps,

(To be continued on Page 13.)

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Regimental Items.

No. 1191 Sergt. C. Carnell is appointed Pay Sergeant to "G" Company.

Under instructions from the Q.M.G. in India, No. 2963 Lce.-Corpl. S. Willey, proceeded to Simla to take up a temporary appointment as clerk in the Intelligence Branch, Q.M.G. in India's Office.

The undermentioned men are granted Good Conduct Pay at the rates and from the dates stated opposite their names :—

"A" Company.

4030	Pte. F. Smith,	1d.	granted	10-11-94
3178	,, G. Wilson,	1d.	restored	2-11-94
4061	,, W. Dunn,	1d.	granted	22-11-94
3592	,, J. Willis,	1d.	,,	16-12-94
4107	,, G. Fowler,	1d.	,,	28-12-94
3640	,, T. Lane,	1d.	,,	29-12-94

"B" Company.

4087	Pte. G. Carr,	1d.	granted	9-12-94
2674	,, E. Watts,	2d.	,,	15-11-94
3510	,, W. Padwick,	1d.	,,	31-12-94

"C" Company.

2763	Pte. C. Sadler,	1d.	granted	29-12-94
2698	,, C. Arnold,	2d.	,,	28-11-94
2745	,, W. Wraight	2d.	,,	29-12-94

"D" Company.

4041	Pte. W. Cowell,	1d.	granted	18-11-94
1631	,, J. Ball,	3d.	restored	9-12-94
4119	,, T. P. Dive,	1d.	granted	29-12-94
4000	,, R. Relf,	1d.	,,	29-10-94
2415	,, G. Scott,	2d.	,,	18-12-94
3835	,, T. Kemp,	1d.	restored	20-12-94

"E" Company,

4098	Pte. H. Mallion,	1d.	granted	16-12-94
3419	,, G. Atkinson	1d.	,,	12-12-94
2733	,, T. Harrington,	2d.	,,	14-12-94

"F" Company.

4089	Pte. W. Barber	1d.	granted	10-12-94
2722	,, T. Magee,	2d	,,	7-12-94
4080	,, W. Spicer,	1d.	,,	6-12-94
4040	,, S. Richardson,	1d.	,,	16-11-94

"G" Company.

2672	Pte. A. McCann,	2d.	granted	15-11-94
2738	Lce.-Cpl. T. Johncock,	2d.	,,	20-12-94
3182	Pte. H. Nelthorpe,	1d.	,,	13-12-94
4027	,, A. Montrion,	1d.	,,	10-11-94
1385	Pte. H. Anderson	1d.	resumes [on reduction from Corporal.	19-12-94

"H" Company.

3234	Pte. D. Sullivan	1d.	restored	2-12-94
2756	Lce.-Cpl. P. Johnson,	2d.	granted	29-12-94
2725	Pte. W. J. Epps,	2d.	,,	10-12 94
2696	,, H Brocklehurst	2d.	,,	23-11-94
2663	,, J. Smith	2d.	,,	6-11-94
3498	,, F. Quartermain	1d.	,,	16-12-94
4049	,, A. Phumfrey	1d.	,,	23-11-94

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Papers :—

The Soldier { A weekly Record of the British Army and Volunteers in the East.

The Queen's Own Gazette—Royal W K. Regt.

The Bengal Tiger.—2nd Bn. Royal Munster Fusiliers.

The Army Service Corps' Journal.

The Sprig of Shillelagh.—27th Inniskilling Fusiliers.

The 16th Lancers' Gazette.—The 16th Queen's Lancers.

The 5 & 9, The Lilywhites' Gazette.—2nd Battn. East Lancashire Regiment.

St. George's Gazette.—5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

7th Regiment Gazette.—7th Regt. of New York, U.S.A.

The Maple Leaf.—1st Battn. Leinster Regt.

The Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infty. } Somerset
Weekly Budget and Light Bob Gazette. } Light Infty

The XXX.—1st East Lancashire Regt.

I'm 95.—2nd Battn. Derbyshire Regt.

"*Ours.*"—Princess of Wales Own Yorkshire Regt.

The XVI Monthly Journal.—1st Battn. Bedfordshire Regt.

The Globe and Laurel.—Royal Marines.

The Tiger and Rose.—York and Lancaster Regiment.

The Nines.—2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regt.

The Thin Red Line.—2nd Battn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders

The Vedette.—21st Hussars.

The Tiger & Sphinx.—Gordon Highlanders.

1st Surrey Rifles' Gazette.—1st Vol. Battn. E. S. Regt.

The Lancashire Lad.—North Lancashire Regt.

The 79th News.—79th Cameron Highlanders.

Guardsman.—71st Regiment New York.

Aldershot News.

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(*Continued from Page 11.*)

whose 323rd Anniversary we were celebrating.

While the Officers were dispensing hospitality to their visitors, the Sergeants of the battalion did not forget to have a large marquee pitched, with plenty of seats for their visitors, and where they entertained their numerous friends from the Cantonments, it being a most pleasant reunion after our absence at Mian Mir. The Band of course did their share towards making the meeting a pleasant and a lively one, as on Saturday afternoon they played a very popular programme under Mr. Birkhead.

It would not be fair to close this account without making honourable mention of the President, Hon. Sec., Committee and Sub-Committee of the sports, and a vote of thanks is due to them from all for the trouble taken by them in bringing the meeting to such a successful issue.

PROGRAMME.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

1. Throwing the cricket ball (96 yards, 6 in). 1st Pte. Wickens, 2nd Pte. Obbard, 3rd Pte. Bucknall.
2. Long jump (18 ft.). 1st Pte. Revell, 2nd Pte. Ellicott. 3rd Lce.-Corporal Hasler.
3. 220 yards band race (24 sec.). 1st Pte. Cooper, 2nd Lce.-Corporal Hasler, 3rd Pte. Reeve.
4. 220 yards drummers' race (28 sec.). 1st Pte. Culmer, 2nd Pte. Hills, 3rd Pte. Barnett.
5. 440 yards corporals' race (59 sec.). 1st Lce.-Corporal Guthrie, 2nd Corporal Thorne, 3rd Lce.-Corporal Hasler.
6. 440 yards sergeants' race (58 sec.). 1st Lce.-Sergt. Featherstone, 2nd Lce.-Sergt. Allen, 3rd Lce.-Sergt. Marshall.
7. 100 yards three-legged race. 1st Pte. May, 2nd Pte. Sayers, 3rd Pte. Wickens.
8. 120 yards 27th P. I. (hurdles).
9. 120 yards 6th B. C. (hurdles).
10. Mile race (4 min. 57 sec.). 1st Corporal Lacey, 2nd Pte. Merton, 3rd Pte. Gurney.
11. 100 yards veterans' race. 1st Pte. Ball, 2nd Pte. Clarke, 3rd Pte. Stevens.
12. Native establishment.
13. Regimental ¼ mile (55 sec.). 1st Pte. Cooper, 2nd Pte. Sayers, 3rd Pte. Ellicott.
14. Place kicking. 1st Pte. Adsley, 2nd Pte. Bailey, 3rd Pte. Wherle.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

1. High jump (5 ft. 1 in.). 1st Lce.-Corporal Hasler, 2nd Pte. Ellicott, 3rd Pte. Revell.
2. 2 miles walking race. 1st Pte. Sayers, 2nd Pte. Smith, 3rd Pte. Cuerton.
3. Putting the weight. 1st Pte. Revell, 2nd Pte. Sayers, 3rd Pte. Campbell.
4. 120 yards privates' race. 1st Pte. Cooper, 2nd Pte. Ellicott, 3rd Pte. Reeve.
5. Bayonet *v.* Bayonet. 1st Lce.-Corporal Guthrie, 2nd Pte. Hales.
6. Single sticks. 1st Pte. Hobbs, 2nd Sergt. Locke.
7. Boxing by gymnastic staff.
8. 100 yards race—regimental (11 sec.). 1st Lce.-Corpl. Hasler, 2nd Pte. Cooper, 3rd Pte. Swaine.
9. Children's race.
10. Obstacle race. 1st Pte. Lee, 2nd Pte. Barnett, 3rd Pte. Sayers.
11. 120 yards hurdles—10 flights. 1st Lce.-Corporal Hasler, 2nd Lce.-Sergt. Marshall, 3rd Pte. Ellicott.
12. Grinning through horse collar. 1st Pte. Shircore, 2nd Pte. Kelly.
13. Officers' race.
14. Alarm competition for companies. 1st "B" Company, 2nd "C" Company.
15. Greasy pig.
16. Bally hooly race. 1st Pte. Williams, 2nd Pte. Booker, 3rd Pte. Andrews.
17. Consolation race. 1st Pte. Sizer, 2nd Pte. Luxford, 3rd Pte. Wilson.
18.—Companies' tug-o'-war—final. "A" Company.

OUR 323RD ANNIVERSARY SPORTS.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Dear Mr. Editor.

Can anyone explain the reason that there were so few entries for the events in the Annual Regimental Sports held last month? The committee are puzzled and so are the sub-committee. Post entries were adopted this year as it was thought there was a certain amount of shyness amongst the men in giving their names to the orderly sergeants before hand, but it seems to have had a much worse effect than was anticipated, as only three competitors started for the high and broad jumps, the same number for sergeants, corporals and walking races, four for the inter-company alarm competition and *nil* for the menagerie race. It is a great mistake, I think, for the younger men not to go in for these sports; no man knows what he can do until he tries. It is not because Corporal Hasler and Cooper carry off a lot of events that they cannot be beaten—it is all rubbish. Probably there are a dozen men in the battalion who, with a month's training, would be able to give both these good men a couple of yards in a hundred. Mind you, Mr. Editor, I am not writing disparagingly of Hasler and Cooper, as they are both athletes not to be despised up to a quarter of a mile, but I do think, in fact I feel sure we

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have some men, if they would only try, who would push them very close. There are several stop watches in the battalion, and there is not the slightest doubt the owners would be only too delighted to go out with any man and time his running for him. Again let any Buff go to the trouble of totalling up the amount of prizes (*vide* programme), and he will find it is well over 500 Rs., including 70 Rs. given to the tug-of-war team (omitted from programme). Surely that should have been a good inducement for men to compete, but no, there is something else required which those who manage these shows would like to find out, but alas! cannot. It is very disheartening to the secretary and committees, as everyone must know that the preparation of the ground, arranging events, &c., &c., take a certain amount of time and trouble, and cause anxiety to those in office. Would it be a good thing to omit the sports at our 324th anniversary? I think it would.

Yours faithfully,

DISGUSTED.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Dear Sir.

I noticed that at our sports only one race had a decent number of entries—that race was the one for the young Buffs.

The children turned out to the number of about 50, started like young hares on the firing of the pistol, and ran straight for the Quarter-Master, who had a large hand-bag containing several packages of sweets. As the sweets appeared to be the great attraction, and no doubt were the cause of so many entries, might I suggest that instead of rupees for prizes at our next sports sweets are substituted.

Yours faithfully,

SWEET WALLA.

SERGEANTS' QUADRILLE PARTY.

(OLD YEAR'S NIGHT 1894.)

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Dear Mr. Editor.

The Sergeants of the battalion saw the Old Year out, in gay and festive style, by giving a Quadrille Party on the night of the 31st December 1894. The Mess-room at Jullundur as a rule is pretty well filled when a dance is given, but on this occasion, besides making extra sets, several couples sat the dances out, so that the room was not over-crowded. The dance, which was under the management of the president, C. S., O. R. Sergt. W. H. Gorin, was thoroughly enjoyed by all, the whole reflecting great credit on the president and his hard-working committee. Just before midnight circles were formed, and on the gong being struck the whole party present joined hands and sung "Auld Lang Syne". After giving the visitors time to respond to the numerous "Compliments of the season" showered on them by their friends in The Buffs, the dancing was renewed and kept up with great vigour until three o'clock.

"WALL-FLOWER."

CRICKET MATCH.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Dear Mr. Editor.

During our sojourn in Mian Mir we had very little time to turn our attention to sport, and cricket and football was more or less neglected. "B" Company, The Buffs, receiving a challenge from "F" Company, 93rd, at once accepted. The match was played on the 93rd ground, The Buffs gaining an eight wickets victory over the Jocks. For The Buffs, Bandsman Cooper played a very good game for his 22 not out. He went in first and carried his bat through the innings, a very creditable performance, and without giving a chance. The bowling honours for "B" Company were shared by Sergeant Manville and Private Bourne. For the losers Bandsman Farley scored a rapid 41 in the first innings, the bowling being shared by Wilson and McLaren. Although leading on the first innings, the 93rd, making such a bad show in the second innings, eventually lost the match by eight wickets.

Score:—

"B" Coy., The Buffs, 1st innings	50
" " " 2nd " 2 wkts.	29
	79

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"F" Coy., 93rd A. & S. Hdrs.,	1st innings	65
" " "	2nd "	12
		77

"SQUARE LEG."

ODDS AND ENDS.

A ROMANCE OF WAR.

IN the ranks of the 93rd Highlanders, during the Indian Mutiny, was a man who called himself James Wallace, whose barrack-room nickname was "Quaker" Wallace, from his taciturnity. He was a man of superior education, conversant with Latin and Greek; addicted to nocturnal repeating of such pieces as Lamartine's "Le Chien de Solitaire."

He resolutely refused promotion, declaring that he had joined the regiment for a certain purpose, and that when that purpose was accomplished, his only wish was to die in battle.

In the same company was a man named Hope, an older soldier than Wallace. He, too, was well educated, but wild, reckless and debauched.

When Wallace joined, it had been remarked that he had asked to be posted to Hope's Company.

Yet the two men never spoke to each other; on the contrary, they hated each other with a mortal hatred.

Just as the regiment was preparing to charge the breach of the Secundrabagh at Lucknow, Hope broke into a torrent of oaths and foul language, exposing himself recklessly to the Sepoy fire.

His officer, whose soldierly rebuke that blasphemy was no mark of bravery the man had contumeliously disregarded, was on the point of ordering him to the rear as drunk and riotous in presence of the enemy, when the veteran Pipe-major said: "Don't mind the puir fellow, sir; he's not drunk, he is fey (doomed). It's not himself that's speaking; he will never see the sun set."

The words were scarcely uttered when a bullet disembowelled Hope, and as he fell a couple of bullets pierced his chest and killed him instantaneously.

"Quaker" Wallace, who had witnessed Hope's tragic end, moved up to the corpse, and looking down on the distorted features, he solemnly said, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God. Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord. I came to the 93rd to see that man die."

At the moment the charge sounded, and Wallace dashed into the melee in the Secundrabagh, plainly seeking death, and singing aloud at each shot and bayonet thrust successive verses of the 116th Psalm.

The belief was that Wallace, singlehanded, killed 20 men.

But the tale of his slaughtering was not yet complete.

When the fighting waned it was noticed that an exceptional number of our dead lay under the spreading boughs of a peepul tree, and an officer, noticing that all the wounds were from bullets fired from above, called to Wallace to scan its upper branches.

"I see him, sir," cried Wallace; and chanting a fragment of his psalm, he fired and brought down a body dressed in a red jacket and rose-coloured silk trousers.

The wearer proved to be a woman, who from her prepared perch in the tree had killed more than half-a-dozen men with a pair of cavalry pistols.

Wallace did not meet the death he courted, and was soon after invalided.—From Forbes-Mitchell's "Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny."

A MEAT BABY.

Fannie is a little girl who has a big wax doll as a companion. A few days ago a new sister came to her house, and after a few days she went over to a neighbour's.

"Well, Fannie," said the lady, "where's your wax doll?"

"Oh," she answered, turning up her nose. "I don't have nothing to do with wax babies any more. We've got a meat baby at our house now, and that takes up all my time."—"Merchant Traveller."

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